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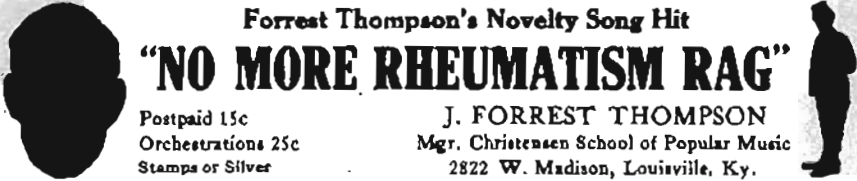
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## RAGTIME OUR STANDARD MUSIC

By AXEL CHRISTENSEN

Ragtime is now the accepted music of the general public. Various ragtime songs and pieces may be born in the fall and die an early death the following spring, but this is because we have so many ragtime productions to choose from. The public is every clamoring for new material and as the many ragtime rhythms and styles have opened countless new possibilities of tone combination there is no reason why the supply of ragtime should ever be exhaustible.

There are also the standard ragtime numbers that are just as popular today as when they were first published years ago—rags that are indeed classics in every sense of the word.

"The secret of success," old Mr. Barnum, the famous circus man, used to say, "is to give the people what they want."

Nearly all people, after they reach the age when they begin to form their own opinions and think for themselves, prefer ragtime and popular music above any other, but most music teachers, were slow to follow Mr. Barnum's advice in giving what was wanted.

At first it was impossible to take a regular course in playing popular music, because no such course existed. Although the demand for just such a course was tremendous, no steps were taken to provide for this demand, because the musical profession catered to the "classic few" and ignored the fact that the people, or most of them, wanted ragtime. Even now, many teachers of classical music make it their business to condemn ragtime and popular music every chance they get.

This, however, did not affect the situation in the least. You may as well try to drag a man by the hair to a grand opera performance, when he doesn't want to go, as to try and convince him that ragtime is distasteful when he knows, (and his own ears tell him so) that ragtime is bright, snappy and sparkling with pulsating melody.

The field for teaching ragtime and popular music is practically unlimited. Thousands of music teachers existing today make their living from teaching the "one-tenth"

who favor classical music, but the other nine-tenths of the public want ragtime.

Gradually the teaching of ragtime advanced from being an experiment to a flourishing and money making profession and it is safe to say that so far the immense field has barely been touched.

Thousands of openings are waiting for good teachers who will teach ragtime—not narrow-minded persons, hampered by old-time prejudices and worn out ethics, but real, live, wide-awake teachers, who realize that to keep abreast of these advancing times, one must keep abreast and not lay back, content to live and work in the achievements of the past.

We are all too busy making a living and trying to squeeze all the enjoyment we can out of life to spend very much time on anything that does not bring quick and adequate returns, either in the form of profit or pleasure. No one, who has to work for a living can afford to give up his hours of recreation to study music in the old way, step by step, unless he has a passionate love for scales and exercises. It takes too long.

Too many teachers allow their own dislike for ragtime (which, by the way, is an acquired dislike, because it isn't natural) to blind their own business principles. They won't teach ragtime and thereby lose lots of pupils who would patronize them if they would modify their views.

It isn't reasonable to expect a person who merely wants music for pleasure and relaxation, to continue very long at the dry, tiresome rudimentary work that is required as the foundation of an education in classical music.

You wouldn't think of building the same foundation for a pleasant little cottage, that would be necessary for a hotel or office building; neither do you have to go through the same amount of rudimentary work in order to play ragtime, that would be necessary for a thorough classical course in music.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak," said Congreve. While these words

doubtless had their origination long before the advent of our popular ragtime, it seems to the writer that they can be as justly applied to ragtime as to any other class of music. Of course, if the statement was applied to some of the ragtime music, which it occasionally is our ill fortune to endure, it might be well to add to the above words, when speaking of its "power," that it can wreck a freight train or lift a mortgage without any effort. It is, however, only the real, genuine ragtime—artistic syncopation—that is considered here.

One of the most common arguments used by certain individuals against ragtime is that it spoils a person's time in music, or, in other words, a person once having played ragtime is incapable of rendering other music in correct and proper time.

On the contrary, the thorough study of the principles and construction of real ragtime is the greatest aid to playing correct time in any class of music that one can find, for in ragtime, correct time is absolutely necessary.

In the theater a ragtime piece is always sure to awaken into life the sleepest kind of an audience, and the general appreciation is easily noticed by the universal drumming of fingers and moving of heads to time with the music.

To play good ragtime and popular music, it is not necessary to know everything that goes to make up a thorough musical education. If your musical ambition does not go beyond personal enjoyment and the entertainment of your friends and the folks at home the greater part of the usual course of teaching can be omitted and good results obtained in a comparatively short time.

A complete musical education is undoubtedly a fine thing—to those who live to complete it—and is well appreciated in the sphere to which it belongs, but in a crowd of people, made up of all classes, it will be noticed that the pianist who can effectively play a good ragtime selection does not need to have a pedigree extending through the high-priced musical colleges or a lot of diplomas and medals.

People care more for what you can do than for what you know, and if you can play ragtime in a brilliant and captivating manner, you are going to be more popular than if you knew all about harmony, counterpoint, etc., but still couldn't play ragtime.

"Everybody's ragging it now." The world from center to circumference swings its shoulders in the air and syncopates its pedal extremities to the swiftly swaying, now slowly moving, inspiriting tempo of broken-measure melodies. All kinds of men, wherever fun-loving people exists, who have ever heard ragtime, have taken up the American idea and are discussing or practicing it to their heart's delight.

It has become a cosmic epidemic, a world-wide passion, a universal pastime.

### THE SIXTH ADVENTURE OF GEORGE AND JIMMY.

By G. F. Schulte.

#### JIMMY NEGLECTS TO PRACTICE AND GETS HIS.

Oh, ossifer, fan me with a brick! Naw, I ain't sick, only just naturally mussed up! Listen and I'll tell my tale of woe into your shell like ear. Y' remember me tellin' ya about that swell dame that I seen up to George's music museum? Well that's the explanash. She cert'nly looked good to yours sincerely, and so I pussy-footed it around until I gets hep to where her Dad's movie shop is, and then I hangs out there evry bloomin' eve. But never a glimpse of her do I get. Jest the same, I pikes out there every night, hopin' that she might blow in, but nuttin' stirrin', she don't patronize the old man, no-how.

'Course there's nuttin' real criminal about my chasin' the movies evry night, but y' see, I can't chase the pictures and practise at the same time, and so, when I ambles up to the studio for my lesson, I'm just about 100 per cent minus, and has to take the count.

George, he can't understand it, no-how, 'cause y' see, I generally has a pretty good lesson, and he begins to lecture me. He knows alright that I hain't been practisin', and he is a little huffed. He says he can't help me any if I won't do my part, and he don't like to take my coin, when I don't learn any-thing. But at the same time he can't give me his time for nuttin'.

He's way up in the air, tryin' to figger out why I should pass up the practice, and so I takes a brace and tells him the truth.

When I finished ya aughta seen his face, it was a whole show by it-self. First a funny, blank expression spread all over his map. Then it changed to a surprised look, as if he had reached for the potatoes at dinner time and picked up a gold nugget, and then he begins to grin. That grin got wider and wider, until it couldn't get any wider, then it began to thicken out, and in a minute turns into a real man-sized laugh, George just HOWLED, and slapped his

knee, with the tears runnin' down his mush, and he kept it up till he ran out of wind.

When he could say anything he just gurgled, "oh, mommer, you, You! Fallin' for a frail, who'd a thunk it!"

"Well," says I, "who's gotta better right?" Y' see I was pretty sore.

"Oh, don't get peeved," says George, "but I never knew that you looked twice at any girl." Of course you have the right, but take a little tip, don't let it interfere with your music. Music first—then girl, make that your motto."

Well that's wot's eatin' me. I gotta work twice as hard now to make up for last week, so you'll have to beat it while I snitch a few minutes practice on the pianer, in the bridal soot.

Ta Tal

(To be continued.)

Next month Jimmy attends a Recital and feels the surge of Ambition.



Successful Teachers of Ragtime.

#### RAGTIME MAKES 'EM WORK.

It is said that certain dynamiters who wrecked scores of buildings and bridges in their crusade against steel manufacturers, depended largely upon weird music for their "inspiration," playing Dvorak's "Humoresque" on a phonograph to get themselves in the right mood for blowing up some antiunionist's property. A strange music story indeed, though not the strangest. Poultrymen have used phonographs in

their chicken yards to make hens lay oftener, and they say the trick is a success. But the aforetold stories are neither the newest nor the most unusual. The best story of all is about a dry-cleaning establishment in Cincinnati that gives its employees music at frequent intervals to make them work faster. In this plant, there are 300 workers, and the concern has installed enough talking machines to entertain them all. The girls at the pressing boards swing their irons to popular march tunes or the newest ragtime. The manager of the plant says this idea originated in South America.

#### LIFE IN A RAGTIME STUDIO.

(The New Pupil.)

By Peter Frank Meyer.

Kind readers, words fail me. Sad indeed is the predicament of a writer when he finds his vocabulary exhausted.

It was some time after the noon hour in the studios of a well-known New York school of popular music, and I (press agent for the school), was just in the act of dictating a lengthy letter to my stenographer. The studios hummed and buzzed incessantly with sounds that plainly indicated that the entire office staff was sedulously employed.

The door opened slowly, and I turned from my desk. The entire office seemed to have been illumined by a radiant burst of sunshine. Then, slowly and diffidently, in strode the daintiest morsel of feminine loveliness my eyes had ever beheld.

I rose to my feet and stared at her, transfixed with speechless admiration. Again I repeat; words fail me. I cannot describe her accurately, though I shall be bold enough to make the attempt.

She was about medium height, slender and graceful. There was something about her that suggested the acme of congenital grace combined with the tenuity of a zephyr. She was a mass of summer finery—soft, fluffy things, pink and white, lace and ribbon—from her wide hat to her dainty ankles. Her face was oval in shape, and her complexion was a delicate blending of rose and cream. Her lips, were an adorable crimson, forming a deliciously tempting mouth, and when they parted in a smile, revealed two rows of perfect, creamy-white teeth.

There was something about her eyes, a times concealed by the long, curling lashes, that reminded one of a faraway ocean of the mildest blue—veritable seas of softness. Her nose, her chin, the snowy neck and throat—alas! they are beyond my powers of description. The magnificent, supple contours of her lithe body, were merely suggested, not revealed, by the folds and waves of the summer finery, and beneath the white, fluffy mass there peeped two dainty, shapely ankles, clad in silken hosiery. And to crown an inadequate description, I might add that long, soft, luxurious brown curls, in an irrepressible pro-



fusion of wealth, escaped the bonds of hair-pins, hat and combs, and adorably waved over her white forehead.

For a moment I stared at her, dumfounded with ecstasy, and then, even more bewitching in her shyness, she spoke.

"Is this the so-and-so school of popular music?" she asked, and her voice was as soft and soothing as a bubbling brook.

Before I could reply, Sal Laurie, secretary of the schools, emerged from one of the studios. Upon seeing her he halted abruptly, his eyes literally drinking in the ravishing beauty. Even he was stunned speechless, but presently he found his voice.

"Y-yes, miss," he said. "I - er - I presume that, er, that you, er, are desirous of er, of taking up our course?"

"I shall teach the young lady," came from a voice at the door, and there stood Doctor D'Onofrio, whose dental offices adjoined the music studios.

Sal and I glared at him angrily, but Doc ignored us and approached the beautiful creature, who stood looking at each of us in surprise. She was lovely in her embarrassment.

Sal stepped forward and rudely pushed Doc away. "You've got an awful crust," he said. "What do you know about piano teaching? You're a dentist. Every man to his own trade."

But Doc was not to be repressed so easily. He stepped around Sal and stood smiling before the young beauty.

"Excuse me," he murmured, bowing, "but wouldn't the young lady like to have her teeth examined?"

She dimpled prettily and gave him a shy glance.

"Oh, no, kind sir," she said. "My teeth are in excellent condition."

But Doc was adamant. "Perhaps the young lady would like to come in my office and sit down. The windows afford a splendid view of the street."

"Oh, no. Thank you, sir," she demurred.

"Won't you step into this studio?" asked Sal, looking at her pleadingly.

I advanced and tapped her on the shoulder. "Pardon me, miss," I said, "but may I have the pleasure of teaching you the correct method of ragtime piano-playing?"

Sal Laurie whirled and faced me angrily. At the same time Bob Marine, our general manager, walked in. On perceiving the dainty creature he stood still, then advanced, then halted.

"Ah, good morning, miss," he greeted her, forgetting that it was noon in his admiration. "What seems to be the trouble?"

We all began to talk at once. Bob listened, then motioned for silence.

"I've got a good mine to throw you guys out," he cried angrily. "Doc, you're a dentist. Beat it into your own office Sal, you're a helluva secretary—get back to your desk. Meyer, you're a bum—a bum press agent. Whoever heard of a press agent and publicity man trying to

hoodwink a young lady into believing that he's a piano teacher? You fathead, you don't even know the difference between a piano and a wash-tub."

Just then our theatrical coach entered. He stopped upon seeing the beauty. When he had recovered his composure he advanced and stood before her, bowing reverently.

"Oh, lovely woman," he pleaded, "May I have the honor of teaching you how to play?"

In a burning rage Bob seized him by the collar and threw him out of the office.

"Can you beat that for crust?" he demanded wrathfully. "That guy don't even know the scales."

The beautiful thing turned and faced us. "I presume," she murmured, in her soft, soothing voice, "that I was correct in my assumption that this was the so-and-so school."

"Yes," the four of us chanted.

"Well," she went on, "I thought I was mistaken. I wanted to explain, but you gentlemen wouldn't give me the opportunity. You see, I was directed, incorrectly, of course, to the New York Lunatic Asylum. I saw your sign outside, but something made me think that this was the Asylum."

The four of us stood gazing at her in open-mouth amazement. She smiled sweetly, then continued:

"I see now that this is not a lunatic asylum. Of course, you can't blame me for thinking that it was, for there are enough lunatics around here. I must leave, now. I bid you all a good day."

With a demure smile and a coy slant of her head, she tripped gracefully out of the studios, while Sal, Doc, Bob and myself threw up our hands and flopped to the floor in a dead faint.

(Note—Another instalment of "Life In A Ragtime Studio" will appear in next month's issue.—Editor.)

### WHAT HAS "RAGTIME" TO DO WITH "AMERICAN MUSIC?"

BY HARRY DAVIDSON.

When Henry F. Gilbert's vigorous and poetic "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" was performed in New York recently, certain reviewers felt it their duty to warn the immediate public that they must not accept this music as true "national expression." One even lamented bitterly the false impression of the American character, which, he felt, such music, if heard on the other side, would be apt to make on the supercilious European.

Mr. Gilbert is now well known on account of the originality and imagination of music based chiefly on folk tunes of the American soil. Perhaps the public has to a certain extent a wrong impression of his talent, for he has composed other music as far apart from his "ragtime" compositions as the Poles, and a score just completed, a prelude to Sygne's "Riders of the Sea," for full modern orchestra,

must be mentioned as one of the most interesting which have fallen under the writer's eyes in many months. But we are now concerned with the artistic significance of Mr. Gilbert's resourceful employment of negro themes in those of his compositions which have so far found their way to the public.

The conclusion that negro music is not American music because it is of negro origin is not necessarily a sound one. The characteristic rhythm of negro music, in the first place, has been eagerly adapted by this public as a medium of popular musical expression, and in that light has found favor for about 25 years in America.

Musical history offers many examples of the tonal art of one people superimposed upon that of another, as the music of the Moors became the music of Spain, in the natural course of events. When a musical manner, however exotic it may seem at first, is wholeheartedly adopted by a people, even for the comparatively short space of time as that in which "ragtime" has flourished here, it is something more than a dictate of passing fancy. It is nearer the heart of the people than that. And it may be said that for most of us who listen with unprejudiced ears Mr. Gilbert has not only conducted some entertainingly successful experiments with "ragtime" rhythms, he has caught the note of nervousness of the race and, using a prevalent idiom, has expressed happily and artistically various phases of American atmosphere and American character.

### HERE'S A "REGULAR."

Syncopating sinners to salvation in ragtime is the duty of J. Harold Rhodes, accompanist with the Ely J. Forsythe evangelistic party, is what we hear from Detroit.

The little pianist plays hymns and funeral marches in syncopation just as easily as he does "When—Old Bill Bailey, Plays His—Ukelele," and his audiences enjoy it.

He plays accompaniments on his grand piano with a wealth of delicate filigree work in the way of variations.

When he plunges into a rhythmic hymn, he swings his shoulders like a cabaret dancer. Many a staid old deacon has caught himself swaying to "Rhody's" enticing music, only to straighten up severely, ashamed of himself.

"I believe in ragtining 'em to heaven," says Rhodes. "What's the use of entering the pearly gates goose-stepping it to a funeral dirge? Religion is a joyful experience. I'd rather see sinners turkey trot down the sawdust trail to salvation than walk primly into hell."

"Syncopation puts life into music that plays upon the emotions of the masses. It is far more effective than ordinary hymn music. I like ragtime, and if I can save souls with it, praise God."

The Will Carroll Company has moved to 122 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn.

RAGTIME MUSIC AGAIN.

Considerable fuss has been kicked up in musical circles lately because an eastern musical critic growing weary of the tedium which attends the reviewing of New York's new melanges, was so bold as to say that the tendency of "ragtime" in the United States to become permanent is a serious menace to the nation, says the Salina (Kas.) Journal.

There's as much sense to that as to the assertion that the strains of Tannhauser are to blame for the present European war. Another critic on an idle afternoon whanged that highly scientific explanation from his typewriter. Ragtime and Wagner are queer bedfellows, but they are necessary to the musical value of the country.

An argument against the continued rendition of "Casey Jones" and "Mobile Bay" or any other number that has the syncopation that will not let the foot rest, is that this class of music is negroid. The distinguished eastern writer holds this against the ragtime music. He has opened an old wound

because many of the music instructors in the United States will watch the way public sentiment is going and then swing on the band wagon.

Perhaps ragtime music that has none of the formality, daintiness and even ponderous reaches of first-class music is not so bad after all. At least it is appropriate to our form of living. When the pilgrims came their life, perhaps, was a largo. It held the even "minuetty" and perfectly sedate tenor and there was no cut-time such as disfigures the present music according to the critic.

Present day life is staccato from the music of the alarm clock in the morning until the motorman's "last car" at midnight. We find a few lives modeled on the languid, even and luxurious larghetto plan, yet our busy lunch counters, our quick calls, or rush for the street car and our difficulty in finding enough time to do our work do not indicate it. It is good for us that we have a music in keeping with our style of life.

At least it is music we can dance and sing

to. That is no small matter in the busy world where time is scarce and our pleasures of so short duration. If our spirited American music, be it negroid or worse, helps us to laugh more, sing more and enjoy life better, how can the criticism stand?

POINTERS ON TRANSPOSING.

The first step in learning to transpose a piece from one key to another will be to call the notes by numbers instead of by letters.

We will use the numbers from 1 to 7 to designate the seven tones of the scale, naming the notes as follows: In the scale of C major the note C will be called "1," D will be "2," E is 3, F is 4, G is 5, A is 6, B is 7 and C (octave above the first C) would be la, etc., above.

In the key of G, G is 1, A is 2, B is 3, etc. In the key of B flat, B flat is 1, C is 2, D is 3, etc. The tones below the principal octave in any key would be called 7b, 6b, 5b, etc.

Play the exercises in Example 104 first in

104

The musical score for Example 104 consists of ten staves of music. Each staff is accompanied by a line of numbers indicating the fingering for each note. The numbers are as follows:

- Staff 1: 1 3 2 1 3 5 4 3 3 6 7 1<sup>a</sup> 6 5 5 5 6 6 5 4 3 3 2 3 4 2 1 1
- Staff 2: 5 1 3 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 5 6 5 4 3 4 5 6 7 1
- Staff 3: 5<sub>b</sub> 6<sub>b</sub> 1 4 6 5 5 1<sup>a</sup> 7 6 5 6 7 7<sub>b</sub> 6 5 2 3 3 5<sub>b</sub> 6<sub>b</sub> 1 4 6 5 6 7 1<sup>a</sup>
- Staff 4: 1<sup>a</sup> 7 5 3 1 7<sub>b</sub> 4 7<sub>b</sub> 5 5<sub>b</sub> 5<sub>b</sub> 6<sub>b</sub> 1 4 6 5 1<sup>a</sup> 7 6 5 6 7<sub>b</sub> 6 5 2
- Staff 5: 3 5<sub>b</sub> 6<sub>b</sub> 1 3 6 5 1<sup>a</sup> 3<sup>a</sup> 1<sup>a</sup> 6 5 6 7 1<sup>a</sup> 3 5 3 2 1
- Staff 6: 1<sup>a</sup> 7 6 5 4 5 5 6 4 7 6 5 4 3 4 6 3
- Staff 7: 6 5 4 3 1 4 3 2 4 6 5 6 1<sup>a</sup> 1<sup>a</sup> 7 6 5
- Staff 8: 1<sup>a</sup> 7 6 5 4 5 5 6 4 7 6 5 4 3 4 6 3
- Staff 9: 3 2 3 6 7 6 6 2<sup>a</sup> 6 6 7 6 5 4 4 3 2 1



the key of C, according to the numbers given. Then transpose same exercise into all the keys that lie within a fourth higher and a fourth lower than C.

The pupil should during spare time practice recognizing the intervals by means of numbers and should practice on any available music.

To transpose readily at sight is a matter of long practice and routine. A thorough knowledge of most of the keys and the primary harmonies is essential and certainly no one not a good sight reader can hope to transpose. Various devices have been adopted by different teachers and musicians to systematize the practice of it, such as giving each step of the scale a number instead of its letter name, as given previously in this lesson. This is all right for melodies alone, but takes no cognizance of harmonies.

Therefore the sum and substance of the whole matter is to fix in the mind the key we are to transpose to.

Suppose a piece in the Key of "C" is placed before us. Our piano is "high pitch," let us say, and the piece is altogether too high in this key for the performer to sing. "Wish you would lower this a tone," he says. One tone lower than C is what? "B?" No. B is only a half tone lower and the correct note is B flat. He wants that piece played in the Key of B flat.

Strike the B flat tonic triad. Accustom your ear to B flat. Now proceed (Example 105). The first note is G—the dominant. You will play a tone lower, "F." That's easy enough. Now give a rapid glance at the next measure. It is unmistakably tonic as to harmony. The tonic note is strongly emphasized. The tonic of B flat is B flat. In the next measure the first note (transposed) is F. Is the next E sharp? No. What would that note—transposed—

have been had not the sharp been in front of the F? It would, of course, have been E flat.

But now that the note F has been raised (sharped), we must also raise the note we transpose it to, making it E natural.

A glance shows us instantly the character of measure three. It is sub-dominant. In measure six the C sharp becomes B natural. That's right. F sharp has been spaced in measure seven for your guidance.

We are entering a transition into what? The dominant key, of course. The F sharp tells you that. It is the altered tone that indicates at once the second dominant. It is the leading tone of G major.

What is the second dominant of B flat? It is E natural, the altered note that leads directly to the dominant F. F sharp becomes E natural, same as it did in measure 2. And we end on the dominant (F) in measure 10; and in measure 11 we restore the altered tone and go back to the original key. What harmony are you going to use for the climax note (E) in measure 18? The dominant minor, "E, G sharp," which when transposed would be "D, F sharp"—the rest is easy.

To transpose two or three or four tones lower you proceed in exactly the same manner.

In transposing two tones lower just read constantly one space below.

To transpose one, two, three or four tones higher, the same method is to be employed. Remember where to substitute natural for sharp and flat for natural, etc.

Exercise: For your lesson, transpose Example 105 into the Keys of B flat, G, D and F.

The United Music Co. have moved their studios to Florence and Elmwood Aves., Irvineton, N. J.

ABOUT VAUDEVILLE SALARIES.

Persons outside of the vaudeville profession and the many who are endeavoring to break into the vaudeville game wonder if the big salaries heard about are really paid to performers for "just a few minutes work a day." Mr. J. C. Matthews, a veteran show man and a reliable authority on vaudeville booking recently wrote an article about the money received in vaudeville, which we know will interest our readers and which we therefore reproduce here. Mr. Matthews writes as follows:

The successful vaudeville headliner draws a bigger salary than the president of the United States. The weekly earnings of the drawing cards of vaudeville surpass those of bank presidents and heads of big corporations. There are more than twenty-five feature acts in vaudeville commanding salaries of \$1,250 a week up. There are hundreds of acts getting from four to five hundred dollars a week. There is not a "single" playing good time vaudeville at a salary of less than \$100 a week.

With the high salaries of vaudeville why is it, you ask, that the stockholders in the big corporations are not vaudeville actors; that the rich people of today are not those who have worked in vaudeville for twenty-five weeks a season during a quarter of a century?

It is a sad tale!

'Tis high finance in a fierce form.

The fabulous wealth which should follow a career in first-class vaudeville seldom pans out. It is usually the case that a quarter of a century of success is followed by an old age of poverty. \$10,000 is a fortune in the show business. A competency, earned by one's own efforts, is the ideal happiness, according to H. A. Taine, and

(Continued on page 11)

# The Ragtime Review

Axel Christensen, Editor and Publisher

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## ABOUT "RAGTIME."

A short time ago the question of "Who originated ragtime?" was brought up again, this time by Ben Harney and McIntyre and Heath, both claiming a prior claim to honor of introducing "ragtime" to American vaudeville.

Some time recently Jim McIntyre stated in an interview he had done a buck dance accompanied by the clapping of hands to the tune of an old "Rabbit" song which he had learned from southern negroes and brought it into New York at Tony Pastor's theater in 1879.

According to an article in "Variety," Ben Harney, who claims to be the originator of ragtime, came to the fore immediately and offered \$100, besides bowing out of the profession if he can be shown a piece of ragtime music antedating the two songs he first used, "Mr. Johnson Turn Me Loose," and "You've Been a Good Old Wagon, But You've Done Broke Down."

Against that Jim McIntyre stated ragtime was never originated by white man and that it was originally taught to him in the South while he was working with Billy Carroll in a circus, and that an old negro was his teacher. He sang an old song taught to him in turn by his grandfather, who had come from Africa, and he sang the song in the form of a real African chant in syncopated time and through this medium Mr. McIntyre learned that ragtime originated in Africa, he says.

On this same subject Drury Underwood in the "Chicago Record Herald" states:

"The origin of ragtime is referred to periodically by musicians as something probably African, but beyond analysis. Wherein they are partly right and wholly wrong. Ragtime is African—no probably about it—and the analysis is simple, leading facts considered."

"Real ragtime on the piano, played in

such a manner that it cannot be put in notes, is the contribution of the graduated negro banjo player who cannot read music.

"On the banjo there is a short-string which is not fretted and which, consequently, is played open with the thumb. It is frequently referred to as 'the thumb string.' The colored performer, strumming in his own cajoling way, likes to throw in a note at random and his thumb ranges over for this effect. When he takes up the piano the desire for the same effect dominates him, being almost second nature, and he reaches for the open banjo string note with his little finger.

"Meanwhile he is keeping mechanically perfect time with his left hand. The burden with the right hand little finger throws the tune off its stride, resulting in syncopation. He is playing two different times at once.

"This explanation, unsupported, is logical. Moreover, it was given to the writer by Ben Harney, who was the first to play negro ragtime on the piano before polite audiences. Harney was frankly an expositor of negro themes and acquired them from that part of the country whence came May Irwin's song about 'The New Bully.' He introduced 'Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose,' along with his ragtime and a perfect illustration of flat-footed buck dancing through the meadows of a negro named Strap Hill.

All of this can be traced to the New Orleans levee, where it originated, doubtless. It spread up the river and 'The New Bully' was acquired by Miss Irwin in St. Louis. Still, the man with the memory will recall the first line of the refrain which ran:

"'When I walk dat levee roun', roun', roun'."

"The sentiments of several like songs showed the life on the docks and in the neighboring saloon-dance halls.

"The real buck dance, rarely seen now, is a matter of anatomy apart from flat feet. As a development of footwork, white men with arched feet imitate it and, curiously enough, the negro dancer who dresses like a cake walker, copies the white man in doing it as smartly as he can. In that event the buck dance is a showing agility with a touch of something nearly acrobatic. Johnny Ford used to add what is called "nerve dancing," which is a cultivation of the main leg muscle controlling the foot. His repetition of a tap into a series was like an immature roll on the drum.

"But in the original buck dance, like the 'essence' dance, the body played a considerable part with the grotesque movements of loose joints. These, as well as flat feet, are peculiar heritages of the negro. The conspicuous white man who can do a negro buck dance is Fred Stone, a marvelously built athlete who can loosen his joints at will and did so invincibly as the Scarecrow in 'The Wizard of Oz.'

"The tango, of recent favor, is a dance of the body with elementary footwork—that is, as first contrived. As diluted for proper

presentation it became rather an amateurish exhibition, because its participants, if they had genuine tango anatomies, were restrained by their own and the public's notion of conventionality.

"Now that the tango has departed, it may be said that while it is credited to the Argentine Republic, a variation of it, closely edited for northern adoption, was known as 'the loving two-step' on the New Orleans levee, which is thus shown to have figured largely in inspiring popular forms of our entertainment."

## HORSE HAS RAGTIME HABIT.

A horse with an ear for music and a preference for ragtime, when he heard the notes of a popular song from a phonograph in a Cleveland store fox trotted right across the sidewalk, dragging a Wells-Fargo express wagon after him.

The wagon became wedged in the door, and the animal unmindful of the screams of women and shouts of clerks, set his ears forward and listened to the song, allowing himself to be led away by the driver, only when the phonograph had been shut off.

## OUR BILL FOR MUSIC.

Americans pay for music, in one way or another, \$225,000,000 a year, according to the findings of the National Music Association. This seems like a large sum till it is pitted against the war bill. Each of the quartet of principal belligerents is disposing of a sum as large as that within about a week for the things that would crowd music and all idealistic pursuits off the embattled stage of the world. There is no sign yet that too much is spent on art that is the antithesis of blood and hate. We must have the warships and we must secure our borders against "malice domestic, foreign levy," but the soul cannot live by saltpeter and nitroglycerin alone. The musicians—and those engaged in the cognate artistic callings—were never so valuable in the life of a nation as they are today. One of the great sources of relief to nervous, overstrain and mental tenseness is in such music as that of the orchestra or the body of singers or the individual performer filled with the sense of a healing mission to perform for tired bodies and worn, exasperated souls.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## TEACHERS' AND PUPILS' CORNER.

Mr. G. F. Schulte has opened a new ragtime studio at 411 Majestic Bldg., Lorain, Ohio.

Perhaps the reason why English speaking musical students are opposed to Germany is because the Germans use the word "zweindreissigstclapause" to describe the thirty-second part of a note. They fear that a word describing a full note might be too long to spell easily.



# PIANOPHIEND

(A MUSICAL ECCENTRICITY)

REUBEN J. HASKIN

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a *mf* dynamic marking. The upper staff features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the piece. It features a *f* dynamic marking in the lower staff. A *molto cresc.* instruction is placed between the staves, indicating a gradual increase in volume. The upper staff continues with eighth-note patterns, and the lower staff has a more active bass line.

The third system shows a dynamic shift. The upper staff starts with a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic, while the lower staff begins with a *sf* (sforzando) dynamic. The music then transitions to a *p* (piano) dynamic in the lower staff, and finally to a *mf* dynamic in the upper staff. A first ending bracket with a repeat sign is visible at the beginning of the system.

The fourth system features a *f* dynamic marking in the upper staff and a *molto* instruction in the lower staff. The upper staff continues with eighth-note chords, and the lower staff has a steady accompaniment.

The fifth system concludes the piece. It features a *cresc.* instruction in the lower staff and a *ff* dynamic marking in the upper staff. The music ends with a *sf* dynamic marking in the lower staff. A first ending bracket with a repeat sign is also present at the start of this system.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a triplet and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, with a dynamic marking of *pp* appearing in the second measure.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff provides accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a triplet and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, including a first and second ending. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff provides accompaniment. The system concludes with two endings, labeled '1' and '2', which lead to different subsequent sections.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with a triplet and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bass staff provides accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with various notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation, including a dynamic marking *sf* and the word *Fine*.

TRIO

Third system of musical notation, marked **TRIO**, with dynamic markings *p*, *ten.*, *sf*, and *p sempre*.

Fourth system of musical notation, including the instruction *grva ad lib.* and dynamic markings *p*.

Fifth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with various notes and rests.

Sixth system of musical notation, ending with a dynamic marking *sf* and the instruction *D.C. al Fine*.

Allo Furioso

gva gva gva

*f* *f* *ff*

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The piano part features a series of chords with a tremolo effect, while the bass part plays a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allo Furioso'.

gva gva Trem.

*fz* *fz* *molto cresc.*

The second system continues the piece, with the piano part showing a tremolo and the bass part playing a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allo Furioso'.

This system contains the fourth and fifth measures of the piece. The piano part features a series of chords with a tremolo effect, while the bass part plays a rhythmic accompaniment.

This system contains the sixth and seventh measures of the piece. The piano part features a series of chords with a tremolo effect, while the bass part plays a rhythmic accompaniment.

This system contains the eighth and ninth measures of the piece. The piano part features a series of chords with a tremolo effect, while the bass part plays a rhythmic accompaniment.



(Continued from page 5)  
only comparatively few vaudeville players attain this.

It is almost inconceivable that the American public would contribute to vaudeville theaters with a liberality which makes vaudeville salaries possible. The salaries of the big headliners of vaudeville may well startle those who are unfamiliar with that line of work.

There are many reasons why vaudeville artists do not save money. In the first place, hope which "springs eternal in the human breast," is a disease with a vaudevillian. The artist getting \$500 per week hopes for a thousand and determines to start saving the other \$500 when it begins to come. There is no such thing as discouraging the person whose heart is in vaudeville. Everything but vaudeville success decreases in importance.

In the second place the vaudeville artist has expenses which those outside it never dream of. Talent is only one requisite of vaudeville success. There must be showmanship to make an act, business sagacity to sell it and advertising to put it in demand. There is a violinist, let us say, of exceptional merit. Perhaps it is a picturesque chap with art written all over his face and spread through his long hair. He entertains on the concert stage and tries for vaudeville. He is a good musician but there is nothing to "his act." In steps a showman. The concert player has been receiving fifty dollars a week. The showman puts him under contract for \$100 a week for three years and \$150 a week for the next three years. When this man receives \$500 a week there is five per cent for the agency, five per cent for a special representative, \$50 a week for publicity, \$100 to the act itself and the remainder to the showman manager.

Then again, life on the road is not so easy-running as in a cottage built for two. Contentment don't come with doing an act twice a day, and spending the rest of the time in a room at a hotel. There are stage hands whose favor is best gained by a tip, newspaper solicitors who bring nervousness about the treatment which will be accorded by the press if one don't patronize their columns, song pluggers who must be jollied and entertained if one would be sure of first call on the best publications, writers to be—desire for good living which is essential to those who have once tasted luxury.

The vaudeville seasons lasts forty weeks but few acts work this long. Twenty weeks in a season is not a bad average. There are lay-offs, disappointments, the singer loses his voice, the acrobat is injured, managers file objections to an act at the last moment which necessitates a lay-off or the reputation with agents of being a grouch. Railroad jumps are expensive. Living amounts to a good deal. The weeks of rest see more money spent than when working for one always figures that the remainder of the season is "booked solid."

It is easy to figure that twenty-five acts at \$2,000 per week means \$50,000 and that forty weeks to a season makes \$200,000 spent for headliners. It is easy to figure that an average act gets \$300 a week for forty weeks, totaling \$12,000 on the year. Figures lie when they appear in this fashion. The \$300 a week act plays thirty weeks but fifteen of them are at a "cut." Rascally managers skip out at two houses which are generally full weeks. Performances are missed on three occasions during the season owing to the lateness of railroad trains and deductions in salary follow. There was a misunderstanding about what agent booked the time and rather than be short the five per cent commission is given to two men. And so on.



SOPHIE TUCKER

Known in Vaudeville as the "Mary Garden of Ragtime." One of the highest salaried acts in vaudeville today.

ONLY A BUM.

By Peter Frank Meyer.

He was a slim little figure, with a pale, haggard face, trembling hands, and coarse hair already tinged with a silvery gray. His chin and jaws were covered with a half-inch growth of rusty hair, and from his wrinkled neck to his ripped and tattered shoes he was a mass of dirt-spattered rags.

Nearly all the frequenters of Jake Newman's hotel on the eastern shores of the gently flowing river knew him by sight. However, nobody knew his name. He was only a bum.

Every night, about nine o'clock, he made his rounds of collection. Sometimes he received dimes and quarters; sometimes he received kicks and curses. But he was always the same—a little, shrinking man, timid and weary, with a wan, pitiful smile and shaggy eyebrows, that almost concealed the pleading appeal of his dissipated eyes.

Jake had once told us he had been a great ragtime pianist in his day, and that his name had appeared on Broadway in electric lights. Drink, Jake explained, had caused his downfall.

On this night we were clustered about a small table in a corner of the restaurant. There were four of us, not including Jake, and each one was sipping a highball or puffing contentedly at a cigarette. The silvery rays of a cold, brilliant moonlight beamed down on the gentle waters of the river below, and sparkling, glittering wavelets seemed to flash incessantly with each soft surge of the tide.

The restaurant was almost deserted. Just a few feet beyond us, on an elevated platform, stood an old and well-worn piano. Even the piano looked deserted.

"Well, boys," exclaimed Carleton, rising, "tell Jake to set 'em up again. I'm going to run off a few tunes on that piano. It looks as if it needed companionship."

We all assented, glad of a little enlivenment, and Carleton played a dozen popular airs for us while we drank and smoked and occasionally hummed the refrain of a popular rag. Carleton had an inimitable touch, a catchy snap to his playing, and he was really a pianist of considerable merit, but a careful listener would have discerned that his technique was merely that of the dilettante. The natural love which distinguishes the amateur from the born pianist was entirely absent. With him, the piano was simply a mechanical instrument, invented to afford people a few hours of occasional amusement.

After awhile, noting that our interest had waned; he dilly-dallied through a few bits of classic. Jake soon joined us at the table, and soon we were exchanging jokes and laughing uproariously between drinks.

Taking this as an indication that his playing no longer held our attention, Carleton ran his fingers over the keys carelessly for a few moments, and finally rattled off Beethoven's Sonata in F. A more beautiful

composition has never been written, but Carleton dashed through it in such an inelegant, disinterested manner, that we barely halted conversation long enough to listen.

But he was not without audience. From the spacious exit on the other side of the restaurant came the shriveled, tottering figure of the little man whom all of us knew as "only a bum." As he crossed the floor with uncertain steps, I noticed that his longing eyes were fixed on Carleton at the piano. Our conversation stopped abruptly when he neared us, and Carleton, spying him, ceased playing and joined us at the table.

The little man timidly tottered up to him as he leaned back in his chair.

"W-was that Beethoven's Sonata y-you were-er-t-trying to play?" he inquired, At that the four of us laughed.

Carleton frowned. "Trying to play?" he exclaimed, disdainfully surveying the little man from head to feet. "What do you mean by that remark? I played Beethoven's Sonata—I didn't try to play it. Go on, get out of here, there's nothing tonight!"

The little man quivered perceptibly, glanced timidly at all of us, and finally rested his pleading eyes on me.

"Y-you see," he said, respectfully, "I was once a pianist of some note. If I-er, i-if I do say it m-myself, I was once the greatest ragtime p-pianist in this country."

Carleton interrupted with a harsh laugh. "Get that, will you!" he chuckled. "A common ragtime pianist has the crust to ask me if I was TRYING to play the Sonata in F."

The little man looked silently at him for a moment, and then continued:

"It w-was the culmination of m-my ambition to compose an operatic or classical selection. Beethoven's Sonata in F gave me t-the inspiration, and—and f-finally, I wrote The Battle. B-but" and his voice faltered "they w-wouldn't give m-me the chance to r-realize my ambition, and in the end, heartbroken, I took to" and he broke down, tears trickling down his wrinkled, weather-beaten face.

"Aw, throw him out!" snapped Carleton. "That's only a play for sympathy and loose change. He's only a common bum."

"Wait a minute, Stan," I protested. "Give the poor old man a chance."

I turned to the tattered figure.

"Can you still memorize your classic?" I asked.

He clasped his trembling hands and looked at me eagerly.

"I-er, I think so, sir."

"Ha, ha," laughed Carleton mockingly. "A has-been, a cheap ragtime artist, now a bum, will endeavor to render a classic composition entitled 'The Battle.'"

"You shut up, Stan," I warned him. "If you don't, there'll be a fight."

I motioned for Jack Everson to give me a hand, and we assisted the tattered figure

up the steps of the platform. Jake Newman brought a generous horn of whiskey and handed it to me.

I held it up for the little man to drink.

"Here, guzzle this down," I said. "It will burn out the chills and inject fire into your system."

He gulped it down with avidity, uttered his thanks with trembling lips, and sat down on the old, creaking piano stool while Jack and I returned to the table.

For some time we waited expectantly. The little man had turned to the piano and was trickling over the keys dazedly, an expression of utter hopelessness on his pale, worn face. His eyes stared vacantly at the girth of bare and gloomy ceiling beyond. It seemed as if he was striving intensely to remember, to recall, to draw back his once youthful command of action. For the moment, it appeared as if he was lost in the throes of a heart-rending despair—incapable of response—then, with startling abruptness, his trembling fingers struck a magnificent chord. The thrilling intensity of it, the complete unexpectedness of it, struck us all, and we straightened up.

His fingers, so frail and withered a few minutes before, were transformed to slender, graceful things of temper and beauty. His earnest face, so haggard and forlorn a little while ago, was now radiant with the driving, burning passion and exultation of a genius whose potency has been restored. He struck several weird, wild, indescribable chords, and deftly babbled through the introductory bars of an exquisite overture.

He halted, faced us, and softly murmured,

"The Battle is the name of it, gentlemen—remember, The Battle is its title."

The silence was intense. Even Carleton found himself incapable of speech. Then, as if to visualize the spirit of that calm, moonlight night, the impalpable softness of his touch wove a fantastic web of irresistible lethargy around us. The soothing appeal of his delicate playing seemed to caress my soul as the soft rays of a dazzling moon dance lightly upon the dark waters of a peaceful lake.

With startling transparency I could picture before me a vast, rolling plain in the stillness of night, silvered by moonbeams and glittering stars, and dotted interminably with uniformed men, horses, wagons, campfires and tents.

Now the quiet was tense, pregnant, fanned delicately by a breath of night wind. Now it was broken by the soft notes of bugles. The wild whinnying of a hundred horses added to the weirdness of the fantastic scene. Camp fires flared in bright red glows and were buried in darkness; black figures scurried to and fro; the magnificent moon rose higher and higher, and then dipped slowly into obscurity. Volumes of dense clouds rushed across the heavens, and soon, gray down broke in upon the stillness.

There were waves and waves of purple

and gray clouds, the yellow and orange rays of a rising sun, the neighs of horses, a bedlam of bugle calls, and the awakening of a vast army.

Tents were packed, arms were shouldered, regiments swung into line, horses were harnessed, and soon the blare of a dozen brass bands blended with the rap-atap chords of scores of drums. In endless procession, to the tunes of national and popular airs, division after division passed by. There were thousands of infantry, regiment after regiment of prancing cavalry, and the bulky, ponderous divisions of heavy artillery. As one regiment disappeared below the horizon, another came to view at the base of a range of gray and purple foothills—foothills which changed to green and brown as the sun rose higher in the gorgeous sky.

The clanking of arms, the blare of bands, the grinding and neighing of restless horses, the rumbling of artillery and the notes of bugles, all blended thrillingly with the steady tramp of a hundred thousand feet.

Suddenly there came a halt. The sun, nearing the greatest point of its height, threw a million rays of burning red heat on the endless chain of men, guns, horses and wagons. From far across the dried stretch of field and forsaken meadow, near the base of a towering mountain, came a tremendous burst of smoke, a flash of fire, and a terrific boom. A screaming shell burst ominously near the scout guard of the marching division, and a ton of earth rose skyward like a cloud of black despair.

The rattling of drums, the tooting of bugles, the wheeling of guns, horses and infantry followed almost immediately. From the towering mountains came another boom—another—still another, and the last tore a tremendous gash in a wheeling company of infantry. A wail of rage and fright followed from scores of men. For an endless period everything seemed confusion. The regiments retreated in disorder to make room for the bouncing, jostling, thundering divisions of artillery.

In a continuous stream the big guns were dragged forward, halted, wheeled into position and surrounded by groups of eager men. The spouts of fire from the mountain base far across the expanse of field and meadow grew greater and more frequent. Screaming shells tore up tons of earth, or burst with terrifying results in the ranks of hustling men, scattering human flesh and bone to the four winds.

Now the guns of the new arrivals belched forth terrific booms of smoke and fire—projectiles of death and destruction. The rays of the fiery ball of glaring sun burned down upon the combatants with increased fury. The deafening roar of a hundred monster guns; the frenzied screams of wretched horses; the agonizing shrieks of wounded and dying men; the frightful screeches of plunging shells—God!, the

terrors of an eternal hell could not have been worse!

Then, in the maze of cloud and smoke and dust, almost imperceptible in that distance, a wavering line of gray slowly advanced. A flank movement! But almost as quickly, by uncanny military intuition, the men in brown encountered that subterfuge.

Amid the bursting shells and roaring guns, regiments of rocking, plunging, tearing field artillery dashed to the left and charged up a range of knolls. Rapidly they wheeled into position, dismounted, prepared, sighted, and as the lines of gray infantry charged across the fields, a veritable hell of shot and shell poured into their ranks, and tore through the lines with great, ghastly gashes of blood.

From the uproar of shrieks and curses ensued the commands of officers, and thousands of cavalry men in brown, with a drowning uproar of cheers, lashed their horses to fury and charged down upon the wavering, broken lines of demoralized gray. With brutal ferocity they completed what the shells of guns had begun, then whirled and dashed back behind the brown lines of field artillery.

Back on the lines of heavy guns the infantry of the men in brown advanced under cover. The din was indescribable. Gun wagons were smashed like straws, horses shrieked wildly and tore across the fields like things gone mad, some dashing into the shells of death, others plunging to the earth kicking and writhing in agony. Dead and wounded men were strewn about the fields in heaps and piles; thousands of rifles on flanked ends rattled and spattered and cracked incessantly; field artillery banged out an endless rain of death; men staggered, tottered, and fell to the ground amid screams and curses; big guns, monsters of hell, boomed and roared and bellowed forth their destructive contents in a deafening, ear-splitting uproar. The giant clouds of smoke and dust, like prodigious waves of a storm-ridden sea, rose mightily to the skies and almost smothered the piercing rays of the boiling sun. A veritable deluge, a thousand downpours of shrieking, screaming shells burst asunder with terrific explosions and tore up flesh, bone and tons of earth.

Good God, would it never end? Each moment the battle increased in fury; each minute death was fed with more victims; each second the din grew worse.

Smoke, noise, blood and death!

The battle had spent its fury, the obscured sun had lost its strength, and its rays had turned to an orange hue as it made its downward course toward setting. The skies, barely discernible through the gigantic towers of smoke, had changed to livid pink and purple.

Rifle and light artillery fire on the flanks and salients had ceased. Only the intermittent booming of the monster guns gushed forth the inexorable lust of destruction. The heat of the sun was gone, now the skies

were a beautiful blending of blue, pink, red and purple, tinged with a velvety orange. The sun sank beneath the horizon—then—faint breaths of refreshing breezes—a wave of coolness—a few twinkling, blinking stars—and finally, the pallor of a vivid, mocking moon.

Firing had ceased entirely, but a terrible noise, far more gruesome, horrifying and awful to hear, came from the battlefield. There, as hundreds of dazzling stars appeared in the glorious blue heavens, and a cold, brilliant moon cast a million silvery beams on the scene, thousands of groans, shrieks, screams, moans and heart rending wails arose from the thick layers of wounded and dying. A score of times more horrible than the din of battle, the soul racking sounds blended into one awful bedlam of insufferable agony, and rolled to the heavens like a plea to the Almighty.

Presently, as soft as the sweetest flutes, melodious, soulful, came the refrains of Nearer My God, To Thee—seeming to come from the highest point of the fields beyond. Then, played as I had never heard it before, like a dozen brass bands at the base of the bloody grounds, came the heart stirring notes of the Star Spangled Banner. God—it was Uncle Sam's men, Old Glory!

Everything turned pitch black, and a horrible scream rent the air. That awful cry tore me out of my pseudoblepsis lethargy, and I saw the little man at the piano rise to his feet, give vent to a piercing, choking sob, and plunge from the platform to the floor below.

For a moment we sat silent, staring at the fallen body like dumb men. Then Jake Newman tottered unsteadily to his feet, tears streaming down his fat cheeks, and stooped to the side of the little man whose prodigious playing, whose abnormal touch, had transfixed us all and almost mesmerized our senses.

We rose as one, scarcely breathing, but Jake raised a deprecatory hand.

"Boys," he said huskily, "he's dead. You heard a master tonight, a real genius. In his prime he was the greatest of ragtime artists—greater than Axel Christensen and Mike Bernard—but theatrical guys wouldn't give him a chance on classic stuff. The Battle was his greatest piece, but because he was a ragtime player they wouldn't let him play it. It broke his heart and he took to the red stuff. Now, he's dead!"

Carleton strode nervously to the side of the dead body, and with bowed head and wet face gazed at the cold, shriveled features.

"Only a bum," he murmured, sobbing, "only a bum, but God, how he could play!"

(The End.)

**MOVING PICTURE MUSIC.**

On page 10 of this issue will be found suitable music to be played for storm scenes, fire or mob scenes.

**MUSIC NOTES.**

Allen Spurr, who wrote "Eileen from Old Kilarny," has produced a new song, words and music, entitled "Let's Go Back to Bygone Days." It has a dreamy waltz melody which should make it popular. Published by Seidel Music Pub. Co.

"I Can't Forget You Mary," is the title of a song just released by Merlin Dappert, who wrote the music, while J. R. Shannon wrote the words. Another good summer waltz song. The same writer and publisher presents "My Evening Star," a novelty song of merit.

There have been so many "Mother" songs on the market of late that it is not surprising to note that the "Father" songs are now arriving. Connett Sheet Music Co. are offering a song entitled "Father," in which each letter has its significance, along the same lines as the song M-O-T-H-E-R. The sentiment is good and the music very pleasing, of the 4/4 ballad variety.

"Please Mr. President, We Don't Want War," is by A. E. Williams and published by P. J. Howley Music Co. It is an appeal for peace set to pleasing waltz music. The same company also offers "Take Back My Answer to Mother."

The "Blue Blues" is the name of a song written and composed by Francis M. Newman. This is of the "Blues" variety of ragtime and abounds in real "nigger rag." A trifle difficult but very effective when correctly worked out by the player.

Betty Bellin has written the music to a new "Mother" song, entitled "You Were A Wonderful Mother," the words being by Beth Slater Whitson. Betty Bellin has written a great deal of music during the past year and its all good. Published by Whitmore Publishing Company.

"Then I'll Come Back to You" is published by Allanson Publishing Company, the writers being Sidney Holcomb of the words and Edward Allanson of the music. This ballad tells a pretty story and has musical merit. The company offers "The Fairest Rose That Grows in Dixie Land," a good march song.

The following songs are recent publications of G. M. Tidd, who in most cases is the composer as well: "I Love You Sweetheart," "I Love You Mary My Irish Fairy," "Queen of My Heart," "The Dainty Foot Glide," "The Land of Which I Dream," "January, February, March," "My Rose in Tennessee," "Myself and Me."

The old adage that two heads are better than one was eclipsed by the fact that three writers collaborated on the song "Shades of Night."



The Stark Music Company, offer the following new publications: "Moonshine Rag," "Cactus Rag," "I Make a Hit Wherever I Go," "My Girl in Lovey Loveland," "Every thing He Does Just Pleases Me," "Shadows of Flame," "Prosperity Rag," "Chromatic Rag."

Songs that are popular around the Chicago cabarets just now are: "Pretty Baby," "Shades of Night," "Pretty Please," "You'll Always be the Same Sweet Girl," "I'm at Your Service Girls," "Helloe Hawaii," "My Own Ionia," "Walkin' the Dog," "Mother's Rosary."

Leslie Stewart placed a song with the house of Stern, with the lyric by Wolfe Gilbert. The number is entitled "Sweet Rose O'Mally." It reminds one of the old "Annie Rooney" song, not in its reminiscence, but in the character of the song. The combination of a Stewart and Gilbert song may lead to a production by this popular English composer and American lyricist.

Arthur Deagon has returned to vaudeville and is singing "I've Watched Her Grow Up With the Roses," which is restricted for him. Mr. Deagon does an old English gardener, working in an old English family, who has watched the children grow up into womanhood and manhood, and he sings this ditty about the little lady of the household who is about to become a bride. We herewith reprint the chorus:

"I've watched her grow up with the roses,  
"I've seen her at play when a child,  
"E'er since she was born, I've chased all the thorn,  
"I've kept her from growing wild,  
"And I knew her mother, in fact all her kin  
"No better lived among women or men,  
"I've watched her grow up with the roses,  
"Yes, and I'll watch her children again."

Naturally, the publishing rights belong to Jos. W. Stern & Co.

Connett Music Co., Nashville, Tenn., "My Little Irish Girl," a dandy song in a one-step tempo. "Kentucky Blues," in the headliner class. Both of these numbers are from the pens of Frank J. Connett and Harvey Berry. "The Girl That Stole My Heart Away" is a catchy song soon to be released by the Connett people. Watch for it.

#### TANGO CAUSED BY A GERM.

A small bug gets in the ear and taps ragtime, says a scientist and the secret of the dance craze has been unearthed, the San Francisco "Bulletin" asserts.

It's the "dance bug" and has been discovered by W. B. Herms, professor of parasitology at the University of California.

He calls it the spinose nymph. Such a curious little insect with such a peculiar little effect has never before been heard of in the scientific world.

For several years farmers of California

and other sub-tropical parts of the United States have been bothered by the strange and unaccountable antics of their cattle. Cows were often prone to tango up a hill or perform a spirited maxixe.

Savants were unable to explain this mystifying phenomenon until recently when it was found that the spinose car tick was responsible.

The tick causes a rhythmic tapping in the ear and a sort of syncopation. It is covered with spines which are thin and wiry. The air circulating through these often results in vague melodic tunes. The music, combined with the ragtime tappings caused the wild cavortings of the cattle.

The "dance bug" has thrived well in California and not only contaminates cattle, but poultry and "chickens." Lastly, man has become the prey of this evil insect and several cases have been reported to Professor Herms.

#### MUSICAL ACTS.

The musical act of today is different from the musical act of a decade ago; at that time a musical act was expected to have comedy or novelty associated with the playing of musical instruments and the more legitimate instruments introduced into the act the better it was considered to be, but now a musical act is expected to be real music at the exclusion of everything else, and there must be at least one number in the offering which surpasses the best thing of the kind being done in vaudeville to make the act a real feature.

This is the age of specializing. It is the same in musical acts as in the learned professions. Nowadays the managers want musical acts in which there are real musicians, in which the playing stands out as a feature sufficiently good to win the approbation of the best musicians in his audience. The managers do not seem to care for versatility as they did in the days gone by and, while comedy is eagerly sought in every other line, it is not in demand when it comes to musical acts.

The day was when comedy musical acts were a feature of nearly every big-time vaudeville bill, but in the last few years that species of entertainment has come to be extinct and the only comedy that can be found in musical acts of the present is some neat comedy which is found in the big acts of half a dozen people or more.

The things that stand out in this class of entertainment today are "class" and "ability." The musical acts which are in most demand are those which introduce the best musicians. The acts which are playing the best time today have artists whose work on their particular instrument stands out. To succeed in vaudeville of the present time an act must win the praise of the musical critic as well as the dramatic critic.

There are styles in vaudeville, however, the same as in anything else. The comedy musical act, in the discard just now as far as

the big time is concerned, may come back any day. It is reasonable to presume that such attractions will be in favor again in the next few years for there is no grade of vaudeville entertainment more appealing to theater-goers in general. Occasionally, in recent years, a comedy musical act has forced its way on the big time and it must be recorded in the interest of truth that the act has walked away with the bill every time, as far as the audience was concerned.

#### PITFALLS IN PUBLISHING.

It would appear that none of the lesser desires that dwell in the human mind is stronger than the desire to write a song which shall be sung with genuine delight by persons utterly unknown to the author. This desire is normal and wholesome. Persons who think they can write song poems and compose appropriate music are, solely because of this desire, neither weaklings nor fools. But along with the few who make a business of the art and understand its pitfalls and limitations, there are hundreds who fail to realize that a production is only half of the process. Not a few of these hundreds have money enough to back their productions, hence the song grafter.

These grafters don't all work alike but some operate something like this. They advertise for poems, offering as an inducement cash prizes for the best songs submitted. When the poems are received the author is informed that without music the poem is ineligible, and that music to fit the poem will be furnished by the "company" at prices ranging from \$25 to \$50. Thousands of poems are received, and about 1,000 contestants are told that their work is likely to win a prize. In extreme cases the victim is informed that music for his poem will be written by well-known composers, fee \$10.

This is a variation of the old scheme of inducing aspiring writers to pay exorbitant prices for the publication of songs which had no merit. Use of the mails has been denied to two or three firms doing this kind of business, and in some cases the chief offenders have served terms in federal prisons. The song writer who has the money to spend may spend as much as he likes in publishing and advertising his own creations. They may be good, or they may be bad. But the experienced song writer knows that if his work is good he will easily find a publisher to handle his product.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.

By C. E. LeMassena, in the International Musician.

It is generally conceded that the date of man's creation was about 4004 B. C., and that Jubal was the first musician, for we read that he "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." These instruments are not similar to those of the same name now in use. The former was like a Greek delfa, played either with the finger



or a plectrum, and generally had from ten to forty-seven strings. The latter was a collection of reeds similar to Pan's pipes and similarly played.

As it is a simple matter to trace the genealogy of Jubal to Adam, we may approximate his time at about 3700 B. C. Inasmuch as he was "the father of music," we may assume that the art of music was first practiced about this period. We make now a leap to 1312 B. C., when it appears that David originated the liturgical song service, but there was probably some hymn singing previous to this time, for the Lord bade Moses fashion trumpets of silver for the calling of the assembly or congregation.

It was not until 1042 B. C. that David founded schools for the study of music and singing. He also appointed instructors and instituted an orchestra—although very crude in our modern eyes—composed chiefly of brass cymbals, harps, trumpets, psalteries, connets, etc. It is evident, however, that the art, in its pristine state, was very immature and employed solely for the purpose of religious worship. Moreover, we have no record of the use of scales, the instructor evidently being confined to oral teaching, the tunes being composed and sung, but not written down, the choirs and congregations learning them by imitation.

As far back as 1491 B. C., we read of the song Moses and the Children of Israel sung unto the Lord, and of the triumphant song of Miriam. Next we note that King Jehoshaphat, "when he had consulted with his people, he appointed singers unto the Lord. Also, 'The mirth of the tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoiceth endureth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.'" Here we have evidence of the first use of music for secular purposes and revelry which displeased the Lord, and to which Isaiah attributes the cause of his people having been sent into captivity. When music was employed for other purposes than that of the worship of the Lord, or used as companion to wine and revelry, vice and corruption, it lost its power, its beauty, its joy. Music when divorced from the divine and the spiritual and linked to revelry and wine became harsh and inharmonious, but when united to them was harmonious and complete.

When Israel was restored the Lord said: "Again will I build thee, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel; thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and thou shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry." From this we may infer that the Lord considered music as belonging exclusively to Him, for He had evidently deprived Israel of the beauty and joy derived from music until her restoration. Notice the lovely manner in which the Lord speaks of music: "Thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets," or, adorned with music. What a sublime thought! As regards the inspiration of music, the following passage sets forth its power: King Jehoshaphat said, "Now bring me a minstrel, and it came to

pass, when the minstrel (Elisha) played, the hand of the Lord came upon him."

Passing to the present era, we find a striking example: "Speaking to ourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our hearts to the Lord." Do we not find here the true function of music? To make melody in our heart. Here is the key to inspiration. In reference to the music in Heaven, we read: "And they sang a new song before the throne." If we are to interpret this according to musical views, we must surely see in it a comfort and a vision of beauty. We shall sing a new song, not human, but divine; not mortal, but immortal; not fashioned according to human rules, but according to the regulations which God employs in the music of Nature.

**JAPANESE SINGER SINGS RAGTIME.**

Although musical instructors rave and long haired geniuses wildly argue that ragtime is tearing the very soul out of American music, the fact still remains that ragtime is the only real, national music that we have.

However, the amount of time that we are going to have the sole claim on this type of melody is limited, for other nations are beginning to pick it up.

The latest country to revise its music to fit the American fashion is Japan. Little Sumiko San, the Japanese prima donna appearing in vaudeville, has been struck by the ragtime fever and she now includes several pieces in her repertoire.

Mme. Sumiko is fortunate in being able to sing the great operas of all nations in the

languages they were written in. She has appeared in the leading cities of the old country in English, French, German and Italian operas. When she came to America she learned that to appear successfully in vaudeville she must master the American ragtime.

Strange to say, she liked her new task and she is now able to execute the broken time even if some of the sentiment of the song comes out in "pidgeon English."

While Mme. Sumiko says the American music is popular in Japan, she intends to try and arrange some of her native pieces in the manner approved by public opinion in this country.

**BOOSTS.**

Enclosed please find remittance for which put me down for one year subscription to the dandy little book, the RAGTIME REVIEW. I must have been asleep that I never got a line on this one before.

PHILIP C. BRESLOFF,  
131 11th St.,  
Long Island City, N. Y.

We like the "Review" and are looking forward to an increase in pages before long and if good editing and real news will do it, we have no doubts but what the Review will soon be subscribed to by everyone who plays or sings "popular music."

Faithfully yours,  
CARROLL.

"Did you enjoy the symphony concert?"  
"Not a bit! A girl right in front of me was dressed so loud I couldn't hear any of the soft music."—Chicago News.

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## CHRISTENSEN NEWS NOTES.

J. Forrest Thompson wishes to announce an addition to his Louisville School in the person of W. Lloyd Kenney as assistant teacher. Mr. Kenney is considered a good pianist and has had considerable experience playing vaudeville theaters and cabarets in New Orleans, Birmingham and the South. He is an exponent of that style of music known as the "Blues" and they say "He sho' knows how to beah down on 'em."

Bernard Brin, the well-known Seattle ragtime pianist, who has for a number of years conducted the Seattle School of Popular Music has just completed his annual vacation. This year Mr. Brin combined business with pleasure and his trip included visits to the ragtime schools of other coast cities, where he consulted with the local teachers of ragtime piano playing, compared notes, exchanged ideas, etc. Among those visited by Mr. Brin was W. T. Gleason, of San Francisco, the pioneer teacher of ragtime in that city and recognized there as the leading authority in this line of music, and Philip Kaufman of Los Angeles, whose hard work and charming personality has built for him a large following and a big school of ragtime. We believe this to be a splendid idea and believe that teachers of ragtime and popular music should get together as often as possible for mutual benefit, in fact, an annual convention would be the thing and we hope to see this a fact before very long.

Mrs. J. R. Smith has recently opened a studio for teaching ragtime at Tyrone, New Mexico.

T. P. Brown expects to open a ragtime school in Perth, West Australia.

W. L. Henderson, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, started a ragtime school a short time ago and expects a successful season.

G. M. Smith, of Ventura, California, did fine work teaching ragtime last year and his class is constantly growing. It must be great to be able to teach the most popular class of music in the world in the garden spot of the world, as Ventura surely is.

Mrs. J. M. Ash who started teaching ragtime in Fresno, Cal., years ago, is still hard at it and reports a good summer business.

W. T. Gleason, was the first teacher on the Pacific coast who had the nerve and confidence to teach ragtime to the exclusion of all other branches of music, and now after nine years of ragtime teaching he is a greater enthusiast than ever. Ask him to give up teaching ragtime and go back to the other kind and he will tell you that, while he loves classical music, ragtime is what the people want and ragtime is what they are willing to pay to learn, hence it resolves itself into a business proposition and Mr. Gleason is a business man.

Philip Kaufman, of Los Angeles became interested in teaching ragtime about five years ago when he was musical director in a prominent Chicago theater. He saw how successful the Chicago schools of ragtime

were and after making a rapid but thorough investigation he bought himself a ticket on the fastest train for Los Angeles where he lost no time in starting things moving and his school is now one of the standard institutions and the only one of its kind in this city.

Melissa Hogue, who conducts a large school for teaching ragtime piano playing in Denver recently went to considerable expense in a campaign for pupils. She engaged a man to go from house to house and solicit pupils and the proposition worked out so well that this man soon had several men working under him. Business flourished and in spite of the fact that Miss Hogue reports that the head solicitor skipped town on extremely short notice and did not make a full settlement with her, there is still a comfortable amount on the right side of her ledger as a result of this work. It would therefore appear that the proposition in the hands of a dependable solicitor would be profitable indeed.

E. W. Weyerman started teaching ragtime in Waterbury as a branch of a large school located in Chicago and later bought over the territory and conducted the school himself. He reports a splendid outlook.

Genevieve McAteer, of Toronto, Canada, has proved by her success that the Canadians take well to ragtime and is planning a big advertising campaign.

Miss Marcella A. Henry, of La Salle, Ill., finds time for the composing of popular songs in addition to her ragtime teaching.

N. E. Roberts at Peoria, Ill., has just finished his vacation and is again "on the bench" in his ragtime studio.

A. J. Albrecht, operating one of the large Chicago ragtime schools writes that he has been unable to take a vacation this summer at all on account of his many pupils, most of whom have continued their lessons right through the summer.

John Scheck and Ray Worley, two prominent Chicago ragtime teachers are taking a joint automobile tour through the east, although it was necessary to appoint teachers to take their places during their absence as there were too many summer pupils to warrant closing their studios.

Miss Lucille Bollman, is negotiating for more space for her school of ragtime.

Edwin Smith is opening a new school for teaching artistic syncopation at Locksley Hall, Waupaca, Wis. As Mr. Smith is also instructor and director of the Waupaca Cornet Band he will simply manage the business end of the new school, turning over the pupils to Daniel A. Hill, who will come from Strattons Lake, Wis., to fill this position. Mr. Hill will have as assistant instructor John Chady, a local musician of reputation.

J. Forrest Thompson, of Louisville, sent in some new printed matter which he is using in his fall advertising campaign. It is gotten up in original style and should boom his school considerably.

Leland Wooters, of New Orleans, has kept his school open all summer, but will leave it for two weeks in charge of an assistant.

Earl Granger, a teacher in Grand Rapids, Mich., reports a fair summer business.

Hattie Smith, of Detroit has just added another teacher to her staff and expects to add several rooms to her suite of studios when the fall season really starts.

Ed. Mellinger, of St. Louis, spent his vacation on one of the Mississippi river boats, effecting a cheery saving of board and boat fare by playing ragtime on the piano for the company to the intense enjoyment of the passengers.

Miss Reanie Billings, of Butte, Montana, recently re-opened her school for teaching ragtime and reports a gratifying number of pupils.

Mrs. T. W. Minikus, of Omaha is preparing an extensive amount of advertising for September.

Robert Marine, who conducts a chain of ragtime schools in Greater New York has opened three more branch schools and is in the market for bright teachers who are good ragtime pianists.

Jacob Schwartz, the well-known ragtime instructor and writer of Buffalo is preparing a new series of articles for the "Ragtime Review," which will be of great interest to all teachers and pupils.

Miss Grace Clement, of Pittsburgh is now on her vacation. Although many pupils wanted to continue right along, she felt that a rest was needed and the pupils will get the benefit of her renewed strength and interest upon her return to her studio.

Miss Bessie Leithmann and Miss Ray Simperts, both of whom operate schools of ragtime in Philadelphia report unprecedented success this summer.

F. Webster Porter has started a school of ragtime in Tacoma, Wash.

J. Dietz, of Milwaukee, Wis., recently took over the ragtime school formerly conducted by Bessie Hanson.

Having finished playing Allen Spurr's beautiful song "Eileen," I asked my scholar of about three weeks, the meaning of (mf)

He studied for a minute and then answered—"It's the initials of Mary Fuller."

## "YOU" and "MEMORIES"

Two touching songs of the heart by Grace Tilden Burrows, will shortly be released. Watch for the announcement in next month's "Ragtime Review."

**GRACE TILDEN BURROWS**  
Music Publisher  
BARSTOW, FLORIDA