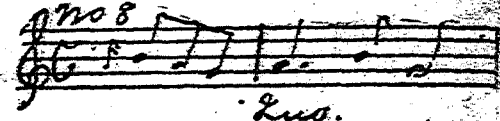
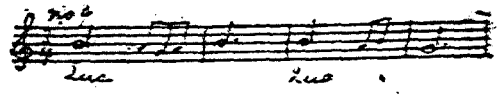




lips closed, and the word "quo" sung instead of "coal.")



I at once thought of the heart-broken negro of the day before, and had a mental picture of his grief manifesting itself in these sorrowful tones. When I finally saw the singer, what was my amusement to find him dancing a breakdown in his wagon. As he passed on the cry changed to



and was a trifle more cheerful. However, his music may have told the story of a sad heart, after all, for the negro is like a child, in that his tears and mirth follow each other so closely that it is difficult to keep pace with his moods. The story is told of Gluck's opera, "Iphigenia in Tauris," that after Orestes has killed his mother he placidly sings "My Heart is at Rest." The accompaniment tells a different story—giving every evidence of restlessness. On being asked why he had not made the aria and accompaniment more suited to each other, Gluck answered, "Because Orestes lied, but the music told the truth."

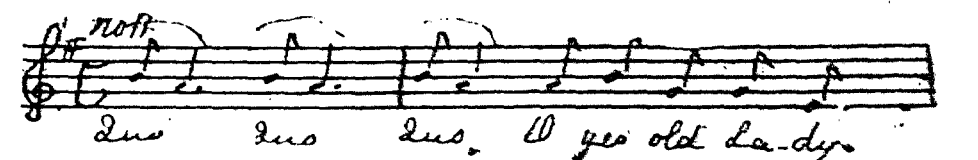
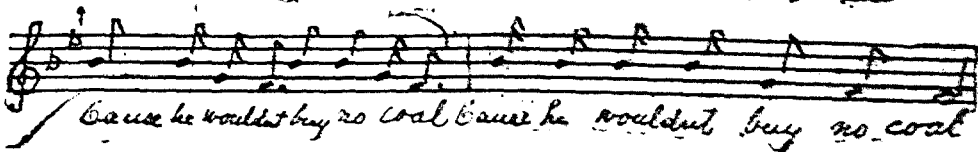
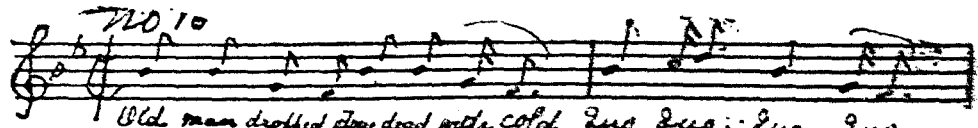
The negro often gives expression to a sense of humor in his calls—as, for instance:

seemed never to tire of it. Most of the street calls given contain only five tones, many only three. One covers an octave and one a tenth. The last is unusual.

The white calls are wordy and pay less attention to the music than to the wording, while to a negro the music is everything. If Dr. Dvorak finds the street cries of the East suggestive he would surely be fascinated with those of the Southern negro, particularly as he is so interested in negro music. The same characteristics which mark the street cries are also found in the hymns.

In these hymns they use intervals of which most musicians stand in awe. Commencing on the major seventh for instance, or using consecutive fifths. The words of their hymns are exceedingly realistic. There are always the golden streets, long white robes, starry crowns and golden slippers. An artist could easily give a faithful representation of the negro's idea of heaven. The inhabitants of the golden city would, however, have to be painted black, for in only one instance have I been able to find any one but the immediate family mentioned as being there. It is only the fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and preachers. The one exception was the mistress.

There is no joyousness in negro music. Even banjo music, while it is full of abandon, has the usual tinge of sadness. The words of the hymns are often happy, but the music is always sorrowful. As a race, they luxuriate in sorrow, that being their highest pleasure.



Another has no musical call, but in stentorian tones sings out: "Old Man," and has the same printed on his wagon. They sometimes sing a short melody without words.

It does seem a pity that so much of this negro music is being lost to the world. In a decade more it will be too late to collect them. The old type is rapidly dying off, and the younger

UNCONSCIOUS COMPOSERS.

The Characteristic Music of Street Cries.

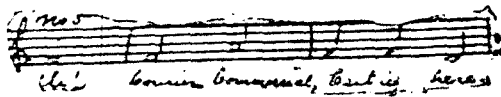
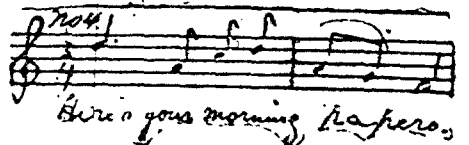
DR. DVORAK'S OPINION.

No Music Too Low To Be Listened To.

MELODY OF "CHARCO-O-O-AL"

Buffalo, brought to light the interesting fact that the calls of the white newsboys in those cities and of our own are much the same.

The two following are the only white newsboy calls which are of sufficient interest to mention:



All of the above examples are given with musical energy and in a business-like tone, but are in a measure commonplace and show the influence of so-called popular music.

Evade it as we may, the fact remains that the genuine negro music is the most characteristic we have in this country. Dvorak pertinently asks: "What melody could stop an American on the street in a strange land and make the home feeling well up within him?" Any of our ordinary popular songs would attract his attention, but it would be the real negro melody that would bring the tears and the homesickness. This would assuredly be true of a Southerner. We must always make

MELODY OF "CHARCO-O-O-AL"

In the feeling heart and the poet's ear
There's music everywhere.

—(Harriet McKeever.

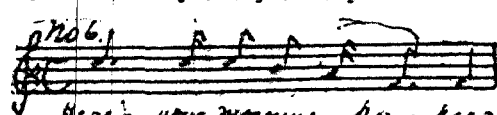
Dr. Dvorak's article in the February Harper on "Music in America," gives musicians much food for thought in the matter of finding themes and motives in street cries. He says: "An American reporter once told me that the most valuable talent a journalist could possess was a 'nose for news.' Just so the musician must prick his ear for music; nothing must be too low or too insignificant for the musician. When he walks he should listen to every whistling boy, every street singer or blind organ-grinder. I myself am often so fascinated by these people that I can scarcely tear myself away, for every now and then I catch a strain or hear the fragments of a recurring melodic theme that sound like the voice of the people. These things are worth listening to, and no one should be above making a lavish use of all such suggestions. It is a sign of barrenness indeed when such characteristic bits of music exist and are not heeded by the learned musicians of the age."

The street cries of our own city are much more musical than those of cities further north and east, and will therefore be more valuable to musicians. It is the negro who furnishes us with the most interesting street cries in this part of the country. A few illustrations from both whites and negroes will make this plain. To begin with the Italian fruit vender—he comes from the land of song, and one would think would be most musical. On the contrary, of all the street cries his is the most discordant, being only a harsh call, in the brutal voice, as Mr. Tomlinson calls it, with the addition of the wretched tin horn. Except in the case of the Italians, these street calls are always given with a view to saving the throat and voice. It is easier on the vocal chords to sing the tone than to use the harsh speaking voice, and

make the home feeling well up within him?" Any of our ordinary popular songs would attract his attention, but it would be the real negro melody that would bring the tears and the homesickness. This would assuredly be true of a Southerner. We must always make the distinction between the genuine negro music and the numberless imitations—minstrel music and the like.

In contrast to the business-like call of the white vender notice that of the negro. He sings out his wares as though he enjoyed the singing and didn't care whether business was brisk or not, and the characteristic plaintiveness is in them all. Dvorak says: "A friend sent me many hundred Indian melodies, and I found in them the same quality as in the negro music. But then I was taken to hear some red men sing, and it was horrible." How different in the case of the black man. To fully appreciate the true beauty and pathos of negro music one must hear the old-time negro sing it. I was much struck with this fact on hearing Mr. H. E. Krehbiel lecture in a Northern city on "Folk Song in America." The negro hymns he used as illustrations were sung by a Northern girl and were beautifully rendered, but the negro would scarcely have recognized his own hymn. His peculiar manner of inserting one or more tones in between the principal tones of the melody has to be heard to be imitated and appreciated. There are often as many of these by-tones as there are principal ones, and as they can not be written, it is no wonder that the Northern singer could not be successful in reproducing the hymn. The negro never confines himself to the key in which the hymn is supposed to be written. He uses demi, semi-tones which are peculiarly his own, so it is not possible with our scale to give an adequate idea of his unlimited scale.

The Scotch snap—short note before a long one, with the accent on the unaccented part of the measure—is another one of his characteristics, and is found in nearly every example.

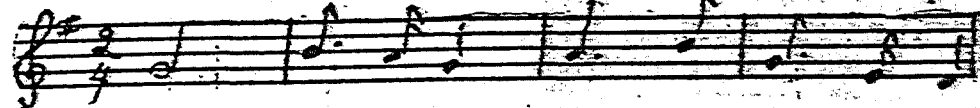


Here's your morning - ha - ha

The next illustration was sung by a boy of about ten years of age, and showed a musical ability which few untrained white singers possess. The first time he sung it thus:

Another has no musical call, but in stentorian tones sings out: "Old Man," and has the same printed on his wagon. They sometimes sing a short melody without words.

No. 12

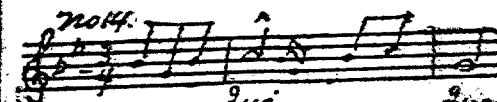


This was sung by a young coal merchant of twelve or fourteen years of age. His voice was fresh and strong and was beautiful as it became softened in the distance.

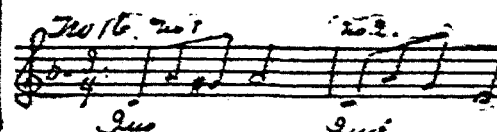
The next is wild enough to have come from Bohemia itself:



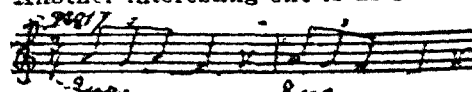
The two below will show how they vary the same call:



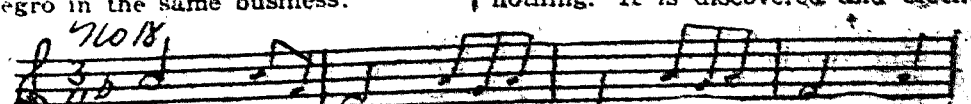
In the following example the call was divided between two boy singers, each singing one measure:



Another interesting one is as follows:



Contrast the old white man, who calls "Glass put in," in a harsh, gruff tone, with the following melody whistled by a negro in the same business:



It does seem a pity that so much of this negro music is being lost to the world. In a decade more it will be too late to collect them. The old type is rapidly dying off, and the younger

generation will not sing the old hymns. Old-time negroes love these hymns, for they so fitly express their religious emotions. One of them said to me: "You are making your crown sure, saving these hymns that has sent so many niggers to heaven." As Dr. Dvorak says: "No matter where these hymns come from originally, after they have been on the lips of several generations of negroes they are his own and stand for him." The Peabody Museum, of Harvard, sent a representative to the red man to collect his music and legends. Why is not some one sent to the far South to do the same for the black man? At the World's Fair Musical Congress the plan of sending some one South with a phonograph was discussed, but nothing has come of it. This would be the only way to preserve the negro song. Not only on account of the by-tones mentioned, but also because the hymn is never sung twice alike.

These street calls quote do not give an adequate idea of the call as really given, but this is the nearest possible.

He that hath ears to hear music, can find it everywhere around him, and truly it is the voice of the people. To conclude with another quotation from Dvorak: "Undoubtedly the germs for the best of music lie hidden among all the races that are commingled in this great country. The music of the people is like a rare and lovely flower growing amidst encroaching weeds. Thousands pass it, while others trample it under foot, and the chances thus are that it will perish before it is seen by the one discriminating spirit, who will prize it above all else. The fact that no one has as yet arisen to make the most of it does not prove that nothing is there. Such national music, I repeat, is not created out of nothing. It is discovered and clothed

call in the brutal voice, as Mr. Tom-las calls it, with the addition of the stretched tin horn. Except in the case of the Italians, these street calls are always given with a view to saving the throat and voice. It is easier on the vocal chords to sing the tone than to use the harsh speaking voice, and the singing tone carries farther, and thus attracts more attention.

Our ordinary white street vender has a good idea of time and tune. His calls are full of both, and are vigorous and to the point as the following examples will show:

1

Straw-berries, Straw-berries

Behold fine right off the skins

No. 2

Straw-berries, Straw-berries, Ripe cherries, Ripe cherries

These were heard in the spring, and the following in the fall:

No. 3

Apples, Apples, Apples, good and Apples

An article in the Music Review several years ago by Juliette Graves Adams, on the street calls of Chicago and

Here's your money - ha - per

The next illustration was sung by a boy of about ten years of age, and showed a musical ability which few untrained white singers possess. The first time he sung it thus:

Here's your money - ha - per

The next time a semi-tone higher, and so on, until he went up several whole tones. How many untrained singers can do this? It would be interesting to make the test.

Any feeling in the negro expresses itself in pathos. Joy and sadness are expressed alike, and it is hard to distinguish between them. I remember one old negro woman who, whenever she was particularly happy, manifested it by singing "Hark, from the tombs a doleful cry" and "I would not live away." It is the dealer in coal in small quantities, however, who gives us the most pathetic calls we have. If there is anything a negro loves better than a water-

melon in summer, it is a fire in winter. The thought of the warmth and comfort their coal can give seems to bring out all the music in the coal vender's soul. If you want to hear these calls given in the most pathetic and characteristic way, go to the streets where noon about dusk, and you will have your heart wrung. A friend told me of seeing a negro funeral, at which the chief mourner was the most broken-hearted looking man she ever saw. The next day, in the same locality, I heard the following call given in heartrending tones:

(The triplet to be given with the

Contrast the old white man, who says "Glass put in," in a harsh, gruff tone, with the following melody whistled by a negro in the same business:

No. 1

This melody is his advertising medium, and is understood by every one on the streets which he frequents. I asked him where he got his tune. His answer was: "I made it out of my own head, I reckon. I jes' whistles it to let folks know I am passing by, but I never knowed no white folks was a noticing it." His variations on it are interesting, but the original then always stands out clear and strong, so that his customers can not mistake it.

There are several beautiful charcoal calls, but it is impossible to reduce them to tones. They are made by letting the voice break from one tone to another, and the touching of the tone is of such short duration that the ear can not place it. The only one I have is the same as number 2.

It is said that the roustabouts on the old Mississippi steamboats had beautiful songs and calls, but the time is passed when they could have been collected. The negro often uses rhythm without melody to help him in his work. The following sentence was used by negro workmen in laying the rails of the street car track. The rails were moved in three movements, for instance—take hold, lift, move over, put down. We perhaps would say—Ready: one, two, three. The negroes said: "An- other good man (ready), gone (one), gone (two), gone (three)." The rhythm was perfect, and it was very interesting to hear and watch them, for they

is there. Such national music, I repeat, is not created out of nothing. It is discovered and clothed

in new beauty, just as the myths and the legends of a people are brought to light and crystallized in undying verse by the master poets. All that is needed is a delicate ear, a retentive memory and the power to weld the fragments of former ages together in one harmonious whole." The day is not far distant when all American composers will feel that they owe Dr. Dvorak a great debt of gratitude for calling their attention to so rich a field.

M. J. H.

Classical Music.

The question "What is classical music?" is so often asked that these words from the well-known authority William Mason in music are valuable: "Music which through prolonged usage has proved its possession of those qualities which entitle it to be taken as a standard of excellence, and which has come to be acknowledged, first by competent judges and subsequently by the public generally as representing the highest expression of musical taste and hence authoritative as a model. The reason why classical music does not always please at the first hearing is because all have not the faculties of perception and reception in an adequate degree. Those who have fine and penetrating discernment and the ability of making nice distinctions perceive at once. With others it requires time, study and close acquaintanceship in order to duly appreciate."