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RAGTIME REVIEW

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PIANO MUSIC IN THIS ISSUE

"MINNESOTA RAG."

"I'M SURE I WASN'T RAISED TO BE
A SOLDIER"—Song.

"HURRY MUSIC"—For pictures.

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BETTY WESTON'S TRIUMPH

By PETER FRANK MEYER

"Mother, I'm sick and tired of this dry old classical music," declared pretty Betty Weston one afternoon. "And Professor Marquard makes me tired. He's always telling me what a disgraceful thing it is to play ragtime."

Mrs. Weston looked up from her knitting and regarded her daughter in surprise.

"Why, Betty," she said, "It IS a disgraceful form of amusement. Surely, child, you don't mean to say that you've cultivated a taste for cheap ragtime."

"But, mother, it isn't cheap. Who wants to hear these dried out old operas and classics at parties, anyway? They all like snappy dance music and popular airs. When I attend socials and entertainments and sit down to play my same old mournful classics, everybody gets up and makes some sort of an excuse to leave the room."

"I wouldn't associate with such ill-bred people," retorted Mrs. Weston reprovingly. "If I—"

"But they are NOT ill-bred," asserted Betty, pouting very prettily. "On the contrary, nearly all of my friends are refined and of excellent breeding. They play and derive enjoyment from ragtime because one cannot feel the same exhilaration on hearing opera and classic, and most assuredly, one cannot dance to the tune of a classical composition."

"But Betty, dear, your father is looking forward to your becoming a distinguished pianist. That is the career he has chosen for you. You should not play for the mere amusement of those who cannot understand real music."

Betty stamped a tiny foot in vexation. "Mother, may I have another teacher? If not, may I take up a course in ragtime piano playing, in addition to my lessons with Professor Marquard?"

Mrs. Weston dropped her spools and stared at her daughter in horrified amazement.

"Why, Betty, I'm ashamed of you," she finally gasped. "Don't you ever make such a request again. What would you father say? And what do you suppose Professor

Marquard would say? Why—oh, I'm astonished!"

"Can't I, mother?" repeated Betty coolly, not in the least perturbed.

Mrs. Weston looked at her sternly. "No, most certainly not! And if you ever mention such a thing to me again, I shall inform your father immediately."

But Betty was very strong-headed. She was an exceedingly pretty girl, with jet black hair, olive complexion, mischievous blue eyes, and lips of a scarlet hue. She pleaded and pleaded with her mother, but Mrs. Weston was not to be moved. She simply would not tolerate the thought that her daughter had cultivated a strong passion for popular music, and finally she left the room in anger.

For days after Betty sulked and pouted. Each time Professor Marquard came her lessons grew more monotonous. She even told him candidly that she hadn't practiced the least bit. This irritated that refined old gentleman so acutely, that he intimated he would inform her parents.

Then, one day, there came quite a change. Betty met young Harry Austin, who was considered one of the cleverest ragtime pianists in her set. They were fond of each other, and therefore, it was quite natural that Betty should confide in him. She told him all about her troubles.

Harry listened attentively, and when she had concluded, pondered the matter for some time. Then he brightened.

"I'll come and call for you tomorrow afternoon," he said. "Be ready for me. If you're really anxious to learn ragtime on the sly, I can help you out, and no one will be the wiser."

Betty clapped her white hands in delight, and promised to be on hand the following afternoon.

From that day on, Harry called for her on two afternoons each week, and they would disappear in the most miraculous manner for an hour or more. In the meantime, Professor Marquard continued with his visits every Monday and Thursday, and to that gentleman's delight and astonishment, Betty improved so rapidly with her

playing of even the most difficult compositions, that already he was predicting a glorious career for her in the high class concert halls.

On the coming June, Professor Marquard was to give a grand recital for his pupils at the Royal Academy, and he gave a number of rehearsals in preparation for the event. Betty, of course, was his best pupil, and after an opening symphony chorus, she was to play a duet with him, and wind up the recital by playing one of Mozart's earlier pieces, and an intricate composition by Liszt.

At last the month of June arrived. The Academy had already been leased for the recital, the notices and invitations had been distributed, and everything was in preparedness for the great affair.

Harry Austin was Betty's escort that night, and indeed, he had a right to feel elated. Betty was a picture of girlish beauty, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement.

The opening symphony chorus received a great ovation, and all indications pointed to a successful recital. Betty and the Professor were next on the program with a duet, and though they played with forceful appeal, the applause that followed was not as warm as it might have been.

The third number received very little applause, and the fourth was the recipient of none at all. The Professor paced about nervously and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. What was the matter? Could it be possible that this vast, refined audience, accustomed to the best music, failed to recognize the quality of his pupils' playing? With trembling voice he called for the fifth number.

A stiff collared young man sat at the piano and did his utmost to win the approbation of the audience with a wonderful rendering of Tannhauser. When he finished, to the speechless amazement of the Professor and his pupils, there were just a

few handclaps here and there about the hall, and these were barely audible.

Like a stab in the heart came the realization that the recital was a failure. In desperation the Professor strode to the rear of the platform and spoke pleadingly to his pupils. Already several spectators were leaving the hall.

Betty Weston rose from her chair, strode to the Professor's side, and placed a sympathetic little hand on his arm.

"Don't blame it on your pupils, Professor Marquard," she whispered. "It isn't their fault—it's the attitude of the audience. I can win them over in a minute if you'll let me try. May I?"

"How, Betty, how?" inquired the Professor eagerly. "For God's sake, do something! How do you intend to revive the interest?"

"Never mind how, Professor," said Betty, sweetly. "Just let me go over to that piano and play. Trust me, I shall win them over."

There was such an earnest, unflinching appeal in Betty's eyes, that the agitated Professor eagerly consented.

Without another word Betty strode across the platform, took her seat at the piano, and began to play. It was a popular air!

The Professor, unspeakably shocked, raised his hands in horror, and was about to intercede. But he dreaded public scenes, and stood as if rooted in one spot. Then, an amazing thing happened.

The audience was silent for a full minute, as if unable to believe their own ears. Then they murmured and hummed and finally tapped on the oak floor with their feet, and soon a number of them were swaying from side to side. Betty played a dozen popular airs without a pause, and each one was snappier and catchier than the previous. A storm of wild applause came from every nook and corner of the spacious hall, and when she wound up with a sizzling rag of the feet tickling variety the crowd rose as one and cheered and whistled and applauded in a deafening uproar.

The transformation in Professor Marquard was remarkable to behold. The expression of horror had vanished completely, and now his pale face was a veritable sunshine of smiles. With profusive expressions of gratitude and joy he seized Betty's hand and wrung it fervently.

A few minutes later he announced that the program would be continued, and that at the conclusion of the same, Miss Betty Weston would entertain the audience with a number of popular selections and dance numbers.

His speech was followed by tremendous applause, and the remaining numbers on the program were all loudly applauded. Betty's playing had placed the audience in a susceptible pliable humor, and they were enthusiastic in displaying their appreciation of all the remaining numbers.

When the recital was over, Professor Marquard hurried to Betty's side. She was surrounded by a dozen admiring friends.

"Where did you learn to play popular music so capably, Betty?" he asked her.

She dimpled prettily, and looked up at him with a little sly twist of her lovely head.

"My friend, Harry Austin, introduced me to the chief instructor of a well known ragtime school in this city. I took lessons from him on the sly twice a week, and in a few months I mastered the course thoroughly.

"In addition, I have made an exhaustive study of the most recondite phases of occult philosophy and contemporary psychology. That means the requiring of a proficient knowledge of human nature. I discerned the attitude of the audience here this evening almost instantly, and I knew that ragtime and ragtime only would save the recital."

And Betty was right. Ragtime had saved the recital, and Betty Weston had scored a triumph.

(The End.)

WHITE LIGHT REFLECTIONS.

New York City, Sept. 1.—It is rumored that Pace & Handy, of Memphis, Tenn., contemplate being represented here and that their representatives will be appointed from the staff of the Will Carroll Co., Inc., with offices in with Carroll Co. If this can be accepted as a fact, we congratulate Pace & Handy, for they will be well represented and should have most excellent results. Although the Carroll Company's offices are not in Manhattan, they are situated in the very heart of Brooklyn's busiest section, being directly opposite the L. I. R. R. depot and the busiest subway station—but eight minutes from 42nd street, Manhattan. The offices, situated as they are, and in the Brooklyn Times Building, are to be seen readily from all points and the location could not be bettered anywhere.

In front of the Carroll offices they have a crowd of people numbering from one to three thousand daily. The baseball score board of the Brooklyn Times is nearly directly beneath Carroll's windows and the firm takes advantage of this crowd by giving them a concert between innings. Trev Collins, Jr., the advertising manager of the company, is certainly wide awake to all opportunities to draw the attention of the public to Carroll's songs, as was shown in his idea of releasing from a motor boat thousands of wax-sealed boxes in which was the regulation wireless blank containing the message: "Greetings from the good ship Melody, en route to the offices of the Will Carroll Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., with a cargo of new song hits." The boxes floated in to shore with the tide and were the source of great curiosity among the bathers, etc., who scrambled for them as they came up upon the beaches.

Special Notice!

This issue is dated October instead of September, but subscribers will receive their full twelve issues just the same.

Hereafter this magazine will be published and mailed out on the 15th of each month, but the date on the cover will be that of the following month.

This will enable all subscribers no matter how far distant from Chicago to receive their "Ragtime Review" on or before the first of the month instead of late in the month of issue, which has been the case in the past.

ADVERTISERS should therefore arrange to have all copy in our office by the fifth of the MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF ISSUE.



WHERE RAGTIME REIGNS SUPREME

Coney Island is flooded with people at this writing and the cabarets and music halls are giving song reviews daily. These reviews carry from four to twelve people and are in costume. The songs used are: Baby Shoes; My Mother's Rosary; Are You From Dixie; After the War Is Over; I Was Never Nearer Heaven In My Life; How D'You Do, Miss Honolulu? Turn Back the Universe and Give Me Yesterday; Sweet Cider Time When You Were Mine; You'll Mend the Aching Heart You Broke Some Day; Come On and Do What Your Mother Did; There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl; and numerous others. The singing is exceptionally good and far better than would be expected.

There is much talk about the rise in prices for popular music. Two or three houses have started a thirty cent catalog and the people seem to like them. Dealers say that raising the price to 15 or 18 cents will not affect the sales, as the people will buy what they want at any price. However, if the price does go up to 15-18 cents again for the ordinary songs it will not only cut out the ten-cent stores, but will eliminate a lot of songs now being published which are on a very poor style. It will also shut out some of the smaller houses who cannot afford to get the good material and will confine their efforts to their home towns. At any rate, the price should be raised and raised now, the dealers say.

An instrumental number heard around town lately is: Tantalizer Rag. This number is being featured by a large number of orchestras and seems to be making good with the public. Published by Mellinger.

No one can predict a hit I've been told, but I'd bet my last dollar on Leo Feist's grabbing every one that comes his way—predictions, or no predictions. How about it, folks?

Somebody suggested a title for a song to me the other day and I'll let it go to the

highest bidder. It is: "Where Are the Hits of Yesterday?" Some live publisher or writer will grab that one and make money out of it. Warning: All rights reserved, unless I get half of the dough.

WHERE RAGTIME REIGNS SUPREME.

In the city of Cleveland some years ago a young man timidly took up the teaching of ragtime. Timidly because, he admits now that he was a little ashamed of it those days and hadn't much faith in the outcome. He only knew that a fellow in Chicago had made good at it and had urged him to give it a try, which he did.

He even hoped in a small way that the thing would prove a quick frost so that he could get himself out of what seemed to be an embarrassing situation and get back to something else with a feeling that he had tried ragtime out and found it wanting.

He found it wanting all right—wanting more teachers—and as time went along he found that he could safely put his whole heart and soul into the work without fear or shame. He found that the people of Cleveland were his friends and would give him their ardent support, because they wanted just what he was teaching—real, pulsating ragtime.

Today, Mr. George Schultze, who you may see just about to step into his private studio on the left of the picture on this page, is one of the greatest champions of and for ragtime in the country.

His advertising propaganda is up to the minute and he goes the limit with it. Hence his commodious reception room and assistant teachers, Miss Boltey in the center of the picture, and Mr. Walker on the right.

According to the Chicago Daybook the North Shore Society folks of this city are responsible for the dances that show much in the line of hosiers, the dance called "Walkin' the Dog" for instance.

Subscription Price is Raised on October 15th. See page 1.

REMINISCENCES OF A MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

By Axel Christensen.

My story goes back about twenty years to what was lovingly called the "Coffee and Doughnut Circuit" in Chicago. This circuit was comprised of quite a number of back rooms to saloons, summer gardens, concert halls, etc., in and about Chicago.

A barber friend of mine—who was incidentally a good violin player as well as a good barber, which goes to show that music as a business is not always a last resort but may, as in this instance, be a side line—while shaving me in the Hafsted street shop told me that he was going to play in a concert hall just opened up next door and offered me the second chair in his orchestra, namely the piano stool. Orchestra folk will doubtless understand me when I say that in this particular orchestra my friend was the "conductor-violinist" and filled the first chair, while I was the "concert master-pianist" and filled the second chair. Other chairs, there were none.

Thus began my first engagement, but wait. As I think about it, there was previously an engagement, or at least parts of engagements that I have neglected to chronicle. From the foregoing paragraphs you would assume that I started at the bottom of the ladder, but in this you are wrong. It would be more correct to say, I started in the tunnel, or "From the Depths."

My first attempt was at a summer garden located on the extreme southern edge of Chicago with a cemetery conveniently located across the street. In the vaudeville parlance of today I there "died the death of dog." This is the same death died by so many people in vaudeville if you happen to be on the same bill with them, while in the last town, where you were not present, they literally knocked the audience off the seats.

I went out to this garden in answer to an ad in the want columns. In this I was not at all original, because there were some twelve other applicants there ahead of me and others arrived after I did. The crop to pick from was not so very inviting and perhaps that is why I "stood out" as it were. My clothes were in pretty good shape, my music roll was in a splendid state of preservation (never having been used to excess) and while my repertory consisted of about six actual melodies, countless combinations were possible from these six, and I sure could play those six like the very dickens. Anyway, I landed the job.

The hours were reasonable and the salary more so.

Daily from 7 o'clock until midnight I must play, and on Sundays I was permitted to start at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Stipend, \$1.50 for the nights, each, and \$2 net for the Sunday work.

I got away with it the first night, all right, but you can't imagine how thin you have to spread your music to make six

tunes cover five hours. But I did it the first night by inverting the order of sequence, playing part of one number and then part of another, playing them forwards, backwards, upside down, and the like.

The place was crowded because the manager had a big muslin banner across the entire front of the place announcing the "Crescent City Orchestra." All I was supposed to do was to make this announcement good.

The audience stayed late that first night. Some, perhaps because they thought I was just killing in until the real orchestra would show up, others because they thought I was the orchestra, and still others because it was a hot night and the beer was just as good and the music not much more annoying than might be had elsewhere.

On leaving for home that night the proprietor expressed himself satisfied to a degree, at the same time hoping that tomorrow I would bring along some more music, thereby adding a little more variety, or shall I say "punch" to the entertainment.

So next day I got another piece in hand and by diligently applying myself until time to start for the garden I mastered it. I opened my performance with it the second evening.

The proprietor knew then that I was a regular piano player and all his possible suspicions of the night before regarding my ability were laid low.

Luck then favored me in the person of a fellow, pretty well to the good for liquor, who insisted on playing the piano for his friends for nearly an hour.

The audience was lighter than the night before, because no doubt many of them thought they might as well go somewhere where they were not so vividly familiar with the music that would be played. Such persons as were present no doubt enjoyed my efforts because after I played the new piece again and then began juggling my standard line they applauded loudly and frequently, almost too frequently, I would say now.

The third night I found another crowd of applicants for the job, as the old boy had advertised again, and when I asked him where I should go for another position, he told me, but I didn't go there.

Like a young tiger cub I had tasted blood and realized there was money in piano playing, so I spent the following three months on engagements and seeking for the same. I believe I held about twenty engagements in those three months, which I believe is still the record, averaging about four and one-half days per engagement, to be exact. Due allowance must be made for the days when I was at liberty, which is a term used in the profession when one can't find a job, and the above figure (four and one-half days) is only an average.

At first the engagements were not nearly so long, while towards the end of the sum-

mer I hung on to the last place a week and would have been there longer only the man closed up the place for the season. Perhaps he was not as particular as my previous employers. He was located way out, far from the end of any car line, where in this day and age they have to be satisfied with automatic pianos, because musicians won't go that far for the money. Those days there were no automatic pianos so he had to be satisfied with the next best thing.

Friend editor says we're going to press now, so what I started out to tell you about the "Coffee and Doughnut" circuit will have to hold over until next month.

"RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY."

By J. Forrest Thompson.

Axel Christensen is the axle upon which the world of ragtime turns.

Lloyd Kenney is one in many
 Who can play the piano and sing.
 He's a good natured bird
 And wherever he's heard
 With praise for him their voices ring.

Picture show music is reel music and ragtime is also (real) music.

After seeing a movie show for the first time, Aunt Matilda, aged 85, says: "I couldn't hear what the actors were talking about because the music made so much noise."

I told one of my scholars to strike an "E." He thought I said strike a knee and said they're both sore, and what's more why do I have to strike my knee to learn the notes.

RAGTIME FOR ENTERTAINING COWS

Ragtime music at milking time is an innovation on the dairy farm of W. W. Wilcox, east of Denver, Colo. He says the herd shows its appreciation by yielding an increased amount of lacteal fluid. He recently installed a phonograph in one end of the barn.

"It serves two purposes," explained Wilcox. "It keeps the cows quiet. Cows have acathetic, musical temperaments. It keeps the men from talking and forgetting their work. Constant interruption by talking interferes with the flow of milk and lessens the quantity the cow would yield otherwise."

"The music charms and soothes the bovine soul as nothing else can, under such conditions she will allow even an ordinary milker a greatly increased quantity."

In other words, "The cow pays for the music."

Subscription Price Is Raised on October 15th. See page 1.

VAUDEVILLE NOTES.

Ruth Timmons, who has just completed the Pantages Circuit with great success, received a nice write-up in the Kansas City Post. Miss Timmons sings ragtime songs and plays the piano exceedingly well.

The Columbia Vaudeville theater at St. Louis opened on Labor Day with a high class bill. This theater is on the Orpheum circuit and has been for many years past.

The musicians at McVickers theater, Chicago, did not suffer as much as many others did during the hot weather the past summer. Manager Burch was kind enough to tell the boys that they need not wear their coats in the orchestra pit during the warm spell.

At the Cobans Grand Opera House, in Chicago, the following songs are being sung in the current "Cohan Revue."

- "He Can Cure You of Love."
- "Crying Jane."
- "The Fair and Warmer Cocktail."
- "From Broadway to Edinboro Town."
- "Alone at Last"
- "You Can Tell That I'm Irish."
- "Busy, Busy, Busy."
- "My Musical Comedy Maiden"
- "Gaby."
- "Running Around With the Chorus Girls."
- "The Dancing Pirates."
- "Young America"
- "Julia and Donald and Joe."
- "Souza Melodies."
- "The Ziegfeld Rag."
- "The 'Frisco Melody."
- "The Balloon Girls."

Mike Bernard, the well-known ragtime pianist, is touring the Pantages vaudeville circuit this season. He is playing a new style of rag of his own invention which he calls "Blue-gum" rag, named after the blue gums in the mouths of the negro race.

Fritz Christiana, the man who introduced ragtime to Washington, is at present completing an engagement at Ackers Theatre, Halifax, Can. The audiences have been treating him with great enthusiasm, and we only hope that the vaudeville bug will not become so strong in him that he will neglect his ragtime teaching. September 15th is the date he has set to return to the work. He states that the soldiers he has seen in Halifax are very fond of fruit and also claims that he saw one of them licking the dates off a street car transfer.

Dena Caryll, who has been with Dunbar's Salon Singers for a couple of seasons, is offering a new piano act in vaudeville. Miss Caryll is doing a pianologue, preceded by a solo which serves to introduce her to the audience. See at the Great Northern theater, Chicago. She made a splen-



did appearance. has a good voice and is supplied with excellent material.

Pianologues are tricky entertainment. Miss Caryl's success lies largely in her attractiveness, but the material she has is not to be overlooked. She has realized the importance of comedy in this class of entertainment and her selections are such as are bound to carry appeal to an audience.

The Five MacLarens are playing fairs for the W. V. M. A. and are at Portland, Ind., this week. They open their vaudeville season Oct. 1st at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Chas. Klass and Harry Walman (violinist), are working on a new act.

Bert and Hazel Skatelle have left their beautiful summer home at Atlantic City and will be seen this winter in big time vaudeville, probably playing most of the coming season right in New York City.

Subscription Price is Raised on October 15th. See page 1.

We heard a song at the Majestic Theater the other day, which we feel is bound to go over. The title is a trifle daring and so is the song—"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl,"—but it's clever.

Al and Fanny Steadman are offering a corking good piano act in vaudeville. Al Steadman, who does the piano work, makes no attempt at fire works, but the comedy he gets out of the piano is great. Together, Fanny and Al Steadman form an extremely strong and meritable act. The writer saw them at the Majestic Theatre in Chicago.

Fire in the Apeda Studio Building New York recently, destroyed several of Irving Berlin's unpublished songs. Irving Berlin began life as a newsboy on the East Side of New York City. When he had saved money enough he opened a small restaurant and used to entertain his patrons with piano selections of his own composition.

A MUSICAL STAR.

Miss Dixie Harris, whose picture appears herewith is a well-known musical comedy star. She has been a favorite in musical-comedy and at the present time is heading a big act in vaudeville, playing the best theatres, under the direction of Lee Kraus and Lew Cantor. Miss Harris is petite and has personality that is very winning.

Joe Fuchs, well-known musical director of St. Louis, for the past six years has had charge of the musical department of Krese's 5 and 10c store, in that city, will handle the St. Louis office for the Feist Music Company.

THE "LONG DISTANCE" PIANO PLAYER.

Baltimore dispatches state that Camillo Baucia threatens to play his piano for 50 hours or more. He did it once before, about 10 years ago, and he is still alive, although many who tried to endure the performance for the full period at that time have since passed on to a world free from piano-playing contests. Years ago Baucia settled down and became editor and publisher of the *Vessillo-Corriere d'Italia*, and he would now be silent if W. R. Bagley of Muncie, Ind., had not claimed the long-distance championship which Baucia won previously.

Prof. W. R. Bagley claims to have broken the world's endurance record when he played at the Majestic Theater in Danville for 50 hours and five minutes. He took little nourishment and napped a few minutes at a time as he played. A physician was at his side all the time. According to contract, Bagley received 50 per cent of the gross receipts.

Mr. Baucia calls attention to the fact that when he gave his 50-hour program of 500 master works the crowd at the theatre was treated to an encore of half an hour. According to this Baucia is still champion by 25 minutes.

Mr. Baucia still claims the title, and is willing to defend it. He has sent a challenge to Bagley and is ready to start when he gets the word go. In Germany, France and Italy, Mr. Baucia has won out in contests of from 40 to 50 hours. They are having music of another sort in those countries now, and so he is eager to go after rivals in this country.

Mr. Baucia claims that his entertainments are up to a high standard of musical excellence as well as beyond all other records for abundance.

The Cornett Sheet Music Company inform us that they are "special selling agents" for the Robert Van Sickle Music Company of Galt, Mo. "Under the Starlight Skies," waltz number is in their catalogue.

The Ragtime Review

AXEL CHRISTENSEN, Editor and Publisher

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If we don't know you, send cash with order.

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

Copy and changes in advertisements should be ordered by the 3th of the preceding month.

Last forms positively close on the 10th of the preceding month.

All cuts made for advertisers are charged to their accounts.

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

Things have changed since mother was a girl and talking about the amusements they hand out to you at the popular restaurants, you just bet times have changed.

Do you remember the oceans of silence in which you used to eat not so very long ago, or perhaps the dignified trio, consisting of violin, cello and piano, that averaged about five (une an hour and glided in and out of the said tunes with such an unobtrusive deference to your ear drums that your digestion was not hurried the least little bit?

A few of the higher priced "laps of luxury" would splurge an orchestra of pretty fair size, but carefully hidden behind palms so that the music really seemed part of a restful soothing atmosphere.

And in those days if you wanted to see a regular show you had to go to a theater.

Now, you don't have to leave your table to see any kind of a show or act on earth, unless you are partial to elephants act.

But it's all right at that. Let's gargle our soup to ragtime rhythm and be happy.

RAGTIME CONTROVERSY.

Here are some of the opinions on ragtime reprinted from the Chicago Daily News:

I consider "M. B. M.'s letter a very impertinent one for a 17-year-old. "M. B. M." seems to think it is only the uneducated who care for ragtime, but he is very much mistaken. I have met some highly educated people, well studied in music, and they can enjoy a ragtime piece as well as the rest of us.

We all appreciate the music of our great

masters but ragtime is very popular nowadays and we want it also.

A CONSTANT READER.

Ragtime most certainly is not trash. I have studied classical music for nearly eight years and appreciate it, but I also enjoy a good ragtime piece.

How any one can call "My Mother's Rosary" trash is certainly more than I can understand. And surely no one with a spark of loyalty to Uncle Sam would call "If You Don't Like Your Uncle Sammy" trash.

Probably if some classical players would forget their prejudice and study a little ragtime for a while they would discover it is not trash.

Attend a gathering of young people. Are they playing selections from any of the great masters? No, indeed! They are playing ragtime and enjoying themselves in a good, wholesome way. Why not let them have it? UNPREJUDICED.

I wish to enter a protest against the kind of music which is being played in the public parks this summer by the Chicago bands.

Recently in company with thousands of my fellow citizens, I attended the band concert in Jackson park. The program was made up chiefly of classical pieces and excerpts from the grand operas, and although there were two alleged popular numbers in the program they were pieces that few, if any, of the audience had ever heard before.

I have often wondered why certain band leaders persist in serving the public with music which it does not care to hear when it would be such a simple matter to make up a program that would please the majority of the audience. Instead of trying to please the great majority they play pieces which only a few musical "high-brows" enjoy, or pretend to enjoy, while the rest of the audience, consisting of ordinary human beings like myself, is bored almost to death.

I am a great lover of popular music, and, although I know that a great deal of trash is being published, nevertheless many of the popular pieces are really beautiful and make one feel better for hearing them played. If it were put to a popular vote of the audience which piece of music would win, "My Mother's Rosary" or "Selection from Tannhauser?" What red blooded human being would not rather hear "If You Don't Like Your Uncle Sammy, Then Go Back to Your Home O'er the Sea" in preference to hearing the "Misericord" from "Il Trovatore" or the "Swan Song" from "Lohengrin"?

(Continued on page 16)

Subscription Price is Raised on October 15th. See page 1.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC

Title—Who Will Marry Sue.

Signature—Vérse in G, Chorus in C, Waltz time.

Range—D below the staff to G above the staff.

Words—By G. Jenkins.

Music—By Ruby A. Butler.

Publisher—Mellinger Pub. Co.

In the first place the range of this song is rather wide for the average voice that sings popular melodies. Then, too, many single syllables are sung on two different notes, giving a draggy effect that detracts from the swing. The melody is not bad, but it will take a trained voice to handle it properly.

Title—I'm Goin' To Hit the Trail For Alabam'.

Signature—B flat, 2/4 time.

Range—From E natural on the first line of the staff to E flat on fourth space.

Words—By George L. Cobb.

Music—By George L. Cobb.

Publisher—Seidel Music Publishing Co.

This in our opinion is a dandy one-step number with real rag rhythm throughout. As is customary with all songs about "going down to Alabam," there is reference to "Mr. Railroad Man," "Mr. Engineer," "I've Got My Fare," etc. etc. but it's told here in a new and pleasing way.

Title—Chattanooga Blues.

Signature—B flat 4/4 time.

Range—E flat on first line to next D flat.

Words—By Maceo Pinkard.

Music—By I. Seidel.

Publisher—Seidel Music Pub. Co.

A typical slow drag number extremely suitable for the "Jaz" bands that are so popular at the present time, possessing a melody that can be "moaned" to the queen's taste on a saxophone. The word "mel-o-dy" is a little over-played, arranged so as to bring the accent fascinatingly on the last syllable, which was first done in that ever lovin' "Mendelssohn Tune" and has been done with great success ever since. There is something about that word Mel-o-dy that is simply irresistible when its hang to the right note, at the end of a phrase.

Title—When the Moon Shines Down In Old Alaska.

Signature—B flat, 4/4 time.

Range—From D below the staff to E flat.

Words—By Jack Frost.

Music—By E. Clinton Keithley.

Publishers—Frank K. Root & Co.

The chorus of this ballad sounds reminiscently like that of the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I don't mean by this that the melody has been appropriated, but the rhythm is somewhat similar and it will give the reader a fair idea of what this



BERNARD BRIN

song is like. The melody is of the quiet, soothing order and well fitted to lyrics which create an Alaskan atmosphere by means of "Northern Lights softly gleaming," "Moonlight softly glowing," and the like.

Title—I Never Knew I Had a Heart Until I Met You.

Signature—B flat, waltz time.

Range—From D flat below the staff to E flat.

Words and Music—By James Brockman.

Publishers—Sam Fox Pub. Co.

The lyrics of this song are extremely sentimental and the music is of the higher order—not at all of the order of waltz jingles that are usually born at this time of year. This song should go over in good shape, because people always like to hear a good singer sing about broken hearts, lovers parting and forgotten vows when the tune is right, as it is in this instance.

Title—Love Days.

Signature—In the key of F, verse in 4/4, chorus in 3/4.

Range—From D below the staff to the next D above.

Words—By Tell Taylor and Eddie Cavanaugh.

Music—By Bob Allan.

Publisher—Tell Taylor.

Tell Taylor has written and published many ballads in his time, and knows how to get them over. While this last song does not stand out like his "Down by the Old Mill Stream," it will please.

Title—Nothing to Do But Love You.

Signature—E flat, 4/4 time.

Range—From D below the staff to E flat.

Words—By Bessie A. Moore.

Music—By Paul Nixon.

Publisher—Mellinger Pub. Co.

The melody of this number is very pleas-

ing and has a very good obligata for the left hand in certain measures where the voice lingers on long notes. Played fairly fast brings out a sort of dainty swing that will make this song go over if boosted properly.

A RAGTIME PIONEER.

The half tone cut shown on this page is the picture of a young man who believes in advertising. He started a few years ago in Seattle, after having qualified himself at Chicago and is now well known throughout the city.

There are two ways of becoming well known as a musician, one is to let people hear you play on every possible occasion and the other is to advertise constantly. Bernard Brin has done both, and to quote a man who stepped into the office the other day on his way home to Seattle: "To mention ragtime in Seattle is to hear Bernard Brin's name spoken in the same breath."

SEEN THROUGH THE PUBLISHERS' WINDOW.

Whitmore Music Pub. Co.

"You Were A Wonderful Mother" (Whitson-Bellin): After looking over this "mother" number we are convinced that it expresses all the love and charm that a "mother" song should contain.

"In the Garden of Love With You" (Heck-Whitmore): A beautiful ballad of charm.

"Underneath The Southern Moon" (Heck-Whitmore): Although a little on the old style this number possesses much real merit.

Other Whitmore number received are: "I Want My Boy to be a Soldier," "Dreams," "Ireland" (Sweet Land Across the Sea) and "Back Home In Dixie Where I Long to Be" all of which are first-class publications.

A. E. Williams Music Co.

"Take Back My Answer To Mother" (Williams): a number which has a "heart" appeal for every person who has a horror at the thought of the many sacrifices made upon the battle-field.

"Please, Mr. President, We Don't Want War" (Williams): Here is another "War" number which tells the tale of a little child appealing to the president not to declare WAR. It is now being sung by Frank Mullane.

Pace & Handy.

"Lonesome Sal" (Cox-Bellin): Should be sung, whistled and played from Maine to Frisco within a few months' time. Go to it, my friends, and exert all your energies on this wonderful ballad you have had the good luck to publish. It will never die, but will be written down in music history along with "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Perfect Day," "My Gal Sal," and the others.

Merlin L. Dappert.

"I Can't Forget You, Mary" (Shannon-

Dappert): Although this is but one of those simple little ballads, it's one of those dainty little things that win hearts.

"My Little Evening Star" (Dappert): A song that possesses much in lyric and melody.

Independent Music Pub. Co.

"The Soldier's Last Request" is a War number, but the publishers call it a "War Baby."

"Every Hour of My Life" is a ballad of merit. I like it, but it's up to you, because you'll have to buy a copy, while I get it free.

"Your Mother Is the Best Friend After All" (Healey): A Mother number. Van, the Music Man, Fremont.

"Off to Mexico." This, my dear friends, is not a song. It happens to be an instrumental composition—in fact, a descriptive Battle March. This is the first time I have reviewed an instrumental piece in this column, but I know you'll forgive me because it's good.

Grace Tilden Burrows.

Hello Grace! I see that you have two new numbers out. And take it from me, Gwacie, they are SOME numbers at that. Be patient, my dear readers—be patient, I'm talking to Grace. What, this is not a personal column? Oh, all right then—here goes. "YOU" is a touching ballad that reaches the heart.

"Memories." Miss Burrows has done her art full justice in this number. Good-bye, Gwacie.

Occidental Music Co.

"Good-Bye, My Dear Old G. O. P.": This is a political number.

J. Forrest Thompson.

Hello, J. F. T., I see you have a hit for me: Called "No More Rheumatism Rag," a funny name, is it a gag? But say, it's got some pep all right, I play it ev'ry day and night. Price, 15 cents in stamps or coin, say, think you folks have dough to buy? But on the level, it's a bear—Like Eva Tanguay, I don't care about the gen'ral rags, you know, but this one's GREAT—so long, old bo!

Will Carroll Co., Inc.

"How D' You Do, Miss Honolulu" (Hochberg-Halpern): Oh, me, oh, my—what's Carroll going to give us next? Here he shoots out with an Hawaiian number. Why, oh why, can't I write a song like that? (Pass the pickles, Lizzie) but strictly on the Q. T., this How D' You Do, Miss Honolulu is the real Broadway stuff.

"After the War is Over": Written by Elliott and Tradler, it has that flowing style in melody and charm in lyric.

"It's a Sad, Sad World Without You" (Whitson-Bellin): How Carroll cops all the best numbers from the writers, I can't guess. I only know he does it, that's all. Seems that he or whoever picks the songs, has a wonderful insight into the "hit" factory. This number is a ballad a little different from the ordinary run of ballads, and

all I have to say about its merits is look who wrote it.

"Persia"—(Collins-Gammage): I'm not going to say much. I'm going to leave it all to you to judge. Treve Collins, Jr., wrote the lyric—Lafe Gammage spilled the ink over it, and it was finished. And say, when you hear it—well, I said I wasn't going to say much, so I'll quit.

MOVING PICTURE MUSIC.

On page 10 of this issue will be found suitable picture music to be used for hurricanes, pursuit and capture, etc.

CAROLS FROM CARROLL.

Well, well, well! Here I am again. It's been too hot to work the old typewriter and I've been enjoying a comfortable rest here in my easy chair. Outside of someone dropping in every two or three seconds—answering a phone call every five minutes—calling down the office boy for spilling the ink over the new rug and seeing that the boys were busy every night and getting home at 2 in the morning I've had a happy time. Outside of that there's been nothing doing to speak of, and I hope business picks up soon.

Didja hear about the big explosion we had down here? Some time we had. Yep, it blew how four hundred windows out and y' can bet I was glad when I got to the office next morning and found our windows with the new signs had been untouched. All the fire departments were out looking for the fire, but they were fooled because it happened over on Black Tom's Island although everybody could have sworn it happened around the corner. SOME NOISE.

Want to hear something good? Yeah? S-s-a-h-h. Don't tell a soul. We have a lot of nice new furniture in our offices now. Come on over. Mabel, and sit on our settee with us. What, you're afraid someone might come in? John, conduct us to the private office! Right this way, Mabel! Here ye'are—sit down there in the easy chair and make yourself comfortable.—Gee, but I could—here, here, don't you know you can't come in this office without knocking? You want to knock? Well, don't knock around this place, that's all I have to say. Get out! Now, Mabel, let's go on with the story. Y'know I think you have the most beautiful—b-r-r-r-i-n-g—HELLO! Who? A bill collector? Tell him I'm out o' town.—As I was saying, dearie, you have the most wonderful—Oh, tell him I'm busy—you have the most wonderful way of—HELLO! Who? No, get off the wire, this IS NOT THE INSANE ASYLUM!—Now, once again—Y' know, Mabel, I think you have the most wonderful way of—of—of—well, of writing melodies and I want you to take this lyric home and dope out a real live melody for it. Good-day.

We're all happy down here, and why wouldn't we be so? We have a marvelous

collection of songs and can tell the rest to go to—Atlantic City with theirs if they don't like ours. However, now that the season is getting a little cooler, you can look forward towards seeing some live stuff from yours truly.

This will be continued in our next. Par-thee-well.

CARROLL.

THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE OF GEORGE AND JIMMY IN THE RAGTIME STUDIO.

Jimmy Attends a Recital and Feels the Surge of Ambition.

By G. F. Schulte.

T'other day, George hands me a ticket, and says that it will pass me into a recital wot's goin' to be held at the Armory, and that I'd better shuffle up and give the doin's the O O.

So I dolls up and hikes to the Armory, hands me ticket to a guy at the door, and he passes me onto another guy, in soup and fish, who shows me to a seat. I flops into the chair and gives the crowd the up an' down.

The place was pretty well packed, and I had lotsa chances to study human nature by the carload.

Pretty nearly every kind of a human maverick was there, and every last one of 'em, showed as plain as day, what their breed was.

There was a old dame set next to yours truly, and she had a pair o' those specks with a fork handle hitched to 'em. She put 'em up in front of her glims and stuck her chin about ten foot in the air, and gives me the once over, Made me feel like a recently discovered animile.

Then there was a old geek, with a chin whisker about a mile long. He sure gave his jaw a lot of work to do, as he was chewin' about a mile a minute, and that there chin whisker flopped up and down, about two feet, at every bite.

I was busy lookin' 'em over, when a g-zabo ambles out on the stage and gets rid of a few remarks. But he had one of those squeaky ten-cent voices that wouldn't carry to where I sat, so I didn't get his spiel, but everybody pounds their mitts, and a orchestra comes out and hits her up to beat a royal flush.

I couldn't see that piece no-how, it was by a Frenchy named De Boossey or sompin' like that, and sounded like a boiler shop explosion. But pretty soon the agony was over, and a Jane teters out, and begins to squall, it sure must have been painful, 'cause she made some awful looking faces, and sounded as if she was bein' murdered.

Well there was a lot of that stuff, and of course every body claps just to show their ignorance, but soon a feller comes out and says that the first part of the programmy is over, and now we would have a few il-

lustrations of the modern American music—ragtime.

He bows himself off the stage, wid every one clappin' and who should pike out, and sit down on the pianer stool, but his Bord-ship, me friend George.

He walks all over that pianer for a minute and then he saile in.

Great cats, but you should have heard him. He plays like a wild man, his fingers just dashin' over them ivories, and every single note comin' clear and strong to the furdest corner of th' hall, and ya know that's SOME big place.

And th' crowd! They goes wild. They rock and sway, tappin' dere trilbys, and snappin' dere fingers, wid dere eyes shinin' and dere faces flushed.

And after George finishes with a big crashin' chord, that place was as still as a church for one little second, and THEN the walls just creaked with the applause. The crowd whistled and stamped and yelled for more, and more they got.

George plays until he's ready to drop, and still they want more, so a dame wot takes lessons off of George comes out and relieves him, but it took a lot more to satisfy that bunch.

But of course all good t'ings end and after a while the show busted up and I beats it to the hay.

But I been doin' some tall thinkin' since that blow-out. Wouldn't it be the swell thing, tho. to be able to have a big crowd like that poundin' their paws and wavin' their mitts, an' makin' a hero of ME?

Gee, kid, me for that!

George says I'm doin' fine, but take it from meh, I goin' to do better. That hero stuff looks good to little Willie!

(To be continued.)

Editor's Note—Next month Jimmy finishes his first instruction book.

DINGBAT APPLIGATE'S DEBUT.

By Peter Frank Meyer.

Dingbat Applegate was a funny sort of a dock. A great many people in the little village of Dumpville remarked that he was shy on bean feed, and nearly everybody took it for granted that he was dead from the neck up.

Dumpville was a fast growing little burg situated about six weeks from civilization. It was growing so fast that the census man declared the population would be almost twenty in another hundred years. The town was beautifully appointed. It was bounded on the east by a fish pond; on the west by a graveyard, on the north by a pig pen; and on the south by a garbage pail. The graveyard, was an awful sight to gaze at, but Dingbat Applegate was worse.

I would willingly describe our hero to you, kind readers, but if I did, I'd lose my pull with the editor. Unfortunately, I have to pull the legs of a great many editors for a living, so I can't afford to lose my pull.

(Continued on page 13)

I'm Sure I Wasn't Raised To Be A Soldier

(But I'll Fight for Dear Old Red White and Blue)

Words and Music by
CHAS. R. CAMPBELL

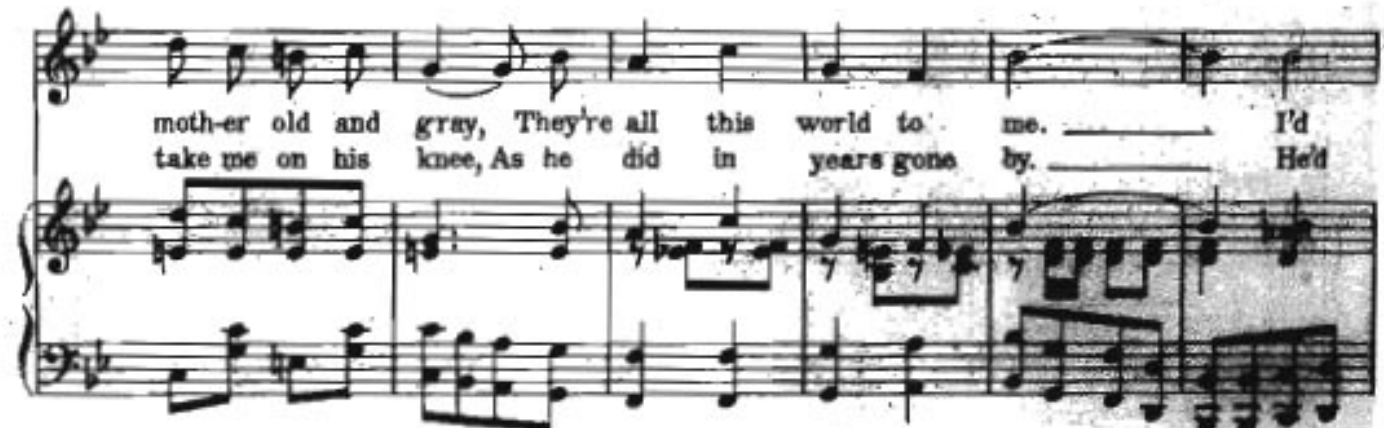
Tempo di Marcia



The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a steady, marching-like rhythm with chords and single notes.



The second system shows the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The piano part continues with a similar marching rhythm. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I have a sweet heart and If dear old Gran - dad could". A "Vamp" section is indicated above the piano part, showing a repeating rhythmic pattern.



The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The piano part continues with the same marching rhythm. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "moth-er old and gray, They're all this world to me. I'd take me on his knee, As he did in years gone by. He'd".



The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The piano part continues with the same marching rhythm. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "rath-er see the day, Heav-en called them both a way, Than loss their lib - er - say my lit - tle man, Be true to Un-ole Sam, From now un - til you".

ty. _____ When oth. er moth er's sons Are load-ing up the guns, To
die. _____ If when the bu-gle's call - ing, You know that some are fall - ing,

shield my loved ones from all harm, _____ I'll join them in a day, — If
Think of dear old stars and stripes, _____ In ool-ors bright and new, — She

Un-ole Sam should say, Now's the time your coun-try needs a sol - dier.
proud-ly beck-ona you, Then is when your coun-try needs a sol - dier.

CHORUS

I'm sure I was-n't raised to be a sol - dier _____ My moth-er told me

so when quite a boy, But just the same if Un-ole Sam-my

calls me, I'll an-swer, My heart all joy. I'll

put my lit-tle gun up-on my shoul-der, I'll bid my good old

friends a - die, The I'm sure I was-n't raised to be a sol-dier;

But I'll fight for dear old Red White and Blue. I'm

HURRY

(Pursuit and Capture)

Allo.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The tempo is marked 'Allo.'.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The music begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

(Continued from page 8)

However, it is best that you make the acquaintance of Dingbat right now. There's absolutely no sense in being strangers. So a terse explanation will suffice.

Dingbat Applegate was the nearest thing to a string bean in human flesh. His neck would have forced a giraffe to turn green with envy. It was a beautiful pipe-organ. Though his actions denoted the intelligence of a child of ten, we unblushingly confess that he was nearly thirty. Every day he used to roll the hoop, spin his top, and make mud pies in the sanitary streets of Dumpville. His wife and children he ignored entirely, but Mrs. Applegate felt sorry for him and refused to get a divorce. They had made a wonderful match. If the world had been turned inside out, or upside down, Dingbat Applegate and his spouse would have been perfectly mated.

Mrs. Applegate and the good people of Dumpville did all they could to break Dingbat's peculiar habits, but the most strenuous of their efforts proved unsuccessful. Dingbat was a simp, that's all there was to it, and his friends and family had only one recourse. That was to send him to the batty house in Bugtown. So Dingbat was packed in an iron box and shipped to the Bugtown Asylum For The Mentally Deficient.

For six months all the mud pies in Dumpville cried with loneliness. For the same length of time the whole population took on a sorrowful aspect, for the poor simp had made them laugh and now there was nothing to laugh at.

At the end of that period Dingbat returned from the nut factory, almost completely cured. We say almost completely cured, for the simple reason that he wasn't completely cured. There was still one disappointing feature about his actions.

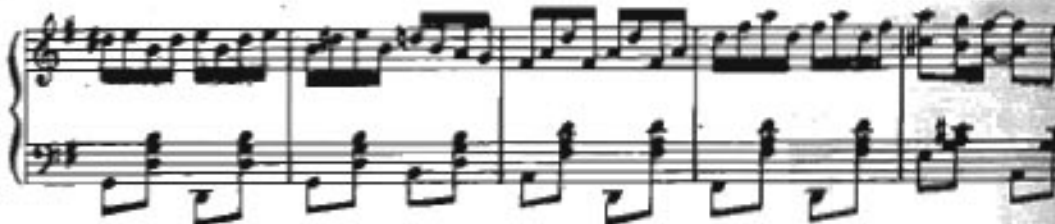
No matter what Dingbat was doing, or where he happened to be, if he saw a butterfly he persisted in chasing it. He was hugg on butterflies. Why, would you believe it, he even broke up the pastor's sermon in church one Sunday morning when a butterfly flew in. Soon as Dingbat saw that butterfly he jumped up, climbed in and out over the pews, stepped all over people's necks, and chased that poor butterfly all over the church, up to the pulpit, and out of the church. Three hours later he came home with the butterfly, smiling contentedly. Of course, I mean that Dingbat was smiling, not the butterfly.

Dingbat's friends and family did everything they could to dispel his illusions on butterflies, but their noble endeavors were fruitless. If Dingbat saw a butterfly, he MUST catch it, and that was all there was to it. At one time he even chased a butterfly across the border line to Huckleberry county.

Well, to make a long story longer, time passed. Funny thing, ain't it, that time always passes? One day the postmaster, who

The Minnesota Rag

AXEL CHRISTENSEN



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was also the sheriff, chief of police, fire department, grocery man, butcher, street cleaning department and lawyer, gave Dingbat a package of mail. When Dingbat opened that package he found enclosed a batch of advertising literature and a neat form-letter from a ragtime school in Chicago.

Now Dingbat was a pretty dumb guy, and it took him three weeks to understand that letter and grasp the purport of the ad-

vertising literature. Then it dawned upon him that a man in Chicago, operating a chain of music schools throughout the country, offered to teach him how to play ragtime through a series of lessons by mail.

Dingbat promptly went to his wife and told her all about it. His wife objected at first, but the fat head was so persistent in his determination to take up that course, that she finally yielded. Thus a few days later Dingbat borrowed old Jake Wollystig-



The Minnesota Rag

er's piano (which Columbus had brought over in 1492) and started in to practice.

Here, kind readers, let us pause for a moment. Success is a funny thing. Very few of us attain it, probably due to the fact that few of us realize our proper vocations at the right age. On the other hand, a great many reach the top rung of the ladder of success because of hereditary talent or symptoms, derived from inherent traits, which are discovered either at a premature age or late in the years of life.

However, be that as it may, Dingbat Applegate discovered himself without realiz-

ing it. In a remarkably short space of time he mastered that mail course in ragtime piano playing, and soon people came from all over Huckleberry county to hear him play. As Dingbat did all the playing at his home, his wife was hit with the idea that she could commercialize his talent, and next she charged admission to all visitors.

In the meanwhile, Dingbat's passion for music had become an obsession, and he almost forgot his love for butterflies. But the doctor told Mrs. Applegate that his love for butterflies had merely been qualified

temporarily, and that he might break out on a crazy chase any day.

One day a theatrical agent and promoter came to Dumpville. He remarked that he liked to spend his vacation with dead people. The postmaster took him to the home of the Applegate's and introduced him to Dingbat. When Dingbat played for him a few moments later, the agent babbled and chuckled and clapped his hands with delight.

"Man," he shouted, "you're a marvel! You come with me and I'll fill your pockets with coin. I'll make you a big figure in the theatrical world."

As usual, Dingbat, himself effervescent with joy, called in his wife and held a general consultation. As soon as Mrs. Applegate heard money, she urged her talented hubby to accept the theatrical agent's offer. So a few weeks later Dingbat departed with the theatrical man for the city, where he was to be rehearsed, booked, contracted and polished over.

A short time later, Dingbat emerged from the tub of preparation. His name was billed at all the leading theatres of the Con-Bull Circuit as a feature, and he was to make his first appearance at the Easy Money Theatre, in New York City.

On the night of his initial appearance, Dingbat was given a few final instructions in his dressing room. He was fourth on the bill, and as his ability as a pianist had been given vast publicity by the press agent, the huge audience waited restlessly for his appearance.

At last his act arrived. As the curtain went up, displaying several pianos, Dingbat came out with a hop and a skip and dashed through a sizzling, snappy, red-hot rag, accompanied by the entire orchestra. At its conclusion, he received a tremendous ovation. His next turn called for the rendering of a composition of his own manufacture.

Dingbat moved over to another piano with banjo attachments, and sat down to play. A dead silence came over the audience. Just as Dingbat was about to run his fingers over the keys, a beautiful, yellow spotted butterfly flew over his head in a graceful circle, and a frown of annoyance creased his face. He dropped his hands and stared at the butterfly for some time while the spectators grew impatient. Then he let out an Indian war whoop and leaped off the piano stool, one hand outstretched to grab that pretty butterfly.

While the audience looked on in amazement, Dingbat chased the lovely thing to the footlights, making frantic efforts to catch it. For a moment the frightened butterfly hovered above the footlights, and then swooped over the orchestra. Dingbat made one tremendous leap off the stage, missed his guess, and went sprawling, out of his feet landing square in the orchestra leader's mouth. That poor fellow swam

lowed so much leather that his father opened a shoe factory a few years later.

The butterfly flew over the band and made for the drummer. Dingbat followed like a madman, locking over violins, trumpets, cornets and knocking the members of the band right and left. The butterfly escapes his wild clutch, and Dingbat's foot went clean through the big bass drum.

On went the butterfly and on went Dingbat, dragging the bass drum after him. The audience, thinking all this was part of the act, howled with laughter. Over the heads of the audience flew the butterfly, and Dingbat sailed into the audience like a cyclone, climbing over seats, human heads, shoulders, arms and necks, all the while making desperate grabs for that elusive little butterfly.

Obl! Just see. He has it—he has it! Just see that little devil! He had it in his hands, but it flew out, and Dingbat's foot landed in a fat man's stomach. Now it rested on a lady's face, and Dingbat made a slam at it. The butterfly flew away, and Dingbat cracked the lady in the face instead.

Now the house was in an uproar. Everybody made a dash for the aisles in frantic efforts to leave the theatre. Dingbat, climbing over seats and human heads, finally landed in the lobby, bowling over people right and left while the pretty butterfly flew here and there and everywhere.

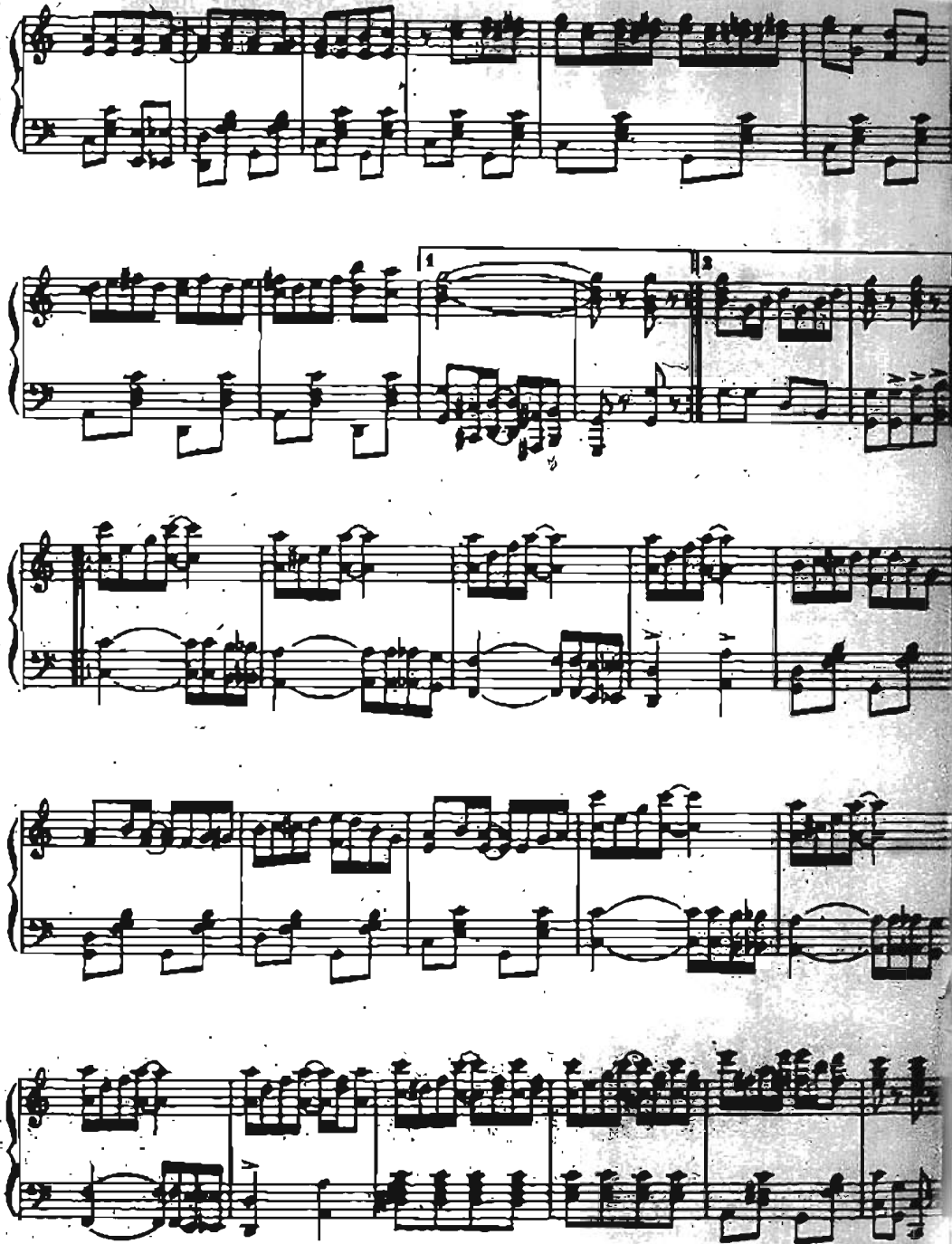
Down the stairs and out into the street flew the butterfly, Dingbat after it, and just as they reached the next corner two cops grabbed Dingbat and dragged him, kicking and fighting, to the nearest cooler.

My story is finished, kind readers, and so is Dingbat Applegate. All this happened some years ago. Today, Dingbat is an inmate of the Pepperchuckachuck Asylum for the Hopelessly Insane. You can find him any time in cell fourteen, playing ragtime by the hour on an old, battered piano, while a swarm of pet butterflies sail around him day after day. And if you make inquiries in regard to his pedigree, the warden will tell you that Dingbat is known in the asylum as Rag-Dippy Applegate, the Human Butterfly.

(The End.)

BALLROOM DANCERS AND DANCING ACTS.

Novelties in the music line for dancing acts are scarce. There are many tuneful instrumental numbers, but few novelties. Stern & Company have possibly published more instrumental hits than any other two publishers combined. They are offering the "Bugle Call Rag," which has already become very popular in the best ballrooms in the country. Orchestra leaders delight in playing it. It's a marvelous fox trot. The rhythm lends itself admirably to buck dancing and eccentric dances as well. "Shades of Night," their new song-instrumental, certainly fills a long-felt want with acts who are tired of using "The Glow Worm."



The Human Rag

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STAFF SERVICE BUREAU—Times Building (Room 30) Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from page 6)

Another feature of the band concerns which causes much annoyance is the fact that the band does not play loudly enough to be heard distinctly more than fifty yards away from the band stand. The men seemed to play most of the selections *piuissimo* and gave one the impression that they were playing only for the amusement of a chosen few, who happened to be seated close to the band stand. I saw many persons get up and leave, after complaining that they could not hear. Some of them, including myself, were not more than fifty yards away. I also heard many complaints in regard to the music being "tiresome" and more than once I overheard the remark, "Oh, dear, I wish they'd play something lively!"

A program consisting of selections from current musical comedies, Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas and the "best sellers" among the popular melodies of the day would give far greater satisfaction to the public and make these band concerts a genuine success. Many people come from a long distance to attend these concerts, expecting to hear the music they love, and it is not right to disappoint them and send them home feeling that they have been "stung."

For real enjoyment I would rather hear The Daily News Newsboys' band playing its customary program of popular airs than to listen to any other band in the city of Chicago. There is only one prominent band leader who has struck the popular notes and that is Martin Ballman. His motto is, "Give the public what it wants."

ALBERT HOWARD WILSON.

DOWN BY THE WHITE LIGHTS.

Song: "Why Don't They Move Old Ireland Over Here?" Yea, why don't they?

"I Was Never Nearer Heaven In My Life" and if it hadn't been for the doctor I'd have been there for good.

"Baby Shoes" can be bought at any ten cent store—just now they're breaking all records. My kid needs a pair, too.

"After the War is Over" they'll need a few good men on the other side to cheer things up a bit, I reckon.

"Come On and Do What Your Mother Did" may be all right to say to the girl when you're getting a good salary, but just now I wouldn't want to take a chance on thirty cents.

"Memories" many a fellow has 'em after a long session. 'Member when you held four jacks and the other fellow four queens?

"They Didn't Believe Me" when I told 'em I was with a sick friend, holding his hand, and Oh, di me, what hands I held for him at that. Too bad I was broke or I could have held 'em myself.

RAGTIME TO BRING BACK HEALTH.

A ragtime orchestra is to make a new man of A. A. Atwood, heavy stockholder in the Willys-Overland Automobile Company, whose shattered nerves, due to overwork, caused him to purchase a yacht, hire an orchestra and sail away seeking lost health. Mr. Atwood told a reporter "I'm going to sail to the Atlantic via the Welland canal and then down the coast." I have hired the best ragtime orchestra I could get. I'm going to have both the orchestra and pipe organ playing from daylight to bedtime. I'm going to be awakened every morning by the pealing of the organ, eat my meals to syncopated rhythm, and be lulled to sleep by the swish of the waves and Irving Berlin. When I come back I'll be a new man."

POPULAR SONGS.

Do you believe me when I tell you that I love you?

Do you believe me when I swear that I am true?

Do you believe me when I say that you are wonderful and swear

By the stars above—the moon and heavens, blue?

Do you believe me when I tell you that I think of you by day

And dream of you, dear, when my eyes are shut?

Do you believe me when I say I miss you when you are away?

Do you believe me? If you do, then you're a'net!

(Stolen from someone.)

GOOD TITLES FROM NEW SONGS.

If the Kaiser's name was Wilson, what a Wonderful Mother You'd Be!

In the Garden of Love with you, under the Southern Moon.

You'll Mend the Aching Heart You Broke Some Day, After the War is Over.

PLEA FOR A WAR SONG.

They've written a sonnet,
'Bout some old gray bonnet,
(Though they should have called it a hat
—(tra la la)

But nobody's writing
'Bout all Europe fighting,
Now why don't they write one 'bout that?
(tra la la)

Now why don't they write one 'bout that?
By A Wood-Bee.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC.

Professor Stevens recently let it be known that music can be tasted, smelled, felt and seen as well as heard. Now he predicts that the spoken word will be supplanted by a bit of melody.

The lyre is an instrument that would appeal to many, the professor believes. A banjo might be used on a street car, a fire whistle at a ball game, while any brass horn would do for the board of trade, he thinks. For soft-pedaling domestic conversation stringed instruments are suggested, with a kettle drum and sticks for punctuation. Clarinet and flute are approved for courtship.

"I cite Beethoven in his description of his 'Rage Over the Lost Penny,'" said Professor Stevens, "to prove music may adequately express thought and mood."

SONG COPYRIGHT SUIT.

A suit contesting the ownership of the copyrights on Silver Threads Among the Gold and other old songs written by Hart P. Danks, who died in Pennsylvania in 1903, has been begun in the federal court at New York, by his widow and children against Elizabeth Adair Gordon and others, song publishers.

Do You Get all the Latest and Best Music—First?

Maybe not! But thousands of other musicians, orchestra leaders, movie pianists, teachers and music lovers DO. Perhaps you don't know just how they obtain their copies First. The coupon below tells YOU how to get about \$2 worth of music, or more as soon as it comes from the press—long before the music stores receive them, and you get some MUSIC FREE. When both vocal and instrumental are published, or when extra verses are printed (as is the case with the song "Hesitation Blues") you get them FREE. Do it now!

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Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen: Please enroll my name for membership in your club, and send me one copy of each song as soon as printed each month, for (piano) (orchestra). Enclosed find my (check) (money-order) (coin) (or stamps) for my membership.

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BOOSTS

Enclosed please find personal check to apply on one years' subscription beginning with current issue of the Ragtime Review. I was not fortunate enough to be one of the subscribers when the magazine first came out, and would like very much to be able to get every copy since it has been published.

Yours very truly,
PASTIME THEATRE CO.,
 Otto Larson, Pianist,
 Hammond, Ind.

The Buckeye Music Publishing Company is being heard of in the song markets of today. It's only about three years since this company was organized by Mr. Cox and his associates. After a short time Mr. Cox bought all of the stock himself and controls the company at this time. The company has had two notable successes: "Why don't you advertise" and "I've got the Rumatiz." Just now the company is working hard on boosting "Virginia from Virginia Wait for Me" and "Come In the Garden Dear". Mr. Cox reports that the outlook is very encouraging and has a large number of manuscripts waiting for publication.

Merlin Dappert, who has become known through his publications "I can't forget you Mary" and "My Little Evening Star" has just returned home to Taylorville, Ill., after a boosting trip, which was very successful.

Mary Pickford has started a crusade for better and more appropriate music for pictures. It is a fact, that many players show very little judgment in what they play when accompanying moving pictures. While the music need not be difficult it should not at least be of a kind that produces emotions just contrary to those produced by the picture itself. People's emotions are apt to conflict enough without the aid of the pianist.

Adolph Philipp, who confessed a few months ago that he wrote and posed the successful musical comedies "Alma, Where Do You Live?" "Adele, the Girl Who Smiles", "Auction Pinochle", "Two Is Company", "The Midnight Girl" and other musical plays, has signed a contract with Joseph W. Stern & Co., whereby he will write exclusively for this firm. Mr. Adolf Philipp is at present composing the music for "Saddle From Riverside Drive," which will shortly be produced with the author-composer in the leading role.

The Seidel Music Publishing Company is pushing the following three numbers: "Everything He Does Just Pleases Me", "He's Coming Home On the Eight O'clock" and "All Aboard for Syncopation Isle."

A BONA-FIDE OFFER FROM A LEGIMATE PUBLISHING HOUSE

Undoubtedly you know or have heard of this publishing house and are aware of the fact that we are one of the leading New York houses, having an untarnished reputation for publishing only the highest class of popular songs, etc., and treating our writers white. You may also know that this company receives nearly twice as much publicity as does all other houses outside of New York put together. This proves that we are not "would-be" publishers, but a leading concern commanding the respect and confidence of all—having the good fellowship of all editors, profession and trade in general. Wouldn't YOU like to be connected with us? Surely!

Recently we incorporated at \$75,000, with our capital stock fully paid in. This stock is now selling at par—\$5.00 the share. A limited amount is offered for sale to writers like yourself and with it, a chance to connect with this house. Easy payments are arranged for and we want YOU to grab this chance and purchase as much of the issue of stock as you can possibly take. We have the goods—YOU know that, or if you don't, all you have to do is to write any of the following leading men and find out all about us. These men will tell you WHO and WHAT WE ARE. They will tell you that our progress has been more wonderful than that of any other publishing house in the world—that our stock is every bit as good as any Bank Stock and as valuable as any publisher's stock in the country—bar none. Here are their names: Write them!

Axel W. Christensen, Editor RAGTIME REVIEW, Chicago, Ill. C. M. Williams (Song Hints), BILLBOARD, Cincinnati, Ohio. Edw. R. Winn, Ed. (The Pianist) CADENZA, 155 West 125th St., N. Y. City. L. M. Ferguson, Editor BILLBOARD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Suppose you think: "What good will it do me to purchase stock in this company?" We'll tell you. You can't buy less than ten shares. Buy more if you can, but make it your business to buy TEN SHARES while you can—that means NOW. Ten shares will cost \$50.00 and you can pay for them \$10.00 down and \$5.00 per month. Now, then: In purchasing 10 shares you become a stockholder in the company—a part of the company. Only stockholders can have anything accepted for publication. Right now sit you down and make application for as many shares as you can afford to by paying \$1.00 per share down and 50c per share per month. Send in your application with first payment thereon and also two or more of your best numbers. We'll examine the 'ems, and if we cannot see sufficient merit in at least one of them so as to accept and publish it, at OUR expense and issue you a ten per cent royalty contract we'll tell you so at once and, if you wish, cancel your application for stock and return your money. Is that fair? Get busy now and send us that application and don't forget to send some of your songs along with it. We need 'em and that's one of the reasons why we're giving you this opportunity to "connect" with this—a leading New York House. Is it worth it? Faithfully,

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A. W. CHRISTENSEN, 25 E. Jackson Bldg., Chicago
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 "Ragtime Review" for one year. Yours truly,

NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

When the city of Toledo, Ohio, had a preparedness parade last July 1st, the schools of the town were invited to take part. Armenia Thomas, a most ambitious young woman who has been teaching ragtime diligently for the past couple of years, took part in the parade with her pupils.

Miss Thomas dressed for the occasion in white lace, wearing over her shoulders a wide sash of Yale blue and old gold, the same colors being worn by her pupils in the form of badges. She has adopted these colors for her school in Toledo and they are worn by her pupils.

This is a good advertising stunt, because every time a pupil is asked "What does that badge, or those colors signify?" the answer means advertising for her school. We believe this is the first teacher of ragtime to adopt class or school colors.

In the parade she had a large banner, giving the name and address of her school and the legend which is now well known throughout America "Ragtime Piano Playing Taught in 20 Lessons."

Bessie Leithmann, who conducts two ragtime schools in Philadelphia, the other being in charge of Miss Ray Simper, got out an attractive announcement about the opening of the schools for the fourteenth season in September. The announcement is printed on regular wedding invitation paper and comes to the prospect very much like a wedding invitation in a double envelope.

The only thing about this particular announcement is that it's probably more welcome than the average wedding invitation. In both cases you of course have to "dig," but in this case you get something for your money if you take lessons, while the only way to get even with some one who sends you a wedding invitation and shakes you down for a present is to get married again, and one can do that only just so often.

Of interest to enterprising teachers should be the advertising plan of Mr. George Schulte, who conducts an extensive school of ragtime in Cleveland. He is arranging a house-to-house distribution, starting with a suburb of Cleveland, Lorain, Ohio, where he has just located a branch school.

At every house his agents will leave an envelope addressed "What You Have Been Looking For," which contains first a 32-page booklet telling all about the system of ragtime taught at his school and the wonderful possibilities for pleasure and profit such a course affords the pupil. The envelope also contains a letter printed in facsimile typewriting with a direct personal appeal, and among the other enclosures is a return card which the prospect is asked to fill out and mail, thereby getting as a pres-

ent from Mr. Schulte a six months' subscription to the Ragtime Review.

Frankly, we hope a lot of people will mail in those cards.

This stunt is going to cost Schulte some money, but he believes it's going to be worth while and has the courage of his convictions to go through with it.

Mrs. John Dietz, of Milwaukee, who recently took over the ragtime school of Miss Bessie Hanson by purchase, has started off her fall advertising campaign by inserting 1 inch display "ads" in all the principal papers of Milwaukee, Wis.

George Schulte has had his suite of studios in Cleveland remodeled.

E. W. Weyerman, at Waterbury, Conn., opened the fall term for his pupils in ragtime on the Tuesday following Labor Day.

Miss Louise Meyers teaches ragtime in Santa Barbara, Cal. This brings to mind the time when the writer also taught ragtime in that same beautiful city and incidentally played the bass drum in the band, which was then under the able management of a Mr. Donze, who played the clarinet and owned a cleaning and dyeing establishment on the main street—but pardon the digression.

Miss Meyers is operating her school under a franchise from Mr. Phillip Kaufman, of Los Angeles, who controls that territory for the system of ragtime playing in use at all his schools.

Mr. Koch was recently appointed manager of the branch school which Mr. Kaufman, of Los Angeles, has established at Long Beach, Cal., and Mr. Busch has accepted a similar position at Modesto, Cal., for Mr. Kaufman.

Lucille Bollman, of Rockford, Ill., has entirely given up her classical teaching, finding the demand for ragtime so great. She claims it's easier to teach ragtime and a lot more profitable.

"It's true," she said, "the ragtime pupils don't stay as long as the others, because they learn so fast, but there are always more than enough waiting to take the places of my graduates. One recommends the other, which forms an endless chain."

Prof. Hans Mettke, who for years taught nothing but classical music, sends in clippings of his ragtime advertisements which are now appearing in all the Davenport (Iowa) papers.

At St. Louis Ed. Mellinger is the father of a baby girl.

Noah Henley, former publicity and "outside" man for Mr. Mellinger's school, will again join the ranks beginning September first. He will write monthly St. Louis "noted" music talks for the Ragtime Review.

We have word that the Houston (Texas) school of ragtime has lived through the terrible hot season this year while others teaching in the same studio building have had to quit for the summer. Z. M. Van Tress expects to have quite a large class this fall according to the number of inquiries coming in daily.

Louis Zoeller, writer of The German Blues and pianist at the Palm Garden, Louisville, spent his vacation at Dawson Springs.

Lloyd Kenney, assistant teacher to J. Forrest Thompson, in Louisville, is gaining popularity with his singing and playing at different social functions in town.

Theodore Schipper, interlocutor of The Elnomo Minstrels, of which Thompson is one of the end men, has a novel way of writing his friends when on his vacation. He and Johnny Flynn, another one of the end men, were at White Mills, Ky., the first week in August, and the following is what he wrote: "My Dear Forrest:—As I have nothing to do I will write. As I have nothing to say I will close.

"Yours truly, Theodore."

Marcellus Stradley, of Jeffersonville, a pupil of the Louisville School, is now playing dances.

William Braun, a ragtime prodigy, aged 10, from the Louisville school, is visiting his relatives in Dayton, Ohio, and giving them a delightful surprise by playing the latest music in masterly style.

Bernard Brin, who spent a month this summer in visiting other ragtime schools on the Pacific coast, has returned to his office in Seattle and is being deluged with applications for enrollment. They had a lot of fun with Bernard in San Francisco at a party given in his honor by Miss Phoebe Moss, daughter of one of the prominent San Francisco families, and a great lover of ragtime piano music. When Mr. Brin came to the party he found signs stuck all over the rooms reading as follows: "Seattle School of Popular Music," "No charge if you learn how to play," "Bernard Brin, the original ragtime kid," "Who made Seattle famous, ask me, I don't know," "Rotten music written," and other such funny signs. Another great admirer of Mr. Brin, Ed. Ulman, gave

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RAGTIME INSTRUCTOR No. 1—Shows how to convert any piece into real ragtime—also contains the following pieces arranged in red-hot "rag": "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Black Joe," "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," "Flower Song," "Simple Confession," "Ragtime King," "Irmensia Rag," etc., etc.

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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Book 1—Lessons in Sight Reading.
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Pathetic Rag—A remarkable Slow Drag.
Star and Garter Rag Waltz—Melody for the left hand with ragtime variations for the right.
Progressive Rag—Another "Corking" Slow Drag.
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Irmensia Rag—"Class" to this number.
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Any of this books or music advertised above will be sent on receipt of price.

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Thousands of people in every part of the country either have taken or are taking this course. Everybody ought to play Rag-Time—man, woman, boy, girl, old, young—**BECAUSE Rag-Time is HAPPINESS.** Rag-Time is the musical expression of **JOY.** If you hear Rag-Time—or better yet, if you can yourself play it—sorrow, pain and regret vanish as if by magic before the brilliant rays of laughter and exhilaration.

Send the coupon, which entitles you to a Special Scholarship, so that you can become able to play Rag-Time, to play **ANYTHING** in happy, snappy Rag-Time—at almost no cost to you whatever. Send the coupon at once, for this unusual opportunity may not be repeated.

Our Reputation Your Guarantee

Mr. Axel Christensen, Director of this school, is known as the "Czar of Rag-Time," the world over. Furthermore, we give you a written guarantee of satisfaction.

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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.

a screamingly funny burlesque of Mr. Brin giving lessons. The whole stunt was a decided hit.

Roscoe V. Knuppe, who was for a time affiliated with Bernard Brin, of Seattle, at the Seattle School of Popular Music, is now playing a large Wurlitzer Hope Jones organ at the Regent theatre, in Tacoma, Wash., and from all reports is making most favorable impressions on the audience.

Miss Minikus, of Omaha, writes: "A young man called me up the other day and said: 'I have been playing only on the white keys of the piano. Will you teach me how to use the black ones; I am tired of the white ones.'

"I have some pupils that come from Council Bluffs for their lessons. One is so happy and enthusiastic over the system of teaching ragtime. She says time goes so much faster when you are practising this than the classics. Her mother says the teacher must have some power over the pupils to make them practice so faithfully."

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. Coskley, a former pupil of Mr. Gleeson of ragtime fame in San Francisco, is now a first-class cabaret pianist.

T. Stevenson, another pupil, has made quite a success playing the movies.

Harold Hartman, a graduate of a couple

A Word to the Wise

The stock of the Will Carroll Co., Inc., is now selling at \$5.00 the share. It will go higher. It must appeal to your sense of business judgment to purchase a "live" stock while it is selling low. Easy payments of 20 per cent down and 10 per cent per month in blocks of ten shares or more. Less than 10 shares Cash. Will Carroll Company's songs are in demand. Do you want your share of the profits? Buy today. Will Carroll Co., Inc., Times Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

of years back, was the lion of the occasion at the recent freshman reception at the High School of Commerce.

It is of interest to note the increase in popularity which ragtime is enjoying every year. It is of more interest to those who consider ragtime from a money-making standpoint to note the thousands of pupils that flock to the ragtime studios every winter. We would suggest that ragtime teachers send the editor information as to how many pupils you had on an average last winter. In the meantime while waiting for more complete reports we publish the following: George Schulte, of Cleveland, averaged in the neighborhood of 250 pupils a week; the Christensen schools of Chicago averaged over 1,000 pupils a week last winter.

RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY.

He—"Why does a cat cry when she hears a violin?"

She—"I suppose it's because she knows you are sawing on a part of her departed relatives."

Phil. Kaufman, who has made the city of Los Angeles sit up and take notice of real ragtime, through the hundreds of successful that have graduated from his studios has written a song entitled "You've Got Me Kid," which we understand will be published in the near future by The Stark Music Co., of St. Louis. Knowing Mr. Kaufman's ability we look forward with pleasant anticipation to seeing his new song.

Earl S. Granger, enterprising teacher of ragtime in Kalamazoo, has had splendid success with a new advertising card. The card is printed the size of an ordinary visiting card only large type is used featuring "Ragtime Piano Playing Positively Taught in 20 Lessons." The address and telephone number is given in smaller type.

"ONCE OVERS."

Mellinger Music Publishing Co., Oregon Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., offer a winner this month: "My Queen" by Firstbrook and Mellinger. Another good number is a 12/8 ballad, "Each Night I Dream of You." Two-step, "Tiddle the Ivories," "Let's Dance," etc.

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