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Each Number also Complete as a PIANO SOLO and for MIXED QUARTET

CONTENTS

Abide with Me	Hard Times	Old Hundred
Alice, Where Art Thou?	Harp 'That Once Thro' Tara's	Old Oaken Bucket
A Man's a Man for a' That	Halls	Ole Oaken Bucket
America	Harvest Hymn	O Paradise
Annie Laurie	Home, Sweet Home	Our Flag
Auti Lang Syne	How Can I Leave Thee	Our Flag is There
Auti Robin Gray	Hurley	Peace, Perfect Peace
Austrian Hymn	I Love to Tell the Story	Peyel's Hymn
Battle Cry of Freedom	Italian Hymn	Portuguese Hymn
Battle-Hymn of the Republic	Jamie's on the Stormy Sea	Red, Red Rose
Believe Me, If All These En-	Jesus, Lover of My Soul	Robin Adair
dearing Young Churns	John Anderson, My Jo	Rocked in the Cradle of the
Ben Bolt	Joy to the World	Deep
Blue Bells of Scotland	Junilia	Rock of Ages
Bonnie Blue Flag	Just Before the Battle, Mother	Rule, Britannia
Bonnie Doon	Kathleen Mavourneen	Russian Hymn
Bonnie Dundee	Kilbarnock	Sally in Our Alley
Bring Back My Bonnie to Me	Last Rose of Summer	See, the Conquering Hero
Christmas Hymn	Lead, Kindly Light	Comes
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	Leave Us Not	Stellan Hymn
Come, All Ye Faithful	Lightly Row	Soldiers' Chorus
Come Back to Erin	Listen to the Mocking Bird	Soldier's Farewell
Come, Ye Disconsolate	Long, Long Ago	Spanish Hymn
Come, with Thy Lute	Marching Through Georgia	Star-Spangled Banner
Comin' Thro' the Rye	Marseilles Hymn	Swiss Boy
Coronation	Mary of Arles	Swiss's Song of Home
Cradle Hymn	Masses in the Cold Ground	There Are Angels Hovering
Darling Nelly Gray	Men of Harlech	Round
Dearest Mae	Minstrel Boy	Today
Dennis	My Maryland	Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Dixie Land	My Old Kentucky Home	Under the Willow
Farewell to the Forest	Nearer, My God to Thee	Yacant Chair
Flag of the Free	Near the Lake	Watch on the Rhine
Flies as a Bird	New Year's Hymn	Wearing of the Green
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	O Come, Come Away	We'd Better Bide a Wee
Fourth of July Hymn	Oh, in the Stilly Night	We're Tonting Tonight
Gentle Annie	Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long	When the Swallows Homeward
Good Bye, Sweetheart	Oh! Susanna	Fly
Good-Night, Ladies	Oh! Black Joe	While We Have Missed You
Hail, Columbia	Oh! Cabin Home	Woodman, Spare That Tree
Happy Farmer	Oh! Dog Tray	Work for the Night is Coming
Happy Land	Oh! Folks at Home	Yankee Doodle

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*The five Solo Books are not only each complete as Duets, but playable also in duet form with each other. For example: 1st Violin with 2d Violin; 1st Flute with 2d Flute; 1st Clarinet with 2d Clarinet; 1st Mandolin with 2d Mandolin; 1st Trombone with 2d Trombone, etc., etc.

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Every Musician's
Library

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ATLANTIC PRINTING CO., BOSTON

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

VOL. I JULY, 1917
NO. 6

A Monthly Magazine
devoted to the Interests of
POPULAR MUSIC

**VOCAL
INSTRUMENTAL
MECHANICAL**



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Published by
WALTER JACOBS
Boston, Mass.

Andre C. De Traz

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Some of The Tuneful Yankee's Recent Hidden Song Winners



PROBABLY because of her affiliation with the music trade it was no strenuous task for Miss Ida Warshauer of Staten Island to guess the Hidden Song Puzzles, which have appeared from month to month in The Tuneful Yankee. Miss Warshauer has been for several years with the James Kendis Co. as a valuable amanuensis.



A NOTED song writer and his family—The group pictured above comprises L. Wolfe Gilbert and his family. Mrs. Gilbert solved the Tuneful Yankee's "Hidden Songs." Despite her many social and domestic duties, she has found time, with her bright children, to unearth the answers to the riddles. Her noted song-writer husband may have "helped a little," but that is none of the editor's business. The fact that the talented lady sent in the correct solutions entitles her to this complimentary tribute with the photograph of her happy household.



THE two bright children pictured at the left are Genevieve A. Schehr and Josephine P. Schehr, both of whom solved the Hidden Songs. They are the grandchildren of the famed veteran song writer, Mr. George Cooper, the author of "Sweet Genevieve," "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Must We Then Meet as Strangers?" and many noted songs of the past. Harriet Kuehnel (center below), although only in her twelfth year, was the first respondent to our June "Hidden Songs" and solved each one. Little Miss Kuehnel is a child of extraordinary musical gifts, and is a pupil of the eminent Samuel S. Aronson.



HARRY ELLIS, whose picture appears at the right of this paragraph, is the only member of the male sex who has successfully solved our entire array of Hidden Songs. Mr. Ellis is a very bright fellow, mentally, morally, physically, vocally and otherwise. He is considered one of the finest lyric tenors in America. He commands a greater salary for a single vocal act than nine-tenths of ordinary vaudeville "stars." He has "made" innumerable songs.



ABOVE Miss May Manning, New York, a beautiful lassie who guessed the entire group of Hidden Songs. The engraving below is a likeness of Estelle Jewell, another talented Gotham lady who fathomed the puzzles.



JUL 14 1917

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THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

A MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WALTER JACOBS

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

MONROE H. ROSENFELD, Editor

WALTER JACOBS, Business Manager

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VOL. I

JULY, 1917

No. 6

A Correction

MR. MOSE GUMBLE, the merry masticator of everything mellifluously musical, ever bright and witty, to whom thousands of puns and humorous sayings have been accredited, has for some inexplicable reason taken umbrage at the cartoon of ours—"The Evolution of a Song Writer"—which was published in the June number of The Tuneful Yankee. Perhaps the reason is that Mr. Gumble does not care about holding up the ordinary song writer to contempt, or ridicule. He is probably right. This popular boy comes into contact with many song writers, and does not wish to pose as the author of an expression or a picture that makes them the laughing stock of a song-burdened community.

No, Mose did not write this cartoon, nor did he print it, nor did he compose it, nor did he inspire it, nor is he guilty thereof in any way whatsoever, never was, never is, never will be, never wants to be, and, although The Tuneful Yankee gave him credit for it, The Tuneful Yankee is ashamed of having done so, and is ashamed that it ever thought to do so, or ever should do so, or ever expects to do so in the future, or will again do so, at any cost, sacrifice, destitution, languor, or necessity.

Still, our good friend Mose has probably forgotten that our messenger showed him this cartoon before it went into the magazine and he indulged in one of his merry-hearted laughs when he saw it. But as Mose is a busy man and only casually glances at things, other than checks, he probably forgot that he ever saw the cartoon.

The drawing in question demonstrated, as you all know, an embryo song writer in dress suit, in the act of taking his first manuscript to the publisher for publication. The second picture of the cartoon showed this same song writer in a dejected mood when his composition was criticised. The third picture showed the fellow in a collapse. The fourth picture showed the so-called song writer in a personification which Nature originally intended for him, namely a jackass. No matter how true to contemporaneous history this is, no matter how accurately portrayed is the modern scribe therein, no matter how miserable is the penance he endureth, and no matter how faithful the mirror of his obstreperous adversities, Mr. Gumble did not so picture him and The Tuneful Yankee begs its good friend, merry Mose, a thousand pardons. God bless him!

MONROE H. ROSENFELD, Editor.

THE matter of this cartoon is as an open book, in simple English. Mr. Mose Gumble is not the author as accredited and refuses to father the thought. He stands firmly on the rock of Gibraltar. Retraction and apology are due him, and both are extended by the publisher of THE TUNEFUL YANKEE cheerfully and as a duty. A little courtesy to Mr. Gumble was intended by the editor, but in this good free land of ours one individual's good intentions must never be allowed to over-ride another's moral or legal rights and privileges.

Objection sustained.

WALTER JACOBS, Publisher.

A Few More Opinions from "Authorities"

In the perplexing "Queen of the Roses" controversy—But for some reason the "Opinions" fail to agree.—In an early issue The Tuneful Yankee will publish the correct solution of the problem by the one authority in the United States.

Akron, Ohio, May 20

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: Let me add my bit to the controversy about "Queen of the Roses." I don't claim to be the best grammatical scholar but I do not need to be this to know that you are entirely in the right.

By the way, it is pleasing to note that you are paying attention to the grammatical construction of popular songs and I trust you will not only criticize beginners but also the writers who have made their names popular and still use very bad English. It is not so many years ago that the able Mr. Ted Snyder put out a song called, "Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love." No doubt the same people who think "The Queen of the Roses Was You" is correct, would, undoubtedly claim that the grammatical construction of Mr. Snyder's title was also right.

It makes no difference if the composer had one or forty queens in mind; the pronoun "you" is the subject of the word *was*, thus making the sentence read "The Queen of the Roses Were You."

With all good wishes for the success of the magazine.

Very truly yours,
George Mapes,
Winter Theatre.

(Somel ogie, George.)

A Noted Song Writer's Version

Sam M. Lewis, the well-known song writer, whose grammatical constructions are always considered perfect inasmuch as the publishers issue his efforts without the change of a punctuation mark, called to inform us that the grammatical construction of the sentence, "The Queen of the Roses Were You," is correct. "The Queen of the Roses Was You" murders the cat," he says. This helps some.

From Another Song Maker

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: I wish to tell you personally my elucidation of your line "The Queen of the Roses Were You." I call here now in your office especially to explain to you in full my version of this matter. I claim "The Queen of the Roses Were You" is correct only if you apply the subjunctive mood otherwise using the conjunction "if" for then it becomes transparent the phrase would be correct.

Lou Klein

(There are no "ands," "ifs" or "buts." The main thing about your "if" is this: if you think you are right unbutton your pocket-book and show us the color of your coin. You may be a clever lyric writer, as we know in your song "Someone More Lonesome Than You," mingled with the sale of which there were no "ifs." The Queen of the Roses would be glad to meet you about royalty time.)

From a Possible Authority

The following letter was written by the editor of this magazine to Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia University, New York City.

Honorable Sir: We have launched in the community a very eclectic literary and musical magazine—The Tuneful Yankee—just issued, which, in the short time of its existence, is being recognized universally as a medium of value with musicians.

A question of importance has arisen which is becoming a matter of controversy with our readers. A song entitled "The Queen of the Roses Was You" has been published and

many affirm that this is grammatically incorrect and that the title should be "The Queen of the Roses Were You."

As an authority and one eminently respected, we would ask you which title is correct. I know that you are a man of fair-minded principles, willing to give us enlightenment and The Tuneful Yankee will not forget the courtesy of your reply.

Very sincerely yours,

Editor, Tuneful Yankee.

The answer received by The Tuneful Yankee to the above letter stated that the term, "The Queen of the Roses Was You" is correct and that the term "The Queen of the Roses Were You" is not right.

(Dr. Brander Matthews may be a very enlightened, brilliant man, but we are sure that he is wrong as will be explained later on by the only infallible authority in the United States.)

Another Letter From An Eminent Scholar

In reply to a similar letter to that written Professor Brander Matthews and addressed to William H. Maxwell of the Department of Education of the City of New York, we have received the following reply.

Dept. of Education, City of New York, April 18, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee:

Gentlemen: Your recent letter addressed to Dr. Maxwell has been referred to me for reply. *Was* is correct if you are thinking of "Queen" as the subject. If you are thinking of "You" as the subject, *Were* is correct.

Yours truly,

George J. Smith.

(While we are thankful to Dr. Maxwell's representative for his expressions, the editor of this magazine would say that we care nothing for any "ifs." There can be only one correct elucidation of the phrase. When a person is making a grammatical statement he can indulge in no "ifs." The phrase must be absolutely definite. A man cannot be wrong and be right. This magazine is right. You cannot use any one connection entailing a different affirmation. Dr. Maxwell may be a grand scholar, but the expression of his "examiner" is, according to our belief, ill-advised. Once more, in an early issue of The Tuneful Yankee we shall publish the only correct solution of this problem.)

From a Master Authority

An almost similar letter was written to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler (as that to Brander Matthews), President of Columbia University, N. Y. C., to which we received the following reply:

Gentlemen: The subject of *Were* is *You*. We should gather that the literal rendering is "You Were the Queen of the Roses." Of course, considerable license is allowed in poetry but it seems to me that the poetry is not improved in this case by the use of a singular verb.

A. Wallace,

Department of English and Comparative Literature.

(You, dear Dr. Butler, and your aides-de-camp are correct. You are a thorough scholar, according to the belief of the editor of The Tuneful Yankee. And we shall prove it to the masses that you are correct in an early issue of this magazine, when we shall give the only definite and correct analysis of this perplexing term.)

From a Capable Editor

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,
1547 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: Let me go on record as being with you on the "Queen of the Roses" argument which seems destined to become as famous in its way as was the well-known "How Old Is Anne" puzzle of a few years ago.

Sincerely yours,

Edward R. Winn,
Winn School of Popular Music.

(Your opinion, Edward, is "worth while.")

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE PUCKERINGS



Whistle 'Em Around

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE is occasionally in receipt of numerous communications asking whom it considers the foremost American lyricist. The names of Grant Clarke, Howard Johnson, Edgar Leslie, Sam M. Lewis and others are frequently mentioned for comparison. The Tuneful Yankee wishes to avoid the answer, because it is a difficult one to analyze. Some writers are stronger in some spheres, while others excel in different fields. But there is a writer—a veteran one—who is seldom mentioned. He is Andrew B. Sterling. What's the matter with him? He has just come back with a 1917 song—"America, Here's My Boy"—which will remain a 1918 hit—one year ahead of the times.

THERE is a "road" manager in the employ of the Shapiro, Bernstein Company, one Harry Harrison by name, who is a full-fledged connoisseur in every detail of the art. He achieves results. He possesses a personality, too, which is a great asset, for few can resist his persuasiveness and invitation to stock up and get aboard.

A MODEST fellow in the music buying field, democratic and unostentatious in his demeanor, is Mr. R. A. Koontz, the McCrory manager. He is a quiet, accessible fellow, well liked in the profession, amiable, and withal a man who knows the business backwards. He is a young fellow who is making his mark.

JOHN H. FLYNN, the sedate and dignified verse writer, in conjunction with Allan J. Flynn (no relation, the one to the other) has written a song entitled "On the Same Old Road," a love ballad of intense human interest. "Jack" Flynn, as he is universally known, is one of the few Chesterfieldian Christians in the field.

A CONTRIBUTOR sends us a song entitled, "Why Most Girls Go Wrong," to which we would respond: Do most girls go wrong? Somebody must be lying.

IT is very rarely a music "plugger" possesses both the perquisites of physical attractiveness and mentality. Either he is as homely as sin and is a good demonstrator, or else he is a pretty thing with no brains. There is a fellow with the Shapiro, Bernstein Company who fortunately possesses brains and personality. He is a good looking, gentlemanly individual as well as one of the best lyric tenors in the country. His name is Sig Bosley and it is a pleasure to listen to him and look at him.

VERY few persons pay any attention to a quiet, long-legged, conservative individual in the music field known as Joe Young. This fellow rarely talks about himself. He plods along as listlessly as a sign-bearer with a free lunch placard on his back. But the boy is one of the "finds" of the present era. At least, so thinketh Ted Snyder, Henry Waterson, and many others who have garnered coin from his brain-till. Yes, very few even know, except those in the immediate swim, that Mr. Young is the co-author of such successes as "Yaaka Hula," "Hide Away in Iowa" and other novelties. In conjunction with Sam M. Lewis and Pete Wendling he has just emphasized two other recent hits: "Your Mammy's Baby" and "Huckleberry Finn."

We Cannot Answer This One

A Warning to Those Who Do Not Send Us Return Stamps

In our "Answers to Correspondents" column of the May issue we made the following reply: "F. F., Toledo, Ohio: If you don't send stamps write to the charwoman who cleans out our office. She may find your manuscripts."

In yesterday's mail there came the following:

Dear Sir: Will you please give me the home address of the woman who cleans out your office and took my manuscripts. I will cheerfully present her with a dollar bill, as I have no duplicates of the pieces and they are valuable to me, if not to you. I admit I did not enclose stamps. I enclose you stamped envelope now for return answer.

Very truly yours,

(Mrs.) Florence E. Feingold.

To which we annex this reply: Do you suppose, for an instant, that the charwoman referred to saved your verses? The poor woman has had a death in her family recently. Perhaps she took your manuscripts home.

MR. LOU KLEIN, the author of "Someone More Lonesome Than You" and numerous other popular song hits, is in the market. This does not say that he is permitting himself to go about asking publishers to issue his compositions, because it is well-known that he is a gilt-edged producer. But he simply does not want to be tied up with any one firm. Good idea.

SOME folks claim to be good pinochle players and collect nothing. Others claim to be poor players and get all the kale. One of the latter is the Chesterfieldian Elliott Shapiro. Recently we met this innocent gentleman who claimed he was "rusty" in the art. We took him at his word, engaged him in a sitting and his rustiness relieved us of \$12.70. Even a rusty nail is sometimes worth money.

R. G. VOLKWEIN, one of the visitors to the Music Dealers' Convention in New York recently, was the recipient of many sincere handshakes from his fellowmen. He is one of the brothers of the prosperous Volkweins of Pittsburgh whose establishment is regarded as one of the most progressive in the United States. There is scarcely a traveler that falls into the sooty city but makes this famous house his rendezvous where geniality and cordiality are ever on tap.

THE terse, pungent speech that Mr. Tom Hughes, of the Shapiro, Bernstein Co. made before the Music Dealers' Association recently will go down into history as a work of art. With his blunt Gaelic nature and his pointed aphorisms and his heart-to-heart talk and pithy diatribes he put the bullet deep into the hearts of his hearers. It is of the Hughes calibre that men are made more manly.

ANOTHER forceful propagandist whose harangue stirred the music dealers to enthusiastic recognition was Mr. Ed. B. Marks. Upon each occasion this virile exponent commanded the endorsement and wrapt hearing of his auditors. Ed. made every line count and every word a golden mouthpiece.

Good Advice to Would-Be Song Writers

By Kate Vannah in *The Boston Post*

HERE seems to be a somewhat general belief that if a man or woman can write a song that shall strike the popular fancy there is a fortune awaiting the writer. One hears, now and then, told in an awestruck voice, of large sums of money received by this or that popular song writer from royalties on his song. This tradition is kept alive by certain publishers and is repeated again and again, the sum named frequently increasing as the tale is passed along. While it is true that a song which makes a decided hit brings to its author good financial reward, it is equally true that there are few of these financially successful songs compared with the great number published, and also equally true that the most successful song writers make only a comfortable living. One of the best known and most successful song writers in all New England, who has a contract to write for the biggest publisher of songs in Boston, is always behind in accounts, and obliged to draw ahead for any unusual expense. Indeed, this song writer is generally six months ahead of payments all the time.

This mistaken idea on the part of the general public as to the money to be made by song writing is played upon by a class of irresponsible persons who are willing to take money from anyone whom they can get it from, regardless of fair play, or of rendering any return for the money. "Fake" publishing houses that offer to set song poems to music, to publish and push songs, and to pay the composers generous royalties, have sprung up in various places. Chicago is the place best liked by these concerns. New York is second in their esteem as a basis for operations.

They send their literature broadcast, and a few of them have even made their way into the advertising columns of some of the most high-class magazines published in the country. Various complaints concerning such publishers have been received by editors. Women who have lost money through these "fake" concerns have written with a desire to warn others who might be on the way to meet a like loss. So it seems that some reliable information for the guidance of new song writers should prove of value to numerous readers. The following statement made by the head of one of the largest and most reliable music publishing houses in Boston may be taken as authoritative. The gentleman in question, Mr. X., speaks from a long and wide experience.

Two Kinds of Music Publishers

"There are two distinct classes of music publishers," says Mr. X., "the well-established, reliable publisher, who demands in everything put out by his house a certain musical standard, and in the case of a song, a certain literary standard, and the one who publishes the so-called 'popular' music that

is quite minus any artistic standard. There is a wide gulf between the two kinds of publishers. The former is known in the trade anywhere, and the would-be song writer who asks at any first-class music store can get a list of these reliable publishers.

"There are, among the publishers of 'popular' music, men who are perfectly honorable, but the majority of them are in business simply to make money.

"The usual charge is \$15, but we will do your work for \$10." He also says, "We guarantee to find a publisher who will accept for publication any composition prepared by us for you, unless you already have a market; or we shall send you names of publishers free of charge, who use compositions similar to yours and who will make you a cash offer or publish on royalties."

"Ropem and Fakem"

"If the song writer falls a victim and sends the \$10 to have the music written, then the 'Ropem and Fakem' Company as somebody has designated such a concern, finds other ways of getting more money after the music has been written and sent to the victim. In some cases the promoting concern offers to publish the composition for sums varying from \$18 to \$25 and to give the composer a certain day of every month. These royalties never appear, and the song writer, after months of nerve-racking days and sleepless nights, awakes to the realization that he has been bunceod.

"Now, we will suppose that a would-be song writer, by making inquiries, gets in touch with a reputable publishing house and sends the song to such a firm. The critic of the house, from wide experience, can form a fair opinion as to the merit of the verse, and if the writer is sensible he should be willing to accept the verdict of this critic as it is implied in the reply the house sends to the song writer.

"I want to say here with emphasis to the song writer; never send a poem and ask a publisher to criticize it for you. He won't. Nor will he tell you in so many words, if he finds your composition absolutely valueless, that it is no good. He will let you down gently because he knows that all your friends have told you how good your composition is. That is always the story and often the undoing of the song writer. His friends flatter him, sincerely, no doubt, until he is sure that he knows more of the real value of his song than any publisher can know.

"If the publisher wants to crush the fond hopes of the song writer in a pleasant and courteous manner, he may return the poem with the explanation that songs without music could not be considered by the house. The song writer should take the hint right there and lay his song away on the highest

shelf. But most of them don't do this. They don't see the hint at all. Presently comes a letter to the publisher, saying: 'How much will you set my song to music for?' Some even ask how much they can get four copies printed for. Of course, this is pathetic.

"The publisher names a price, say \$12 or \$15, for which he will give the song writer 100 copies of printed music, with a simple title page. If he arranges the music before printing, there will be an additional cost of \$5 or \$10. In this case, the publisher assumes no responsibility for the sale of the music. He merely prints it and gives the entire issue to the person paying for the printing. Frequently people like to see their compositions published, and are willing to bear all expenses themselves. This is entirely legitimate and does not reflect on the publisher. The method of payment is usually half the money down and the balance when the printed song is delivered.

"Now, suppose that a song submitted has some merit and the reputable publisher feels that it will sell if published. He may offer to make any one of several arrangements with the writer. Here let it be said that if a publisher sees any commercial value in a song he is only too glad to publish it if it comes up to the standard required by his house. He may offer a cash value for full rights to the song; he may make an offer of royalties on sales, or he may agree to give so many copies to the composer and have full rights to all other copies and subsequent editions. If he publishes in any one of these ways he will enter the song in his catalogue.

"There is always a possibility that a song writer who gets a hundred or two hundred copies of his song may make himself whole on it. Whether he will or not depends largely on the luck he has. I have often said to people who come in here: 'Now your friends profess to think your song excellent. They tell you it will be sure to sell if you only have it published. Buttonhole them right here. Have a little book and ask them to set their names down in it as one who will pay 25 cents or 50 cents for a published copy. Tell them that when you get enough names you are going to have it published.'

"Sometimes writers assure us that they know a large number of copies could be sold in their own town if their song were to be published. We have to assure them that a local sale means nothing to us. Our field is the whole country. Sometimes when we see no merit in a composition we say that we have all the manuscripts we can use. Or, we may tell a writer that the title does not appeal to us. He or she should understand from any of these expressions that the song is not considered of commercial value.

"Boston does little in the way of publishing the so-called 'popular' songs. Most songs of this character are published in New York City. There are two firms in Boston, however, that publish, and some jobbing

houses that handle, popular songs. Among the methods taken to popularize songs I may mention sending the copies to summer hotels, getting them sung by popular singers, and sending copies to music teachers. Nearly all the well-known concert hall or vaudeville singers are paid by different publishers to sing new songs. Every publisher has a list of such singers, and the range and style of whose voice he knows, and whenever a new song is brought out by his house he sends a copy to those singers whose voice it might be

adapted to. The custom of sending complimentary copies to music teachers has become so general that I am told there are many teachers in the West and elsewhere in whose studios are to be found many rolls of unopened music.

"My advice to the person who has written a song and wants to publish it is, find out from a reliable music dealer the names of reputable publishing houses. Submit your song to such a house and accept the verdict given by its critic

would have resulted seriously had he been in good health. The fact is that he was worn out. He was carried down stairs in a blanket and taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died two days later. In my last interview with him he said: 'Frank, see what these people are giving me to eat,' pointing to a plate of roast beef and potatoes. 'I can't eat such hearty food as that. I wish you would get me some raspberry vinegar to cool my mouth.' After his death he was placed in the deadhouse, where I found him under three other coffins, wrapped in a piece of muslin for a shroud. I telegraphed to his brother, who was afterward killed in an explosion, and he telegraphed me to have Stephen's body placed in a metallic coffin and to spare no expense. The body of the sweetest song writer who ever wrote upon the American continent was taken to Pittsburgh and buried, and the band at his funeral played as his dirge his romantic creation, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

"What was Foster's physical appearance?" was asked. "He was an undersized man, weighing about 140 pounds. His face was long and pale, and it bore a melancholy expression. His eyes were dark hazel in color. He wore no beard nor mustache, and upon his upper lip was a scar which he received when a youth in a very singular manner. He was out with a serenading party one night, and in putting a bottle up to his mouth, a jagged edge of the bottle lip inflicted a scar which he bore to his grave."

"Is it a fact, as reported, that E. P. Christy, the minstrel, tried to rob Foster of the credit of writing his songs?"

"No, it is not. Christy paid Foster \$15 to permit the former to print his name as author upon the title page of 'Camp Town Races,' 'Glendy Bark,' and many other of his most famous songs, but the public were well aware that Foster was the author. Foster's songs were sold on commission by Forth, Hall & Pond, who were then doing business on Park Place, and for a number of years, Foster's royalties amounted to between \$1400 and \$1500 a year, an unprecedented sum for those days. A monument stands over Foster's grave in the Pittsburgh cemetery. I don't know what the inscription upon it is, but it seems to me an appropriate one would be:

"'Massa's in de cold, cold ground.'"

Had Been Sentenced to Death for Distributing a Peace Song

Amsterdam, June 5—Karl Langer, a clerk, who was sentenced to death at Craeow for having distributed on the street, to women, typewritten copies of a German translation of the American song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," and afterward had his sentence commuted to five years' penal servitude, has been pardoned by Emperor Charles, according to advices to the *Munich Post* from Vienna.

Langer had served a part of his sentence.

How Stephen Foster Died

A Sad Ending of a Wonderful Song Genius—By Walter Hampton

The heart-rending tale of genius dethroned is told below.

Stephen Foster was the author, it will be remembered, of "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray" and the incomparable "Old Folks at Home," which has brought the tears to thousands of eyes when it used to be sung by Mme. Christine Nilsson and other divas equally celebrated.

WHEN Mr. Foster came to New York from his home in Pittsburg he had written all his famous songs and there was a change in the taste of the capricious public. Foster tried to conform to the change, but on account of its superficial nature and also because his powers were failing because of his habits, he was unable to do so. He came to this city in the year 1859, and spent the most of his time in a mean little grocery and liquor store combined at the corner of Hester and Christy Streets. He slept at what was known as the American Hotel, 15 Bowery, upon a bed consisting of a mattress and a single blanket. There was no carpet upon the floor and but one chair in the room. A picture of greater destitution could hardly be imagined than the quarters of this charming singer. If Foster's love had found him dreaming amid such squalid surroundings she would undoubtedly have fled in disgust. His songs were written on the top of a bean box with a pencil. The melodies were always simple and needed careful revision, for he was not a musician in the technical sense of the term. At this time his main dependence was in writing Sunday School hymns for Horace Waters. Probably not one of the thousands of children who have sung his "Suffer Little Children," etc., ever dreamed that the little gem was written in a Hester street liquor saloon of the lowest type upon the top of a common bean box. His personal appearance at this stage of his career was disreputable and unkempt in the extreme. He rarely wore a shirt, and his coat was buttoned up to the neck to hide the deficiency. His clothing was of the meanest description. Upon his head he wore a glazed cap, which was the fashion of the time. Our informant is positive that during the three years of his residence in this city he never went to bed sober and he never was in a fit condition to work until he had drunk two glasses of

the most villainous Jamaica rum ever concocted with the aid of adulteration. But, with the weakness of a sympathetic nature so much did he regret the hold that liquor had upon him that foolish tears would roll down his cheeks and mingle with the poison he was drinking. Foster's inspiration was quickened in a very novel manner. A tinkling, out-of-tune piano, upon which he used to drum out chords—for he was an indifferent player—furnished him with many a theme. He was in the habit, also, of following a brass band for miles, urging as an excuse for his idiosyncrasy that the music stimulated his creative faculty. The jolting of a Broadway stage almost invariably joggled a charming melody out of him. He was one of the most tender hearted of men, and an agreeable comrade. He carried with him in the breast pocket of his coat a picture of his daughter, Marion, and often when roaming about the streets of this city he would seat himself upon the curbstone, take the picture from his pocket and cry over it. Gradually his powers left him, and he became careless. His publishers began to look askance at him. Such an utter wreck did he become, that three days previous to his death the tin boiler which stood on the stove in the grocery, and which was used to make hot drinks, was overturned, and a portion of its heated contents was spilled over one of Foster's legs, scalding him terribly. A friend tells the conclusion of Foster's miserable three years in the following manner: "I think it was in the year 1861 that early one morning a messenger came to my residence and informed me that Foster had sent for me. I hastened to his lodging house and found him lying upon a mattress upon the floor with his throat cut. A physician was sewing up the wound in his neck with black thread. I kicked the physician down stairs, and then Stephen, who was as rational as I had ever seen him, told me that when he had tried to get out of bed he had fainted for the first time in his life, and that he had fallen and had struck his face upon the jagged edges of a broken spittoon. He had a severe cut across the bridge of his nose, and the cut in his throat already referred to. "But I do not think his injuries

Here is a Remarkable Letter

Full of Knochs, but Good to Read.—We Like the Writer because he is no Moral Coward

The Tuneful Yankee has just received the following clever letter from one of its correspondents. It is about the only communication among the thousands daily received that we are glad to reproduce intact, despite its bitter sarcasm and its thrashing quality. The writer evidently is right in all he says—according to his own belief. However, we are ashamed to tell him what we think of him personally.

Somerville, Mass., June 12, 1917

Mr. Monroe Rosenfeld,
Editor of the Tuneful Yankee
New York City.

Dear Sir:—

It is with rather mixed feelings that I have perused the succeeding issues of your magazine—the mixture perhaps owing its peculiar flavor to the unusual and almost unholy combination of the aroma of Boston Beans and the pungent smell of New York conceit. Truly, in this day of dare-devil-worshippers, the unprecedented daring of the Boston publisher who would undertake to print and circulate the alleged ideas of a New York editor should alone be sufficiently sensational to bring fame and fortune to the originators of the plot.

However, Caesar (that's your middle name, isn't it?). I come neither to bury nor bring huckle-berry wreaths. Rather, my brief mission is to express my candid opinion of your magazine. Not that you have asked me for; not that you have told me of your yearning for my humble opinion, nor that you care any more about my opinion than most people care for yours or anybody else's. But, judging from the avidity with which you print the candid (flattering) opinions of your subscribers in your "Postal" column and the freedom with which you print your own opinions (unflattering) of the subscribers in other columns, I take it that "Free speech and lots of it" is your motto. (The fact that all the slams are soaked at the subscribers and most of the posies shied at you being just a happenstance, most likely.)

Assuredly, you are doing a noble work. Your example is contagious. The free, unhampered, unswartened, unpadding and unlimited expression of opinion is the birth-right of the American citizen, and under your valiant leadership will diplomacy's soft lies, friendship's shielding perversions and convention's sinful prevarications be shorn from the face of the earth. Rause mit 'em!

I am imbued with the strength of my conviction, and I see clearly as through the sparkling crystal of a freshly washed Boston window, my duty to do my share to satisfy the public need. I have found the appeal to my soul written in your every paragraph and line and word.

So I shall begin on you.

And not to shirk my duty—my opportunity, should I say?—I shall place on this paper with the aid of my trusty one-cylinder 1901 alphabetical Ford, my personal, home-made opinions of your magazine—with the freedom and abandon to which you have encouraged me.

But let me be understood. These are to be my *opinions*, and opinions, even though candid, may be wrong. Get that. Even your opinions may be wrong. This is one minor point on which you and some of the rest of us seem to differ. We admit it. You don't.

But to our knitting:

Tuneful Yankee is founded on a good idea. It has many good features; it is fairly well printed—which is saying a whole lot for anything produced by a Boston print shop; the music is especially well printed—probably because not done in Boston. The songs and piano solos printed have a fairly high batting average, but it took some mighty high scores to hold up the .000 percentage of a few of the numbers you have palmed off. However, although the music is not all out of the trash class (which same is true of the text) it is certainly worth the price and then some.

Now that I have started, it would be unfair to you and the public and myself (especially myself) were I to fail to mention the various features of your journal most deserving of comment. This can be done briefly.

Cover: A strong feature. Black on yellow is a wonderful combination—truly. Uncle Sam playing on what looks like the offspring of a banjo that has spent the summer on the Hawaiian islands should appeal to the spirit of the times. Yes, indeed, 'tis a strong cover—it fairly reeks. As I write, with my window wide open, I wonder what the Board of Health would do if they found copies on sale in the subway. But some day the plate will wear out.

Title: Who originated the name Tuneful Yankee? I hope he is a relative of the Kaiser for he will get what's coming to him some day.

Editorials: Editorials are always above criticism. Yours would be anyway—look who writes 'em! And one of their most commendable points is that you don't have them very often. There is only one slight improvement possible: you could cut them out altogether. This would leave more air in general circulation, and save us the trouble of skipping the editorial page.

Puckerings: How do you pronounce that word? I find that I have to manipulate it with care, for I at first thought the C was a typographical error. But I can't throw up any unkind criticisms on this account for the Puckerings (be careful) are cleverly written and also serve to give us a line on your favorite lady friends.

Ragtime Piano Playing by Winn: Good in its field; although of no use to me, probably of more practical value to the magazine than any other department—that is, if the T. Y. is intended for general circulation.

Music Reviews: Exceedingly readable—to the people who don't write or publish the songs. Snappy, original and pointed are

these "reviews"—and sometimes off the trolley. Doesn't it peeve you a little when some song that you have cast into outer darkness, bobs right back, regardless, (rude thing!) and reaps in a nice, luscious flock of shekels for its sponsors? But never mind—we all make some mistakes—though, as intimated previously, you may be painfully startled to have the confession made so all-inclusive.

Funny Incidents: A misnomer. Who told you they were funny? Or do you think it is funny to blame the old chestnuts on your friends? Age should demand respect; you show no respect for the whiskers of the tottering old wheezes, the deceased ancients who originated them, or the modesty of the innocent living whom you have compromised so scandalously by accusations of parent-hood, relationship, or undue familiarity with the spoofs. Shame on you! That's what I call *shear* cowardice. The jokes are no better or worse than the average, and if you need 'em for fillers, why not bravely own up to cribbing them—credit them to the journals that stole them last, according to custom. Or, if you think you can fool some of your readers, omit the credit, and take the responsibility for the old rounders yourself.

Quaint Incidents: Some of them are quaint, alright, but "Strange if True" would be a better sub-heading. This page harmonizes beautifully with your cover color, but what in time do false hair, surgery, armless blind men, and sitting on the knees of millionaires have to do with the popular music business? Some publisher will bean you for giving away office secrets.

Clown Topic: It was real funny, the first time.

Special Articles: Conspicuous for their absence.

General Criticism: You need more departments. Your highly colored cover intimates that the magazine is for the vocal, instrumental and mechanical music fields. You are giving a corking good trade journal for song writers and publishers, and nothing more, barring the music section. This latter may save you from oblivion. But my guess is that you are smart (I do have had luck as a guesser) enough to see for yourself that there should be more coordination of interest—your text and your music are at present working more or less at cross purposes.

Finally, dear Editor, don't be sore if I have written anything that you don't agree with. In such case (or cases) of course I'm wrong. I'm probably wrong when I think Lehar didn't write the Spring Maid "Love Bee" song. But if I am, the printer was, too, when he carelessly put Heinrich Reinhardt's name on the music. You should be chided for withholding the truth from us so long.

And, probably, I'm wrong when I think you will print this little epistle without alteration. But I hope not. When I fancy that you will print it without tacking on a snappy, sarcastic paragraph of nonpareil I'm wrong again. If I think I don't deserve some of your biting six-point, I'm wrong. I do deserve it; and you deserve still more

A Few More Letters of Comment

We Still Collect More Bouquets than Brickbats—Both are Acceptable when Sincere

incentive to nip me than I have given, for that matter.

Snap at me if you want to.
What do I care?

Woof!

D. Clements Smith.

P. S. Incidentally, here's a good dollar to eke out my six-month subscription. This is to show my faith that you will profit by my criticisms and thus perpetuate the journal at least eight months more. Whether I'm right or wrong in this, I'll get my money's worth, for I've had it already.

Many Agree With You, James

Dalton, Ga., May 19, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

I received a copy of The Tuneful Yankee and you were very kind in the reference to our song—more so than we deserved, for I think the words deserve a "roast" like some other so-called lyrics reviewed in the same issue. By the way, those fearless criticisms of yours constitute the best and most helpful feature of your magazine, filled with good things as it is. It cannot help being beneficial to writers, even though they do not submit anything, but prefer to profit from the errors of others. As a more tangible evidence of my appreciation I have ordered our news-dealer to place it on sale and have secured for you three regular customers who are interested in popular music.

Sincerely yours,

James Wells.

(You are made of the right stuff, Jimmy. A fellow can write a lot of "schmuzz" and savor; but the best evidence of sincerity and friendship lies in the last paragraph of your letter in which you prove your loyalty by getting The Tuneful Yankee a few good subscribers like yourself.)

Pretty Strong Praise, Burton

Saco, Maine, April, 9, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

Dear Sir: I am taking advantage of your offer to examine manuscripts of subscribers and am sending you one by this post. If the song amounts to anything I am sure you will let me know. Anyhow, I shall abide by your decision as I am confident from what I hear and read that *no better judge than you can be found*. Now, in regard to The Tuneful Yankee I want to state that it is the best musical magazine that I have ever read and the wonder is that you can sell it at such cheap rate. If you should double the price next year *I should still take it and feel that I was getting a good bargain*.

Sincerely yours,

Burton H. Cutler.

(Like you, dear Mr. Cutler, many flatter my reviews, although some question my grammar, but I am right, alright, at least I know I write right—although this word should be "rightly."—M. H. R.)

A Quaint Quinke Quiddity

Los Angeles, Cal., June 2, 1917.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

Again we wish to thank you for your kind advice and interest. My God, man! You must have a heart as big as a city block; you are one in a million in this age of com-

mercialism. I can't begin to tell you how we appreciate your assistance.

Very sincerely yours,

W. A. Quinke & Co.

(We wish it were possible to help you in a more material manner; but The Tuneful Yankee has an iron-clad rule not to push nor promote prints of any music publisher. We wish we dared to write an article of what we really think of your beautiful "Sweet Luana Waltzes." Our pen, in its passionate expression, would burn a hole through the paper.)

He Likes Our Song Awards

St. Louis, Mo., May 18, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: I wish to congratulate you upon your choice of the winners in the song poem contest. Each poem is real poetry and *in my estimation far superior to the words of the present-day song hits*. The winners certainly deserve their good fortune.

Very truly yours,

Lawrence Lewis.

(You are evidently a good judge as you possibly write clever lyrics yourself. At least, you are man enough to give credit to others.)

Brief and to the Point

Aurora, May 31, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: Allow me to be one of the many to congratulate you upon the success of your interesting journal. The department headed "Music Reviews" and other features are very interesting, and I greatly enjoy reading everything in the paper.

I intend to submit one of my songs soon for review, and if I get "roasted" like others I won't raise a "kick," for I know the criticism comes from a just writer, capable of judging whether a song should "go" or not. I submit some questions below, which please answer in correspondence column. Wishing you every success possible in your good work.

Yours very truly,

Ernest F. Gardner.

No Charge for Reviews

Waco, Tex., May 7, 1917.

Tuneful Yankee, N. Y. C.,

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed \$1.50 for a year's subscription. The Tuneful Yankee is just the style of a magazine I've been looking for. I would like to have you review some of my efforts. I have written quite a number of lyrics but have been unable to place them. Will be very grateful for your advice.

Very truly yours,

Edna A. Wright.

(The Tuneful Yankee will examine your productions free of charge if you are a subscriber. It will also give you its advice so far as it lies within its power. When your manuscripts reach us they shall be reviewed immediately.)

A Sensible Suggestion

Punta Gorda, May 9, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: I am not desirous of having my name in print, but I want to say that I think you are getting out an especially appealing musical magazine. Its reading matter is bright and snappy and interesting and if there

is anything funnier than your "Reviews of Popular Music," I haven't run across it. For instance, you invite us, in fact, urge us to send in our song words and poems and then you proceed to attack them with caustic criticism. But keep it up; perhaps it will save us some of the atrocities we have had to stand from popular song inflictions in the last twenty years. There should have been a song censor years ago and I am for you as the proper person for the role. You need no numerous page so long as you keep the review page going.

The one thing I really do not like about the magazine is its name. A Yankee is a citizen of the New England States. How can you possibly construe a musical journal so as to make it a citizen? Let your subscribers send in more fitting names and grab the first one that fits.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. M. A. M.

(You are too bright a woman to wish us to conceal your full name. Still, we have done so at your request. We shall immediately adopt your suggestion as to the name of this magazine. If anyone can give us a better title than The Tuneful Yankee we'll accept it and pay for it. But can it be done? We shall see.)

From "Some Writer"

New York, June 14, 1917.

Dear Mr. Rosenfeld: The Tuneful Yankee grows more unique with each issue. It certainly is the paragon of musical journals, and a delight to peruse.

Sincerely yours,

George Cooper.

(It is need to say that George Cooper is the oldest living American song writer, the author of "Sweet Genevieve," "Must We Then Meet As Strangers," "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" and other noted songs of a past century. Mr. Cooper is nearly ninety years of age and his expressions are "worth while.")

It Was Our Error, Charles

Jamaica, N. Y., May 23, 1917.

The Tuneful Yankee,

Gentlemen: In reference to your letter suggesting my subscription would say that you will find my name upon your records. And you will also find that I have sent several other subscriptions to your magazine which I show to every friend that visits my home. The magazine is all life from cover to cover and the music is just what the public has been looking for, for years. It is bound to be successful.

Wishing you every success,

Sincerely yours,

Charles W. Weuser.

From a Clever Teacher

Bangor, Me., April 25, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: I want to say that your magazine is a "dandy," and in a recent concert my daughter sang two of the last songs issued in the March number.

Very truly yours,

D. L. Carver.

(Your daughter evidently has good taste. We wish that we had been there to hear your darling child render the compositions.)

(Continued on page 10)

Quite a Boost

The Tuneful Yankee,

Gentlemen: I received my copy of The Tuneful Yankee and wish to state that this is the greatest musical magazine I have ever seen. It is worth ten times the price you ask for it. May it live long and prosper.

Yours for success,

M. Miles,
Northampton, Mass.

The Usual Tribute

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Dear Sir: I have given, "The Tuneful Yankee," the closest inspection possible and I am firmly convinced that this publication, the first of its kind, has started something that those interested in popular music, have long sought and really need. At last, we have a publication, that will enable the striving song writer to get a square deal and place him in a position where his efforts will be fairly appreciated.

With best wishes for your success.

Very truly yours,
Daniel H. Bloomberg.

(alias) The East Side Poet.

The Usual Tribute

Waupaca, Wis., May 16, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: The May issue of The Tuneful Yankee just came in and let me say I think your magazine is a wonder. It fills a long-felt want for the song writer, musician and composer. I hope I shall never be without it.

Very sincerely yours,

Ethwell Hanson.

A "Spry Old Cock" No Doubt

Portland, Ore.

Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, New York.

Dear Sir: Copy new paper "blew in" today.

I say "blew in" because it is sure some "joyful noise" and sweet zephyrs to the boys who have been fighting their way along the "hot trail" in search of the "Elusive."

Am sending subscription so as to help along the big syndicate "tickling a Chickering." The boys come in to see me, as they pass through.

Ask A. B. Ellsworth, Mr. Jacobs, Ernest Ball, anybody, if I ain't some "Spry Old Cock."

Also leading orchestra for one of the big lodges, and helping out, where it is necessary.

Am doing a Jeff Brannen stunt—"coming back" after ten years of "flivers."

"My Hawaii" is the vehicle.

Out a month, and our old friend James Casey (Seattle, Wash.) is publishing it.

Watch it! That's all.

Sure, sending a copy along.

Me? Well, am with Tuneful Yankee; she has her sails to the breeze. May the seas be smooth!

Regards to all the boys, old and new.

L. W. Lewis.

[Whoever you are, Mr. Lewis, you are a glib talker, or rather writer! We appreciate your good wishes, however, and wish we knew more of you.]

This Bright Newspaper Man Likes the Title of Our Magazine

Altoona, Pa., May 17, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee, New York.

Dear Sir: Permit me to extend you my felicitations as editor of The Tuneful Yankee. That name is certainly a thriller and should serve as an inspiration at this particular time to the man in charge of its destinies.

Very sincerely yours,

Altoona Mirror. S. S. Schmittle.

A Sensible Letter

Monroe H. Rosenfeld,

Dear Sir: It was an agreeable surprise to me when I received the three issues of The Tuneful Yankee. To my mind you have created a medium which has filled a long-felt want. May I make a suggestion: don't you think it would be of interest to the subscribers of your periodical to read a short biography of America's best writers and composers, one appearing in each issue? This source of material would last for many years.

An ardent booster,

Carl B. Winge,

2619-45th St., S. W., Seattle, Wash.

P. S. If you have such a thing as application blanks for The Tuneful Yankee you might send me a dozen or more. I believe I could swell your subscription list.

From a Noted Teacher

Attleboro, Mass.

Tuneful Yankee: I was certainly pleased to receive the sample copy of The Tuneful Yankee and thank you for same. You shall receive my subscription before the next issue as no true musician can afford to be without this valuable journal. Together with the Jacobs' Band Monthly, they make the best team one can find. Your criticism of songs is especially well done and your comment on the title "The Queen of the Roses Were You" is correct. Do not let them make you crawl, as you are right.

Musically yours,

Henri J. Duranleau.

From a Sincere Woman

The Tuneful Yankee: I have read every word in your magazine. It is a grand publication, The Tuneful Yankee, and will become a positive success for it seems to make a hit wherever it appears.

Grace Guernsey,

Pullman, Wash.

There's Worse Poetry Than This

The book is swell—

It's full of pep,

I wish you well

So here's my cheek.

Not even approaching poetry, but expresses my opinion in a mild degree.

Methuen, Mass. E. L. Craven.

From a Movie Pianist

South Bend, Wash., May 22, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee:—

Dear Sir: Inclosed find one dollar for a yearly subscription to your magazine, beginning with the March issue.

I am a piano player for moving pictures and find your magazine a great help to me in my work. It gives me new ideas, which most piano players are greatly in need of.

It is my sincere wish that your magazine be an entire success.

(Miss) M. Stephens.

(Thanks, fair lady, you are very far away in distance, but very close to our hearts. Send us your picture—not for the editor, who is married—but for The Yankee's readers.)



THE stunning picture herewith reproduced of the talented Helen Lorraine, who solved every one of The Tuneful Yankee's "Hidden Songs" represents a girl of surpassing talents. Since the Actors' Fund Fair held in New York the early part of the season the title "America's Most Beautiful Actress" was bestowed upon this modest girl. Many judges also claimed that she was the real Venus de Milo in figure. For that The Tuneful Yankee is in no position to vouch; but as an accomplished writer of songs, both words and music, we can attest that Miss Lorraine is a star, because of the fact that she has just written the full musical score of the new "Puss-Puss" operetta and also several interpolations for Jean Bedini's "American Wheel Attractions."

Best Ever

Chicago, Ill., May 27, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,

Dear Sir: Many thanks for the copy of magazine. I have been a subscriber to a number of popular musical papers, but must frankly say that The Tuneful Yankee is the BEST EVER. Enclosed find subscription of \$1.50 for the year. Wishing success to your excellent work for many years to come. Sincerely yours,

Vera Christensen.

Has Confidence in Us

Brookton, Mass., March 31, 1917.

Gentlemen: I don't know of any better way to popularize "Good-Bye, Soldier Boy" which, by the way, should sell well at just this time, than through The Tuneful Yankee. I am sending a copy under separate cover, which I trust you will reproduce at an early date.

Clif Edson, Music Publisher.

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

Songs of Dawn and Twilight. Lyrics by Arthur Guiterman. Music by Frederick W. Vanderpool. Published by M. Witmark & Sons, New York City.

This is a double issue consisting of two encore numbers—Design—Ev'ry Little Nail. I shall review the worse song first. But when I say that the gem "Ev'ry Little Nail" is one of the most beautiful musical nuggets I have ever seen, you can imagine where I am to get the language from to express my admiration of the number yelet "Design."

Ev'ry little nail asleep in the wall.
Ev'ry little lamb asleep in the stall.
Ev'ry little flower asleep in the dew.
Oh! my darling, go to sleep too.
Oh! my darling, go to sleep too.

This lyric sounds inane, doesn't it? Yes, it does without the music. But when you see Vanderpool's purple robe covering it and hear the rustle of his rhapsody you'll marvel, all right. The song is a dew-drop from the portals of Paradise.

In the other work Design you are brought face to face with the moods of Tristan and Isolde and I am placed in a dilemmatic position to explain the subtle tonalities of the Vanderpool music. Like unto one gifted in tidology who can analyze the undulating billows I am perforce compelled to idealize the composer. A line of the poetical theme runs thus:

The curving shore was made to hold the sea.
The hollyhock to hold the drowsy bee.

What the immaculate Frederick W. has done in his accompaniment here is amazingly quaint. He has run a cadenza, imitating a bee on the wing so accurately that we are almost stung with the insect's infection. Wese, we feel, we almost touch the fuzzy-bellied drone in his dash across our ears, the music is so natural, and so eloquent and realistic, and so newly inspired.

This musical atom will live longer than Vanderpool and hold his name in reverence as a musician. Any man that can take one bar of music and paint therein the counterpart of a drowsy, rambling insect and define its flight and nonchalance is not in the class of modern day writers.

Trotting Fox. Fox trot. By Percy Trepanier. Published by Louis Payette, Montreal, Canada.

This is a fairly good number, just good enough not to sell. The first movement in the composition is jingling and catchy. The other measures with their full-stretched octaves are complicated and not facile. The arrangement is good. It would take some money to "put over" a composition of this kind when there are so many of a like

character in the market that cause the music publisher hours of worry and anxiety.

Mother, Dixie and You. Words and music by Howard Johnson and Joseph Santley. Published by Leo Feist, New York City.

The melody in this composition is "whistle-able." It is really pretty in form and melody. I do not particularly care for the title because it localizes a territory, although the words are very unique and "different." The song may sell; therefore, I cannot afford to dissect its purport. It is better than nine-tenths of the number of Dixiesongs published.

Amory Mysterio. By Emelio P. Caceres. Published by Daniel C. Garza, Corpus Christi, Tex.

Everything is good about this oddly termed work except its eccentric title which few can remember. Mr. Garza will have some toil in impressing upon the public mind the name of this composition. Such things often retard the sale of a musical work. He has made a good waltz tune from his theme although he has placed the trio in a key difficult to execute.

On the Party Line. Song. Words by Jack Mahoney. Music by Percy Wenrich. Published by Leo Feist, New York City.

An up-to-date inspiration which will strike home, where a dozen members of a given family use the same telephone connection. The song has good points and the music is tintinnabulating.

Unfurl the Flag. Song. Words by John Butler. Music by Alberto Hman. Published by Hamilton S. Gordon, New York City.

An ordinary song with catchy music and the best title page of its kind issued in some time. The song will not sell, although it possesses the elements of popularity. In some of the musical lines the composer has frequently slurred two notes as, for instance: "fla-ag," and particularly upon the word "true," thus: "troo-o-oh;" and what is more, he uses a tremendously high note on the upper F for this effect which makes the song out of range, extending it to several notes above voice-beginning. These are not exactly defects but they are bold transgressions upon the style of modern music. The song would make a good number for the public schools and for those that like a simple and euphonious melody.

Old Glory. Song. Words and music by Kurt P. Hirschkorn. Published by the author, 384 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Another "Old Glory" song. But this unpretentious composition possesses just a little bit of care and point because it appeals to a different element. It caters to the

diminutive supporter of Uncle Sam, that is: the little school lad and the little school miss who yearn for something simple and patriotic to flaunt their dear voices in loyalty to their land. In fact this modest song has been approved and adopted by the Board of Education and can be found in the 1917-1919 Supplemental Text Book list for elementary schools. The music is neatly constructed, in a facile range to please and we hope for the enterprising author's sake, that he may get back his money from this publication. Still, we doubt it.

What It Takes, I've Got It. Song. Words and music by Jud Klein. Published by the Warner C. Williams Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Very suggestive song set to catchy music. A pitiful waste.

After the War is Over. Words and music by Chas. E. Trader and E. S. Elliot. Published by the Carroll Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Upon the editor's desk lies a composition of a similar title, Mr. Carroll. Yours may be better than ours and ours may be better than yours. There is no similarity one to the other; still neither will sell. Ours you can have for the asking, yours you can sell—or, at least want to sell, but no one will buy yours nor ours. If you like ours better than you do yours, come along and get ours, but we won't get yours. Yours was ours first and ours ought to be yours now—that is, if you want a song a little better than yours, according to our opinion. So take your choice, and take ours if you want it, but don't give us yours.

The Old Gray Mare. March. Arranged by Frank Panella. Published by the Panella Music Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

This is a very bad looking print, almost repulsive. The music, in itself, is very well put together. But the title page is about the most weird-looking thing we have seen since Barbara came to town. The dilapidated old mare, clad in crutches and bumps, and bones and doughnuts, and rheumatic joints with inverted ears and poke-bonnet effects, should have long ago been made over into glue. However, we presume this is consistent with the old story, the famous old hymn of the "whiffle-tree." Why, the thing doesn't even bear an author's imprint! However, isch ka bibble, and so does the mare.

At the Shore in Summer Time. By J. J. Biernbrauer. New Britain, Conn.

Fairly good words with a very cheap and non-original melody which lacks every essential of popularity and is just a waste of

Uncle Sam's needful paper, ink and manual labor. They have even omitted a word for the opening of the second verse where a B-flat stands alone all by itself, waiting for some one to pull it out of the rain. But it stands there, a living catastrophe of neglected brain mush.

Uncle Sam. Song. By J. Bierbrauer. Published by the author. New Britain, Conn.

The words of this song are fairly good—nothing particularly original; still, they make sense and with a good musical setting would have probably attracted a little attention. But the music is simply awful, or awfully simple. There is no continuity in the phrases and it smacks of the most common type of imitative production. Even the arrangement is impossible, from a musical standpoint. It is amateurish and stilted. The beginning of the chorus has the same old construction of sixths in the bass clef united with thirds in the treble, and the whole thing abounds with horrible counterfeited music. It is printed upon paper that is flimsy and contains ludicrous advertisements boosting the efforts and schemes of professional exploitation. Speaking of the paper upon which it is printed, it isn't even good for pen-wiping.

I'm Going Back to Idaho. Words by Dave M. Allan. Music by Bob Allan. Published by the Vanderstoop Music Co., Williamsport, Pa.

Some publishers could make a success with this song—had not the song "Iowa" been written. It reminds one of the "Hide Away" song although there is nothing in the Allan composition that can be called infringement. Some of the words are quite original, but such phrases as "when shadows fall," "I hear somebody call," and kindred lines deflect from said originality. The music is right up-to-date. The song may sell in Boise but not on Broadway. The title-page does not live up to the standard of the Vanderstoop designs of several years ago, one of which, to our recollection, was unparalleled for elegance of draftsmanship, printed in a sort of amber and orange, with a cross road leading up to a cottage on the hill with a sunrise effect that looked as natural as Nature itself. The Idaho title page is inexplicit. It contains two exceedingly tall trees, which have no significance. They can be cedar trees or ham trees. At the foot of each tree is a bunch of stuff that is a commingling of red currants and pink tripe. What these bubbling berries are there for, with a red sea in the distance and a little secluded gray cottage beneath the tall o'erspreading trees, is beyond our comprehension. I'd like to buy a good cigar for the man who made the clever music of the song, but I'd also like to "start something" for the man who made the title page.

Smiles Don't Hurt Your Face. By Martha A. Hannum. Vincennes, Ind. Published by the author.

I can readily understand that you are a woman and know nothing about "smiles" for we ken a man who has been so addicted to smiles" all through his life that his proboscis, commonly known as his nose, is as red and ruddy and rampant as a ripe tomato! He has been "smiling" all his life, sometimes

on whiskey, sometimes on beer, and sometimes on nothing,—when he did not have the price. You seem very sanguine in your belief, dear Miss Hannum, that "smiles don't hurt the face," but if you saw how I am smiling now at your song you would think that "smiles do hurt the face," for there are tears mixed with them. I wonder who printed the caption of your song and spelled Vincennes thus: "Vincennes." However, what matters it?

From the same enterprising firm of Quince in Los Angeles, who drew the Tuneful Yankee's attention to the above effusion, we have received another song called *The Desert Maid*. Words and music by Noah

SONG WRITERS TRY YOUR HAND

Here's a Chance to Earn Some Change.

The Tuneful Yankee will pay \$5.00 to the first person, or persons, sending in a correct rhyme for either of these words:

SILVER ORANGE

It has often been tried in vain. However, there may be some one among our readers who may find a legitimate rhyme for these words. At any rate, to settle a wide controversy, we are willing to put the question to a test. Address: Editor Tuneful Yankee, 1547 Broadway, N. Y.

Alfred Fleenor. This should have been called "The Deserted Maid" for two reasons—the maid will be deserted when placed upon the music counters and only a maid of her quality could be flaunted into a popular song. Another thing, don't you know, Noah, that there is Noah maid that can dwell in a desert? And, say, Noah, do you know what a desert is? A girl who could live in a desert where there are no silk stockings, no ice cream or chewing-gum, doesn't exist. Hence, there can be no desert maid and there can be no song of the impossible trash you have dreamed of, Noah.

Dear Old Home. Words and music by Arthur Manlowe. Published by the Vanderstoop Music Co., Williamsport, Pa.

Easily one of the best songs written in a decade. The verses are heart-appealing and the music good enough to become a classic. The song is neatly arranged and positively a gem in its plainness and simplicity. It may not do for a cabaret or a song and dance act, but the masses will welcome this quaint, unostentatious song in their homes and teach their children to love its theme.

In Cupid's Biplane. Words by Fred H. Clifford. Music by David L. Carver. Published by D. L. Carver Music Co., Bangor, Me.

This is a horrible, beautiful, miserable, delightful, sweet, or contemptible composition—as the case may be. Who knows? They have sent us simply a piece of music with tunes printed on page 5 but no insert. So I do not know much about it. I have simply a bunch of air to write about. Some fellow

in your employ, probably in haste to get the song to the Tuneful Yankee for review, left out its guts; in other words, he placed no insert or leaves in the composition and just simply sent us the cover and the back page. The thing looks to us like a good big glass full of whiskey, with no whiskey in it.

My Fair Lady. Waltzes. By Fred Berger. Arranged by Everett J. Evans.

Just a neatly flowing set of waltzes. The composition is well arranged. The entire work will please but it is nothing pretentious. It will make a happy annex to the home piano.

Turn the Light Lower, Maria. Song. By Jos. Leclercque. Published by the Wisconsin Publishing Co.

Yes, Maria, turn it lower—turn it out. That lover of yours has something the matter behind his forehead. There is a softness there that should be attended to. Our physician's name is Lucas—Bill Lucas—and he knows how to treat all sorts of diseases of this kind, especially those of lyric fever. Yes, Maria, turn the light lower, Maria. The next thing he will do will be to ask you to marry him. That generally follows after the light goes down low. He is working up to that desperate point. It is time to bestir yourself when he writes such a chorus as this:

Turn the light down, Maria,
And come and sit down on my knee;
My heart now with love is on fire,
Is yours just as sultry for me?
I'll kiss you, sweetheart, and caress you,
And though each rose in life has its briar,
I know that I'll ever bless you;
So turn the light lower, Maria.

I'll bet he did some tall gasping when he wrote this. It is bad when a fellow begins to gasp. Now some gasping will be done by the people who read this song. But it will be a different kind of gasp.

The Sweetest Girl in All the World. Song. Words and music by Lorraine A. Gibbons. Published by the author.

This foolish writer begins his song with an apostrophe to a girl's sweetness, and keeps it up through two verses of 72 lines, using the word "sweet" no less than 24 times. Sweetness sometimes satiates. He says the girl he wants to wed, or, rather, intends to wed, is the sweetest girl in all the world. Did anybody ever taste a sweet girl? We have a delightful typist who is sweet, but she would slap a man's face if he attempted to find it out. But Composer Gibbons is sure that his girl is the sweetest. Bah! Our observation of the matter is this: that girls do not eat as many pickles as girls used to be. So there you are, Mr. Gibbons! Mix a few pickles with your sugary dame, and eat her up, song and all, if you have a good digestion.

I'm in the Same Old Boat with the Man Who Wrote "There's No Place Like Home." By Robert Levenson and Ted Garton. Published by Garton Brothers Music Co.

The words of this song are not sufficiently strong to claim attention. The music has some interesting melody, notably in the chorus. But the song in itself has not sufficient body to enlist popular endorsement.

(Continued on page 35)

National Anthem Is Chosen by the People

Not by Composer.

Our National Anthem Compared with The Marseillaise.—From the Telegraph



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Victor Herbert, Alfred Robyn—all great and acclaimed American composers—John McCormack, George M. Cohan, and other "harmonists," singers and devotees of melody have within the past three years refused to offer a substitute for "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a distinctive national anthem.

Of course "America" is recognized as a musical replica of "God Save The Queen," which was the British national anthem during the Victorian period, and which, without losing a syllable or a measure, became "God Save The King" when the sons of Victoria began to ascend the throne.

"Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" may satisfy some people as "national" airs, but the fact remains that Francis Scott Key's "Star-Spangled Banner" is the only singable song of value that we can claim as a national anthem.

Our Racial Musical Diversions

The barbaric, throwback, elemental influence of negro and Indian life in the United States has had a wonderful influence upon what we like to call our "national music." But neither the syncopated repetitions of the blacks nor the recurrent impacts of the Indian tom-tom have furnished any worthy themes for a national melody nor a preservative song of America.

We dance to these irregular and irrelevant measures, and we laugh and sing with them, but they have not yet made such an impress that we can claim a national anthem—or even the foundation for one—out of any of the vagrant melodies with which we trifle. "Tipperary," an essentially military song, with the lilt of the march and the inescapable glory of defiance in its words and notes, was a song and a march for the soldiers of any race. But it never rose, and cannot rise, to the dignity of a national anthem.

No Broadway musician can prescribe the anthem of his race on "short order." The deathless songs of a nation or of a race are not established by display advertising. Whatever we may say of the musical value or the suitability of the words of the songs that have been, or are being, written for the onset of races and the clan of the world's battles it is not deniable that "The Marseillaise" is the great battle hymn of the world. There are reasons.

The Great Republican Hymn

Freedom, power, audacity, love, courage and beauty all speak in the words and melody of "The Marseillaise." It has become the glory song of Liberty. It is the music of the spheres. It is the beautiful word that France sang into the ears of the world before the world knew what was meant by it. The whole world is now beginning to know and

the bands of England, of Canada, of Australia and of Italy have adopted it as the real "war music" of every battlefield in Europe.

Music like that is written once and it remains, it survives and its significance is perpetual. It is not intended to reflect by comparison with French cosmopolitan music or to recall the fact that "the smartest" military composition we have yet afforded to our men at arms was "A Hot Time in the Old Town." That, I believe, was our musical classic of the Spanish war, and both the war and the song are well forgotten.

"My Maryland" a Masterpiece

For rhetorical beauty and enduring majesty of thought and utterance, "My Maryland" to my way of thinking, is the most splendid example of American patriotic song-writing. A simplicity of melody combined with a great grasp of racial romance and epical passion denote it as an example of far bigger, finer and more inspiring value than any of the more pretentious state or national hymns which we remember better. But it was sectional, local, provincial in its appeal. Maybe we would be ready for a new American national anthem if some poet-musician could write it upon the same high, sunlit salient of "My Maryland."

The juvenility, the almost flamboyant glory of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is quite happily characteristic of this young republic. If the anthem lacks the poignant pity of the Latin racial songs, if it fails to reach into the hidden places of melodic appeal, yet in these very failures it is expres-

sive of a people that has not known the agonies of national maturity that is yet at the threshold of artistic effort.

"Prescribing" Music

Critics, teachers, appreciators and promoters cannot "prescribe" the music of their time and people. Or, to put it another way, the earnest practitioner can prescribe what he likes, but he can't make the patient "take it." Great men like John Philip Sousa, Victor Herbert,—great singers like John McCormack, Enrico Caruso, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar, or any of the others, cannot put a national song—a new and unheralded anthem into the mouths of their own public.

We will be singing "The Marseillaise" when "Tipperary" and "A Hot Time" are dwindled memories of old vulgarian days. "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be our American anthem, and we will sing it until the time comes for the world anthem, and in these days we are coming very close to that new idea of universal sentiment and endeavor.

Where Are the War Poets?

In the face of the thundering guns that are shaking Europe with their monstrous diapason, I don't really see what I could do with a poet. The vociferate and metrical utterances of the French artillery these days ought to satisfy anybody's hectic desire for cadences. General Haig is the poet laureate of England, and he sounds better to most of us than any holder of that job since Tennyson. The world doesn't need any written poetry at this moment. The greatest epic of all time is being enacted, and even the national music that we have is good enough to march to battle by. If I were a musician, I'd rather blow reveille on a battle-bugle than write a new national anthem.

A Good Motto

By W. A. Quince, Los Angeles, Cal.

TWO gay frogs, from inland bogs
Had spent the night in drinking,
As morning broke and they awoke
While yet their eyes were blinking

A farmer's pail came to the swale
And caught them quick as winking.
Ere they could gather scattered senses,
Or breathe a prayer for past offenses,
The granger grave—that guileless man—
Had dumped them in the milk man's can;
The can filled up, the cover down,
They soon were started off to town;
The luckless frogs began to quake
And sober up on cold milkshake.
They quickly found their breath would stop
Unless they swam upon the top.
They swam for life and kicked and swam
Until their weary eyes grew dim,

Their muscles ached, their breath grew short,
And, gasping, spoke one weary sport:
"Say, dear old scout, it's pretty tough
To die so young, but I've enough
Of kicks for life. No more I'll try it,
I was not raised on milk for diet."
"Tut, tut, my lad," the other cried,
"A frog's not dead until he dies;
Let's keep on kicking, that's my plan,
We may yet see outside this can."
"No use, no use," faint heart replied,
Turned up his toes and gently died.
The braver frog, undaunted still,
Kept kicking with undaunted will,
Until, with joy too great to utter,
He found he'd churned a lump of butter.
And, climbing on that chunk of grease,
He floated round in quiet peace.

MORAL

When times are hard—no trade in town—
Don't get discouraged and go down,
But struggle still—no murmur utter—
A few more kicks may bring the butter.



Ye Clown Topic

With Apologies to K. C. B.

MR. LOUIS BERNSTEIN

CARE OF SHAPIRO, BERNSTEIN & CO.

NEW YORK CITY

MY DEAR LOUIS:

I WATCHED you one day.

EXAMINING SONG manuscripts.

BY SO-CALLED

SONG Writers.

WHILE SOME of them.

WERE READING their.

STUFF TO you.

I NOTICED that.

YOU SUDDENLY grew pale.

AND PUT your hand.

ON YOUR stomach.

AND EXCUSED yourself.

AND SAID you had to.

GO OUT and get.

A SHAVE.

I REMEMBER one of the.

SONGS YOU were.

LISTENING to.

IT WAS called.

"ONCE I WAS A NUT.

NOW I'M nuttin'."

AND WHEN YOU said he.

WAS KIDDING the.

GUY THREATENED to.

KNOCK OFF your garage.

AND YOU HAD to get.

LEW PORTER.

TO THROW him out.

JUST THEN you remembered.

YOU HAD to telephone.

AND YOU called the.

WRONG NUMBER.

FOR IT WAS Billy Sunday's.

PRIVATE NUMBER.

AND THE GIRL at the switch-

board.

TRIED TO convince you.

BUT YOU WOULDN'T TAKE.

NO. FOR an answer.

AND YOU KEPT ringing and.

RINGING.

AND CURSING and swearing.

THEN YOU asked for.

THE MANAGER'S office.

AND MADE the usual kiek.

WHICH DID you a lot.

OF GOOD—I don't think.

THEN YOU asked me.

ROSEY.

WHAT I THOUGHT of such.

SERVICE.

AND I SAID: "Fairly good."

AND YOU GAVE me.

A DIRTY LOOK.

AND I REPLIED.

"I HAVE FOUND out, Loui.

THAT IT NEVER.

GETS YOU anything to.

SWEAR AT her.

I NEVER SWEAR at her.

FOR THEY might take.

OUT YOUR 'phone.

THE SAFEST WAY is to hang.

UP THE receiver.

AND MAKE FACES.

AT HER."

I THANK YOU.

"WAR BREAD" NOW SERVED Novel Method to Conserve Food Material Gotham Hotels May Adopt It

"War bread" is now offered at various New York hotels, but is not served to guests unless they ask for it.

The bread, it is said, is baked at a cost of three cents for twenty-four ounces, and it is announced that the bread will be sold at cost to employees of the hotels and to other persons who ask for it.

The war bread is made of what hotel men term "scraps," that is, the crusted ends of bread loaves and the slices that become a trifle hard through lying in the kitchen. The "scraps" taken from the tables are not used.

War bread and the way of making it was discovered by Peter Gallo, a hotel chef, who originally got the idea in France. It was suggested to him first in this country by a hotel manager, who was anxious to eliminate waste. Here is how war bread is made.

Pieces of bread which never get into the dining room are soaked in clear water for two hours and then put through a sieve until thoroughly pulverized, then, for each pound of the scraps, four pounds of white flour are added, along with one-half a cake of compressed yeast. The whole mass is then worked into dough, put into pans and baked. Five pounds of material used, exclusive of the water necessary, produces seven one-pound loaves of bread. These loaves look and taste like gluten bread, but are said to be even more palatable.

"Any housewife can use the same formula and get the same results," said the hotel man. "Using bread which would otherwise be wasted will cut down the demand for flour without reducing the amount of bread eaten."

"If this bread becomes popular with the public, it would mean a saving of 50 per cent in the bread consumed without diminishing the amount served."

Mouse on String Hales Boy Into Court Judge Holds Lad Who Sent Women Screaming (From the Evening Telegram)

An injured mouse was introduced as evidence in the Children's Court in Brooklyn today against a youth who described himself as Charles Vogel, fifteen years old, of No. 359 Barclay Street, Brooklyn, who was styled by the police as the original "Peek's Bad Boy."

Young Vogel wanted something to do at his lunch hour today, and, going into the store-room of M. Miller & Company at No. 2581 Atlantic avenue, where he is employed as an office boy, he discovered that a mouse had just been caught in a trap and was still alive, it is said. Vogel, according to the police, released the animal, and, tying a string to its tail, let it down from the second floor to the street, where it caused much alarm among pedestrians. Girls screamed when it touched their hats and arms and men snarled when it was pulled out of reach. (Continued on page 48)

Answers to Correspondents

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

Credit Where Credit is Due

So much controversy has arisen as to fake song firms who take the poor struggling song writers' coin and give nothing in return but diaphanous promises and swindling agreements that The Tuneful Yankee would say that this magazine will not be responsible in advising, or not advising any of its readers to trust their manuscripts to any fly-by-night concern of which it knows nothing definitely.

From letters received, such as the one to follow, the editor of this magazine has so far found nothing derogatory to the methods of Raymond A. Browne. He does not seem to promise anything that he does not fulfill. Still, he is conscientious and apparently "on the level." We have received several eulogistic letters about this man, the following of which is a sample. It comes from Sandwich, Illinois—wherever that is. The town must be on the map, however, for the letter is duly post-marked by Uncle Sam. The communication speaks for itself.

Sandwich, Ill., May, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee,
Dear Sir: In examining the manuscripts I am sending you for review I would state that the music was composed by Raymond A. Browne whose name was on several occasions mentioned in THE TUNEFUL YANKEE. Mr. Browne is a square fellow to deal with. He has tried since 1912 to live up to his part of each contract. Not a murmur from him nor against him. He "tries" all the time. I thought you might like to know of this fact.

Very sincerely yours,

Charles A. Donaldson

C. A. D., Sandwich, Ill.
This song is no better nor worse than the ordinary patriotic composition for which there is no demand in these days notwithstanding the tumult and hurrah of war. It is very rarely that a patriotic song will achieve a vast sale, no matter how clever it be. According to the report of the Librarian in Congress, 161 such songs were copyrighted in the month of March alone. These are just exactly 161 songs thrown to the winds, for we have not heard of a single one of them; nor do we expect to. We have received 1664 manuscripts of this kind for examination during the past four weeks, not one single one of which we could recommend to the music publisher. They are all written and based upon one subject—fight. Now, the American woman does not love to fight, and while the noble American boy does love to fight and will fight for his country, he does not care to read about it in a song which has no purport nor purpose, any more than to gratify the whims of a so-called song writer. Your "Uncle Sam" composition has sensible words and the music is jingling and euphonious. But the song will never sell, believe us.

2. In your letter you give us no definite address, so we cannot do anyone than return your manuscript to Sandwich, Ill. By the way, we have been trying to locate some Sandwich in Illinois—not to eat, exactly, but to become acquainted with that "important" point in Uncle Sam's realm. 3. We have re-printed your letter pertaining to Raymond A. Browne in another column of this issue. 4. We have not received any manuscripts from you as yet, except the one above referred to, which we are

returning. 5. No, if you say Joseph W. Stern & Co. returned your song, we cannot advise you to waste your postage in sending it to any other publishing house, not because this firm is infallible in its estimate of a popular song, but because we—The Tuneful Yankee—are boastful enough to say that its judgment is almost infallible; and we want to save you time, trouble, postage and anguish in sending out your manuscript. 6. You have a faculty for writing fairly good material and we cannot conscientiously discourage you.

J. F. B., Utica, N. Y.:

"America" has some very good musical phrases, is well arranged and is a sort of meritorious work. But the words are too voluminous and the subject is one that has many rivals these days in the patriotic line. It is very difficult to make a patriotic song popular, notwithstanding the timely conditions.

Notice

While The Tuneful Yankee is always willing to help aspiring writers it is a very awkward task to say that it does not care to devote its time, efforts, and influence to the examination of manuscripts submitted by those who are not subscribers. Our readers should be reasonable in this respect and should not expect us to go out of our way to oblige persons who do not give us their support with their subscription. This applies to the following reply in answer to a Seattle contributor, who, although writing us a very many letter, expects us to review his manuscripts as conscientiously and as promptly as if he were one of our subscribers.

F. G., Seattle, Wash.:

1. "Pleasure Land." This contains some fairly original thoughts, but it is not expressed in the manner of a popular song, lacking point and a pungent chorus. 2. "Love Land" has the same weakness. Your various stanzas possess good rhyme and contemplation, but they are too doctrinal for modern day material in a popular song.

C. A. U., Antigo, Wis.:

There are some good musical phrases in your Wisconsin song. Even the words are considerably better than the ordinary lyrics sent in these days by aspiring writers. But the entire idea of your composition borders too much upon the eulogy of a State. Although State songs sometimes sell, still in the present case there is not sufficient "body" to your inspiration.

S. S., Trenton, N. J.:

1. The main selling quality of a popular song is its catchy and retentive melody, original, if possible, although sometimes originality is only an incidental adjunct. 2. If your song is valuable, a reputable firm which will pay you a royalty should be consulted. Do not sell your song outright. The phonograph records are quite an item for revenue these days.

A Clear Point

The following letter has been received from Mrs. Frances Sullivan, Winchester, Mass. It speaks for itself:

April 15, 1917.

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

Dear Sir: Although I have had two song-poems returned without comment of any kind, yet I am persistent enough to try again.

I suppose I should be thankful for small mercies—that is, lack of criticism—some of the criticism handed out by The Tuneful Yankee—a magazine professing to help would-be song writers—are pungent enough to discourage "budding genius" in almost anyone.

Perhaps The Tuneful Yankee is laboring under the supposition that all song writers, worthy of note, have already been discovered. Hence it seeks to advertise only those who have already "arrived." Why not criticize—for the profit of the beginner—some of the efforts of the writers whose photographs appear in your Galaxy of Best Writers and Composers? But perhaps they are privileged to pitchfork any old words on to a sheet of music and have the same "put over" for them by the advertisers. For instance, the man who wrote "I've Been Faithful to You," the subject of which has been worn thread-bare, may use such constructions as "I've loved you tender and true." Does he mean that some unfortunate maiden was served up to him in a tender condition—like a piece of steak? Or are the words "tender" and "true" supposed to represent adverbs used to modify the verb loved. I would be very thankful to receive any "words of wisdom" or any "light" on this subject that The Tuneful Yankee cares to publish.

Respectfully,

Frances Sullivan.

(We agree with you, dear lady, that many of the popular songs of the day are most crudely and exaggeratively written. There is practically no sane material in many of them. They are slapped and dashed together without rhyme or reason in many instances, and yet—the public buys them. All sorts of liberties are taken with both grammar and etymology. It seems that if there is only a "punch" line in a song the publisher immediately accepts it, provided, of course, the music is catchy. That seems to be the main desideratum with them. 2. Regarding your statement that we returned your song poems without any comment, we would say that you are a lady and, therefore, we shall use no vile epithet towards you; but with a little care you would have seen that your lyrics were carefully reviewed in the May issue of The Tuneful Yankee.)

E. C., Adrian, Mich.:

You will not have to pay a publisher to issue one of your compositions if the work is meritorious. They are only too glad to buy and publish clever compositions; but these must, indeed, be clever now-a-days to get consideration. That is the one and great condition.

L. C., Providence, R. I.:

You well know our rules concerning postage. You send us four heavy-weighted manuscripts without one stamp and ask us, "please to return same as soon as possible." Not if we know it. If you do not forward necessary postage required within a reasonable time, they will be thrown in the

Singers, Pianists and Leaders

File our address now for some day you may want something special in the line of music arranging, copying, and transposing for piano, voice or some combination of instruments or voices.

This line of work is our specialty, and we are doing it on a large scale for glee clubs, colleges, universities, choral societies, churches, symphony orchestras, home talent minstrels, Chautauquas, etc., in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Send for a list of special orchestrations of the old standard songs, arias, cantatas, masses, anthems, etc., THAT CANNOT BE OBTAINED in printed form. These numbers can be rented by the evening, saving the expense of making an ORIGINAL ARRANGEMENT. They are carefully cued for small combinations.

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A QUAIN T SONG
With an alluring love theme:

"FROM ME TO MANDY LEE"

By **BERNIE GROSSMAN**
and **ARTHUR LANGE**

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AND WORTH WHILE HAVING

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145 West 45th St., NEW YORK

Song Writers

and others desiring musical compositions and arrangements, of whatever nature, will receive prompt attention, a square deal, and the benefit of a long experience, when addressing

WALTER LEWIS 1985 Southern Boulevard
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References: Williams, Indianapolis; Mallinger, St. Louis; Fillmore, Cincinnati; Presser, Philadelphia; Jacobs, Boston, etc., etc.

A FANTASIE IN RAGTIME The Jass Band Rag

A real negro rag by a negro writer—Jazz stuff from start to finish, with a dandy bass in piano copy. In fact it's real colored stuff, that's all.
Piano Solo, 15c Orchestration (Jazz arr.) 27c
BUTLER'S RAG SHOP, 122 W. 135th St., N. Y. City

Answers to Correspondents

(Continued from page 15)

waste basket; and this applies to every other contributor, for we have given warning repeatedly on the stamp subject. Enclose stamps if you want your manuscripts returned.

J. V. L., New Amsterdam, N. Y.:

1. In answer to your query concerning the submission of manuscripts to publishers, it is very rarely, indeed, that a reputable house steals any idea from a writer. Of course there are sharks that do this, but not a firm of standing. 2. Why waste your money and time on copyrights? That would not insure it against a professional thief; for a copyright would not hold good unless the entire song were sent in completely printed form, which would be expensive to you, if the work lacked merit. 3. How are you to know your composition is meritorious? Because you think so? 4. Verses, to secure copyright in Washington, must be sent in printed form, only. 5. There are too many writers these days who cherish the false belief that they have written a popular set of song words. 6. The only way The Tuneful Yankee could perhaps help you, is in its review columns. This magazine examines your lyrics free of charge, gives you a candid expression, the benefit of our experience and the value of our staff experts—which will guide you in the disposition of your writings—but we neither buy nor peddle any manuscripts, and we treat all readers alike, in a fair and square manner. This is the purpose of the publication of this periodical.

H. J., Louisville, Ky.:

Your song has no point. While some parts of the music are catchy, the entire idea is not original enough for general sale.

J. M. R., Columbia, S. C.:

"Somewhere" is fairly well written, but there are positively too many songs of the patriotic style now before the public and no matter how well written they are, it seems there is no demand for this class of musical literature. We hardly believe that a musical setting to your words would be worth while.

A. W. H., Music Sales Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

"Uncle Sam Calling." Your song is fairly well written, but it is of no use to The Tuneful Yankee on account of the fact that there are too many other songs of a similar character. There would be no general demand for it.

D. L. C., Bangor, Me.:

Your march has several jingling phrases and is in some respects quite catchy. But it is incomplete in musical construction and lacks certain elements in its present form which would retard its general sale.

J. L., Springfield, Ohio:

1. We do not care about setting your words to music, although we admit they are pretty cleverly written and would possibly make a mild hit. We are not in the business of composing melodies. The Tuneful Yankee is merely a magazine for the guidance of song writers. If, as you say, you have funds at your command and are willing to pay for the work, we can recommend a good composer to you who will not swindle you nor take your money unless he gives value for it. It is worth at least \$20 or \$25 to create an original tune for the words you send. 2. Raymond A. Browne, of whom you ask, is an honest fellow, so far as we know.

A. O. R., Pittsburg, Pa.:

Your verses entitled "Old Glory" which were received by us from Professor E. R. Winn for analysis in The Tuneful Yankee are herewith commented upon in an unbiased manner. The subject of this song has been

very frequently utilized in patriotic songs. They possess correct rhymes and compare favorably with many modern inspirations of this kind. But a song by this title would not sell. There are countless works on this subject being constantly written for which there is no sale. Patriotic songs very rarely catch on, and even when they do, they do not achieve any vast sale. This is a paradox, but as true as words can express it.

Mrs. Grace Guernsey sends us a number of song poems for review. She sends her personal letter to us, thus:

But O! you Tuneful Yankee,
My heart now longs for thee.
For your answer to my verses
May mean so much to me.

1. "The Unconverted Hero." This is a morose, wierd affair about death and sin and would never sell, dear Madam. 2. "When The Autumn Leaves." This subject has been done to death in all sorts of popular songs. 3. "Sail Again." This is not well written. 4. "A Sequel." This possesses some very good thoughts but it is not up to the standard of modern song literature which enlists the service of professional guidance and monetary outlay. 5. "The Plea." This is on the style of the modern patriotic idea of which there are innumerable songs now being published only to fall by the wayside. There is no demand for nine-tenths of the songs of this kind that are written. 6. Thus we have given your words very careful scrutiny because you are an enthusiastic supporter of The Tuneful Yankee and we wish we could say something more encouraging, but we can't.

H. E. H., Zanesville, Ohio:

1. "Dolehe" waltz is very artistic in some respects, but it is also very difficult, being written in E natural, a strenuous key to play. The composition has some euphonious measures but it is not a piece for general sale. It is a waltz reverie of a languid character and simply pleases. That is all. Your title is spelled wrongly. It is not "Dolehe." The correct word is "Dolee." 2. No, we doubt whether any of the music publishers would accept it. It might make a good orchestra number, but the expense attached would not warrant its publication. Mexican music is very rarely in demand.

Mrs. E. M. L., Indianapolis, Ind.:

1. "Think Back" is a good, pleasing song, but we doubt whether it would sell in these days of modern progressiveness in up-to-date song literature. It is too old fashioned in idea. Still, sometimes, these things sell, but you will have difficulty in placing this song with a publisher. You evidently possess quite a little knack of creating melodies as shown in your "Dancing Caprice," and especially in your "Dream Echoes" which abounds with sweet, languid melodies. However, neither of these will have much of a sale. But you deserve encouragement for the knack you possess in this respect.

B. H. C., Saco, Maine:

1. "Sweetheart" has some very pretty strains and is most fluently written with the exception of several bars and the termination. But the song is too much on the order of the familiar songs of long ago which, in modern days appeal to the public only in a limited way. A song of this kind to be widely famous must possess music of a really retentive and original character. Then the theme, no matter what it be, would be pardonable. Your song does not possess such a quality in its entirety. 2. Your beautifully written manuscript, and your finely phrased letter cannot touch the

(Continued on page 33)

Dedicated to Miss Isabelle Linford Smith, Brookline, Mass.

Columbia's Call

Singing Chorus by
GEORGE L. COBB

MARCH

BOB WYMAN

PIANO

The Tuneful Yankee

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TRIO

ff From Maine to Frisco,
mf-ff from South to North,
 Sons of the
 Na-tion now to war march forth;
 One
 flag, one coun-try, one pur-
 pose all
 To crush a for-eign foe and
 ans-
 wer Co-lum-bia's
 Call. *f* *ff* *ff* *f* *ff*

Ladder of Love

WALTZ

GEORGE L. COBB

INTRO
 Tempo di Valse

PIANO *p* *rit*

WALTZ *mf*

Musical score for page 20, featuring piano accompaniment. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The time signature is 3/4. The first system starts with a dynamic marking of *f* and includes the instruction *cresc. poco a poco*. The second system features a first ending bracket with a *ff* dynamic marking and a second ending with an *mf* marking. The remaining systems continue with various chordal textures and melodic lines.

Musical score for page 21, labeled "TRIO". The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats. The time signature is 3/4. The first system starts with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second system features a dynamic marking of *f*. The third system includes a dynamic marking of *mf*. The fourth system features a dynamic marking of *f* and includes the instructions *rit.* and *a tempo*. The fifth system features a dynamic marking of *ff*. The sixth system features a dynamic marking of *f*. The seventh system features a dynamic marking of *f* and includes first and second ending brackets.

Dancing At The Jazz Band Ball

Words and Music by
ROBERT LEVENSON

Moderato

PIANO

till voice

Down in Sun - ny Dix - ie where the col - ored mokes -
Hon - ey take my word it's goin' to be some ball, -

Make the rag - gy mus - ic for the South - ern folks, - That Jazz band, So syn - co - pat - ed,
Ev - 'ry morn - ing pa - persaid, "Come one and all!" - That Jazz band, So syn - co - pat - ed,

Goin' to give - a ball Down in John - son's hall. Ev - 'ry one you see has on their
Makes you want - to dance, Makes you want - to prance, Ev - 'ry bo - dy takes in all these

Sun - day clothes, - All the Des - da - mo - nas have their dus - ky beaus -
swell af - fairs, - Ev - 'ry bo - dy spends their dimes like mil - lion - aires, -

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Come hon - ey, don't de - lay, - Fol - low me this way: -
Well tip the lea - der man, - Take me by the hand: -

CHORUS

First you hes - i - tate a lit - tle 'round the door, Then you trot your ba - by out up - on the floor,

(Spoken)

When you reach the mid - dle make a fun - ny dip - And do the Mis - sis - sip - pi Shuf - fle. (Dog gone it!)

Then you push your part - ner off and pull her back, Do a lit - tle "Chick - en Walk" and "Ball the Jack,"

Keep on trot - ting all a - round the hall, When you're danc - ing at the Jazz Band Ball. - Ball. -

The Tuneful Yankee

Ashes of Dreams

Words and Music by
DAN. S. TWOHIG

Valse Moderato

PIANO *mf*

Sweet love speaks all of the Spring-time, The time of the ros-es and dew;
I al-ways long for the mor-row, But my dreams are of yes-ter-day,

Sweet love speaks all of the May-time, When I gave my heart to you.
Dream-ing of per-fume of ros-es, When life, dear, was young and gay.

Love comes and goes like the sun-shine, Bring-ing both glad-ness and pain,
Mem-ries of days now de-part-ed, Mem-ries of your own sweet kiss,

Then fades a-way like the ros-es, And ash-es of dreams re-main.
Now I am left bro-ken heart-ed, Must dreams al-ways end like this?

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REFRAIN

Ash-es of dreams, of won-der-ful dreams, of dreams when I loved on-ly

p-f

you! Dreams of ca-ress-es, your shy whis-pered "yes-es" When I told love's

sto-ry so true. Won-der-ful dreams, sweet gold-en dreams! My

world turned a-round you it seems, And tho' you are gone my love still lives

on, Just for you and my ash-es of dreams. dreams.

The Tuneful Yankee

Nancy

You're the Girl I Love

Words and Music by
JAS. HOLDEN SCOTT
and W. MAX DAVIS

Moderato

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics range from piano to forte.

till voice

Way down South in Al - a - bam' - There lives a pret - ty maid - en
I'll go back now nigh - ty soon - To see my lit - tle Nan - cy

The vocal line begins with a rest, then enters with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern to the introduction.

fair, - And her big brown eyes - Seem to hyp - no - tize - Ev - 'ry - bo - dy that she meets 'round
Lee, - For I can't stay 'way - Not an - oth - er day - 'Cause I'm liv - ing here in mis - er -

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

there, - I chanced to meet - This girl so sweet, - They call her charm - ing Nan - cy
y, - For she'll greet me - Quite ten - der - ly, - And clap her dain - ty hands with

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues.

Lee, - She was tru - ly di - vine, - And I wished she were mine, - So I made this heart - felt plea:
glee, - Then we'll march down the 'room - To the wed - ding march tune, - Then how hap - py we will be:

The vocal line concludes the verse with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues.

The Tuneful Yankee

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CHORUS

My lit - tle Nan - cy, - You're the i - deal of my fan - cy,

The chorus begins with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a 7/8 time signature and a forte dynamic.

Can't you see that I am year - ing for a love that's true - And

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues.

that love dear is on - ly in you - My lit - tle hon - ey,

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues.

Don't you know some how you've won me - And some day your heart and mine will beat as

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues.

one I know, - 'Cause Nan - cy you're the girl I love. My lit - tle love.

The vocal line concludes the chorus with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a forte dynamic and a repeat sign.

The Tuneful Yankee

Grandfather's Clock

DESCRIPTIVE

LOUIS G. CASTLE

Allegretto

PIANO

Musical score for page 28, measures 1-12. The score is in G major and 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked *mf*. The melody in the right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and quarter notes. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, *pp*, and *p staccato*. The piece concludes with a first ending (marked 1.) and a second ending (marked 2.) leading to a final chord.

Musical score for page 29, measures 13-24. The score continues from page 28. It features a variety of textures, including chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics range from *mf* to *fz* (fortissimo). A section is marked *Silent*. The piece ends with a final chord.

mf-f

fz fz (The Clock strikes four)

mf

p pp

p staccato

p staccato mf

p

mf

mf p

mf f

Answers to Correspondents

(Continued from page 16)

heart of the editor of this magazine. We should not be influenced by such niceties were they written in golden letters, though that would be a pleasing spectacle in these days of gold scarcity. But your letter is so admirably constructed and so apparently truthful that The Tuneful Yankee is going to publish it prominently on another page of this magazine.

L. S., *Fan du Lac, Wis.*

1. "Nothing" while possessing of a quaint idea, would not sell. A title of this kind is unattractive, no matter how clever the idea and the words may be. 2. "Come Back" tells of the deluded or faithless daughter which has been done to death in all sorts of songs. The music is also unattractive, although the title of the composition is eminently good. "Always Blossom." There are too many Hawaiian songs now for the general demand. The subject is being done to death. While your words are quite novel in a way, they do not possess any contemporaneous interest. They are just a prettily conceived little idea, fluent and facile, perhaps, but nothing that would nstigate any sale.

S. I., *Peoria, Ill.*

Which is the easiest way to learn ragtime? I have tried many books but it seems that the more I endeavor to learn to play it, the more complicated it becomes. What would you advise?

Ragtime playing can only be thoroughly mastered by diligent study. This will not necessarily involve much time, but one must be ready to devote himself to every detail of the art. You can gain considerably by studying the rudiments of syncopated playing in getting self-tuition through the Winn method. This is a publication devoted exclusively to ragtime and its concomitants. It is one of the best and most erudite volumes on the market and is a most useful compendium for any musician. Professor Winn is a thorough criterion in this field and stands alone in his sphere.

Otto F., *N. Y.*

All your answers to "Hidden Songs" were correct except numbers 1 and 3, as you will note from elucidations published.

L. C. S., *Williamsport, Pa.*

It doesn't seem to make any difference with a lot of our readers how many times we warn them to send stamps for return manuscripts. We threw your silly doggerel out of the window. Of course, we made a mistake in so doing, not that we care a t. d. about the matter; but because the policeman on beat came up into our office and asked us to throw no more rubbish through the window. That was the only thing that alarmed us, not your cheap threat about lawyers and stuff like that. We have warned such as you too frequently.

R. M., *Toledo, O.*

Your words are fairly good. One set of them would be a probable winner if engaged to good music. We can send you the address of a very competent composer, but we cannot undertake to get it published nor will The Tuneful Yankee share in any profits to be derived.

C. H., *Peoria, Ill.*

1. It is very rarely, indeed, that a reputable music house will steal a writer's idea. Of course there are sharks that do this, but as a general thing we look upon our fellow-men as honest, until they are proved otherwise. 2. Do not waste your money on copyrights. This will not always protect

your work. 3. You ask why The Tuneful Yankee considers itself infallible. We do not consider ourselves infallible, but from our long experience and personal contact with publishers and popular songs we are entitled to boast that we can beat the next fellow at it. Age and experience is our capital, but the fact that men and women have confidence in us is the best evidence that our opinion is valuable.

T. S., *Rochester, N. Y.*

In reply to your question concerning an able man to fix up your words and put your manuscript in salable shape, we would say that this magazine cannot boost any individual. We know a number of trustworthy men who would help you, but we do not care to advertise these names constantly in The Tuneful Yankee. If we see that your work is meritorious we shall send you the name of a good man for that purpose, a man who will not swindle you and upon whom you can rely. But first let us feel that your work is worth the powder.

W. M. T., *Hawks, Mich.*

1. "Loop the Loop" is quite carefully constructed. Some good composer could make a very catchy tune to this. But we doubt whether the subject would cause the song to have much of a sale. 2. "Take Me Back" is also fairly well written, although the chorus falls down for lack of the necessary "punch." There is nothing temptingly attractive about it. You have a knack for good rhymes and your words are better than the average.

F. E., *Wallace, Idaho.*

While your waltz has a very pleasing opening and also some very pleasing movements in the trio, the entire thing is so constructed as to make it unavailable for general popularity. The arrangement is very poorly constructed and there is not sufficient relief or new melody in many of the passages to make it a taking composition. It requires considerable experience to construct a salable set of waltzes. While we do not like to discourage you, still we must say that we strenuously advise you to save your money in the prospective publication of this effort.

E. M., *Kiel, Wis.*

"Bring Me a Lover." The Moon idea in songs is too worn and trite these days to induce popular sales. The public wants something more refreshing and original. The words of this song are very ordinary. The idea of appealing to the moon for matrimonial achievements is recondite. Novelty is wanted these days. You have an excellent melody to your song. While the words cannot be called poor, for they have some merit, still, the music is far more meritorious. It possesses correct harmonies and some very pleasing measures. It has many good points in constructive quality. The combination of words and music, however, is not aimed for general popularity.

C. A. D., *Sandwich, Ill.*

1. "If It Should Stop Raining." This is quite a cleverly written set of words with a new idea and various laughable climaxes. But it is slightly suggestive. Suggestive songs very rarely sell. However, the song would be worth nothing at all were it not for these *double entendre* lines, for they demonstrate the ludicrous point. Still, while some publishers would be glad to get such a song, The Tuneful Yankee cannot consistently recommend it because of its salaciousness.

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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," dem-

onstrating employment of Rhythm No. 1—Avoidance of hands "crossing" or interfering—Full harmony.

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

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

LESSON VIII

It is assumed that the pupil has completely mastered the practical application of Rhythm No. 1 and appreciates the mechanical form or pattern of this "figure."

Any measure (bar) of music in 2-4 metre represented by a succession of notation symbols (notes, rests, etc.) equal in valuation to that of an eighth, sixteenth, eighth, sixteenth, eighth, forms Rhythm No. 1, no matter whether they be melody, harmonic or passing notes, and should be classified as such rhythm.

When facility in the practical application of the established rhythm forms has been acquired, the component elements of these arbitrary "figures" or "patterns" as given may be varied to an endless degree, the variations necessarily depending upon the melody and harmony employed.

RHYTHM No. 2

RAGGING ONE MELODY NOTE IN A MEASURE
Melody note on count 1, lower harmonic tone between counts 1 and 2, upper harmonic tone on count 2, melody note repeated between counts 2 and 3, upper harmonic tone between counts 3 and 4, melody note on count 4, upper harmonic tone repeated after count 4.

RAGGING TWO MELODY NOTES IN A MEASURE
First melody note on count 1, lower harmonic tone between counts 1 and 2, upper harmonic tone on count 2, first melody note repeated between counts 2 and 3, harmonic tone between counts 3 and 4, second melody note on count 4, harmonic tone after count 4.
(Variation)
First melody note on count 1, lower harmonic tone between counts 1 and 2, upper harmonic tone on count 2, second melody note between counts 2 and 3, harmonic tone between counts 3 and 4, second melody note repeated on count 4, harmonic tone after count 4.

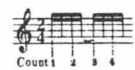
RAGGING THREE MELODY NOTES IN A MEASURE
First melody note on count 1, lower harmonic tone between counts 1 and 2, upper harmonic tone on count 2, second melody note between counts 2 and 3, harmonic tone between counts 3 and 4, third melody note repeated on count 4, harmonic tone after count 4.

RAGGING FOUR MELODY NOTES IN A MEASURE
First melody note on count 1, lower harmonic tone between counts 1 and 2, second

- Count 1 Both hands together
Right hand alone
Count 2 Both hands together
Right hand alone
Count 3 Left hand alone (Right hand tie)
Right hand alone
Count 4 Both hands together
Right hand alone

Rhythm No. 2

Ragging One Melody Note in a Measure.



Play treble (right hand) octave higher than written.

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

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

Ragging Two Melody Notes in a Measure.

Extend the following examples to complete the scale ascending, as above.

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

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

Reviews of Popular Music

(Continued from page 12)

melody note on count 2, third melody note between counts 2 and 3, harmonic tone between counts 3 and 4, fourth melody note on count 4, harmonic tone after count 4.

Employing the same compositions as used previously for treatment of Rhythm No. 1, apply Rhythm No. 2 as shown in the exercises and comparative ragtime arrangement appearing here. Particular attention should be given to the manner in which one, two, three, and four melody notes are to be syncopated.

It should be observed that effective syncopation may be accomplished by binding the last note or notes of the treble to the first note or notes of the next following measure. This device does not alter the rhythm and may be used constantly in all rhythmic forms

The publishers are a progressive firm who deserve credit for their efforts in always "trying." But even upon the cover of this song they have made the error of inconsiderate care because the frontispiece bearing the title extends a group of lettering most difficult to analyze at a moment's notice, being a jungle of letters, undivided, and so closely grouped as to afford scarcely a distinction of a word or phrase. Title-pages to attract attention should never be complicated but readily recognized. However, it will not matter much on this song.

Marcella. By Al. J. Markgraf. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

This composition is amateurish. But it has a trio which is most original and jingling.

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

My Old Kentucky Home.

Comparative Rag arrangement demonstrating Rhythm No. 2 and employing both the passing note and harmonic tones. Play Rag part (middle staff) octave higher than written.

Note: If too difficult, the pupil may omit the harmonic tone used with the octave.

S. FOSTER. Arr. by EDWARD R. WINN.

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

Melody

Count 1

Count 2

Count 3

Count 4

Straight Bass

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

Count

Count

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Then Up with the Starry Flag. Song. Words by Johnson Oatman, Jr. Music by George Beaverson. Published by the James H. Beaverson Music Co., 65 Frankfort St., New York, N. Y.

This song has evidently been published for personal gratification. It is better than the ordinary so-called patriotic song, and is, at least, well punctuated, well versified, and possesses a simple and consistent melody. But it is a song. Just a song. How the publisher will put any money in the bank from it passeth our understanding.

Strolling in the Moonlight. Song. Words by Alexander Eagan. Music by Joseph Langhurst. Published by Eagan Pub. Co., Laredo, Tex.

This song will not sell as well as a piece of limburger cheese. It is a well-recognized fact that many people do not like limburger cheese, especially during the present war season. Now, Mr. Eagan, when we tell you that the masses would prefer stale limburger cheese to your stale song, despite the war, and despite its origin and its odor, and its strength, we are telling you what we firmly believe is a fact. In the first place one cannot stroll in the moonlight. He can only stroll "neath the moonlight, and when you strolled into this title something loose strolled out of your nut-box. How could you afford to get this song out with its wondrously costly title-page in these wondrously hard times of scarcity of paper? You end your song thus: "What is there more pleasant than a moonlight stroll?" To which we quickly answer: "a stroll where there is no moonlight—the darker, the better."

Just a Little Cottage in the Country. Song. Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Alfred Solomon. Published by the Jos. Morris Music Co., New York City.

A song with a lot of Andrew Sterling's fine pen pictures. But a song wasted. The music is trite and trespassing. In several places there is a bold and unexcused resemblance to well-known melodies, notably in the last measures of the song which are an exact imitation of the famous "Old Black Joe." But the pretty theme in the song with its breath of new moon lay and morning glories twining around the door may save the song. Andrew Sterling is a master mechanic as a poet.

National Honor. March and Two-Step. By James L. Harlin. Published by the United States Music Publishing Company, Williamsport, Pa.

This is as nearly a perfect composition of its kind as one could expect. In some respects it equals the Sousa compositions. It is eminently well arranged by one Harry J. Lincoln, whose musical acquaintance it is no disgrace to cultivate. The composition opens with a jingling melody and merges into a delightful left-hand melody for the second movement. The composition has also a good singable trio. The entire work is a credit upon a firm whom we have never heard of. Even the title page is brilliant and unique. The composer has evidently heard of the great musical success "The National Emblem March" for he has emulated that

* Note: Octave may be omitted because of inconvenient skip in melody. Effective syncopation may also be accomplished by binding the last note of one measure to the first note of the following measure. Use this device constantly.

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That *Dawggone Rag*. Song. By Maurice K. Smith. Published by the W. A. Quincke Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

A piece of music with a cleverly designed cover, new color scheme, and passably fair musical construction. The composition while possessing competent thought, suggests "Dill Pickles," "Black and White Rag," and kindred well-known works. It is simply a synopated affair for which there will be no urgent demand as the day has passed for this class of musical doggerel and will not be revived unless something extraordinary is evolved.

The *Miller Song*. From the Operetta "The Crypt." Words by Harlan W. Hall. Music by Henry Edmond Earle. Published by the W. A. Quincke & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

This antique number from the modern day press of the Quincke quarry is hardly worth reviewing, but as it has been sent by this progressive firm to us for comment with other numbers, we must not omit it from an impartial category. The eminent Henry Edmond Earle has again evidenced the fact in this composition that he is a great lover of left-hand chicanery. Lord o' Mercey! how ambidextrous this Earl must be! How he glories in parading the ability of his off-hand digits. In all of this arranger's effusions he is forever trying to show what his left-hand can accomplish and what the people cannot master. Even in the above song,

where there is no need for this exhibition of pomposity, he winds up the introduction with an unnecessary overturn. My! what a lot of fingers the Earl must have in his left swatter!

I've *Forgiven All for Thee*. Song. Words and music by Elisa Hawkins. Published by the author, Jerome, Ariz.

Here is one of the most peculiar songs we have ever received. It is the only one so far that has puzzled us to the quick. The following letter accompanies the printed copy of the song:

Editor Tuneful Yankee:

Dear Sir: I was advised by a friend to send to you a copy of my song, "I've Forgiven All for Thee." I published it myself some time ago, although I was advised by a local publisher not to do so—why, I do not know. I have sold very little thereof. They tell me that one must pay lots of money to have a beautiful song like mine sung on the stage. Can you do anything with it, or can you tell me what to do with it? I am a reader of The Tuneful Yankee, and hope you will answer my letter through the columns of your paper. My friends think it is a wonder-song. Don't you think it is just too beautiful?

Elisa Hawkins.

We do not wonder why you were advised not to publish your song, dear lady. We shall tell you presently. Your friends think it is a "wonder-song;" so do we. It is a wonder that the beautiful Maker of things, in His goodness, has permitted you to publish it; for it will prove a warning to generations. You have struck a chord in your song that is absolutely unique. You have also some

"lyrics" that are unique. So much so, that doctors would write prescriptions for you. And, still, you have truly divine thoughts in the song, if you only knew how to express them. Let us quote a part of your song for future generations:

A young wife who dearly loved her husband
Was left alone a year ago today.
Her life has been the shadow of a dream.
Her babe in arms, and this to him did say—

So far, so rotten. Now for the chorus:

"Men are heartless, cruel wretches,
Yet your eyes are just like his.
Little did I think him worthless,
Yet he is gone and all alone he left us."
And the mother clasps still fonder
Her first-born to her breast.

"Here, my darling, thou shalt slumber,
None can take thee from me—rest.
Your love has made me stronger.
I've forgiven all for thee."

You mean, dear Elisa, to say that your baby is just like the heartless man wretch whom you bore it for. Do you not? And you take your slumbering infant to your breast and forgive the wicked man who has made your love strong; do you not? Well why do you not say so outright? Why not weave the pretty little thought into a story contemporaneous with an elevating idea and have the wretch arrested instead of forgiving him? Just imagine what a New York song writer could have done with such a conception. Then, dear lady, you have also manufactured a sweetly flowing, plaintive, original, and fascinating tune to your words. But what matters it all? The song is sadly incomplete and you may be superstitious in thinking it a "wonder-song," yes, just about as superstitious as the thief who stole a thirteen-link diamond necklace and hurried to pawn one of the links, probably to conserve his luck. We repeat your query: "don't you think my song is just too beautiful?" To which we say, "Amen! Yes, too beautiful for this earth."

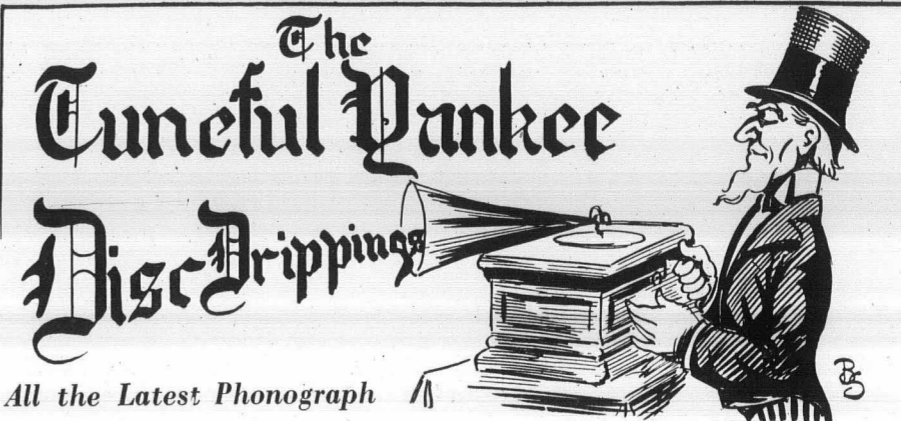
Ereting *Shadows*. Instrumental composition. By Ferd. Von Grofe. Published by W. A. Quincke & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

An instructive reverie, with many beautiful chords but slightly funereal in several passages, suggesting a disaster of the dead, which however, are quickly dissolved by a number of refreshing and engaging effects in tempo 1, culminating the composition.

My *Old Island Home by the Shore*. Song. Words by Harlan P. Lombard. Music by M. K. Francis. Published by the author, North Eastham, Mass.

Everything is good about this song except the "whiskery" title. The words tell a plaintive, reasonable story and the music is fluent and facile with a correct arrangement. But the title, we would again say, is full of gray goatees with no hair upon its bald head and with a crutch under each arm. In other words, the title has been done to death and has no contemporaneous interest. Pity that such a neatly written and melodiously twined song should lack a night cap.

The Tuneful Yankee will examine songs and musical manuscripts without charge, for subscribers only, provided sufficient stamps are included for return postage.



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- 5209 The Tale of the Coat. (Humorous Dialogue.) Browning & Hughes.

How to Write a Song—Perhaps

Satirical Advice of a Jealous Writer.—By Charles Rome

As to THE WORDS. Start somewhere in the Northern atmosphere and keep on until you wind up in the Southern Hemisphere, and then transfer for Carnarsie. Write something that has as much sense as there is in a six-footed elephant with his head removed.

THE MUSIC: Take the best compositions written by Heatoven, Mascagner, Birdie and Franz Lisps; toss into a hat and use the first one you draw at random for your lyric (with a few slight variations to make it look natural). You will then have the greatest sensational "hit" (they call it

"hit" to show what the author deserves) that was ever put on the market; with your name in the papers and your photo showing how you looked when you were stealing from the contribution plate and today when you are stealing everybody else's music except your own.

How Not to Write a Song

Get something that has real sense behind it, with a melody that possesses all the requirements of strict harmony and that will, upon the call of "Author!" not be attended

by a mob outside yourself and you will receive as royalties the business end of a size 9 Regal upon that part of your abdomen known as the breadbasket.

To get anything out of the ivories it is essential that your head is made of a different material.

If you're tired of life and want to be dispatched to a better world write a song rhyming "potato" with "elevator," and bring it in personally to Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld for criticism. Funeral will positively take place next morning at 10:30, sharp.

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in Modern Ballads:

There's Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes

By FLETA JAN BROWN
AND
HERBERT SPENCER

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same great fame as "Underneath the Stars"

BY THE SAME WRITERS

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Funny Incidents in the Rambles of Music Men

By the eminent counsellor Augustus J. Powers:

There was a lawyer in the early days of the Indian territory named Mullins who practiced in the minor courts and who made a great reputation for his ornate language.

He was engaged in defending a man charged with hog stealing one day, and when it came time to sum up, arose and assumed a portentous attitude before the jury.

"If your honor please," he said, "and gentlemen of the jury, I would not for a moment mutilate the majesty of the law nor contravene the avoirdupois of the testimony. But as I speak advisedly, I want you homogeneous men on the jury to focalize your five senses on the proposition I am about to present you to."

"In all criminal cases there are three essential elements—the locus in quo, the modus operandi, and the corpus delicti. In this case I think I am safe in saying the corpus delicti and modus operandi are all right, but, gentlemen, there is an entire absence of the locus in quo."

By merry Mel Morris:

A Scotchman ran away with the wife of a neighbor. The local clergyman called upon the deserted husband to sympathize with him. The bereft one seemed singularly

cheerful, considering the nature of his loss. "It's too bad, Jock," said the dominie. "I understand that Sandy who persuaded your wife to elope with him was your best friend, too."

The husband smiled gently. "Yuss," he said, "he was—and he is!"

As told by the sedate Anna Licht:

"Did you see the pleased expression on Mrs. Tierney's face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter?" said Mr. Clegg after the reception.

"No," said Mrs. Clegg. "I was looking at the expression on the daughter's face."

The distinguished lawyer, Abraham Kaplan and his pretty spouse were entertaining a number of guests recently at dinner in their apartments up-town. There happened to be present, however, one who was rather a bore. He made much of his refusal to partake of any wines. "You can take an ass to the water, but you can't make him drink," he said. "As you please," replied Abe, graciously. "Then I won't press you any more."

By the popular lad, Herman Brinkman: A man who was arrested for stealing his wife's new gown told the Judge that he simply looked his wife's dress and was discharged.

Here is absolutely the funniest thing that the editor of this magazine has ever encountered. It beats all the jokes and puns that have ever evoked a grin from his countenance: because it is a true happening.

There is a Swedish gentleman of note who is known simply as "Fred." He is an inveterate lover of the equine. Recently he went to Belmont Park where everything costs money, good money. Towards about the fifth race Fred was getting bitterly hungry and having only \$1 to spare, he strolled to the lunch counter where they serve clam chowders at fifty cents per chowder. Fondling his dollar bill in his pocket, bringing it back and forth, his mouth watering like a dripping hydrant, he watched with avidity the millionaire plungers gurgling their chowders. After passing the line of chowder gurglers a number of times he resolved to partake of one of the chowders. But not until he had again and again walked up and down ruminating over the expense. He could get nothing else but chowder, and in fact, he wanted nothing else. But he wanted his dollar more. Finally he plucked up courage and approached the chowder stand timidly, not perfectly satisfied in his heart whether he wanted to sever himself from the money or not. But his stomach prevailed. Hunger got the better of him. Bravely he marched up to the counter and laid down his dollar bill, calling gingerly for the said chowder. Can anyone in this world imagine how the poor devil felt when the aproned servitor gruffly mumbled: "None left! Last gone!"

Moral: It is the early bird that catches the chowder.

By Uncle Frank and Aunt Maimie Coughlin:

Jones was always complaining of his wife's memory.

"She can never remember anything," said he. "It's awful!"

"My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found out a capital recipe."

"What was it?" asked Jones eagerly.

"Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember I write it on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass."

As told by the beautiful better half of Ed Pfeiffer, the artist:

"Ed, dear, did you see the account of marriage of that New Jersey couple? I mean the middle-aged couple that went to the clergyman and were married?"

"Why, they do that every day, don't they, my love?"

"Oh, I mean the couple that were married and when the bridegroom looked in his pockets he could find only a single cent to pay the customary fee. It was all the money he had in the world. Wasn't that touching?"

"It certainly didn't touch the bridegroom very hard. But why were those simple-minded paupers going into wedded bliss on such a limited scale?"

"Eddie, you haven't any sentiment. To me it seems beautiful. Just think! With them love was everything! They were contented to wander forth hand in hand—like Adam and Eve in the garden; careless of what the future might bring, facing the world together and ready to share its burdens. Think of it, Eddie! But one penny in their pockets!"

"And the parson got that. But it was quite different with Adam and Eve, my love. They didn't have any pockets. No, and they had no rent to pay, and no gas, and no coal, and they never entertained, and Adam didn't keep up any life insurance, and Eve

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

For a

NAME

Your chance is as good as
the next

The Secret Laid Bare in Our Next Issue

didn't belong to any afternoon whist club, or Daughters of the Revolution, or anything."

"But that makes the story of the New Jersey couple all the more interesting. Don't you see? They know about these obligations, and in spite of them they were willing to cast their lot together. I really think it's one of the most beautiful things I ever heard of, Eddie."

"Perhaps it is, my love."

"But, Eddie, at least you will admit that it is sentimental?"

"Yes, my love, with the accent on the cent."

To the glorious brunette, Essie Doyle: "You are exquisite," he raved. "Your eyes are lustrous, your complexion divine. Do you think you could be contented as a poor man's wife?"

"No," replied the girl, frankly. "I'm pretty enough for the movies if I'm as pretty as that."

By our Kate Kelly:

The old lady from the country went to the ticket office to inquire how often the trains left for Kansas City.

"From two-to-two, to two-to-two," replied the ticket agent.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the old lady, "and be you the whistle!"

By the near-poet Bill Browning:

Some time ago a little girl rambled into a country grocery and, placing an earthen jar on the counter, asked for ten cents' worth of molasses. Soon the jar was filled and, picking it up, the child started for the door.

"Hold on there, youngster," haughtily intercepted the grocery man. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"No, sir, I guess not," answered the girl, pausing and looking around. "What is it?"

"The money for that molasses," answered the grocer. "Don't give it away for an advertisement any more."

"I thought you got the money," was the startling rejoinder of the youngster, "Mother put it in the jar."

By happy Dick Heinrich:

"Did you go into any of the New York restaurants?"

"No. I got into what I thought was one and I heard a feller call for Saratoga chips and I knew 'twas a gamblin' den and got out quick."

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By the witty Mel Morris, of the Remick staff:

Cohen was an invited guest at the wedding and his shirt front was adorned with three massive yellow diamonds which he had borrowed from his friend Godinski for the occasion. All evening Cohen had endeavored to attract attention to the diamonds by ostentatiously pretending to adjust them, etc., but no one appeared to notice them, much to his chagrin. After the ceremony, however, he saw his chance and advancing to the newly-married couple in the center of the room, Cohen said in a loud voice, "May your wedded life be as bright and as pure as these," (pointing to the diamonds).

—o—

By clever Billy Jerome:

"Waiter, what have you to eat?"
"Well, I've got pigs' feet and—"
"Stop! Stop! Don't tell me your misfortunes, I want to know what you have to eat."

—o—

By Lucy Cain:

Customer—"If that coat cost you eleven dollars how can you afford to sell it for three?"
Baxter—"Sh! Sh-sh, mine frend! I sell so many. That's where I make."

—o—

By Max Prival:

"A man owes my brother forty-seven dollars. Someone hit him on the head with a rock the other day and the doctor says that he's going to lose his memory."

—o—

By the little wit, Bennie Blum:

"Every time I get on a ferry boat it makes me cross."

Mr. Edward Johnson, the Swedish pugilist, springing into our office, his hands begrimed with the battle of many victories put this one over and we "fell."

"How can you keep a stove hot?"
"Well, said the editor, "how can you keep a stove hot?"
"Keep it cold—(cooled)." Upon which he immediately beat it, knowing the editor's temper.

—o—

He was a stock broker with a large business, says the current issue of *The Lamb*. He also speculated in the market himself. He was very nervous by nature and the trouble was greatly accentuated by the work he was engaged in. He had been a broker, trading on the side, for twenty years. "If I could only get out into the country," he would tell his friends, "where I could hear nothing but the cooing of the doves and the rippling of a brook I could calm down and enjoy life." His friends insisted that he stop for a while. Almost by force they took him to the country. For two days he heard the doves cooing and the rippling of a brook. The third day he went crazy.

—o—

By the original Abe Holzmamm:
"Why is a straw hat like a kiss by telephone?"
"Neither is felt."

—o—

By the renowned Dr. Bill Lucas:
She—"Why don't you water your horse?"
He—"I don't have to. He's a bay."

—o—

By the affable Elliot Shapiro:
Could you call snoring sheet music?

—o—

By the bewitching Mildred Davies:
Isn't it funny that the best time to catch soft water is when it is raining hard?

Magicians Fool Each Other

All the Noted Sleight-of-Hand Men
Gather Together and do Marvelous
Tricks

A Bunch of Celery Grows While You Watch It—
Butter Walks from the Table, Untouched.



HARRY HOUDINI, the "Hand-cuff King" said at the Magician's banquet in a New York hotel recently that the only thing he couldn't do in the line of magic was to spell Prestidigitateur, which, of course, only goes to show why a lot of really good orthographers are in jail. Mr. Houdini announced that he has a feasible, but secret plan, to abolish the submarine menace, but he admitted that spelling out submersible words for publication was too deep for him.

Magicians, as they assemble annually for the concealment of the new ideas and prestidigitations (love that word) have the frank advantage over the convocations of all other professions. They meet to fool one another, and the thirteenth annual "foolfest," as they chose to call it, was a perfect success along this line. Far be it from me to question the number of years that Adelaide Herrmann, widow of Herrmann the Great, has been on the stage, but I thought the most wonderful wizardry of imperishable youth, vivacity, beauty and wit was displayed by Madame Herrmann at the banquet of the manual mystics.

Henry Kellar, dean of living American magicians, came all the way from California to attend the banquet, and he was responsible for the amazing feat of turning salted almonds into wet cocktails. In their coarse and obvious way many bartenders know how to turn olives, cherries and things into cocktails, but the Wizard Kellar preserves the secret of metamorphosing mere nuts into drinkable draughts with a potent "kick" in every glass.

De Biere, also known as "The French Herrmann," achieved an awful satire on the patriotic hens and pullets of the United States by shaking over a dozen eggs out of a mesh bag. He wasn't content with laying ordinary hen's eggs, but rapidly yielded pigeon eggs, duck eggs, goose eggs and one ostrich egg, to the amazement of all beholders. He wore no whiskers and did not crow over his bewildering effort to reduce the cost of living.

Theodore Bamberger, a Dutch wizard, who claims to be a seventh son, born with a caul and able to spell the big word which describes his profession, used a complete set of child's alphabetical blocks to demonstrate his skill. At his command the blocks scattered on a table, leaped into the order of rightly-spelled words, and his triumph was complete when he told the envious spectators that he had spent \$12,000 in compelling those blocks to perform.

Homer Rodeheaver, whose principal avocation is playing the slip-horn for Billy Sunday's hit-the-trail revivals, made his

first appearance as a noiseless magician. His monologue was also noiseless, but his gestures were eloquent. He began by displaying three silk handkerchiefs. One solid red, one white and one blue. Those close to the platform heard him admit that Houdini showed him how to prestidigitate, although the Handcuff King also admitted that he was unable to think out a scheme to handcuff Sunday.

Rodeheaver's one trick, or whatever it is, was to shake the three colored handkerchiefs in his upraised right-hand for a few seconds whereupon they became transformed by some unexplained process into one new and sparkling flag of the United States. Immediate search of the Sunday psalmist and hymn singer failed to reveal any concealed handkerchiefs of red, white and blue. It was one of the best performances of the evening. Emphasizing his power as a wizard, Rodeheaver then sang "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," the guests joining in the refrain. But nobody followed up the hymnal appeal by brightening up the corner where they secreted their new tricks.

Dr. Samuel Hooker, the mystic from Remson Street, Brooklyn, with his flowing beard of white and the majesty of a life's devotion to the word that Harry Houdini can't unhandcuff, gave the audience fifteen minutes of genuine Brooklyn magic. He also explained why he lives in that portion of the, as it were, world and after that the martyr's crowd was voted to him viva voce.

President Richard Van Dien, who was suspected of having both cooks and waiters in a confederacy, refused to explain why the celery grew two or three inches on the table, why the butter slipped off the untouched dishes, or why the ice-water boiled when you put ice in it.

A dozen amateurs, prominent in the business and social world, devotees of the mys-

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tifying arts of legerdemain, showed their skill in feats that astonished such veterans as Carter the Great, Kellar, Houdini, De Biere and Bamberg. At one period of the banquet all of the silverware disappeared without the aid of the waiters and it was no unusual thing to find, after tasting the coffee that it had somehow been transformed into very good sherry wine.

President Van Dien, desiring to rid the performance and the participants of any

suspicion of black art or diabolical endowment, told me a few things that I don't understand. He said:

"It is only due to the superior rapidity of the hand over the eye. No human eye is fast enough to see what may be caused by nimble fingers. A gesture will often distract the attention from the purpose of the performer. He will cause you to look at the unimportant motion while he accomplishes his purpose of pleasant deception. A rapid

Hidden Songs

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



Answers to Hidden Songs in June Issue: 1—Out of the Cradle into my Heart; 2—Rolling Stones; 3—What Do You Make Those Eyes For?; 4—Come Out of the Kitchen; 5—Poor Butterfly; 6—You're a Grand Old Flag.

SING THE SONG OF THE

"KHAKE BILLS"

(Banners flying, Sweethearts sighing,
Boys go marching along, singing Liberty's song,
Khak, khak, khaki! Hup, hup, step spry!)
Hear the voice of Freedom shouting, hear the Bugles call,
Admiration of our Nation,
Soldiers loyal and true to Red, White and Blue
Oh, hear the Bugles calling you,
Sons of Blue and Gray, in khaki hue.

(Government Yankee, Dixie lanky,
Boys from Kalamazoo, Frisco, Long Island too,
Fall in line, Bill, Shoulder arms, till
Stars and Stripes of justice wave for all humanity.
Fleet Old Glory, Freedom's story
Over mountain and sea, Proclaiming liberty,
Oh, hear the Bugles calling you,
Sons of Blue and Gray, in khaki hue.

Words & Music by HARRY L. WATSON

CHORUS
Good - bye, you boys of lib - er - ty, We sing "fare - well, fare - well" to thee... "Good - bye
Char - ley, Jack and Joe, Tom, Dick, Har - ry, Ter - ry, Rex... No mat - ter what your name may be, You're Sons of
our Us - ide Sun... O - ver val - ley, plain and hill, Wait a girl for ev - ery Khak - i - Bill...

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Over 10,000,000 "Khaki Bills" registered and to these 10,000,000 and to the millions more
of Uncle Sam's "KHAKE BILLS" this Great Popular Patriotic Song HIT is dedicated.
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"Over Valley Plain and Hill waits a Girl for every Khaki Bill."
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motion picture camera might betray all of the secrets of the prestidigitateur, for the lens of the camera is quicker and more universal in its record than the human eye can ever be. No magician will ever try to be a motion picture star."

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE
I will examine songs and musical manuscripts without charge, for subscribers only, if stamps are included for return postage.
(Continued on page 44)

Say Old Anthem is Good Enough

Victor Herbert and John McCormack Protest Against New National Hymn Contest

In an effort to secure a new national anthem *The New York Globe* has been holding a song contest. It was open to either music or lyrics, or both. There was no prize offered. The contest closed June 15. The following comments were received and published:

The Irish delegation will vote for the "Star-Spangled Banner." Victor Herbert and John McCormack have united in a protest against the national anthem contest. "I wouldn't write anything to replace the 'Star-Spangled Banner' if I could," declared Mr. Herbert. "I consider the melody a splendid thing. The objections made to it might be made against any national anthem. The fact that the air is a borrowed one is not important. We have made it our own by adoption, and it long ago ceased to mean anything in England. If it is difficult to sing, so is the 'Marseillaise.' I, for one, do not think a national anthem should be churchy. That is my objection to the Austrian hymn. I admit that Key's words have outlived their day, but not every scribbler is going to replace them. Too bad that Whitman didn't try his hand at it.






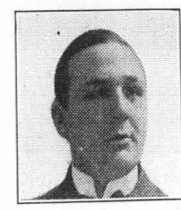



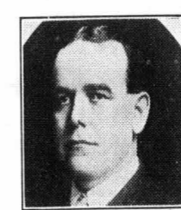







The "Star-Spangled Banner" was good enough for father and it's good enough for John McCormack. The tenor said so today in so many words. Mr. McCormack was using a figure of speech, no doubt. It isn't on record that the senior McCormack ever heard the "Star-Spangled Banner." "I might lose my temper," Mr. McCormack said, "if I thought these attacks on the 'Star-Spangled Banner' had any chance of success. Who is going to write anything better, I'd like to know? The words are episodic, but I am talking about the melody. Hard to sing? Nonsense! Just a question of choosing the right key. My children are singing it with perfect ease."

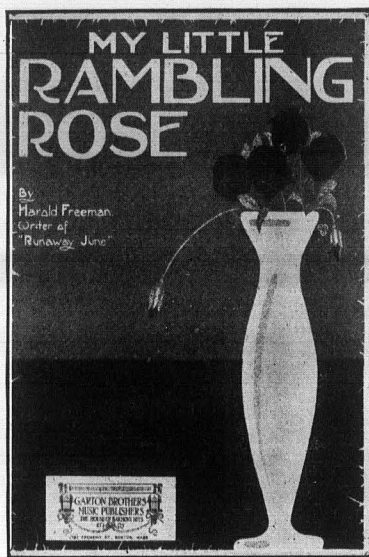
A correspondent wrote as follows: "I do not understand this agitation for a new national anthem when we possess in the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' one of the greatest poems ever written. Kipling calls it that 'terrible battle hymn,' and the first stanzas certainly justify his adjectives. The change to the lyric beauty of the last stanza, 'In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,' makes a wonderful effect. What we need is a new tune for it, worthy of the magnificence of its diction and its lofty spirit. Indeed, it is worthy of being called the battle hymn of all democracy.

"If Mrs. Howe's wonderful words were set to a melody of as high order as the Austrian or Russian anthem the effect would be incomparable. As it stands today the lyrics are superior to any other patriotic song in any language, and the melody, I

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.
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Say Old Anthem is Good Enough
(Continued from page 42)

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Noted Men Endeavor to Dissect "The Star-Spangled Banner"

From the Evening Mail

COMMENT on "The Star-Spangled Banner" is rampant. Many people think it is too local and too much of an occasional song to be a suitable anthem; many complain of the squeezing and inversion to make the words fit the music, and one and all seem to be agreed that it is hopelessly difficult for general singing.

The "English Daily Chronicle" calls "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," both "trivial in character." The "New Music Review" remarks, however, that the former tune was thought serious enough to be played in St. Paul's recently on a memorable occasion.

Dr. Frank Damrosch finds it humorous, it seems. According to the "Musical Courier" he calls it a bad poem squeezed into a drinking song, and finds an anthem beginning "Oh say" laughable. If Dr. Damrosch would confine himself to musical criticism his comment would be valuable; but there is something mildly humorous in itself about his considering "Oh say" as here used, a slang opening. A greater familiarity with the classics of English verse, and for that matter prose, would teach him that the phrase is an

entirely legitimate, even a conventional one, especially in odes.

As for the difficulty of the music, owing to the range required, a suggestion has been offered, and worked out by Mr. Camileri, conductor of the New Singing Society, to obviate this drawback. He says: "The tune of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is beautiful, youthful and virile; it can be sung, but not in unison." He has had published a version for a chorus of mixed voices and piano, each voice performing its part within its natural compass.

This version is being learned and practised by the New Singing Society at their Monday and Thursday rehearsals, and perhaps will soon have an effect on the general singing of the air in New York city.

The general impression, however, is that the people are taking up "The Star-Spangled Banner" remarkably well by themselves, and singing it with real spirit and abandon, and with surprising correctness

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There is a vast field for this class of endeavor. Many persons ignore the art of synchronization; in other words, the act of unifying a vocal demonstration and fitting each syllable to a given illustration.

The fraction of half a second will sometimes mar the entire euphony of the picture. It goes without saying that the screen must not show a view, a movement, or an expression the least bit ahead or behind the line of the verse in the song being sung.

I am giving personal attention, to these details and, with a fair amount of experience which I possess, and which has been acquired only after long years of hard work, I am trying to win the approbation of all publishers for all classes of songs, and all work of this kind, in order to make their compositions sell, and incidentally win for myself a reputation.

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Mouse on String Hails Boy Into Court

(Continued from page 14)

The lunch hour was nearly up when James Enright, an agent for the S. P. C. A., happened by. The police and Enright say that young Vogel dropped the squirming mouse on Enright's hat, and when he stopped the string, mouse and all were pulled up and into the window as the office boy disappeared from view.

Enright leaped up the stairs and charged Vogel with cruelty to animals and arrested him, taking the mouse in a cardboard box before Magistrate Mayo.

The youth was held on a technical charge of juvenile delinquency and remanded for a hearing on May 22.

The Battle Song of Liberty

Words by JACK YELLEN
 Vocal adaptation by GEORGE L. COBB

America's Marching Song

Adapted from Bigelow's Famous Harvard March OUR DIRECTOR



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 Everybody Will Be Whistling It!

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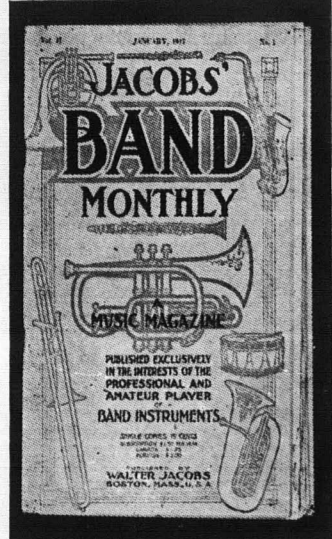
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