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# RAGTIME REVIEW

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NOVEMBER, 1916

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# RAG-TIME REVIEW

DEVOTED TO POPULAR MUSIC, RAGTIME, VAUDEVILLE, PICTURE MUSIC AND PLAYERS

Vol. 2

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 10.

## RAGTIME AT PUNKIN CENTER.

By Cal Stewart.

Along last winter when we was havin' our liceum Burow and lecture course at Punkin Center a feller come along with one troop who played the pianer. The comitee sent him to our house to put up over night, cause Ezra Hoskins tavern was full both Rooms was taken.

We never kept any of the show troops what cum to Pukin Center, but we always kept any of the liceum Burow folks what the comitee sent. Nancy sed it wasnt any harm cause they wasnt Regular acters like what cum to the opery Hall.

Wall this pianer man was a tall feller looked like he would make a mighty good hand 'at apple pickin', but wouldnt be worth much in a straw berry patch. Wall he made himself Right at hum in our house. he set Down to our Pianer, folded up a couple a yards of them legs at hisn, so he could sit his feet on the levers, and started playin what he called Ragtime.

I never thought any human bein could git as much music out of any thing as he got out of that Pianer, he played the Mockin Bird so many Different ways, that our Canary got ashamed of himself and Didn't sing a note for two months.

He played the Maidens Prayer and gosh it sounded like a gal singin, the organ playin', and Church Bells Ringin' all at once, by that time most of the neighbora had cum in and Nancy got so excited she let her cake burn and the jelly bile over then he played like a church organ and it was so natural that Deacon Witherspoon started to take up a collection.

He sed any body could learn to play that way in a few lessons, he left a lot of books to sell and made Jim Lawson his agent and that started Rag time in Punkin Center.

Ab Slocum plays Rag on the mouth organ. Lige Willit plays it on his fiddle. Down at the grocery store. they have a game of checkers called the Rag time move and when it comes shuttin' up time Ezra Hoskins says Wall nine o'clock everybody Rag.

The children march into school to a tune called the education Rag, the Bus Rags Down to the Depot and Rags back. Abe

(Continued on page 24, 3rd column.)

## Why Bonehead Billings Couldn't Pitch

### A Comical Story of a Baseball Twirler and His Susceptibility to Ragtime

By Peter Frank Meyer.

It was the same old story. Bob Billings was a bonehead, and that's all there was to it. He might have been a star in the bush leagues, because "stuff" on the ball would shove any twirler to the front in the minor leagues, but brains he had none. And a pitcher in the big leagues without an animated dome was like a glass of beer without the glass.

Every time Manager McCrabb, of the Tigers, sent Billings to the slab he pitched like a blue streak for about two innings. Usually, the opposing teams got to him in the third or fourth, and poor Billings forgot signals, instructions, and the weaknesses of the opposing batters, which he had studied for a year on the bench. The result—he blew up, not because of defective mechanical ability, but because of a defective dome.

Of course, Manager McCrabb was going crazy. Here his team was in the lead by a paltry two games, the season had only two weeks to run, and the pitching staff was on the verge of a disastrous collapse. And the terrific strain was beginning to tell on the other players, too, not mentioning the fact that three of them had met with accidents and were now on the crippled list.

On this particular afternoon he had sent Billings to the box against the Blue Sox, a team that had made a record for the greatest number of games lost in a season the previous year, and was at the bottom this season. For five innings Billings had twirled a splendid game. Then, in the sixth, after one had gone out and the shortstop pulled an error, the big Swede became muddled and began to pitch everything, but what the signals called for. When the riot was over, the Blue Sox had scored four runs and Billings was called in from the slab.

"Say, you fathead!" snarled Manager McCrabb, as Billings walked in from the field. "do signals or instructions ever make an impression on your knob? I signalled to

you twice to pitch an outcurve to Kenny, and what did you do, huh? You big bum, you pitched him a roundhouse curve shoulder high, and if there's anything that guy can hit it's a ball that comes in shoulder high. How long does it take you to locate a man's weakness? You've been studying and pitching to Kenny for two seasons, and you don't know his weakness yet. Some dome!"

"Aw, I can't remember all these rummy signals," grumbled the Swede. "I just pitch, that's all."

"Yah," sneered McCrabb, 'you just pitch, that's all! And you big elephant, you just exist, that's all. You're too damned lazy to think, and even if you tried to think, it wouldn't do you any good. If solid ivory was selling for ten cents a pound, your dome would be worth more than the Philadelphia-mint!"

The big Swede turned and faced him wrathfully.

"Is THAT so? And say, McCrabb, if you were getting what you are worth to this club as a manager, your salary would be five dollars a week."

"That remark will cost you fifty bucks!" roared McCrabb, pointing a quivering finger at the big pitcher. "And if you open that mug of your's again, I'll suspend you for the rest of the season without pay."

In the club-house after the game the rest of the team started in to kid Billings for all they were worth. He had always been a great, kindly, soft-hearted chap, taking everything good-naturedly. But this time he scowled darkly and resented their intimations. And when they refused to quit a pitched battle ensued. When it was over, four members of the Tiger Baseball Club were stretched out on the floor, bruised and battered, and Billings, after challenging the whole team for the third time, put on his coat and hat and strode out of the club-house, leaving a wrecked baseball team behind him.

Five minutes later McCrabb walked in, and when he saw the remnants of his team and the situation was explained to him, a raving lunatic was a gentle guy in comparison.

"Have any of you dummies a gun, have you? I'll shoot that damned Swede so full of holes he'll look like a Swiss cheese afterward. First I pay that guy thirty-five hundred a year, keep him on the bench, teach him the game thoroughly from A to Z, and watch over him like a father. What does he do, I'm asking you dubs, what does he do? Gratitude? Bah! First he pitches regular games for me and loses thirteen in a row. Then he asks me for a raise in salary! Next he falls down when the whole pitching staff is crippled, and doesn't report for practice. Now he winds up by kicking the daylights out of my three best players and one of the best scrappers on the team. Gratitude? Bah!

"We'll lose the pennant on account of that ungrateful bonehead, but, you can take it from me, boys, that guy loses his life, or my name ain't Duffy McCrabb. Which way did he go?"

"Out of the north gate," said Jimmy Danler, the crack third baseman of the Tigers, whose nose and lips were battered to a bloody pulp. "But for the love o' Mike, be gentle, boss. That guy is SOME scrapper."

"Gentle?" shrieked McCrabb, at the top of his lungs. "Gentle? Oh, will you listen to that! Bush, you hurry and put one of the biggest bats in a bat case while I change my clothes. I don't care a nickel if I go to the electric chair—that bonehead Swede is never going to toss another ball."

While the other players looked on in wonder, the one called Bush packed up a bat, and McCrabb, cursing, raving, and dancing around like a wild man, finally managed to change his clothes. Then he seized the bat case and tore out of the club-house.

Duffy McCrabb was only a shrimp in size, nasty, caustic and gruff. But mentally he was a giant, and many sporting writers declared that he was the greatest manager the game had ever developed. And whatever he lacked in physical proportions, he made up for in fighting spirit. Size never bothered Duffy McCrabb. He was a fighter pure and simple, and everybody who knew him or had heard of him was acquainted with the fact that he would rather fight than eat. And this time Duffy was mad—raving mad clean through, and when Duffy was mad a dozen bulky, husky Swedes couldn't stop him.

From late afternoon to midnight Duffy roamed all over the city looking for Bonehead Billings, and it was only when the clock struck twelve that he realized the futility of his search. It was worse than looking for a needle in a haystack.

To cut it short, Billings did not report at the hotel that night, nor the next night, nor the next. And the Tigers were shot

to pieces and ignominiously defeated day after day. Four days before the last game called for on the schedule, they were in second place, three games behind. Then, as if by a miracle, the team pulled together, and on the last day the Tigers were tied with the Bruins for first place. A play-off game was necessary, but McCrabb knew that the pennant would go to the Bruins. Hacklin and Merritt, two of his most dependable pitchers, were layed up with sore arms, and Chickering had broken his wrist the previous day. Eddie Martin had pitched the day before and his wing was lame. Besides, the star catcher, the regular short-stop and Edwards, his fleet center fielder, were crippled and could not play.

But McCrabb was no quitter. He'd lose, all right, he knew that, but he'd show the fans that the Tigers could take a licking and fight like blazes with a bunch of crip-

ples. And Eddie Martin would have to pitch if it broke his arm.

An hour before the game the stands were packed to capacity. And the owners of the Tiger team had secured the services of a big brass band for the first time in five years. Now, this band was blaring forth the liveliest popular airs from the grandstand, and it seemed to inject a little life into the sore and crippled Tigers. To them, music during a game was like a spice of new life, and it cheered them up considerably.

McCrabb was about to call the players in from their short practice, when someone touched him on the arm. Turning, he looked up into the flushed, eager face of Bonehead Billings. Like a flash McCrabb brought back his arm to strike, but the big Swede seized both his arms in an iron grip and spoke eagerly, pleadingly, and with a face that was lighted with sincerity.

"For God's sake, Mac, let me explain. Let me pitch this game and I swear I'll win it. The whole staff is crippled, and Martin can't pitch twice in two days. You know it, boss, as well as I do. Let me pitch, and I'll show you that I'm not a bonehead. What I needed was music. I can't work or think without music—rag, pep, ginger, snappy tunes for inspiration! If you'll just promise me that you'll keep that band playing all through the game, I'll win or you can kill me with a bat after the game while the boys are holding me. Let me pitch, Mac, please, and I'll show you whether I'm a bonehead or not."

In blank amazement McCrabb stared into the pleading eyes of the powerful Swede. There was an earnest, unconquerable light in those eyes, and McCrabb was a judge of men.

"Billings," he said, "do you mean to tell me that the only thing that hurt your pitching was lack of musical accompaniment? Do you mean to say that you've GOT the brains, and were too damned lazy to use them because the owners of this club wouldn't place a band in the stands every time you pitched?"

"I swear it, Mac!"

"And if I get that band to play all through the game, you'll win?"

"Try me!"

"Can the band stand the strain?"

"Yes, for they needn't play when our side goes to bat. Try me, Mac, for heaven's sake, try me, and I'll win!"

"All right, Billings. I didn't take your name off the eligible list yet, so get into your uniform. But Lord help you if you're trimmed!"

While the big Swede hurried to the club-house McCrabb climbed into the stands and whispered a few words into the ear of the band leader. The latter smiled knowingly after gazing at McCrabb in astonishment, and McCrabb seemed satisfied, though a number of spectators stared in wonder.

At last the game was started, and the



GYPSY ROSSINI.

Bruins went to bat first. When Billings' name was announced by the umpire as the slab artist for the Tigers, the tremendous number of spectators groaned in misery, and hoots, scoffs and catcalls of derision nearly drowned the refrains of the band, which had just started to play. But Billings calmly sauntered to the box, ignoring the remarks of his team mates, and as soon as he wound up for the first ball the big band crashed forth the irresistible notes of a popular tune. What followed will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness that game.

The first, second and third innings passed. Neither side scored a run, and the Bruins had not secured a single hit off Billings. The fourth—then the fifth, and still a scoreless tie. Not a puny hit off Billings, and already eight strike-outs to his credit! The big, roaring brass band blared out melody after melody every time he stepped into the box until the end of the Tigers half of the inning, then rested until he took the slab in the next inning. And the Tigers, their confidence completely restored in the big Swede, were playing the game of their lives. Crippled? Yes! But no one would have dreamed it. They dug hot grounders out of the dirt and snapped them to first like lightning. They leaped in the air and pulled down burning liners from every angle.

It was whirlwind work, fierce, scrappy, hair-raising baseball, and the ragtime band in the stands added to the thrills that brought uproarious, deafening cheers and storms of applause from the spectators again and again.

"Don't let that band stop, Mac," reminded Billings in the seventh inning.

"Don't fret, boy, I'd shoot the leader first. Go to it, and from now on, I'm your best friend."

Not a hit for the Bruins in the seventh—so far a hitless game for Billings. But in their half the Tigers scored the first run of the game, and the fans rose as one and accorded the feat a thunderous outburst of applause.

Again in the eighth the Bruins were retired in one-two-three order by the phenomenal pitching of Billings, and as he walked in from the box twenty-five thousand pennant-mad fans cheered him till the stands roared with noise.

In the ninth the strain told. With one out, Dugan, of the Bruins walked and stole second. Fisher followed with a bunt to the Tiger shortstop. He fumbled the ball miserably, and when he finally recovered it, Dugan was on third and Fisher was safe on first. But still, not a hit had been made off Billings. McCrabb, quivering with anxiety, walked to the stands and motioned to the band leader to play like fury. He obeyed, and the exhausted musicians put all their remaining efforts in a final outburst. Billings smiled, tightened his belt, and posed. For a moment he seemed to be in a knot. Then he whirled,

turned on his left foot, and brought down his arm. But instead of throwing to the batter, he swooped and shot the ball to the third baseman, who, catching Dugan off guard, tagged him out, amid a tremendous outburst of cheers and applause. During the play Fisher stole second.

Then Billings tore the ball through the air like a bullet and the last man struck out on three pitched balls! In a stupendous, deafening uproar the overjoyed thousands rose and cheered, applauded, whistled and stamped.

When Billings reached the club house, Manager McCrabb sprang forward, seized his hand, and wrung it in delight, slapping him on the back and bubbling like a fountain with his praises.

"Don't thank me," said Billings. "I may have pitched a no-hit, no-run game and won the pennant for the Tigers, but ragtime did it! Go thank the leader of that ragtime band!"

"I will!" declared Manager McCrabb, fervently, "and next season you can bet there'll be a ragtime band in the grandstand every time you pitch!"

**GYPSY ROSSINI AND HER VIOLIN.**  
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Miss Rossini in addition to being a wizard on the violin, is an accomplished pianist.

Miss Rossini says ragtime is undoubtedly the national preference in music, and while being thoroughly schooled in the classics, having studied under the best old world masters, in order to give the proper interpretation to popular music, has taken a full course in ragtime, and is not only highly pleased, but astonished at what can be accomplished in so short a time by the well-known method she studied.

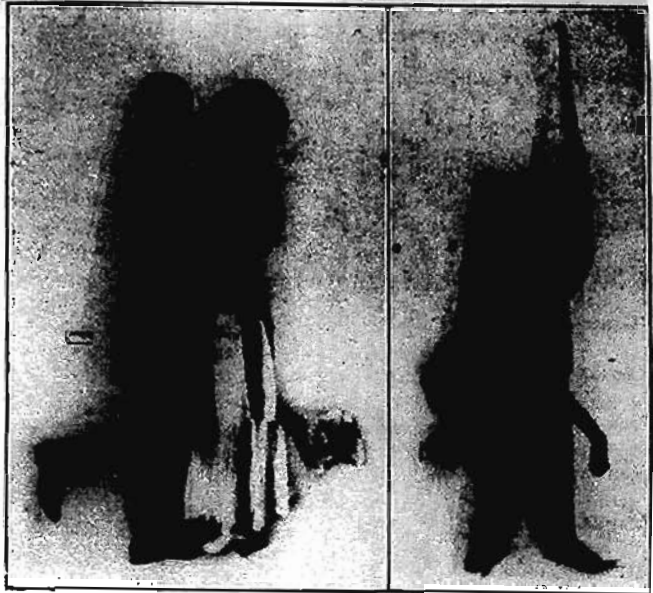
Miss Rossini is sharing stellar honors with Cal Stewart Company, which is having wonderful success throughout the northwest this season.

**ON DEAR OLD BROADWAY.**

By Will Carroll.

**WE HEARD THAT:**

Daniel L. McCarthy, of New York, has sued Frederick A. Mills, music publisher, in the Circuit Court to recover on a promissory note for \$10,000. The note, it is said, was given to George M. Cohan, the actor and playwright, who assigned it to McCarthy.



MR. AND MRS. COLLINIS (See page 10).

Leo Feist, Inc., have raised their prices on sheet music of the once "popular" brand. The new prices are raised on all numbers that are still called for, but which are not having a large demand in any one locality. The new price to dealers will be 12c a copy in lots of less than ten and 10c per copy in lots of ten or more, same being assorted if desired. This new price does not apply to Feist hits, which will remain at the old prices.

Chappell have issued a new waltz called "The Waltz We Love," and it is doing very nicely they say.

Song-writers are flocking in from the North, South, East and West and every publishing house finds them in droves. Most of 'em are counting their change and wondering where the next meal is coming from. Broadway is their parade ground, and one can hardly travel from 34th to 50th street without meeting a dozen or so and riding gaily along on shank's mare.

Will J. Hart has at last struck a real live hit and we congratulate him: In "Any Old Name Is a Wonderful Name if it Labels a Wonderful Girl!" he has gotten to be a real hit producer. About time now, Will, that you paid back those two bits you owe us.

Ernie Ball and J. Keirn Brennan are now known as the two "B's." Hope they don't sting us, but keep on writing those wonderful numbers.

Love Me When Shades of Twilight Fall is whooping them up in cabarets and cafes in Paris and London. Who said that American music couldn't cross the ocean without being sub-marined?

companion. "Daddy, stop playing," she said. Somewhat surprised, the father wanted to know why he should cease entertaining himself. The little girl was not inclined to explain. Finally she said: "Why, the neighbors have a lot of company." "Is that all?" commented daddy, with fine scorn. "Well, if they don't like my playing they can close their windows," and he attacked the piano with renewed vigor. "Yes, but daddy," pleaded the daughter, as she glided over to her parent and put her arm around his neck, "they'll think it was I playing." That settled it. He stopped.

The Daily Express of London says that Herman Darewski will shortly introduce in England a piano typewriter, which reproduces in ordinary musical notation whatever the performer plays. A pianist can make a copy of any piece of music by merely playing it through. By the insertion of carbon papers half a dozen copies may be made in one operation, as with an ordinary typewriter. The inventor is an Italian.

**TEACHERS IN NEW YORK EXPRESS DISAPPROVAL OF NEGRO DIALECT IN SONGS.**

Negro dialect in songs published in public school textbooks is disapproved by high school music teachers of New York City, who have appointed a committee to ask music publishers to eliminate it.

"We want our children to learn pure English, not dialect," said Dr. Frank R. Rix, the musical director. "There are many foreign children in our schools who find it hard enough to learn English, and who are confused by the dialect. I think a change ought to be made throughout the country."

"Dixie" it is proposed to change the words "de" and "nebber" to "the" and "never." It is also proposed to change "perilous fight" in the "Star-Spangled Banner" to read "clouds of the fight."

**DROPS PUSS BALLETT FOR RAGTIME**

When Ivan Bankoff adapts his Russian whirlwind to the syncope of American ragtime there is, in the language of the classics, some dancing in the Palace Music Hall. You often have wondered what these mad Slavs would do, once they got away from the formal ballet and the picture poise and turned themselves loose in the maniacal strains of Irving Berlin & Co., and now you have your wonder assuaged. Mr. Bankoff of Petrograd beats our natives at their own game.

Indeed, the native male American may not hope to compete with such wild, yet perfectly co-ordinated, dancing as this; for he hasn't served the years of slavery in the ballet "school." Just as Paderewski could, if he would, play a more intricate and intoxicated rag on the keyboard than Irving Berlin ever dreamed, Bankoff dances one beside which the eccentric footing of Thomas Dingle himself would be a cripple



LUXANE (See page 19.)

hopping to the tune of "The Maiden's Prayer."

Bankoff is also a brilliant "school dancer. So is his partner, Lola Girlie. She is a joy of a toe dancer, and comes a cropper only when she wears the boots and riding habit and attacks "La Chasse," which would seem to have been designed exclusively for Genee.

They have with them quite an organization, including a double quartet of ballet girls, and Madeleine Harrison, whose lovely feet might have been graduated from the establishment of Marion Morgan; but themselves remain undebatably the attraction.—Ashton Stevens in the Chicago Examiner.

**MUSICIANS? SURE THEY PLAY.**

American business men will have their little pleasantries. That explains the jesting reference in the convention of jewelers to the question of trustworthiness of men musicians in money matters. Without passing any judgment of his own, a banker told the jewelers he knew of one business man in Minneapolis who will not extend credit to certain musicians because, he said, the artistic temperament seemed to be sister to a "poor pay" tendency.

Musicians very promptly retorted that it is a grievous mistake thus to single them out. They engaged in a little class introspection and discovered the distinction conferred on them by this business man is not deserved. Very probably the business man has a radical misconception of the great and honorable profession of music. A reader of the history of this art discloses that musicians have been dealing in notes for many centuries. True, there is a preponderance of eighth notes, quarter notes and

half notes, but experience has shown that these are all quite as good in their way as whole notes.

Possibly the musician who runs too much to grace notes is a proper object of suspicion on the part of the money lenders. He may put more stress on the grace than on the note—a habit that would not commend him to the financier with strict notions about days when payment on paper falls due. The money lender scarcely can be blamed for hesitating to advance funds to an applicant who makes an overuse of semidemisemiquaver notes. Such a man apparently has something to conceal.

A musician is not necessarily improvident or lacking in the sense of obligation because he runs around the city in a motel or a leitmotif. Neither is he to be condemned out of hand for hanging over bars and double bars and for indulging himself in tonics, subtonics, diatonics and clavicordials. The chap who takes his high C: regularly is to be preferred to the one who takes as many highballs. The lyric tenor usually gets down from his lofty note in time to settle with the grocer.

Playing Bach should carry no suggestion of bacchanalian proclivities, and a musician is not to be deemed mercenary because the scale begins and ends with dough.

Weighed in the diatonic scales, the musician has been found not wanting. He may color his tones, but he is not given more than others to reddening the town. It is no sign that he has a baton. Indeed, his temperate ways are posted on nearly every page of music that he plays or sings. He is admonished by the symbol "moderato" over and over again. Moreover, it does not follow that he is lacking in aggressiveness because his activities are punctuated so frequently with rests and pauses.

The musician who feels himself maligned in this fleeting life may find balm of heart in the fact that his profession and his art are about the only ones mentioned in conjunction with the heavenly hosts. Even the angelic choir is likely to snicker when some of the rest of us show ourselves up with the harp.—Minneapolis Tribune.

**QUESTION BOX.**

M. B.: No special music is required for a Hope Jones unit orchestra. There is in fact none written that will really fill the bill. Get the piano score of operas, selections, (the director's score for piano if possible) in which you will find the other instruments cued in in small notes. This will give you a splendid idea of what instrumentation to use. The touch is of course different from that of a pipe organ, but all kinds of music can be handled on a Hope-Jones.

"That beautiful 'Melody in F,' I simply drank it in at the concert last night."

"Drank it in? Oh, from a Rubinstein, I suppose."

## The Ragtime Review

AXEL CHRISTENSEN, Editor and Publisher

Published every month at 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

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On failure to receive the RAGTIME REVIEW regularly subscribers should notify the office promptly.

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All cuts made for advertisers are charged to their accounts.

WILL CARROLL, Associate Editor  
 and Eastern Representative  
 Times Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Ragtime" is a new thing in music despite the fact that many of its characteristic syncopations are to be found in the music of some of the old countries, even in the Hungarian dances as transcribed by Johannes Brahms himself. There is an incisiveness and a nervous insistence to our ragtime that give it a distinctive quality, and it seems now that this new growth is choking the elder waltz as the waltz in the heyday of its prime choked the older dance forms. As yet the composers have looked askance at this new manifestation which has sprung up, Topsy-like, amid our untutored wilds, though here and there a courageous revolutionary has made timid attempts to smooth down its hair and make it fit for introduction into respectable society. But up to the present, ragtime and musical propriety have been quite incompatible.

In all such matters the public has always decided, and in the long run its voice has prevailed. There is no question but the waltz is slipping from public favor both as a dance and as an art form. In some refined extract of American ragtime to take its place? It looks so at present, and the mere fact that ragtime in all its manifold manifestations has been denounced from one end of the world to the other as an offspring of the evil one himself and a thing to be cast incontinently into outer darkness, will not make two straws difference. They tried to kill the waltz in its cradle, and it ruled the world for a full century, but now the sceptre is slipping from its hand. Is ragtime, from the uncouth prairies of this western world, to seize the proud badge of power and rule in its place?—Chicago Evening Post.

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# REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

## SEEN THROUGH THE PUBLISHERS' WINDOW.

(Sees All—Knows All.)

NOTE: In this column we will review each month those of the newest popular numbers which have been submitted for review. Our policy will be fearless and just. Credit will be given where due, but we will not be considerate and praise a poor number just for the sake of not hurting the other fellows feelings. Our readers may depend on this column, knowing that what criticisms we make are truthful. Publishers, if you do not wish to see the truth of your songs' merits printed herein, beware, and keep them with you.

F-A-T-H-E-R: Published by Connett Sheet Music Co. Has secondary title of: (A Word on Which the World Depends). Altogether a song which doesn't stand out as an original composition, having been written to the same metre as "Mother," and although the melody is different it cannot be helped seen through.

My Little Evening Star: Published by Merlin L. Dappert. A dainty little number which ought to "go over," with proper publicity.

Love's Garden of Roses: Published by W. W. Ellsworth; a number which is very finely written in both lyric and melody.

I Can't Forget You, Mary: Published by Merlin L. Dappert. As with most all "Dappert" songs, this has a haunting refrain. In waltz time throughout it is a number with an irresistible appeal.

While We Live, Love and Dream: Published by Whitmore: a ballad which should sell on its merits. Written in waltz time it makes a very desirable dance number. Has an excellent quartette arrangement on front inside cover. Should appeal to all.

Wilson Has a Winnin' Way (and a gosh-darned way of winnin'): Published by C. R. Foster Co. While the words of this number are in very good taste, etc., we cannot say the same as to the music, but as the song will be "talked" rather than sung, this should not prevent it "going over" largely.

Please Mister President We Don't Want War: Published by P. J. Howley for A. E. Williams Music Co.: Take Back My Answer to Mother: These two numbers could have been made good songs, but we cannot find a spark of merit in either.

(Till You Stop the World from Turning) I Won't Stop Loving You: Published by Pace & Handy. Something a little out of the ordinary. Well executed both in lyric and music and a number which compares with any of the leading "hits" of the day.

Any Old Name Is a Wonderful Name: Published by Granville Music Co. This is not a number which will set the world afire,

but it will sell away up into the hundred-thousands of copies. Expresses a well-worked out story which the music fits perfectly.

Lonesome Sal: Published by Pace & Handy. If we were publishers, we would stake our all on this number. It's a ballad that will take its place among the "live-for-ever-kind" and that's saying something.

Don't Wake Me Up, I'm Dreaming: Published by Whitmore. Seems that we have heard that title before, but it's entirely different and good.

After the War is Over: Published by Will Carroll Co., Inc. A march ballad which carries one of those catchy melodies you can't get away from. How D'You Do, Miss Honolulu? A Hawaiian number which carries a new strain. Should "make good" with very little pushing. She Is the Bravest of Them All. The melody and lyric could stand a little touching up in this number. As it is, we cannot predict much of a success from it. Just For a Girl: A little odd in both lyric and melody, but there's something about it which strikes home.

Honest Injun: Published by Harry Von Tilzer. In our estimation, this is Harry Von Tilzer's best number.

Some Little Bug is Goin' to Find You: Published by Echo Music Pub. Co. Something which should find its way into your home. All in all, we can't see why this song should not be in every home.

Persia: Published by Will Carroll Co., Inc. Has secondary title (The Land of Love Where I Met You.) Strictly a new idea in an oriental number and up to the minute in every respect. Carroll should clean up with this one.

Your Eyes Held the World For Me: Published by James S. White Co. Every bit as good as its title, and then some more.

PUBLISHERS, PLEASE NOTE: The total amount in the United States treasury cannot BUY this column. Unless YOU have the goods in a song, you cannot hope to get a favorable review here. We are running a fearless column. One in which the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth will be told about songs submitted. Our criticisms are JUST in every respect and by critics who are able to judge the merits of a song. Produce the goods and we'll aid you all in our power, but submit songs that are lacking in merit and we'll spread the news broadcast. Are you with us in this? You'll admire this policy later on, if not now.

### WHITE LIGHT REFLECTIONS.

By Will Carroll.

Dear old Hawaii ought to have enough songs to last her for the rest of her days from the vast number being turned out by writers. Every writer you meet

## BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC.

By B. B. B.

I just received a letter  
 From friend Axel  
 Saying he craved more articles  
 From my versatile pen.  
 But he's wrong,  
 'Cause I've always used Spencers.  
 During the last six years  
 I've taught ragtime  
 Ragtime,  
 Ragtime,  
 Morning, noon and night,  
 So I took a vacation  
 With one object—  
 To get away from ragtime  
 For a while .  
 So I went south  
 And got on the boat  
 And met some people I knew  
 Who dragged me to the piano  
 While they sang  
 And danced  
 And kept craving ragtime  
 The whole trip  
 Till we got to San Francisco  
 Where I was taken to see the sights  
 In the cabarets and cafes  
 And all I heard was more ragtime  
 And I kept getting sore.  
 So we went to the St. Francis hotel  
 And the Palace hotel  
 Which are THE swellest.  
 But all we heard  
 Were rags, one-steps  
 And some more rags.

So I tried my luck in Los Angeles.  
 We went to the beaches  
 And saw a lot of amusements concessions  
 And cabarets  
 And Nat Goodwin's cafe  
 Where syncopation ruled supreme.  
 I kept getting madder.  
 I was getting deeper into ragtime  
 Then I went to see Kaufman  
 Who runs the Los Angeles school  
 And I sure got plenty of ragtime  
 Around his studios.  
 Then I went to the races  
 In Tia Juana, Mexico,  
 And heard some electric pianos  
 Grinding out rags.  
 Then I tried my luck in Coronada, Cal.,  
 Which is right on the Mexican border.  
 To see if I couldn't give  
 My ragtime saturated body



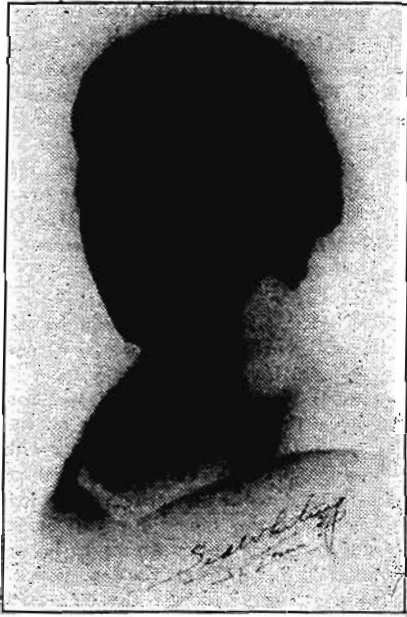
JOAN PEERS (See page 19.)

A little rest.  
 I was invited out that night  
 To some people's home.  
 I went inside  
 And saw a piano  
 And what should be right on the piano  
 But CHRISTENSEN'S RAGTIME INST.  
 BOOK!  
 Staring me in the face.  
 Then I went wild  
 And cussed at ragtime  
 And the fellow who wrote  
 The Ragtime Book  
 That made him famous.  
 But what's the use?  
 I couldn't get away from it.  
 So I beat it for the boat  
 Back home.  
 And a fellow on the boat  
 Told me  
 He had me down for a ragtime solo  
 For the concert that evening  
 On the boat.  
 So I've resolved  
 That as long as I  
 Meet ragtime on all sides,  
 I may as well go home  
 And get paid  
 For listening to it.  
 I THANK YOU.

## WHY SHE MINDED.

A Philadelphia man who finds much amusement in playing ragtime melodies on the piano received a rude shock one evening last week at the hands of his daughter, a sweet little miss of some fourteen years. It was warm and the house was wide open when the fond parent sat down at the piano and began "pawing the ivories" with unusual ardor. While he was playing his daughter came into the room with a





DOROTHY NOBLE (See page 19.)

greet you thusly: "Here's the greatest Hawaiian number ever written—it beats '?' and '?' all hollow—and—I wrote it." However, there are but three or four Hawaiian numbers that are worth singing and the leaders are "Yaka Hulu Hicki Dula," "I Lost My Heart in Honolulu" and "How D'You Do, Miss Honolulu?" None of the others can compare in any way with these three—with the exception of "Hello Hawaii?" which is now heard but little in this burg.

Was pretty well played out the other night and dropped in for a rest and incidentally to take in a show. Heard one of the most sensible songs ever published called "I Know I Got More Than My Share." It ought to be another "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and live forever. Leaving the theater, I dropped in a cabaret and heard a few ordinary numbers put over. The crowd there was very impartial to the songs, until one of those silver-tongued baritones you hear about got up and sang a number which I believe was entitled "After the War is Over." The chorus was rendered by a trio and caused the crowd to wake up. The singers took five encores and ought to have taken ten with such a wonderful number. About fifteen minutes later, in walked a couple of pluggers, from Brooklyn, they told me, and put over a real "live wire" called "Persia." That team could certainly sing, and even if they couldn't the song would have gotten by on its merits, for it's W-O-N-D-E-R-F-U-L!

The publishers here are complaining of the shortage of paper. If some of the song writers would only stop wasting perfectly

good paper to write some of their junk on there wouldn't be any cause for complaint—which reminds me of a little story I heard the other day. Two men were conversing in a little cafe on 43rd street. One was a well-known song writer and the other a lawyer. (A great combination, eh?) Said the writer to the lawyer, "Who was it said 'Give me the right to write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws?'" Said the lawyer to the writer—"I don't know who said it, but give me the right to make the laws of a nation and I'd have about 99% of these song writers in jail."

"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl" and "Some Girls Do and Some Girls Don't," are two numbers which are creating quite a sensation here. Both words and melodies are very cleverly written.

Made the rounds of the publishers yesterday and found every one of them crowded. Seems that each have a certain number the profession are crazy about. After giving them all the once over, I boarded a train (subway) and managed to get over to Brooklyn. Visited the offices of the Will Carroll Co., Inc., and found that they were also crowded and as busy as a hive of bees. Seems that Carroll's prediction "that the profession WILL come anywhere to get what they want"—and, take this from me—the Carroll house HAVE WHAT THEY WANT, by the crowds flooding its offices daily.

It is rumored that Irving Berlin has a successor to "When I Leave the World Behind" in a different kind of a song entitled "When the Black Sheep Comes Back to the Fold." Heard it the other night and must say it is truly a great number.

Emma Carus recently put over a Harry Von Tilzer hit that set the town a-talking. This number is called "Through These Wonderful Glasses of Mine," and is certainly a bona fide winner.

Jules Von Tilzer has returned to the fold and is once again with his brothers, Will and Albert, at the Broadway Music Corporation. Everybody seems to be satisfied and Jules is around again with that wonderful smile of his.

Stern is always on the lookout for winners, and has recently acquired the rights of "The World is Hungry for a Little Bit of Love" originally published by Will L. Livernash, of Kansas City, Mo. It strikes us that Will had a pretty good thing in that number and we can't understand why he let it go. However—

Harris, yes, dear old Chas. K., has sprung another on us with "A Study in Black and White." It looks like the real stuff, Chas., and we expect great things from it.

Harry Collins, who used to manage the Daly office here, is now manager for Maurice Richmond Pub. Co., and is making 'em all sit up and take notice. Good luck, Harry, and don't forget to let us know all the news.

**MAKES A MILLION FROM SONGS.**

Gus Edwards, composer of "School Days," "Sunbonnet Sue," "I Can't Tell Why I Love You," "Mamie," "Goodbye, Little Girl, Goodbye," and a dozen others, spent many of his boyhood days in the Bowery. Gus was a poor boy, working in a cigar factory on the East Side when he first conceived the idea of writing songs. Strange tunes used to flit through his mind; but he always had an idea that he heard them somewhere. He eventually discarded this notion and decided to try and turn the haunting strains into money. His first song, "Stella," he offered to a number of publishers, but they deliberately chased him out of the offices. Later Gus enlisted during the Spanish-American War, and met Will D. Cobb, with whom he collaborated for years. He finally sold "Stella" for \$7.50. Gus calls the Bowery the cradle of American folk song; but the old Bowery with its bad reputation has never been potent enough to make him write a suggestive song. His "School Days" was translated into several tongues, and the young folks in China used to sing it. From his many hits Edwards has earned at least \$1,000,000, according to reports.

"America" "ragged" by the Delwood Park band prevented war between staff officers of Chicago society, women's National Service school in camp at Lake Geneva, Wis., a short time ago, Peace reigned in the camp only after the band, directed by J. T. Adams, had played patriotic airs and had turned the battlefield into a society dancsant.

Said the Professor to Mike, "You Say You Like Ragtime Music The Best. I'll play you some classical music then you shall see."

Said Mike to the Professor, "Go Ahead." The Professor than played a most wonderful Rhapsody, and with a confident smile, turned to Mike "Well, now, what do you think of Ragtime." Said Mike to the Professor "Well—I like it better than ever now."

At Camp Borden, Canada, Ragtime Music is used to great advantage in helping to pull up stumps. The military band plays Ragtime while the soldiers dig up the stumps, and it is claimed that they work greater efficiency with this music than without.

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## AMONG THE THEATRES

The Palace Theatre, at Danville, Ill., has enjoyed a wonderful business since its opening this fall. It plays vaudeville.

Charles Vance has recently purchased a Moving Picture Theatre, in Chillicothe, Ill. Mr. Vic Sandstrom is pianist for Mr. Vance.

Pietro Marino has opened a theatre in Eureka, Cal., known as the Grand Theatre, which will play pictures.

Beginning with Oct. 31st, the Western Vaudeville's Manager Association of Chicago, or the United Booking Offices of New York, the two great booking centers for Vaudeville, will refuse to book any actors or actresses that are members of the White Rats Union. This is a result of a strike which has been on at Oklahoma City, where the fight has been very bitter.

Jerry Sherman, who is playing the Pan-tages Vaudeville Circuit, is pleasing his audiences everywhere with his excellent piano playing. He is part of the vaudeville combination known as "Sherman Van Hyman," who will be heard in the Pacific Coast cities this season.

Green, McHenry and Dean, a well-known vaudeville trio, own the smallest piano in the world, which they carry with them. This piano measures four feet high, three feet wide and about one and a half feet deep, and is used on the stage with splendid results, having a wonderful tone.

Sophie Tucker is still delighting her audiences with her wonderful syncopated singing. She is known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the "Mary Garden of Ragtime."

Ray Samuels is having good success with his new song "It's Not Your Nationality, It's Simply What You Are," making a big hit with this number at the Palace Theatre in Chicago a short time ago.

According to the newspapers there is a fortune waiting for the man who can write a song that will catch the transient fancy of the troupes along the border and become characteristic of the Mexican campaign.

Reports from Champaign, Ill., state that Hershel Hendler song favor with the audience of that city with his pianologue. Hershel Hendler opens his act as a foreign pianist and cannot speak English, and addresses the audience in very broken English. Later in the act he gets a laugh from

the audience by giving them some real up-to-date slang and Ragtime piano playing.

### THE QUESTION BOX.

We will be glad to answer through this column any question pertaining to Popular Music. All questions should be addressed to Will Carroll, Brooklyn Times Building, Brooklyn, N. Y., and if personal reply is desired, you should enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Otherwise, your question will be answered herein.

Elizabeth L., Boston, Mass.: No, Irving Berlin did not write for Leo Feist before he became connected with Ted Snyder. Your second question is out of our line. Why not write Mr. Berlin and ask HIM if he is married or not? We have trouble enough of our own.

C. R. B., Paterson, N. J.: a) Yes, there are some publishers who accept lyrics without music, but we fear you cannot break in unless you get in touch with one of the staff composers of some house. (b) Although this does not pertain to Popular Music, we answer that Brooklyn HAS a dandy chance of winning the pennant.

Daisy Gruneland, Watertown, N. Y.: We draw the line on that one, Daisy, but we don't mind telling you that we hope to be, some day. Your poems are very nice, but quite unsuitable for Popular Songs. Why don't you try the magazines with 'em? Surely, they are as good as the majority they are publishing.

Charles F. Sheppard, Brooklyn, N. Y.: You're wrong, Charlie. RAGTIME originated right here in little old America; and Al Piantadosi did not write Alexander's Ragtime Band, but Irving Berlin did. Come again.

Franklin M., Charleston, S. C.: Aha! thought you'd sting us with that one, eh? Guess again, Frank, for here's the answer: 17,000 pieces of popular music were copyrighted between May, 1914, and May, 1916. If you don't believe us, count 'em. No, all of 'em weren't "hits" either. What's next? Come on folks! Send in your questions!

### ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

The Majestic Theatre, at Fort Dodge, Iowa, are about to install a Kimball pipe organ. The manager, Mr. Lego, plans to alternate the organ music with the orchestra.

The Majestic Theatre, at Madison, Wis., has just installed a new Bartola pipe organ, which has found great favor in Madison. The theatre is under the management of Mr. Fischer.

The Covent Garden at Chicago is using the largest Wurlitzer Hope Jones Orchestra ever built, for pictures. They have also an orchestra, and the policy of the house is to have the organist play the pictures alone in the afternoon, and in the evening the organist plays the third and fourth reel of the feature, while an orchestra of eleven men furnishes the music for the balance of the time. This policy seems to be popular now at the Covent Garden, which is one of a string of picture theatres owned and operated by the firm of Lubliner and Trinz. The house manager is Mr. Sam Trinz.

The Wurlitzer Hope Jones Unit Orchestra, which has been used at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, for a number of years, is giving good satisfaction under the able organ work of Mr. Stelly.

Edward Benedict, who has been playing the Hope Jones Unit Orchestra at the Broadway Strand Theatre in Detroit, is without doubt one of the foremost players in the country on that type of instrument. He has made a special study of orchestration, and in playing the instrument his work differs from that of an organist in that he obtains effects and tone colors that resemble the playing of an entire orchestra. In this theatre a large symphony orchestra is used to alternate the Hope Jones instrument.

The Garden Theatre, at Canton, Ill., installed a Bartola organ.

Edward Horton, a talented organist, has recently accepted and engagement at the Muse Theatre, of Omaha, Neb. Previous to this, Mr. Horton played at the Casino Theatre in Des Moines, and his work has attracted considerable attention.

A new pipe organ has been installed at the Grant Theatre, Harrisburg, Pa., and is being played by Professor Wallace.

An Eight-thousand dollar Kimball organ has been recently completed at the Majestic Theatre, La Crosse, Wis.

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# The Press Club Rag

By AXEL CHRISTENSEN  
CZAR OF RAGTIME

Moderato slow

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The treble staff begins with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a series of chords. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns. The word "cresc." is written in the first measure of both staves, with a dashed line and a wedge-shaped hairpin indicating a gradual increase in volume.

The second system continues the piece with similar melodic and harmonic development. The treble staff features more complex rhythmic figures, including some triplets. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a few chords marked with an accent (^) above them.

The third system of musical notation shows a change in dynamics, with "p-f" (piano to forte) written in the first measure of the treble staff. The melodic lines in both staves become more active, with the treble staff featuring more frequent sixteenth-note patterns.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a final melodic flourish in the treble staff and a corresponding accompaniment in the bass staff. The system ends with a final chord in the bass staff.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. There are several accents (^) placed above notes in both staves.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2' above the staff. The notation is dense with many notes and includes several accents (^).

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The music continues with complex rhythmic patterns and several accents (^).

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is highly rhythmic and includes several accents (^).

Fifth system of musical notation, the final system on the page. It includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2'. The upper staff has a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking, and the lower staff has a *conforza* (con forza) marking. The notation is dense with many notes and includes several accents (^).

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music features a complex, rhythmic melody in the treble clef and a supporting bass line in the bass clef. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the first measure.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It maintains the same complex rhythmic texture with intricate melodic lines in both staves.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef part shows a change in melodic direction, while the bass clef continues with its rhythmic accompaniment. An accent mark (^) is placed above the final note of the treble staff.

Trio

Fourth system of musical notation, marked as the beginning of the "Trio" section. The tempo and dynamics change, indicated by a *p* (piano) marking. The treble clef part features a more melodic and sustained line, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment. An accent mark (^) is placed above the final note of the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, continuing the Trio section. The music features a mix of melodic and rhythmic elements. Dynamic markings include *p-f* (piano-forte) and *p*. Accent marks (^) are placed above several notes in the treble staff.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including an accent (^) over the first measure. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble staff shows a melodic line with various rhythmic values and accents (^). The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with accents (^) and some rests. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth notes and accents (^). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a melodic line with accents (^) and some rests. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Sixth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It includes first and second endings (1 and 2) in the treble staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with accents (^) and rests. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

# Rube From A High Grass Town

Words & Music  
by CAL STEWART

## INTRO. Moderato

*p* Voice

I have just got back from New York town where I  
I had writ some let-ters to the folks That I

never had been before Haven't got as much money as I had when I left but I know a whole lot more When I left home I  
wanted to mail back home To tell them bout the things I'd seen and just how far I'd come I seen a box all

thought that I was a man of some re - down But in old New York I was on the Pork Just a Rube from a high grass town.  
painted red and I put my let-ters in Fire Engines came from all a - round And the bells began to ring.

## CHORUS

And oh my, what they did to me lingers in my memory From early morning till the sun went down  
And "Gee Whiz what they did to me, They squirted water all over me I grabbed a feller and I said to him

I got buncoed all around I cut more capers than a circus clown Durned old Rube from a high grass town.  
Pull me out for I can't swim The crowd all shouted let him drown Durned old Rube from a high grass town.

16  
The Song She Sang to Me

Words by  
CAL STEWART

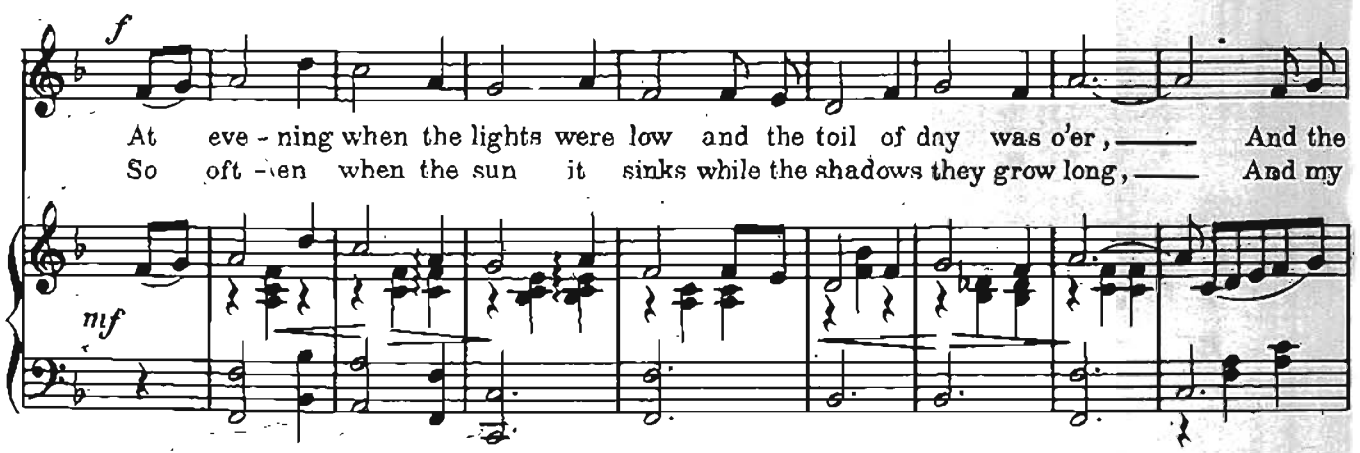
Arranged by  
H. CHALMERS REGO

Tempo di Valse



*mf*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece begins with a series of chords and a melodic line that leads into the first vocal entry.



*f*

At eve - ning when the lights were low and the toil of day was o'er, — And the  
So oft - en when the sun it sinks while the shadows they grow long, — And my

*mf*

Musical notation for the first vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *f* and *mf*.



fire cast a rud - dy glow up - on the cot - tage floor, — Moth -  
fan - cy brings to me a - gain that old sweeten - der song, — I

Musical notation for the second vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



er would take me in her arms so soft, so ten - der - ly, — And  
seem to feel the dear ca - ress that moth - er gave to me, — And

Musical notation for the third vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



on my way to slum - ber - land this song she'd sing to me. \_\_\_\_\_  
 in my dreams I hear a - gain that old sweet mel - o - dy. \_\_\_\_\_

## REFRAIN

Oh - le Oh - le - le oh, the day is grow - ing old. \_\_\_\_\_

Oh - le Oh - le - le oh, the lamb is in the fold. \_\_\_\_\_

No more work for lit - tle hands, no more for eyes to see. \_\_\_\_\_

Oh - le oh - le - le oh, the song she sang to me. \_\_\_\_\_

# I Laughed At The Wrong Time

Words & Music  
by CAL STEWART

## INTRO. Moderato

*ff*

*p* **^ Voice**

When I was a boy I was always a laughing But I  
Mother used to say when I got to laughing Now

laughed at the wrong time There was always something that would make me laugh I could laugh most any time So I  
don't laugh at the wrong time But I couldn't see the reason why I shouldn't laugh Laughing wasn't any crime So I

laughed when father hit his thumb with the hammer, He did a song and dance and commenced to swear and stammer Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha,  
laughed when uncle took a tumble in the river, He wrung out his clothes and then commenced to shiver Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha,  
*And I laughed*  
*And I laughed*

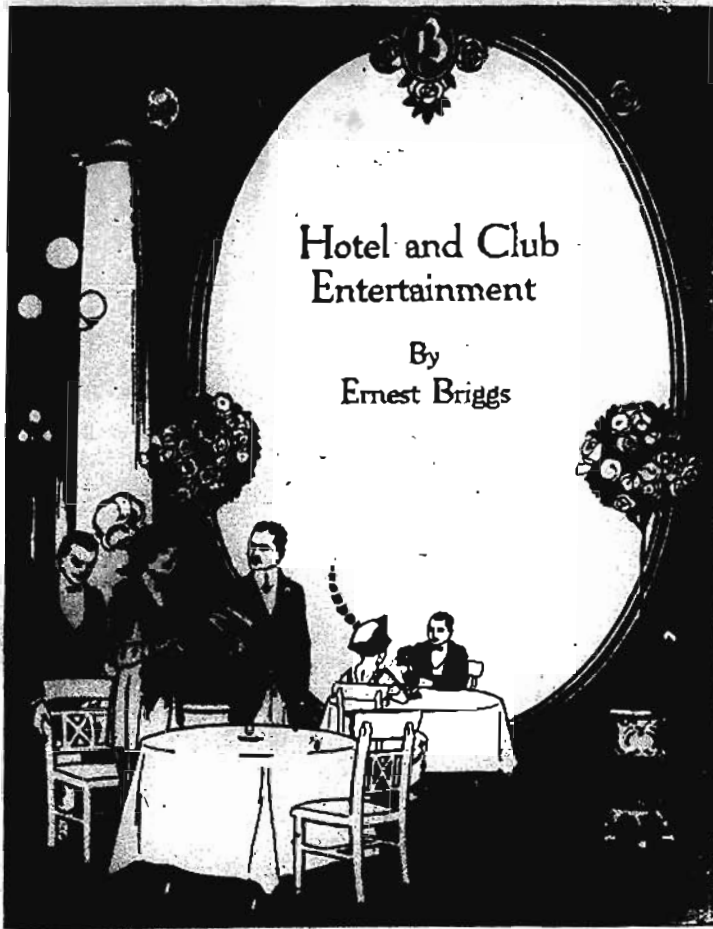
*Voice ad lib.*

### CHORUS

Ha, Ha, Ha But I laughed at the wrong time. I just had to laugh if I didn't I would bust Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.  
Ha, Ha, Ha But I laughed at the wrong time. I just had to laugh I couldn't stop a bit Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.

Father was a yelling and a kicking up the dust Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Father said, son you come along with me There  
Couldn't keep from laughing tho' I knew what I would get Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Mother said, boy before you go to bed

are a few words I would like to say to thee. And I laughed as I went Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha But I laughed at the wrong time.  
come with me out to the wood shed. And I laughed as I went Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha But I laughed at the wrong time.



Hotel and Club  
Entertainment

By  
Ernest Briggs

The biggest show of the season is the new Sebastian Revue at the Bismarck Garden, with many novel features, including the mysterious veiled dancer, who is reported by the press agent as a society girl just home from Europe, a Chicago girl who loves the dance but hates notoriety. The odd part of this press story is that it is all true. I happen to be on the inside and can assure patrons of the Bismarck that the artist has appeared at the highest social functions in Europe and America as a soloist and as an honored guest. Best of all her dances are worth while, so Sir Carlos smiles knowingly and approvingly at the glowing praise which is so lavishly bestowed on this feature of his sparkling Revue.

And that brings up another show, which many have said is the best of the season, if not the biggest. The Sebastian Revue on the road opened in Cincinnati with Blanche Foster, Ferne Medley, Victor Faye, the Parkinson Sisters, Myrtle LaRue and Bessie Le Sellards as leads. It is a live, snappy Revue, with an abundance of fast dancing and some real singing. Up to the minute costumes and novelties make this Revue another winner.

Little Joan Peers, the daughter of Frank Peers, once well known as the manager of

the Whitney Opera House in its palmy days when the record was broken for long runs in Chicago, is following in daddy's footsteps in taking up work in the show world. She is already a great favorite among Chicago clubs and works winter and summer. Quite recently the Midlothian Club of Chicago entertained the petite artist and were entertained by her. She is a real little dancer, not a child wonder.

Oscar Ross is the prime mover in entertainment affairs in Rockford, Ill. He recently sponsored an affair for the Shriners, giving Princess Pauline an opportunity for demonstrating how uneasy rests the head that wears a crown. She certainly turned some heads and twisted a few necks in Rockford, while illustrating the Adventures of Pauline.

Luzane, of the Titian tresses and Trilby extremities is bestowing her byrical graces upon vaudeville audiences this season. The last time we saw her was at the Muehlebach in Kansas City, where she was a warm favorite for a short engagement last season. Recently she filled a week in Chicago at the Wilson.

Virginia Lewis, a Fort Dodge Society girl, is the latest advocate of the dancing

craze. She will entertain a few exclusive clubs in the arid Iowa desert, and later in more metropolitan circles.

Dorothy Noble, with her Pollyanna gladness, is beaming upon Pittsburgh audiences after a long heated term at Coney Island Park in the suburbs of Cincinnati.

The Colinis, Willie and his wife, are at the Dyckman in Minneapolis, putting them over in the way that made Milwaukee sit up and take notice before some puritanical police regulations put the famous city off the map as an entertainment centre. This is a dancing team of European lineage in professional career as well as personnel. For rapid fire work they cannot be beat. Their society dances would put life and red blood in the four hundred if it were possible to make the aforesaid four hundred work in emulation; but the majority of we of the four hundred must be content to watch while they turn the clever tricks.

Dainty Betty Maddox has delighted audiences in Minneapolis, Cleveland and Detroit during the last month. Right now she is with one of the real shows of the Central West. I have seen them all, and know of no one in the business who can take talent and bring out all there is to be brought out, always starting with good gold and working the product up to the highest artistic point better than Krueger, the alert entertainment manager of the Frontenac. He picks winners and does his share in making them win out. Better keep your eye on his new soprano, Ferne Medley.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hogan have been having real success at the Muehlebach in Kansas City. Their dances have always been in high favor in metropolitan circles, and where refinement plus is the requirement, as at the hostelry presided over by Joseph Reichl, it may be regarded as a certainty that the Hogans are welcomed cordially and retained for a long engagement.

Ellwod & Coleman are all over the map as usual. Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City, and still en route. This is a live dancing team for Revue work and fast company.

Virginia Fissinger has been filling a long and successful engagement at the Frontenac in Detroit. This Daughter of many Revolutions is pirouetting more bewilderingly beautiful in the harmony of color and motion than pen or typewriter dare describe. She is one premier entitled to the name.

There are two real shows in Saint Louis, one at McTagues and the other at the Maryland. There may be other shows in

Saint Louis. I do not know, as one can never tell from advertising whether there is a show or an imitation, and I have not been in Saint Louis since the Democratic Convention. However, I know without going that the Maryland and McTagues have a real show, as W. D. Cave is still on the job, and he does know how it is done. Pretty Jessica Clement, pretty Mildred Chandler and a bouquet of others entitled to the same adjective before their names are on the programs, and such programs. Does anyone remember the Arabian Nights Entertainments Cave put on last season? Anyone who saw them will certainly remember.

Lucien Denni at the Pennant in Kansas City, is making a collection of sister teams. He has had the Parkinson Sisters, Burns Sisters, Prague Sisters, Roberts Sisters, and has more booked. As before and as usual he is running the "pep" show of Kansas City.

Iralene Mosher, the Chicago soprano, has just finished a long engagement at the Baltimore in Kansas City. A dance team was on the same bill during the Mosher engagement.

Florence Normand, known in centres as the Vice, in Everywoman, is on the road as a French maid ingenue in the Fashion Shop. Will Bradshaw's successful comedy. C. W. Cross better look out, according to the poet Vice is pitied, endured and embraced. Miss Normand is some diver, and did an Anette Kellerman act at a club date this last Summer.

#### KIN I HELP IT, HUH?

By Robert Marine.

Our friend, editor of the Ragtime Review, writes me a long letter and asks me for the cause of the unusual depression in my territory. Kin I help it, Huh?

The weather man in this city oughta be shot. One day I wear a raincoat, the next day I wear an overcoat, and the next day I go around in my—here, here, where do yuh think yuh are? But, honestly, it's awful. Whatever I do is wrong, and everybody that works for me is dead from the neck up.

I pay my secretary twenty-five bucks-a week, though he ain't worth ten cents a day. Does he appreciate it? Like Kelly does! Every Saturday he grabs ten bones of my dough in a poker game, and then lets me pay the car fare home. My press agent is a nut, and he's getting 'nuttier every day. The last time that guy was sober was the day the Minute Man charged up Bunker Hill in the Civil War. Kin I help it, huh?

My stenographer had the mumps in August, the measles in September, last week she had infantile paralysis, and last year she was married. Now she's got a baby. Kin I help it, huh?

I've got four teachers under me in my own studios. They're all good—good for nothing. One is deaf. He never hears me bawl him out, but when I offered him a five dollar bill last month, by golly, he heard me—and I was out some more cash. The other three teachers are fine specimens for a repair shop. One is blind, the other is dumb, and the third lost both his hands in a railroad accident. He tried to grab a pile of silver in a ticket office on the Grand Central and the ticket man chopped off both his mitts. Kin I help it, huh?

Beneath my studios is a Chinese laundry. When the pupils come here for practice and hear the confounded Chinese downstairs singing in lingo, they get puzzled and try to play Chinese music on the pianos. As a result, everybody connected with this office speaks Chinese, and the other day a Swede came up here and asked me if this was a Chinese School. Kin I help it, huh?

My theatrical coach beat it off and went on the stage to join a stock company. He intended to play the part of a lunatic in a playlet entitled "Is This You, Or Ain't It?"

The poor boob didn't know whether it was him or not, but he made a hit. He acted the part so naturally that now he's in the State Asylum for the Mental Incurables. And if some of my office staff don't wake up pretty soon, I'll join him. I swear, there ain't a man in New York with such a lot of dough-heads under his command as I have. Then you want to know where the trouble is. Kin I help it, huh?

Money? Money? If fish was sellin' for ten cents a pound, I couldn't buy a drop o' water. I'm supposed to be manager of this dump—excuse me, I mean institution—but everybody in the place is boss except me! Kin I help it, huh?

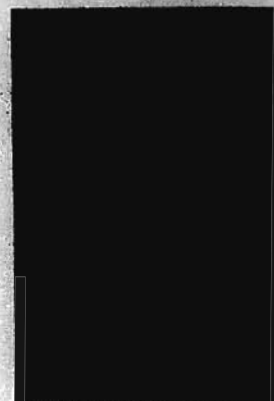
A few nights ago my press agent tramps in here, with the studios full of pupils, leading a big, blaring brass band. When I walks out and asks him what's the matter, he says "Today's my birthday."

"But you told me your birthday was last Thursday," I said.

"That's all right," he replies, "I have a birthday every week."

Now my expenses are doubled. I met a swell Jane a few months ago, and my liking for her developed into love. I ain't a "fall-guy," get me, but I fell this time? Yes, we were hooked up. Man, she's a dream. I can't describe her hair, eyes, lips, teeth. SOME stunner. What else could a guy do but marry her? Kin I help it, huh?

The other day a Rube from Vermont walks in here and asks me for two thousand of my circulars. When I wanted to know what he intended to do with them, he tells me he has a nanny goat up on his farm that eats paper by the wholesale. He said that he ran short of paper, and thought that my circulars would make good feed for his goat. Kin I help it, huh?



ERNEST BRIGGS.

#### "THE CAPITAL CORNER"

By Fritz Christian, The High Cost of Ragtime.

Well, we got back from the vaudeville tour. The chief was getting worried about Washington, D. C., but what's the use of living in a trunk when you can live in a studio surrounded by money at the rate of a yard and a half per hour.

My very first lesson this season decided this article to be called "The high cost of Ragtime." The young lady, after her lesson, said: "Oh, professor, I hope you have not raised the price for lessons because everything else has been raised and is still going up."

I assured her that there was no raise, but she is right, one can hardly buy a thing without hearing: "Oh, the price has gone upon that."

The climax was reached with me when the landlord stated that my rent would be raised at the renewal of my lease, and to counteract this event, I started raising so much—O, well, I got it at the same figure.

Things are starting off a little quiet, but I am not a bit worried. I know though that the high cost of everything has something to do with it.

We must not forget to compliment the editor on his last issue of the Ragtime Review. The cover looks and feels good to the hand, and right off the reel we see the chief at the box with both feet. We note that the left foot is bracing the stool and floor, this is to keep the whole vigorous performance from bouncing all over the place.

By next month we will have gathered some interesting little musical musings from here and there and I'll see all again then.

The Electric Theatre at Springfield, Mo. has just been opened and is playing Pan-tages vaudeville. The orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Will Peet.

# MOVIE MONOLOGUES

By TREVE COLLINS, JR.

The other night, George, while I was sitting in one of our local movie dispensaries, wondering if the little blonde who coaxes

**THREE FINGERED SONATAS**

from the decrepit piano was ever going to learn some new songs, a woman of huge proportions and a couple of

**EXTRA CHINS**

rumbled down the main aisle accompanied by a slat-like individual wearing a

**VIOLET BLUE SUIT**

and a weary look. They picked seats right in front of me and when they got settled the woman started to tell the man

**A FEW CHOICE THINGS**

about the movies. And being a shy, retiring sort of person, and not wishing to have the

**POPULACE AT LARGE**

hear what she had to say, she spoke softly. Very softly, George. In fact, a deaf old man in the rear of the house had

**CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY**

in hearing more than eight-ninths of her remarks, without the aid of his ear-trumpet. The rest of us received the full benefit of her

**FLUTE-LIKE**

tones and the information they conveyed. Among other things, she told her lean escort that Henry Walthall was married to

**A SPANISH DANCER**

whom he had rescued from a shark or something down in Brazil. I forget

**JUST WHERE**

it was. And she also announced that Blanche Sweet was more than 19 years old. Much. To be exact, she positively knew that Blanche had celebrated her

32nd

birthday last Christmas. Or New Years.

Or Fourth of July. Or somewhere along there.

**AND FURTHER THAN THAT**  
she had it, on very, very, VERY good authority that a poor country lad had committed suicide by

**DRINKING INK**

or something, because the fair Blanche had heartlessly refused to give him

**FIFTEEN OR TWENTY**

autographed photos of herself. And then she told the assemblage that Mary Pickford didn't get half the salary most people thought.

**"GOOD HEAVINGS, NO!"**

(Yes, compositor, she said "Heavings".) And she proceeded to tell us all without further ado

**JUST HOW MUCH**

Mary did get. And how she spent it. And we couldn't doubt her. For it developed that

**SHE NEW A MAN**

whose father was acquainted with a middle-aged woman, whose eldest grandson used to

**PAL AROUND**

with a brick layer who had once seen little Mary on the street. And then she gave us a few

**FACTS AND FIGURES**

that had to do with Francis X. Bushman, Charlie Chaplin, Edna Mayo, Violet Mercereau and other

**STELLAR LIGHTS**

of filmdom. But I can't repeat the things she told us. I haven't room. Besides

**THEY'RE SECRETS.**

Honest. She told the lad who was with her that they were. And in a hoarse whisper that couldn't possibly be heard more than

**A FEW BLOCKS**

she warned him never to breathe them to a living soul. And finally, when we were getting sort of restless and all

**BALLED UP**

through trying to watch the pictures and listen to her at the same time, she stopped. Presumably

**FOR BREATH**

And then, in the momentary quiet we heard a familiar sound, George, Somebody

**WAS SNORING**

melodiously. With tremolo trimmings. The lad in the violent blue suit gone to sleep. And the self-appointed and weighty information bureau bit her lip and

**LOOKED PAINED**

And woke the lad up. And took him out. And there was peace. Sweet, unadulterated peace!

**AND SILENCE**

Silence is a wonderful thing

**AIN'T IT, GEORGE?**

**IN THIS MONTH'S HALL OF FAME:**

**NORMA TALMADGE**

**JUNE CAPRICE.**

Every once in a while, George, the film companies break out in a money spending rash and offer all sorts of kale and other things for acceptable scenarios, notwithstanding the fact that most of them employ a flock of staff plot-evolvers at so many dollars per "evolve." And now the Consolidated Film Corp. of 1482 Broadway, N. Y., is getting ready to smear the surrounding landscape with free six cylinder touring cars. If you have a wild desire to possess an auto, George, all you've got to do is turn in a good idea for a five reel picture based on the characters, mysteries and situations of **THE CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY.**

I meant to tell you last night, George, that little Bobby Connelly, who's going to be in Vita's Barney Bernard feature, "A Prince In A Pawnshop" is the subject of a novel entitled "Sonny Jim." That's the part he played in a number of Vita films, if you remember. The illustrations are taken from the films, and all in all it's a good piece of work. Did you know Anita Stewart is back again at the studio after having been away for eight weeks with typhoid fever? They had a regular re-union out there the other day. She kissed all the girls, shook hands with all



ELLWOOD AND COLEMAN.

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the fellows and—we were hoping she'd get balled up and reverse the order of things, but there was nothing doing. As I bang out these lines she's resuming work in Bob Chamber's story "The Girl Philippa."

By the way, George, while you were on your vacation, Lillian Walker was badly hurt in an auto accident out on Jericho Turnpike, Long Island. Her chauffeur swerved out to keep from being run over by a rapid Ford, and his car turned turtle, pinning "Dimples" under it. She's feeling a whole lot better now, though the directors tell me it'll be quite a little time before she can finish the picture she's been working in.

Some nut, George, with a poetic bee flapping around in his bonnet, has commenced sending me verses. I've read a lot of 'em; a whole lot more I've heaved into the waste basket, but they're coming in quicker than I can get them out of the way:

I'd like to be an actorine  
Appearing on the screen  
I'd like to trip across the frame,  
Yes! Be a movie queen!

And that from a guy with a full beard and a build like the Village blacksmith!

If there's anybody in the audience who thinks they can do much worse than that, let 'em stand up now and speak or forever hold their peace.

I've perused every Chaplin feature to date, George, with the exception of the Pawnbroker, which will be released after this department goes to press, and I'm still of the opinion that SHANGHAIED is his best effort of late years.

A few months ago I bumped into the information that the Triangle Film Corp. is producing a five reel Fine Arts Feature under the direction of Paul Powell, and starring Wilfred Lucas and Constance Talmadge. And the name of the thing is

### BUGS.

Sounds like a sure enough "nut" comedy, doesn't it, George?

Something unbelievable has happened. Something that I didn't think could possibly come to pass. Listen: For four weeks I haven't received a single notice from any one of the 1,358,943,983 movie press agents to the effect that the body of a poor soldier boy was found in a European trench with the picture of some movie actress clutched tightly to his heart.

By the way, Chester Conklin wants a new pair of shoes, size 14. Those he has been wearing ever since he joined the Keystones are about to lay down and leave him flat. He originally got 'em from a Los Angeles cop, but the cop died, or got lost, or retired or something and Chet can't seem to be able to locate another pair. Maybe some of your delicate friends can help him out, George.

William S. Hart, of Triangle-Ince, has received another poem lauding his work. It is from a woman. And, if there is any actor in the movies who gets more female poetry, good and otherwise, than Bill Hart, I'd like to know his name. The latest effusion is a 35-line affair that speaks of "scorching hot winds," "red-devils and burning brands," "flocks of sheep," "Aryan hordes with pagan rites," "frozen lands," and the "Gates of Hell." Which is considerable territory to cover in thirty-five lines, if you ask me.

The Selig Sage, George, a mysterious individual who hangs out in the Press department of the Selig Co. and sees that nothing happens out there that I don't hear about, told me that the word "Cinema" should be "canned." Think it over. Incidentally, Camille Astor, who is the French maid to Helen Ware in "The Garden of Allah," wants to shine as a real "villainous

vampire." "No wishy-washy, weepy heroine for mine," she told us. Some ambition! But as far as our own personal feelings go—there are plenty of vampires now in the game.

Cecil Holland, of Selig, is one of the few actors who can supply his own audience. Fourteen members of his family foregathered in an English theatre recently to witness a photoplay in which their son-brother-cousin was appearing. And from all reports it was SOME gathering.

In a recent Paramount picture they needed a wolf. Fannie Ward didn't want anything real wild, so they got a tame one. The wolf was required to snarl and act otherwise wolf-like, so they hitched a string to his tail and yanked it at the "psychological moment." The results were all that could be expected.

Marie Doro and her company, with director, Jimmie Young, are taking "water-stuff" for her next Lasky-Paramount release. One of the little things they have to have is a storm, so they're sitting around waiting for one. And they continue to tell us that movie work is ALL hard labor.

We floated around through the eastern studios of the Fox Film Corporation the other day, George, and found little June Caprice at work in "The Ragged Princess," her third photoplay, which will be released Oct. 16th. There's a girl who is going to become one of filmdom's biggest stars if she gets some scenarios that'll give her a chance to do some real, sustained acting. Incidentally, I'm glad to announce in passing that they've graduated her from "rag" parts now, and are going to let her wear some regular clothes.

Alan Hale, late of Biograph, who's been in movies for some six years, has just signed with Fox. So has Olga Gray, Fine-Arts lead, and Leo Delaney, formerly of Vitagraph. They're both being cast with Joan Sawyer and Stuart Holmes. Holmes will be a villainous gypsy in the new production. Looks as if Fox scenario writers hit up nights thinking up new kinds of villains to make out of Holmes. Why not try him as a fiendish coal heaver?

We told Joan Sawyer, the danseuse, now with Fox, that we wanted a joke for this department, and asked her if she could think one up while we waited. She could. She did. This is it: What is the difference between a male toe dancer and a female toe dancer? Answer: The latter dances on her own toes.—The rest is left for your imagination, George.

In one of those wild, would-be barber shops that infest the Fort Lee landscape, Walter Law was getting a hair cut. After twenty minutes of swift verbal exercise by the hair-damaging expert, and little if no action on the hair, the barber said "Your hair is getting very grey, sir." "I'm not surprised," said Law, "hurry up."

The Balboa Press Agent tells me Ruth Lackaye has a heart as tender as new asparagus. He must think this stuff is go-

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ing in the Farmers' Almanac or the Spinach Growers' Gazette or something.

There is a new face in the Beauty Squad at Balboa, George. Never mind how I know. Her name is Loretta, and she hails from Holland, Dordrecht, to be exact. Loretta's other name is Beecher. They expect great things of Loretta. Here's hoping nobody will be disappointed:

Just for the sake of starting an argument of some kind, we asked Sherwood McDonald, the Balboa director, what thrills the movies had overlooked, and here's what he told us: Removal of Washington monument in one piece by aeroplanes to New York. Worm swallowing the early bird. Man biting a mad dog. U. S. Army capturing Villa. Waiter refusing a tip. Bashful movie star. Chicken eating a friend man. There are others, George, but our space is getting limited.

Lillian West says she's a great discoverer and wants us to see that she gets a niche in the hall of fame alongside of Columbus, Balboa, Mrs. Winslow and Doc Cook. She claims she discovered that ferns grow more luxuriantly for undertakers than for anybody else.

Jewel Carmen, the pretty little Western Triangle leading lady, was here for her first visit a short time ago, George, and she's crazy about the East. Promoted rapidly from small parts she's playing leads opposite Douglas Fairbanks. The last time we saw her was in one of those big, white-tiled lunch rooms on upper Broadway. She was eating ice cream and cantaloupe, and told us seriously she had to hurry home because she had a lot of mending to do. Do you get that, George—MENDING—paste it in your hat and remember it the next time you tell me that all movie stars are a lot of flighty society damsels.

Those of you who saw Ernest Maupain (Essanay) in his great portrayal of Prof. Moriarty in "Sherlock Holmes," will be glad to know he has another part which gives him like opportunities in "The Breakers." He is the Italian counterfeiter, being the heavy lead in the picture. Bryant Washburn and Nell Craig are the straight leads.

To tell any Essanay actor or actress to "jump in the lake" is to invite sudden death these days. That's all they've been doing. For "The Chaperon," Edna Mayo, Eugene O'Brien and Sydney Ainsworth had to jump into the lake, and up in the cold Sturgeon Bay country, too, at that. For "The Beach-comber," Harry Dunkinson had to fall into Lake Michigan. O dozen others of his company had to follow suit. "In Marooned," Edward Arnold and Alice McChesney, went overboard from Mayor Thompson's yacht, as did several others of that company. It is a fat job, George, this "water-stuff"—for the camera man.

Grace Valentine, who is co-starred with Lionel Barrymore in "The Brand of Cowardice," forthcoming Metro feature, told

Billie Burke the other day she was coming up to her country home, north of Yonkers, for a call and would bring a "few" friends along. She did. The "few" friends numbered more than twenty. Help.

And in closing, George, we want to say that if there are any real pretty girls among our readers WHO DO NOT WISH TO BECOME MOVIE STARS and who DO NOT THINK THEY HAVE THEDA BARA, MARY PICKFORD, ANITA STEWART, BLANCHE SWEET and the rest of the bunch backed off the boards when it comes to acting:

#### WE WANT THEIR PICTURES FOR THIS DEPARTMENT.

For the past month or so a rumor has been floating around theatrical and literary circles to the effect that Miss Theda Bara, the motion-picture actress of vampire fame, is engaged to marry Peter F. Meyer, the well-known writer, whose stories and articles are being featured regularly in this publication and a dozen magazines of national circulation. When a representative of The RAGTIME REVIEW called upon the author of "My Dream Girl" a short time ago to gather the facts of the matter, Mr. Meyer emphatically denied that Miss Bara and he were betrothed. Furthermore, he refused to discuss the subject with the caller."

#### THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE OF GEORGE AND JIMMY AT SCHULTE'S STUDIO.

##### Jimmy Finishes His First Book.

Say, kid, c'mon and surround a ice-cream soda with me, I want to celebrate! Naw! 'Taint my birthday, and I ain't engaged. You couldn't guess in a million years.

I finished my first book today, What? Oh, my Christensen system book, and George says I finished it in record time. Of course, I play other stuff too, but it's that book that gives ya the dope.

I tell ya it's getting more interestin' every day, and I can't dope it out, why a lotta other people don't take a whack at it.

Here I been takin' just two months, and when I started, I didn't know a note from a hole in the ground, and today I played "Willie is a crazy cuss, but he gets there just the same" in ragtime, Goin' SOME, ain't it?

And besides learnin' to play, I get a lot of other good at the Studio. I'm learning a pile up there besides the music, and I meet a fine bunch of people, who treat me white.

Take George, now. There's a guy that can travel in any kind of company he wants, and yet he treats me like I was his own brother. He takes a pile of in'trest in what I do, and tries to shove me along with the best of them.

And him bein' a educated musician and me only a bellhop.

But dat's aside from de real idea—have another soda kid, go as far as ya want—the real idea is this: dis Christensen dope with George teachin' it, is the real stuff, Y' can see how it's made me play the box in only two months. 'Course, I ain't nuttin' beside George, but ya must remember dat he has studied dis stuff for years, and me studyin' just two months.

An' it's gettin' easier each lesson. Y' see, I'm beginning to understand the stuff, and so it's that much easier for me to bite onto somepin' new. I gets lotsa fun from sittin' down to a piano up to the De Roach, when the Boss ain't around, and raggin' my exercises. An' I've got a lot more comin'.

Come up into the room some night, and I'll tickle the ivories for you. Make it next Monday night, 'cause the boss is away that night.

C'n you stand anudder soda? Aw? C'mon, three won't hurt, an' it's on me. Are you on? GOOD! Say, Chauncey, two more wide open Sundaes, please.

(Next month we will tell about Jimmy attempting a little solo work.)

#### "RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY."

By J. Forrest Thompson.

If a beautiful girl would desire to linger after her lesson would Edward Jay Mel linger too?

I asked Rastus—a good natured darkey and devout lover of ragtime if he knew of Axel Christensen?

He said: "I sho' does—He's de Ceaser of Ragtime, ain't he?"

I says Rastus, you mean the Czar Of Ragtime.

Rastus says: If it's Zar, what's he want to put a "C" in front of it for?

Musicians are fellers, what's got more sense than cents. How many of you folks agree with me?

Josh Higgins has been usin' Herpicide on his fiddle bow—He low'd if it would grow hair on Lem Simpleton's ivory dome it would grow hair on anything.

If I could trade an "S" for an "N" FORREST would be FOR RENT.

Why is a boy eating the heart of a watermelon like a pianist who hasn't Dave Reichstein's Reinette Rag?

Answer—He has'n't the rine et.

Merlin L. Dappert, music publishers of Taylorville, Ill., has just issued orchestrations for his two numbers: "I Can't Forget You Mary" and "My Little Evening Star." The orchestration for "I Can't Forget You Mary" is arranged with violin obligato on the G string. These songs have been listed in the "Song Hits" column of the Billboard.

# NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

## TEACHERS, HAVE YOU HEARD THIS BEFORE?

"Everywhere I go it seems to me that I am the only one that can't play. I saw your ad and just made up my mind to learn ragtime, etc., etc."

J. Forrest Thompson, who teaches Ragtime exclusively, wishes to announce that W. Lloyd Kenney is no longer associated with the Louisville School in the three Fall Cities—Louisville, Jeffersonville and New Albany.

Miss Bessie Kuepferle, a splendid ragtime pianist and one of Seattle's popular young ladies, is now assisting Bernard B. Brin with his ragtime teaching. Miss Kuepferle is a clever instructor and under Mr. Brin's guidance, she is sure to make a success in her new undertaking. She has the Review's best wishes for a big success.

Jacob J. Shilling and his Saxophone Orchestra, furnished the music for The Jockey's Ball, Monday evening, Sept. 18th, at the Galt House. The music was the Best of the Season.

Forrest Thompson, the Louisville manager, has a novel collection of hand made articles pertaining to music which have been presented to him by former pupils and friends during his four years teaching. The collection consists of hand worked pillows, pennants, burnt-wood tables, hand hammered brass articles and one recently presented is a hand-hammered copper musical stein, which has a Swiss music vox built in it—a picture of these articles will be sent in later.

A pupil of the Louisville School now living in New York has taken up her studies with the New York School.

Forrest Thompson has had the honor of teaching Ragtime to a lady pianist, Miss Grace La Rue, formerly of New York City, who has played on the program with Paderewski and Mischa Ellman—Going some, eh? Miss La Rue played nothing but classic at one time.

Jesse Parker, who has been teaching ragtime for the past two years in Portland at the Eilers Bldg., has been forced to seek larger space to accommodate his rapidly increasing class of pupils. His new location is rooms 412-13 Columbia Bldg., Portland, Ore.

I am trying a new way of advertising. I have told all by pupils that for the next two months, who ever gets me the most

new pupils, will receive three free lessons. And for every new one they give me, I will give them one free lesson. I think in that way it will encourage them to boost more and by giving them a free lesson for every one they bring, it is giving those that don't get the three free ones something for their work.

MRS. MARIE REAGER, Spokane, Wash.

M-E-L-L-I-N-G-E-R—All spelt in notes!

Nearly eight years ago when Mr. Christensen felt it coming on that he needed a St. Louis representative, he advertised in the INTERNATIONAL MUSICIAN, published in St. Louis by the American Federation of Musicians. Immediately were received numerous applications for the opening. Among them was one letter having embossed upon the top the Mellinger monogram or trade-mark, or what ever you call it mentioned above. After reading over all the applications Mr. C. decided that any man who could spell his name in the neat and artistic manner as above described ought to at least have a head worth hiring. Well, you all know the rest. Mr. Mellinger has three assistants who do nothing else other than teach for him all day long and three extra gentlemen teachers who only teach evenings and Saturday afternoons. If you ever go to St. Louis drop in and hear that boy now.

The secret of success, to my knowledge, is giving people exactly what they want. When I first started out in the popular music world six years ago, people did not think me more than an ordinary piano player, now I am teaching the same people (conservatory students and graduates), to play "real" music "Ragtime."

We are now living in a new age and classical music for the 20th century is a thing of the past.

Give the people what they want "Ragtime" is a good motto for all our fellow teachers. I will tell you of a little occurrence that only happened last week. My husband and myself were attending a theatre party and the act was a young man, a wonderful musician. He played three or four classical numbers, and after receiving a hearty applause, he asked the audience what they wished to hear. To my delight (although not in the least to my surprise) the entire house let out one cry "Ragtime." With all apologies to the "classical" professors and instructors, I think in the coming age classical music will be the proper thing at a funeral, and although it took years before we really had a real ragtime system, we have got it at last and I know it is going to stay.

MRS. JOHN DIETZ, Milwaukee.

R. F. Gunther, of Mt. Vernon, is running display ads in the local papers of his city and is also having two motion picture slides made up for advertising in the theatres. He also expects to arrange advertising space on the billboards.

A little tip on the teaching.

I find that where a pupil can already read music and is quite bright, it is a good idea to observe the following routine in starting him off. Give him pages six and seven and after he has played the chords in example "B," skip right over to page 19 while he has the movement fresh in his mind.

You would then show him how to play two chords and three chords in one movement, and, as a rule, before he leaves his first lesson he is able to go through the "Suwanee River" in the first movement, slowly, but correctly.

Then during the week, let him practice as much as he can of the intermediate matter beginning with page 7. I will be glad to hear from any of the teachers as to their opinion of adopting this policy or any arguments against it. Make it a point to write me as often as possible.

A. W. C.

Mrs. Minikus, of Omaha, is certainly going the limit on advertising. She recently advertised her Ragtime School in the Display columns of the Omaha papers, using space measuring three columns wide by 8 inches long. She reports a splendid business for the opening of the season.

Axel Christensen has just returned from a trip from the East where he visited the following Ragtime Colleges: Fritz Christiani, at Washington, D. C., Mrs. Leithman and Miss Simpers at Philadelphia, Robert Marine at New York and Jacob Schwartz at Buffalo. He reports a splendid outlook for this coming season for teachers of Ragtime.

Bernard Brin, the well-known Ragtime instructor of Seattle, recently landed as a pupil Frank Hunt, a famous football hero of the University of Washington.

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Price \$1.00, net

**RAGTIME INSTRUCTOR No. 2**—Shows how to play the melody of any piece with the left hand, while playing brilliant, snappy ragtime variations with the right hand.

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## Instruction Books for Vaudeville Piano Playing

Book 1—Lessons in Sight Reading.  
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 Book 3—Playing from Violin Parts, or Vaudeville "Leader Sheets."  
 Book 4—Playing from Bass Parts—Transposing—Modulating. Useful and necessary information for the vaudeville pianist.  
 Book 5—Every style of music required in theatrical work, with instructions as to how and when to play same—entrances, introductions, cue music, bucks, reels, jigs, clogs, etc. "Leader-sheets" only.

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Contains special piano music for Western Pictures, Lively Scenes, Mysterious, Burglar Scenes, Quarrels, Struggles, Hornpipe, Hunting Scenes, Boat Scenes, Moonlight, Nautical, Storm, Hurry, Pursuit and Capture, Battles, Death Scenes, Japanese, Chinese, Church, Court Scenes, Pageants, Rural, Indian, Spanish, Turkish, Comedy, Jewish, Grotesque, Comic, Love Scenes, Etc.

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- Irmene Rag*—"Class" to this number.
- In My Mercer Racing Car*—Automobile song with that real tango movement.
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**SO SEND THE COUPON NOW** and get folder and complete information.

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 Send me full information about your course in RAG-TIME—also tell me about the **FREE** Library of Popular Music. My name and address are carefully written in the margin.

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### LOUISVILLE NEWS.

Fontaine Ferry Park closed it's successful season Labor Day with a semi-professional carnival. Catherine Markert, sister of Charles V. Markert, late of Al. G. Field's Greater Minstrels, sung Forrest Thompson's "No More Rheumatism Rag" with success.

The Strand theatre, formerly the Masonic—W. ALLEN KINNEY, lessee and J. JOHNSON MUSSELMAN, manager, opened the season with Al. G. Field's Greater Minstrels. The house was taxed to capacity all three performances starting with Labor Day matinee.

Haden Read has been playing the pipe organ for pictures at the Mary Anderson theatre for over a year.

The Memphis school of Popular Music, having lived through the heated term, opened the fall session on Oct. 1st. Mrs. Nance, the manager, has had the studios in the Woman's Building remodeled and newly furnished. A big year is expected.

Mrs. Jane Hockaday, of 263 Adams Ave., who has completed the Ragtime course, has decided to take the Vaudeville course, also.

### "RAG" NOT "ROT."

That "rag" compositions are not "rot," but worth while addenda to the anthology of American music was the statement of Henry Kimball Hadley, composer and director of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra in Pittsburgh recently. He said: "America is essentially a dancing Nation. The people demand syncopation. But it is not a fault. Ragtime is not new and it is not really American. Practically all nations have it in some stage of development." He hinted that what is known as ragtime in music has had its parallel in dances of nations expressing exuberance. "Well played numbers are not to be sneered at," he says. "It will aid in the development of the worth while music in this country."

On September 1st, Mrs. Nance opened her branch studio at 1418 Snowden Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

(Continued from page 3.)

Sprossy has bought two horses that have string halt so they can Rag and last Sunday at Aunt Mandy Weavers funeral Jim Lawson played Lead Kindly Light in Rag, thar aint no tellin' whar it will stop, the Doctor says thar aint no antidote for Rag.

### Uncle Josh Stories and Songs

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Ticklah Reuben.  
Uncle Josh and Aunt Nancy Visit New York and Uncle Josh on Street Car.  
Uncle Josh and the Billiken.  
Uncle Josh and the Fire Department and Uncle Josh at Skating Rink.  
Uncle Josh and Lightning Rod Agent.  
Uncle Josh and the Photographer.  
Uncle Josh and the Sailor.  
Uncle Josh at a Camp Meeting and Uncle Josh Playing Golf.  
Uncle Josh at Skating Rink and Uncle Josh and the Fire Department.  
Uncle Josh at the Circus and Uncle Josh's Troubles in a Hotel.  
Uncle Josh at the Dentist's.  
Uncle Josh at the Opera and Uncle Josh in Society.  
Uncle Josh in a Chinese Laundry and Uncle Josh on a Bicycle.  
Uncle Josh in a Department Store and Uncle Josh 2nd Visit to the Metropolis.  
Uncle Josh in Society and Uncle Josh at the Opera.  
Uncle Josh Joins the Grangers and I'm Old, But Awfully Tough.  
Uncle Josh Keeps House.  
Uncle Josh on a Bicycle and Uncle Josh in a Chinese Laundry.  
Uncle Josh on a Fifth Avenue Bus and Uncle Josh Playing Baseball.  
Uncle Josh Playing Baseball and Uncle Josh on a Fifth Avenue Bus.  
Uncle Josh Playing Golf and Uncle Josh at a Camp Meeting.  
Uncle Josh's Arrival in New York City and Uncle Josh's Trip to Boston.  
Uncle Josh's Husk'n' Dance and Last Day of School at Pun'kin Centre.  
Uncle Josh's 2nd Visit to Metropolis and Uncle Josh in Department Store.  
Uncle Josh's Trip to Boston and Uncle Josh's Arrival in New York.  
Uncle Josh's Trip to Coney Island.  
Uncle Josh's Troubles in a Hotel and Uncle Josh at the Circus.  
Additional list of phonograph stories and songs: Uncle Josh and the Sailor, Uncle Josh Keeps House, Uncle Josh and the Lightning Rod Agent, Uncle Josh and the Insurance Co., Ground Hog Day at Pun'kin Centre, Moving Day at Pun'kin Centre, War Talk at Pun'kin Centre, Moving Pictures at Pun'kin Centre, Ticklah Reuben—Song, Uncle Josh and the Labor Union, A Meeting of the School Directors at Pun'kin Centre, Village Goosies at Pun'kin Centre, Jim Lawson's Horse, Jim Lawson's Horse Trade, Uncle Josh's Trip to Coney Island.  
Others in preparation.

### A Word to the Wise

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