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RAGTIME REVIEW

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Vol. 3

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1917

No. 1.

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The Taming of Bad Buck Wendell

By PETER FRANK MEYER

Dealing with a charming young lady who opens a ragtime school in the Arizona town of Dead Man's Gulch

Spike McFadden dug the spurs into the little mare's flanks as the outskirts of Dead Man's Gulch appeared on the horizon. Unaccustomed to such treatment, the wiry horse snorted and reared up suddenly, and then broke into a wild gallop that did not disturb her rider in the least.

"You're gittin' wuss an' wuss, ole hoss," chuckled McFadden. "O' course, yuh ain't used tew bein' spurred. I knows that, darn well. But I calculates that the boys back at the Silver Star wud shure have my life if I missed that tew-thutty stage, an' I ain't longin' tew kick the bucket, nurther."

Thus having declared himself, the most popular cowpuncher on the Silver Star rattle proceeded to break down the tough little Indian pony's gallop to a steady trot.

"I only hopes that thar's mail fer the boys an' that Buck Wendell ain't been hangin' roun' these diggins lately," muttered McFadden aloud as they reached the bend in the road. Here his pony cantered down the bosom of a rocky, jagged decline. When they arrived at the base of this hill, Spike once more urged the animal ahead at a stiff pace. Soon they hit the trail that cut through the thickest portion of a dense woods, where, for a time, at least, they were sheltered from the burning rays of a sweltering sun.

In twenty minutes they emerged from the miniature wilderness, and the cowpuncher brightened as he noted the shacks, cabins and crude wooden houses of Dead Man's Gulch just ahead. When they reached the point where the trail ran into the stage road between the Gulch and Death Valley, he spurred the horse on at a reckless pace, and slowed down to a gallop as they approached the Golden Eagle Hotel at the very edge of Dead Man's Gulch. Turning into the only thoroughfare which one could call a street, Spike's pony relaxed into a lazy lope. McFadden nodded to the salutations of several loungers as they passed up the narrow street.

At perhaps every hundred yards, hung in conspicuous places, were glaring posters

bearing the inscription:

\$1,000 Reward
For the Capture, Dead or Alive
of Buck Wendell.
The Arizona Bandit and Gunman.

In spite of the sinister gravity of these posters, Spike was compelled to smile wanly. Posters of that nature had been nailed all over Dead Man's Gulch and other Arizona towns for two months, and yet Buck Wendell came and went to and from the Gulch as brazenly as he pleased. Over a dozen men had lost their precious lives in heroic efforts to earn that thousand dollar reward. And the sheriff's job at the Gulch was still vacant. Nobody seemed to be anxious about filling that vacancy, either. Even now McFadden was staring discerningly at the significant bullet holes in the wall of the front porch of Red Gilligan's gin mill. Evidently Wendell had been around again, for the perforations had not been there on the occasion of McFadden's previous visit two days ago.

He drew up his horse in front of the dilapidated wooden shack which the populace of the Gulch designated as a post office and dismounted. Unfastening the canvas bag from the saddle straps, he slung it over his shoulder and entered the building.

"Hello, Spike," greeted Postmaster Sam Wheelkins from behind the rusty cage. "How's everything?"

"Awright," grunted McFadden. He opened his bag and deposited a pile of mail on Wheelkins' desk. A glance at the battered old clock on the shelf told him that it was just one o'clock, and he reflected that the stage from Death Valley was not due till two-thirty.

"I see's that Buck Wendell wuz gazabin' aroun' these diggins again," he remarked, half to himself.

"Did yuh note wot he done down tult Red Gilligan's?" inquired Sam.

"Yep. Anybody croak?"

Wheelkins leaned over the desk, chin on his hands.

"Shore thing. He plugged Dan Kerry's roof off, shot up Texas Haffy bad, an' just missed Red Gilligan's dome. We buried Haffy las' night. He weren't married, so it ain't real turr'ble like."

McFadden unconsciously allowed his hand to wander to his holster and close over the butt of a heavy blue gun. For a moment neither spoke. McFadden gazed out into the street meditatively. Then he flung the empty bag in a corner.

"Take anythin'?" he asked, looking at Wheekins.

"Guess he helped hisself tuh drinks at Red's joint," replied Sam, "but he didn't swipe no horseflesh or dough. He come's in alone, carryin' a battleship o' ammernition in his belt, an' sails plumb straight fer Gilligan's. Arter guzzlin' down fourteen whiskies without payin', he gets nasty an' cleans out thuh place. Dan Kerry blazes away at 'im fer some time, but in thuh end nails Dan fer good and pots up Texas in bad shape."

"It's a darn shame," muttered Spike softly, taking his gun from its holster and rubbing his hand over it gently. "If thuh dogs wot own that railroad had stretched char lines tuh Dead Man's Gulch an' constructed a station hyar, thar wouldn't be no necessity fer a stage trail from thuh Gulch tuh Death Valley, we'd hev 'civil protection, an' Buck Wendell wud be dead as a doornail by this time. We've had five sheriffs in three months, an' not a dam one is livin' now!"

"Yore right, Spike," declared Wheekins, cracking a clenched fist in his other hand. "The railroad company's tew blame fer the whole bizness. Most o' the pop'lotion is law-abidin' an' 'spectable. An' if we hed direct railroad connection, 'stead o' a gol dinged fifteen mile trail from here tuh Death Valley, the legal authorities woulda hed Buck Wendell's hide long ago. An' besides, Wendell holds up the stage whenever he's feelin' frisky. With a straight shootin' sheriff, a vigilants committee, a railroad station here instead o' the blamed ole stage coach trail, an' a couple o' 'tectives from Tucson, we'd clean out Wendell."

Wheekins emphasized his statement by spitting a mouthful of tobacco juice on the floor.

"This Wendell is shore some fast with a gun, though," said McFadden, placing his own weapon back in the holster. "I seen him when he plugged Wild Bill Devory las' March, an' I swears he's thuh quickest bird on thuh draw wotever killed a chicken this side o' Hell!"

Spike paused a moment, gazing at the bare floor in frowning silence, then continued:

"Twice I hadda chanst tuh wing Buck Wendell when he started on his shootin' raids. Once he had his hull outfit with 'im, a couple o' dirty greasers, a crazy Injun an' tew bandits from up state way. That time I couldn't draw, fer I was gazin' inter a

gun wot thet damed redskin leveled at my roof. Another time I had Wendell when hiz back was turned, but so help me Moses I was jist sorta paralyzed like. Som'tin' 'bout thet gazabo seemed ter knock all thuh sand outter me, I swar it fer a fack. My hand jist froze on my gun, an' I couldn't move. Wendell's gut more grit 'en any man on earth. He rides in here, reads thuh posters wot offers a thousand bucks fer his own hide, stiff or livin', helps hisself tuh wotever he likes, an' rides out agin."

"Wait'll he see's thet female 'cross the street," said Wheekins, nodding his head significantly.

McFadden looked at him quickly, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Wot female?" he asked, perplexed. "Didn't yuh hear'd 'bout it, Spike?" inquired Sam, greatly astonished.

"Bout wot?" Wheekins stared at him for some time, then arose and lazily dragged himself out of the cage. Taking McFadden's arm he led him to the door, and pointed to a large white sign on a brown painted two-story building across the street.

McFadden followed the direction of his finger and found himself reading, in bold red letters:

MISS GRACE ALLISON

will positively teach anyone how to play ragtime in twenty lessons. Come up for details and free demonstration.

ORIGINAL SYSTEM

If she fails to instruct you thoroughly in twenty lessons, make you a good ragtime pianist, even though you don't know a thing about music, she'll cheerfully return your money. Come on up now. Don't argue with yourself.

"Wal, I'll be blowed!" expostulated McFadden, shoving his hands in his pockets. "Thuh pusson wot writ thet muss be plumb locoed."

Wheekins shook his head. "No she ain't, nuther, Spike." "Who ain't?" snapped McFadden.

"The lady wot calls herself Miss Allison." "Wal, who in blazes sed she were?" retorted Spike.

"You did. Yuh pore weasel, Miss Allison writ that sign herself. She came hyar yisterday on thuh coach, cartin' haff o' ton o' luggage. A pianer wuz tied on top o' thuh stage. She brought them signs with her, tew. Bull Carson an' Crazy Wheeler helped her tuh sorta a'range things, an' carted thuh pianer upstairs fer her. She fixed up thuh hull place herself, hung out a shingle an' thet sign, an' now 'pears tuh be ready tuh teach people 'round this dump how tew play pianer, er ragtime, whatever it am."

McFadden frowned. "Does she know 'bout Buck Wendell's shootin' sprees?"

"Shore. I went up tuh see her arter it happened. I tells her wot kinda joint this is. I informs her, gentile like, thet thar be only four wimmen in this vicinity, an' thet

three is widders. She ain't none disturbed, nuther. So I tells her thet every new 'rval in this dump are a target fer Bad Buck Wendell's gun, an' thet he hates females. I also, confidential like, tells her thet thar's only tew pianers in town, one 'bout fifty year old, an' thet thar ain't no use teachin' pianer in a joint whar there's only tew pianers. She laughs, soft like, an' reiterates thet she is also sellin' pianers fer a company in 'Frisco at the cut rate conditions o' twenty bucks down, an' ten bones a month fer five months. She sez thet arter the boys larn tuh play, they'll be only tew glad tuh buy a pianer at them rates. She remarks thet she ain't 'fraid uv a dozen bums like Bad Buck Wendell. She won't listen, consarn it!"

"D'ydya honestly do yer level best tuh p'suade her tew leave?" asked Spike anxiously.

"No man cudda did mor'n I did," retorted Sam, heatedly. "She won't lissen, an' thet's all thar am tew it!" and he threw up his arms in disgust.

McFadden grunted, produced a strip of rice paper from his pocket, and then yanked out a dirty yellow package. He opened this with his teeth, poured a generous supply of tobacco flakes into the folded paper, shoved the package in his belt, and rolled a cigarette with one hand. He completed this operation deftly, lighted his butt, and inhaled a vast quantity, permitting the smoke to escape from his lips and nostrils while he spoke.

"I never see'd a female wot weren't crazy," he remarked. "Even if Buck Wendell weren't, nosin' round this hole, it wouldn't be no place fer her. Tew pianers in town, yuh say, an' thuh boss has gut one at thuh ranch which thuh boys ain't 'lowed tew play. Thet's 'cause Mel Sherwood tried tuh shove his feel' through it. An' I'd likes tuh see thuh pusson wot kin teach me how tuh play one o' them damn things."

"Wal," drawled Wheekins, shrugging his shoulders, "she's got a bunch o' testimonials from folks wot she has larned."

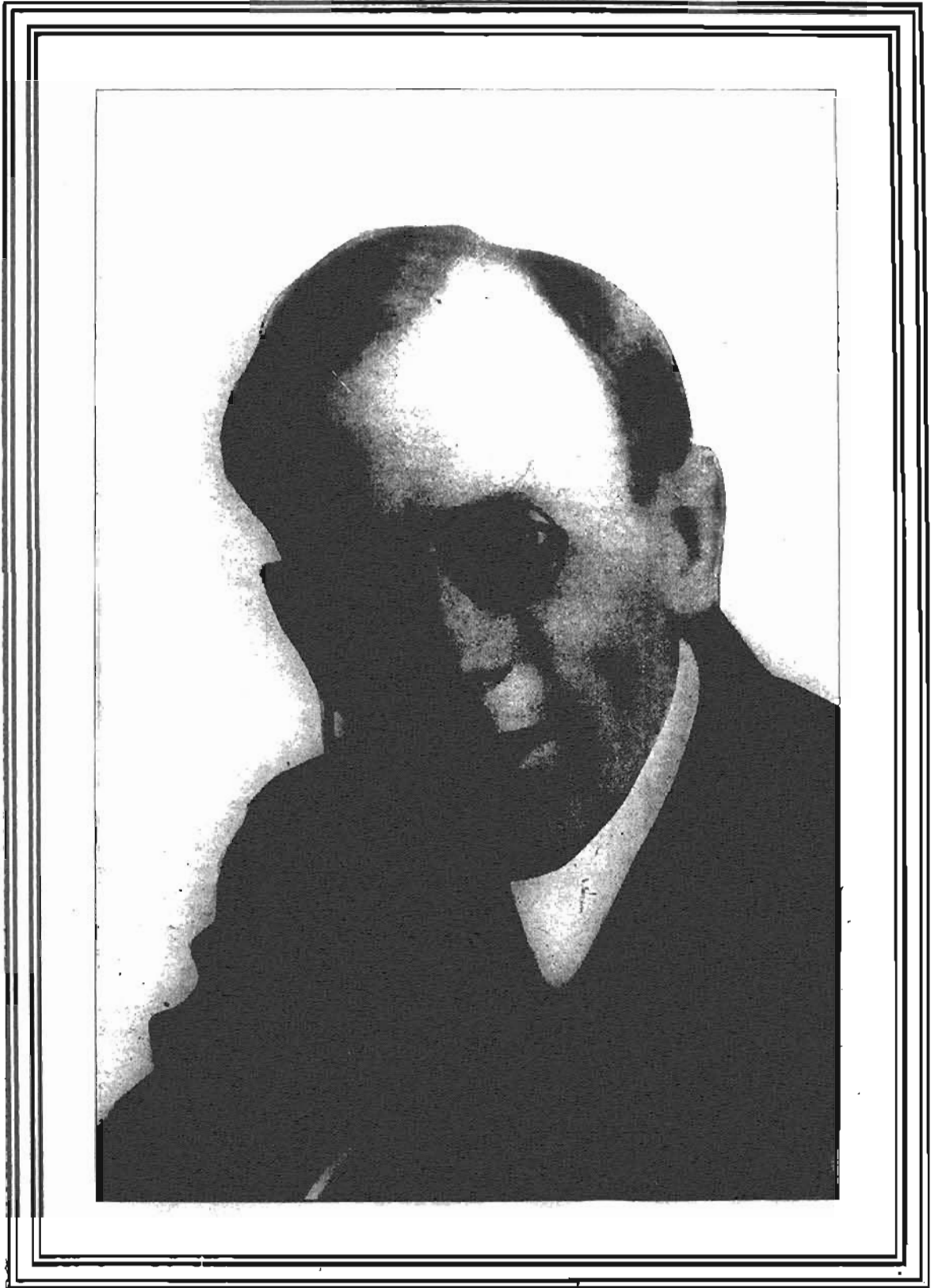
McFadden gave vent to another dismal grunt.

"Any jackass kin write a testimonial," he observed. He pondered a moment. "Wanna drink, Sam?"

"Nope. Yew knows thuh rules."

"Wal, I'm jist sorta cravin' like tuh wet my whistle. Guess I'll skiddoo down tuh thuh Gulch Cafe an' swiggle down a couple o' swiggles. Reckon I'll return afore thuh stage 'rives. S'long."

He puffed contentedly at his fast decreasing cigarette, and swung down the steps. At the next corner he cut across a dirty alley, sauntered along another rickety thoroughfare, and as he was about to turn into a crosswise street, he almost bumped into a crowd of cowpunchers, cattle traders, half-breeds, Mexican farm hands, and townspeople, who were gathered around



A "HAPPY NEW YEAR" TO THE READERS
OF THE "RAGTIME REVIEW"

Axel W. Christensen
EDITOR

the elevated form of a fiery speaker. The said elevation consisted of two soap boxes.

The speaker paused for breath as McFadden joined the crowd, and proceeded to mop his face with a glaring red handkerchief that resembled a young flag in size.

"Whose thet gazabo?" asked Spike, turning to one of the spectators.

"Oh, some lunatic wot's anxious tuh serve as a target fer Bad Buck Wendell. Hiz name's Griffin—calls hisself Major Griffin. He's lookin' fer the town tuh appoint him as sheriff uv Dead Man's Gulch, an' tellin' us wot he'll do if he gits the appointment. He 'pears tuh hev a lot o' sand."

"He might hev sand, stranger," muttered Spike, "but b'lieve me, he ain't got a hell-ova lot o' sense."

Further conversation was interrupted just then by the speaker, who went on:

"Gentlemen, for I am sure you are all real gentlemen, far be it from me to boast about myself or my achievements. But I give you my solemn oath, that if you appoint me sheriff of Dead Man's Gulch, and advance me a certain stipend in addition to my regular salary, I'll form a posse of the best riders and revolver shots in the county and run this bandit, Buck Wendell, to earth.

"I promise you faithfully that, by utilizing my influence in the big cities, I'll force the officials of the A. L. and Preston Railroad to build an extension of their line from Death Valley to Dead Man's Gulch, thus eliminating the antiquated stage coach trail from here to Death Valley, and placing all modern traveling conveniences at our disposal.

"Some of you know me by reputation. You know, at least, that I have served nine years in the United States Army, and—"

"Yas, an' you'll serve nine years more in hell!" came from a thunderous voice about thirty feet from the spot where the throng was gathered.

In one movement the entire crowd, including the astonished Major, turned in amazement, and found themselves looking into ominous muzzles of two shining steel guns. And those deadly weapons were in the firm grasps of a veritable monster of a man.

"Bad Buck Wendell!" gasped McFadden, loud enough for all to hear, and in spite of the gripping coldness that seemed to clutch his heart, his right hand went instinctively to his gun holster.

The giant before him, however, seemed to possess the eye of a hawk.

"Whoa, thar," he growled warningly, leveling one of his guns at Spike's head, and waving the throng back with the other. "Better leave that bullet hurler alone, stranger. I'm feelin' right sober, today, an' ain't jist dyin' to plug a person what knows me. I allus feels friendly to people what recognizes me."

McFadden, his face drawn white beneath the tan, dropped his arm to his side. He

stared fixedly at the bandit.

Wendell stood every inch of six and a half feet. His chest was stunningly massive, his shoulders were broad and muscular. Everything about the man denoted enormous physical strength and power. A huge sombrero, pushed back from his forehead, revealed stray curls of golden yellow hair, and one could not help noting his big square jaws, tanned and dirt specked. As the bandit smiled sarcastically at the throng, there was a slight stir.

"Don't git anxious," warned Wendell, shaking his guns. "Jist to stow you coyotes what a durned fool Major Griffin is. I'll do somethin' rather peculiar like."

Then, to the speechless amazement of the crowd, the bandit deliberately placed his guns back in their holsters and folded his arms across his huge chest. In spite of the hatred he felt for this primitive outlaw, McFadden found himself dazedly admiring the brute. The nerve of the man was astounding—beyond all power of reason! Major Griffin had toppled off the soap boxes at first sight of the outlaw, and now, almost petrified with fear, he stood staring at Wendell with his mouth wide open.

A flitting movement in the throng caught McFadden's quick eye, and he saw a red-bearded man whom he knew to be a cowpuncher on the Bar X ranch draw forth a wicked shooting iron. Almost at the same moment a gliding Mexican sneaked up behind him and knocked up his arm, just as the gun barked. The truth flashed through McFadden's brain. No wonder Wendell seemed courageous. Some of his hand were scattered among the crowd. In a rage McFadden made a swift movement toward his own holster.

There were two bright flashes as Wendell again drew his own guns.

"Whoa thar, son—don't do it!" the bandit roared, snarling like an enraged beast, and for the second time Spike allowed his arm to drop to his side helplessly.

"Did you gents think I wuz fool enough to case my guns without some uv my men around?" howled Wendell. He eyed the red-bearded man leeringly. "Yore a pal uv Dan Kerry's, an' I knows yore consarned anxious to nail me an' earn a cold thousan' from ranchers and the railroad. You git!"

Cursing bitterly, the red-bearded man strolled down the street, but not until the Mexican had taken possession of his gun.

Some of the others started to depart, Major Griffin among them.

"Wait a minnit, gents!" bellowed Wendell, flourishing his shooting irons. "We're goiner hold an election fer sheriff o' Dead Man's Gulch-rite now! I appoints myself an' Major Griffin candidates. As I remarked afore, I'm sober today an' feelin' kinder lovable like. I could hug someone with good nature. I don't wanna do it, though, cuz las' time I bugged a gent I busted his backbone. All my men, step out."

Two Mexicans and a scowling, lean

looking ruffian stepped from the throng and advanced to Wendell's side.

"Now," said the outlaw, "all you gents what would like to see Major Griffin buried, raise yore rite fist high as an indication that he's yore choice for sheriff. But, remember, thar's no newtrality. Either you votes for him, or you votes for me. Ready, who votes for the tin major?"

Four men mustered up courage enough to raise their hands. Wendell grinned, and proceeded to count the remaining number. "Seven votes for me," he announced, quite pleasantly.

"Don't include me in that seven," drawled McFadden, eyeing the bandit contemptuously.

Wendell's face darkened. "Why not, stranger?"

"Course I ain't castin' my vote fer no damned hoss thief!"

"You beat it—quick, scoot" snarled Wendell, and McFadden turned and strode off. His eyes blazed with anger, his fingers twitched nervously, and yet, he knew that he lacked the nerve to pull out his gun and fire away at the giant bandit. In a burning rage he made for the Gulch Cafe, and just as he was about to enter that popular abode in Dead Man's Gulch, a wrinkled, tattered old Indian bumped into him.

Why in h— began Spike angrily, when he turned and saw the old Indian.

"Lo, Spike," greeted the aborigine: "Injun got berry bad bellyache today," and he rolled his eyes and rubbed his stomach lugubriously.

"Yeah, Eagle Beak," growled McFadden, "yuh allus gut a bellyache when yuh sees me."

"No, no," protested the old Indian. "Injun got bellyache this mornin' fust time in two mont'. Injun think mebbe you buy him glass rum, an' so cure bellyache."

"Nothin' doin'" snapped McFadden. "Thuh goverment agents is in town now, an' I shore ain't anxious tuh start a rumpus with 'em. He pushed the old Indian aside and entered the gin mill.

"Insurance agents? Wal, I guess not," a stout little man was saying to a pasty faced individual behind the bar as Spike walked in.

"Gimme thuh hottest whiskey in thuh joint, an' be quick about it, tew," blurted McFadden, ignoring the greeting of the two men.

"Jim wuz jist tellin' me that he can't git insured," said the short, stout man to Spike. "I tells him that no man in this berg kin git insured by tha com'ny in Tucson until Bad Buck Wendell is wiped out."

"Ritel" snapped McFadden, draining his glass and banging it down on the bar. "Fill it agin', an' name yuh own poison. My hoss is standin' front o' thuh post office. I'm goiner drink m'self sick, an' if thet rag ain't standin' on thuh exact spot where I left 'im when I goes back,

to a ragtime course of instruction. Sam Wheekins poked his head out of the post office, recognized the group of horsemen, and promptly ducked out of sight.

The outlaws read the poster aloud, guffawing and scoffing all the while. Wendell muttered his astonishment, then dismounted.

"Mind my nag, Nigger," he ordered one of the men. "I'm goiner 'vestigate this female teacher's pedigree."

Wendell strode across the street, guns ready for action, ears and eyes alert, glanced around at the entrance, then climbed the stairs. The tunes of a lively air came to his ears as he made for the door above. Without knocking he pushed the door open.

A tall, dark haired girl, with the bluest of blue eyes, arose and faced him questioningly.

"Afternoon," mumbled the giant, grinning. "You Grace Allison?"

The young woman haughtily elevated her eyebrows.

"I am MISS Allison," she rebuked him. "Kindly remove your hat, then you may be seated."

"Wal, I'll be d—!" roared Wendell in amusement, but the girl interrupted.

"See here!" she exclaimed, stamping a pretty little foot indignantly, "don't you dare use foul language in here. Have you never been in the presence of ladies? And I repeat, kindly take off your hat!"

With a sweeping motion the bandit removed his big sombrero, flung himself on a chair, burst into vociferous roars of shaking laughter, and slapped his thigh with a hand that resembled a huge piece of bacon.

"Har, har, har—WOW!" howled the yellow haired outlaw, and he rolled from side to side, the tears streaming down his rough, weatherbeaten face.

The young woman regarded him in silent wonder, and it was apparent that she was both perplexed and amused, if not angered and chagrined.

"Haw, haw, ho, ho," roared Wendell, and he finally stopped, gasping for breath and rubbing the tears from his eyes with a hairy hand.

The girl seated herself on the piano stool and stared at him frowningly.

"I don't see anything so awfully funny," she said, "unless you're laughing at me."

Wendell looked at her appraisingly, giving vent to a half-suppressed chuckle.

"Do you knows who I am?" he asked, and his eyes narrowed just a trifle.

"No, I do not," she frankly admitted.

The giant looked real peeved. Then he leaned forward, looking like a big boy sitting on a toy chair.

"I'm Bad Buck Wendell."

Miss Allison puckered up her forehead; watched him as he eyed her expectantly, dimpled, and said with a tinge of soft sarcasm:

"Do you know who I am?"

The yellow haired giant scowled and shook his head in the negative.

The girl placed her elbows on her knees, allowed her white chin to rest in the up-turned palms of her hands, and whispered chidingly:

"I am Miss Grace Allison, teacher and instructor extraordinary, of the 'Original' System of Ragtime Piano Playing."

Wendell regarded her in mild astonishment, then he frowned again.

'Ain't you never heard o' me?" he inquired, in a vexed, gruff tone. "I'm a bad cuss, I am. I kin shoot straighter'n a star-line, lick any six men in the hull o' Death Valley County, bust the wildest bronch runnin' loose, an—"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Wendell," retorted the girl, reproachfully. "That is nothing to boast about. And as for being afraid of you, why I know you're a man, and men never injure women. Only contemptible cowards do that. You have never injured a woman, have you?" and her voice rang with biting scorn.

"Er-er-er, no, 'course not," muttered the bandit, but he refused to meet her gaze, looking down at the floor instead. For some reason or other he couldn't understand this tall, blue-eyed girl before him. She made him feel mighty uncomfortable, if not actually ashamed. Women had played but a small part in Wendell's life. He was an out and out ruffian, with a childish idea of his own importance. To him a pair of big guns, a barrel of whiskey, a powerful fist and a fast horse were the only things worth seeking in a man's world. He never dreamed that this mere girl had heard all about him, nor that she was cleverly outplaying him at his own game by making herself irresistibly desirable. He had never head of Samson's capitulation, of Cleopatra's wiles, of the subtlety of the most delicate women, who could bring the strongest men to their knees by the skillful use of feminine charms. He had never known or felt the passionate appeal of a woman's soft kiss. Consequently, he was a trifle dazed, and besides, he wanted very much to appear important and likable in her opinion.

Miss Allison smiled at him, moved the piano stool close to his own chair, and carefully explained her mission in Dead Man's Gulch. She made him yearn to learn how to play a piano, spoke of the manner in which she could secure a cheap instrument for him from San Francisco after he mastered the course, told him of all the glory and pride that would be his when he could play ragtime for the boys.

Intensely interested, Wendell walked to the window, ordered his men to leave without him after seeing to it that his horse was securely tied to a hitching post, and returned to the girl's side.

Staggering drunk, cursing fiercely and waving his gun above his head, Spike Mc—
(Continued on page 26.)

HAWAIIAN NUMBER.

Sebastian Review, Cincinnati.

so help me Jerusalem I'm goiner earn that thousand bucks r'ward fer Buck Wendell's hide!"

After Wendell had ordered McFadden to depart in a hurry, the throng started to disperse. But the bandit evidently had more to say.

"Jist one more little minnit, gents," he bellowed. "You heard me remark afore that Major Griffin was bound for the hot place. Wal, I takes that back. He's bound for 'Frisco, whar he comes from. He ain't no army officer, folks. He's an onery crooked politician what is lookin' for your coin. He ain't got nerve enough to take it open like. Major, you take the stage coach to Death Valley, hop on a train thar bound for Tucson, an' then sail ahead for the coast. The stage is due in about an hour. An' if you ain't jist longin' to lay under five feet o' dirt, don't come mosyin' 'roun' these haunts agin."

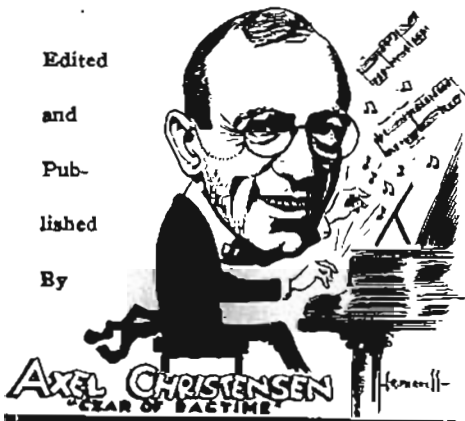
Wendell motioned the crowd to move along, and they did so with startfing readiness. At the same moment two mounted men came riding from the opposite direction, each leading two other horses. They were rough looking characters and drew up before the bandit and his companions. The outlaws leaped into the saddles, Wendell showing amazing agility for a giant of his proportions, and with the latter leading the group, galloped down the street with guns flourishing.

They dashed through the alley, turned the next corner recklessly, and slowed their steeds down to a jolting lope as they started through the main thoroughfare near the post office. Just as they approached the post office Wendell drew up his horse suddenly and raised his arm. The others stopped still and looked at him.

"Will you galoots look at that sign?" bellowed the bandit chieftain, pointing to the poster bearing the printing pertaining

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and
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lished
By



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We realize that teachers of Ragtime are too busy giving lessons and enrolling new pupils to write letters, but we are going to impose on your good nature and ask you to drop us a line every once in a while stating anything that may be of interest or of benefit to other teachers. We are always glad to hear from you and other teachers all over the country are glad to learn of your success—your methods and your experiences, so “let’s get together” and make this department of the Ragtime Review a regular Good Fellowship meeting place every month. Let’s all get acquainted and meet here in “Studio Notes” every month. What do you say—are you willing to do your part? I thought so, thank you. Now don’t forget and in the meantime here’s wishing you all a Happy, Prosperous New Year. Meet me here next month.

A BOOST.

Grace Tilden Burrows, of Bartow, Florida, who has written two successful songs that are advertised elsewhere in this issue writes: “I am hearing from people who read the ads in your magazine almost every day.” Moral: Advertise in the Ragtime Review.

REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

Editor's Note: All publishers are cordially invited to send us professional copies of new publications. It is the policy of the Ragtime Review to print the exact truth about the songs and instrumental numbers which are reviewed in this column. Money can't buy our opinion, because we want to be fair with our readers. Therefore don't send your numbers for review here if you are afraid to have us tell the truth.

Under the Clematis Vine—By Nellie Dunn and M. C. Hanford. Published by the H. Kirkus Dugdale Co. A very pretty one-step with chorus that is especially catchy and swinging. If lyrics were better this song would certainly become a popular number.

Spilling the Beans—By William M. Daly. Published by Chappell & Co. A rather difficult Fox Trot with unusual trio.

Get Off My Foot—By Chappell & Co. Published by Chappell & Co. Here is a dandy Fox Trot that we predict will prove a good seller.

Ragtime Jingles—

It's a Pretty Thing—By Chris Smith. Published by F. B. Haviland Pub. Co. Another number by the composer of “Ballin the Jack.” Hardly up to that standard, but a catchy piece that will no doubt prove popular in cabaret work.

Then You're Dancing An American Rag—By Mort Green and Bob Ward. Published by F. B. Haviland Pub. Co. A good Fox Trot.

We Want the Flowers Now, Not When We're Dead—By F. D. Silverwood and W. T. Kahler. Published by Chicago-Western Music Publishing Co. Rather a gruesome title, but in our opinion no worse than the words and music.

“Car-ol-Lee” (O'er Lake Shiawassee)—By Mary C. Hess and W. T. Kahler. Published by Chicago-Western Music Pub. Co. The lyrics are poor, and the music is but little if any better.

Uncle Sam's Reunion—By C. Harold Lowden. Published by The Heidelberg Press. Rather pleasing military march. Good orchestra piece.

Echoes From the Union—By N. M. Cronin and C. A. Egener. Published by Ernest

A. Rork. Dedicated to the Union Labor Man. In this day and age of general high wages, shorter hours and better working conditions the song is ill-timed. The thought expressed by the lyrics is entirely too radical, having a tendency to incite class hatred. Cannot recommend.

Ever Of Thee I'm Dreaming—By W. W. Brindley. Published by Chicago-Western Music Publishing Co. Waltz song with pretty, swinging chorus. Music decidedly better than the lyrics.

Your Big Brown Eyes—By W. L. Berger. Published by Chicago-Western Music Publishing Co. A very pleasing number. The verse is good—chorus would stand touching up in spots.

Shoot the Rabbit—By Jim Burris and Chris Smith. Published by F. B. Haviland Pub. Co. In our opinion this would be a better Fox trot if arranged for orchestra.

Moonshine Rag—By Edward Hudson. Published by Stark Music Co. This is a good number all the way through. Should prove a big seller.

Honey Moon Rag—By James Scott. This is another Stark number. They say: “Do not play this piece fast,” and the chances are you won't because it's rather difficult but a good one.

Cactus Rag—By Lucian F. Gibson. Published by Stark Music Co. Just fair.

Good-Bye Georgia—By Marguerite Kendall and J. Russell Robinson. Published by Stark Music Co. A good march song with a very catchy chorus.

Patricia Rag—By Joseph Lamb. Published by Stark Music Co. Written in 2/4 time. Rather difficult, but taken all in all a good number.

Come Take a Spin In My Briscoe Car—By Wm. T. Kahler. Published by Chicago-Western Music Pub. Co. Billed as an “Instantaneous Hit,” we think different. It is sincerely to be hoped that the car (attempted to be advertised by this song) is better than the piece, if not, you could not give us one.

The Love Knot—By Nellie Dunn and M. Hanford. Published by The H. Kirkus Dugdale Co. A rather pretty little ballad with pleasing chorus, but silly lyrics.

Rosalie—By Will Carroll. Published by Will Carroll Co., Inc. This number is one of the first "Carroll Quality" publications. It has a real raggy melody.

Nothing To Do But Love You—By Bessie A. Moore and Paul Nixon. Published by Mellinger Music Publishing Co. A very pleasing number with pretty chorus.

Circus Blues—Published by the Weisbrod Music Co. A novelty "jaz" number lately released. Claimed to be a good one-step and going big.

That Queen City Rag—By O. B. Kramer. Published by Connett Sheet Music Co., of Newport, Ky. Movie pianists can secure professional copy on request.

Where the River Ohio Flows—Published by Connett Sheet Music Co. We are advised that this number, together with several others will soon be released.

TO THE CRITICS OF RAGTIME.

You hear the "highbrows" beedn' 'bout the "abocking" ragtime craze, How we murder decent music with our Syncopated ways— How we take the solemn wedding march and turn it into rag, And send the gentle "Spring Song" one a merry whirling jag. They hold their hands in horror and cry out in dismay. We're sorry, Brother Highbrow, but "Rag" has won the day.

You've called us names and ridiculed our rag-time melodies, You've called our compositions "rot" and rag-time writers "cheese," But you'll have to hand it to us, for you can't deny it's true, When we "rag" your "classic" music—then it's fit to listen to.

We have listened to a lot of Bull these High-Brow classics throw, That Ragtime's tide is bound to ebb, and in the discard go, But dear old Rag is coming strong—and gabbling every day. So we should worry—throw a fit—King Rag is here to stay. (This poem committed in cold blood by Courtland Christian.)

A CHAT WITH WALTER DONALDSON.

Young Song Writer Gives An Unconscious Interview.

By Treve Collins, Jr.

We attended a "social function" the other night. One of those wonderfully impressive affairs where everybody shakes hands on a level with the tower of the Woolworth Building, treads gingerly along the paths of correct conversation, is careful not to gargle one's soup, grins at nothing in particular and feels generally uncomfortable.

We did not go of our accord. Nay. We were "among those present" on business. Walter Donaldson, a young song writer of much repute, was slated to appear, play his latest budget of hits, and be generally agreeable. We were merely kicked into the festivities to interview him.

A bevy of fair damsels were waiting to claim Walter for their own the minute he poked his nose inside the door. We don't know why a group of pretty girls should be called a "bevy," but all writers allude to them thus, and we haven't got time to dig up something new. Besides, Webster's first definition of "bevy" is a "flock of birds," so let it go at that.

Walter appeared in due course and was immediately surrounded by the b. of f. d. above referred to. We were ruminating somewhat disconsolately upon the extreme slowness of our chances for securing an interview when somebody's soft voice uttered our name and we turned in surprise to greet a girl whom we've known for years. She used to be a stenographer, but got tired of working and went into the movies.

Somebody will now get up and shriek that motion picture acting is hard work, but this is no place for an argument. Continue:

It has been said that occasionally—not very often, but occasionally—we are cursed with the germ of a good idea. We felt one coming on that night, so we drew our young-movie friend aside and whispered with great rapidity into her shell-like ear. We know there are all kinds of shells—turtle included, but the type of shell we refer to is the small, pink variety that has become one of the main supports of the popular novelist.

"Listen," we hissed, "we're here to interview Walter Donaldson. You can see just about how much chance we stand with that bunch of girls clustered around him. That's why we want you to help us out."

She nearly fainted. Perhaps we shouldn't have put it that suddenly, but time was fleeting and we had a lot of work to do.

"You want ME to help you?" she gasped at length, "Why, what on earth can I do? Surely you don't expect ME to interview him? I—I—I—"

"Don't get hysterical," we cautioned gently, "you don't have to do anything desperate. Just get him aside, sit him down by that door over there and talk to him about his songs,—when and where he was born and all that. It's a cinch. We'll be close enough to hear what's said and grab what sounds good, see?"

There is nothing original in this manner of leading an unconscious victim to the slaughter (interviewingly speaking.) It has been done many times before in and out of the movies. The only difference is that in movies the stunt is invariably successful.

REEL TWO

The second reel, friend reader, finds us perched somewhat uncomfortably on the edge of a pot of palms, a pencil in one hand and a wad of copy paper on our knee. (Note hooks are out of vogue with all but "movie" reporters—and they're rapidly learning.) Our one good ear is turned in

ENSEMBLE

Sebastian Review, Cincinnati.

On the South Sea Isle—By Harry Von Tilzer. Published by Von Tilzer. Exceptionally good. Has a humming effect to imitate a Hawaiian guitar.

Whose Pretty Baby Are You Now?—By Gus Kahn and Egbert Van Alstyne. Published by Jerome Remick. A good number along the line of the famous "Pretty Baby Song" that was all the rage the past summer.

Way Down In Iowa—By Sam Lewis, Joe Young and Geo. W. Meyer. Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder. This is some number and person's playing it at this time will be right up to the minute.

Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose—By Raymond Egan and Richard Whiting. Published by Remick. This song is a decided hit in vaudeville.

I'm Going Back to California—By J. K. Brennan and Ernest Ball. Published by Whitmark. A snappy march song.

She Is the Sunshine of Virginia—By Ballard MacDonald and Harry Carroll. Published by Shapiro Bernstein & Co. A riot of a hit everywhere.

After the War Is Over—By Trader & Elliott. Published by Will Carroll Co. A snappy 2/4 "War" ballad. Full of real "heart" sentiment and truly worthy of the "Carroll Quality" stamp. A real hit.

If I Could Call You Mine—By Hochberg & Halpern. Published by Will Carroll Co. Something a little different than the average ballad.

Scotch Highball—(or a little bit o' Scotch)—By Starr Holly. Published by Will Carroll Co., Inc. An instrumental number (one-step, two-step or trot) which, for originality and tone expression, is good. It is new in theme.

the general direction of a slightly open door beyond which our fair accomplice and Walter Donaldson have installed themselves in a pair of chairs.

A girl's voice, but sounding somewhat strange and nervous reached us.

"I've been wanting to meet you for quite some time, Mr. Donaldson," she was saying. "It must be wonderful to write songs and hear them played wherever you go."

The response was too low for us to catch and we nearly brought the sheltering palms down upon our hapless head in our endeavors to hear what was said.

Quite a number of inconsequential questions and answers floated through the atmosphere before she asked suddenly: "Were you born here?"

"Oh, yes," answered Donaldson. "I was born in Brooklyn, February 15th, 1893."

"Why, then, you're only 23 years old, aren't you?" marvelled the voice.

"That's all," he retorted with a laugh. "Do I look much older?"

"Oh, no," she answered in confusion, "but you're real young to be such a successful writer."

He thanked her for the compliment and told her confidentially that he'd wanted to write ever since he was a kid; that he played some minor parts in school theatricals and thought for a time he'd like to be an actor, but soon gave up the idea.

We thought of the time in our younger days when the height of our ambition was to stand on the running board of an open car without being chased inside by the conductor.

"Were you ever in any other line of business?" queried the girl, and our thoughts returned from the merry realm of childhood to the matter of the moment.

"Yes," he replied slowly, "I was with Henry Clews, the banker in Wall street, for a time, but resigned when Waterson, Berlin & Snyder put out my first song in 1915: "We'll Have a Jubilee In My Old Kentucky Home."

"I remember it," said the girl enthusiastically. "I thought it was wonderful, but I never dreamed that some day I'd actually have the pleasure of meeting the chap who wrote it."

There was an embarrassed silence. We dimly felt that the edge of a pot of palms was not the most comfortable thing in the world on which to roost and wished we had had the forethought to provide ourselves with a regular chair.

Then the girl started discussing Walter's songs—past and present. We were surprised that one so wrapped up in motion pictures should have such a command of song-hit language. She told him frankly, with a jolly little laugh that personally, she preferred "Just Try to Picture Me Back Home in Tennessee" to anything he'd ever written.

And he heartily agreed that he did, too. We don't know whether this was done

merely to be sociable and keep the peace, or whether he actually meant it.

Anyway, we shall have to let it go as it stands, as he has sailed for Europe to write a show for Dr. Tourville, and we haven't the time, money nor inclination to follow him in order to settle this point.

Besides, we have just taken out an accident insurance policy one clause of which requires us "not to go to Europe, Asia, or Africa during the present war."

"Is it hard to write a song?" asked the girl after a time.

"Not very," he replied, "although it often takes quite a while to work it up. Some songs I've written in half an hour—others have taken me weeks—it all depends."

The conversation went into neutral channels. A shred of palm dangled over into our left ear and we had an insane desire to sneeze.

"Do you write many songs?" she inquired.

"About twenty or thirty a year," he answered—"all kinds, though I prefer ragtime and find it easier to write than ballads."

There was more silence, then a combination of sounds reached us that bore all the ear-marks of an approaching avalanche. "Ah, there you are," somebody in the next room chortled, "We've been looking for Mr. Donaldson all over. We want him to play some of his songs for us, and here you've taken him away and monopolized him all evening," etc., etc., etc., etc., and we knew that as far as we were concerned the interview had reached the "Finis" sign.

We arose somewhat stiffly, stretched our creaking bones, returned our copy paper and pencil to our pocket and strolled into the hall. We intended to locate our little movie friend and tender her a hearty vote of thanks for her noble work in our behalf. In fact, we were creating visions of candy to be sent her as a mark of our appreciation, when she suddenly appeared before us, flushed and breathless.

"I'm terribly sorry, Treve," she began hurriedly, "but I absolutely couldn't get near Mr. Donaldson. A chap who works for the Fox Film Corporation was here with his mother and sister and I had to meet them. And then Mr. Donaldson disappeared and I haven't even been introduced to him yet and _____" her voice trailed off gently into nothingness.

We believe we presented an excellent portrayal of a person standing "in dumb-founded amazement" at that particular moment.

We gulped. "You—er you didn't speak to Donaldson?" we asked lamely.

She shook her head regretfully. "I tried awfully hard to get away so I could help you, but it was no use. But," she added, hopefully, "you can see Mr. Donaldson before he leaves and I'm sure he'll give you the interview."

"No," we answered in a manner that is usually ticketed as "nonchalant," "we'll catch him some other time, he's too busy tonight, anyway."

As we burn the midnight oil (which in this instance is 80c gas—90% of which is water) and thump the keys of our asthmatic typemill, we pause a moment to offer up a vote of thanks to the mysterious and unknown girl through whom this interview was obtained.

And our little movie friend, by the way, has just called us up to announce her engagement to the chap from the Fox Studio. And we have promised to go to the wedding and eat some of her first biscuits if they kill us. And—

Funny world, isn't it?

ORGAN AND ORGANISTS

THE THEATER ORGAN.

In the Movies Especially the Instrument Is a Success.

The "movies." What a magic word this has been to scores of organists, writes Dr. William C. Carl, director of the Guilman organ school. How many thousands and tens of thousands have listened to an organ that previously had thought it destined to use only in the church service! With the advent of the "movies" a transition began. Builders were not slow to realize the possibilities, and began to take notice and make experiments. The results have proved that the tremendous resources of the instrument have been greatly increased, making it a complete orchestra in itself, and thus giving to the world what was heretofore not thought even possible. In scores of theaters the orchestra has been done away with entirely, and the organ is used solely. In others a combination of the two has greatly enhanced the value and effectiveness of the orchestra.

The change came in a small way at first. From small instruments at the start, the business has grown to such gigantic proportions that organs costing \$50,000 have been installed in a large number of theaters scattered through the country. In general plan and construction these organs are quite different from those intended for church use. The unit system is largely used, and the double touch is invariably found. This enables the performer to bring out the themes without change of register, for promptness and instant changes are absolute necessity. Were the same effect used at a church service the results would be disastrous. Instead, a style adapted to the theater is required, and, if properly fol-

(Continued on page 19)

11
IRMENA RAG.

AXEL CHRISTENSEN.

The musical score for 'Irmena Rag' is presented in five systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The piece is in 2/4 time. The first system includes fingerings: Treble clef (1 6 4 8, 2 1 2 8, 4 5 4 8 4 8 2, 1 5 4 8, 2 1 2 8, 4 5 4 8 4 3 2) and Bass clef (1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1). The second system includes fingerings: Treble clef (2 1, 2 1, 5 2 8 4, 2 8 4, 5 1) and Bass clef (1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1). The third system has no fingerings. The fourth system has no fingerings. The fifth system has no fingerings.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some beamed sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns in both staves. The upper staff features a steady stream of notes, while the lower staff maintains a consistent accompaniment.

The third system includes a triplet of eighth notes in the upper staff, marked with '1 2 3'. It also features first and second endings, indicated by '1' and '2' above the notes. The first ending leads to a repeat sign, and the second ending concludes the phrase.

The fourth system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The upper staff has a more active melodic line with frequent sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment.

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the upper staff, marked with accents (>). The lower staff provides a final accompaniment.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with eighth notes and chords.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features chords with accents (>) and a triplet of eighth notes marked with '1 2 3'. The lower staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and chords.

TRIO.

The third system of musical notation, labeled 'TRIO.', begins with a 2/4 time signature. The upper staff has a melody with eighth notes and chords, marked with '1' and '2 8'. The lower staff has a bass line with eighth notes and chords.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody with eighth notes and chords. The lower staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and chords.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody with eighth notes and chords. The lower staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and chords.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed notes and slurs. The bass clef staff contains a simpler accompaniment. A first ending bracket is present in the final measure of the system, with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 indicated below the notes.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff has a sequence of notes with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 4. A second ending bracket is present in the final measure of the system, with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 indicated below the notes.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a dense texture of beamed notes. The bass clef staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass clef staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 indicated. The bass clef staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A first ending bracket is present in the final measure of the system, with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 indicated below the notes.

PROGRESSIVE RAG

DANCE COMIQUE

TOBE BROWN

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of chords and arpeggiated figures. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a simple bass line. The dynamic marking *ff* is present in the lower left. The notation includes various accidentals and articulation marks.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features more complex rhythmic patterns in the upper staff, including triplets and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues with a steady bass line. The dynamic marking *p* is visible.

The third system of musical notation includes first and second endings. The upper staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The dynamic marking *p* is present.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns. The upper staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff has a steady bass line. The dynamic marking *p* is present.

The fifth system of musical notation includes first and second endings. The upper staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The dynamic marking *lightly* and *L.H. ad lib.* are present.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece. It features a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking in the upper staff. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines in both staves.

The third system shows further development of the musical themes. The upper staff continues with melodic passages, while the lower staff maintains a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system includes dynamic markings of *mf cresc.* (mezzo-forte crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo). It concludes with a *Fine* marking at the end of the system.

The fifth system begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The music features more complex rhythmic figures and melodic lines in both staves.

The sixth system continues the piece with various musical textures and dynamics. It includes a *p* marking and concludes with a final cadence.

First system of musical notation, measures 17-18. The treble clef contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass clef contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, measures 19-22. Measures 19-21 are marked with a first ending bracket. Measure 22 is marked with a second ending bracket and the instruction "D.S. al Fine".

Third system of musical notation, measures 23-26. The treble clef features a melodic line with accents (^) over several notes. The bass clef provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 27-30. The treble clef has a melodic line with accents (^). The bass clef has a melodic line with a crescendo marking "cresc." at the end of the system.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 31-34. The treble clef has a melodic line with accents (^). The bass clef has a steady harmonic accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 35-38. The treble clef has a melodic line with accents (^). The bass clef has a melodic line with a mezzo-forte marking "mf" and a crescendo marking "cresc." at the beginning of the system.

18
"Pantaloen" Danse Grotesque

(For Comic Scenes)

Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system contains a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a *Fine* marking at the end of the fifth system and a *D.C. al Fine* instruction at the end of the sixth system. The music is characterized by a rhythmic, dance-like quality with frequent eighth and sixteenth notes.

(Continued from page 10.)

lowed out, is an adjunct which is of inestimable value in heightening the enjoyment of the audience.—*Exchange.*

WURLITZER UNIT FOR EMPRESS THEATER.

It is reported that the Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. has closed a contract for a large Wurlitzer pipe organ for the Empress Theater in San Francisco. This makes the second large instrument booked for future delivery to theaters on Market street. The other goes to a new theater, the foundation for which is just being laid at Fourth and Market streets. The Empress is between Fifth and Sixth streets.

A new pipe organ is being installed in the Savoy Theater at Shawnee, Oklahoma. It will be played by Miss Dorothy Stockton.

Manager Hansen, of the Caldwell Theater, St. Joseph, Mich., will soon install a new pipe organ, according to reports.

A new organ was dedicated at the Garden Theater, Des Moines, Iowa, a short time ago. The player is Arthur T. Hayes.

The Vaudeville Theater, of Sterling, Ill., has installed a new three unit pipe organ. An organist has been engaged from Chicago and the instrument will be featured.

One of the features of the new Crescent Theater, just opened in Ithaca, N. Y., is a two-manual Marr & Colton orchestral organ, being played by Alex Bilbruck.

AMONG THE THEATRES

VAUDEVILLE NOTES.

Axel Christensen will play a week's engagement at McVicker's theater, Chicago, beginning January 8. During December he appeared at the Crown and Victoria theaters in Chicago, and at the Grand theater at Blue Island, Ill. Mr. Christensen is scheduled to appear on one of the early vaudeville bills at the new Rialto theater, Chicago, which will open in a short time.

There has been considerable excitement in vaudeville circles regarding a proposed strike of the White Rats Actors' Union, which is made up of vaudeville performers.

At this time there is a bitter fight being waged between the actors' union and the vaudeville managers. The actors' union, under the leadership of Harry Mountford, want a "closed shop" policy at all vaudeville theaters, in other words no vaudeville acts, except "White Rats" are to be engaged under any circumstances, which the managers object to, and it is said that most of the big high-salaried acts don't belong to the White Rats

anyway. Mr. Mountford uses a couple of full pages every week in the theatrical weekly "Variety," in which he "pans" the managers and "non-union" acts to a standstill, and the Managers' Association use a couple of pages of the same paper every week to "pan" the White Rats, which makes it nice for Variety.

Lots of acts don't seem to know what all the fuss is about and while the White Rats hope that all other acts will walk out with them in case of a strike, it is a fact that a great number will do no such thing. Nearly all acts that have merit are getting big salaries and plenty of engagements, and will not quarrel with their bread and butter.

There are also many acts that are without merit that are not receiving the salaries they want, but who are still receiving plenty according to their ability.

No doubt the actors have many grievances, but so have the managers. Many acts have been imposed upon, but it's also true that many a manager has been imposed upon by vaudeville actors.

We believe it resolves itself down to a simple business proposition. The actor is entitled to all he can get from the manager and the better salesman he is the more he will get. There are no two acts alike when it comes to value, and it should be impossible to arrange any wage scale that could apply to all.

Acts that are not getting enough money should first find out if their act really deserves more, and if it does, take a few lessons in salesmanship and meet the manager on a strictly business basis, because you can gamble that the manager is a business man or he wouldn't be running the theater.

Sophie Tucker is engaged to a millionaire! The "Mary Garden of Ragtime" now making a vaudeville tour has announced her own engagement, but she leaves out a momentous particular in the name of the bridegroom-to-be. That he has "lovely eyes," is worth a million and that the wedding will be solemnized before next season is all the ragtime queen will vouchsafe to reveal.

Joseph T. Miles, author of the song famous as a Spanish war chant, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," died recently in Santa Rosa, Cal. Miles, who was a veteran actor, was known throughout the country as "Joe Hayden." He was nearly seventy years old.

Patrons of the Majestic Theater, Milwaukee, received a real Christmas treat in the way of Alexander McFadyer, world renowned composer of "Love is the Wind," "Inter Nos," as well as many other well known compositions and arrangements.

His first number was a Liszt fantasia, followed by a charming rendition of a McFadyer arrangement of Strauss waltzes, featuring the "Fledermaus" theme throughout.

Needless to say, these numbers were received with no little warmth and when this eminent composer had bowed himself well into the wings for the fourth time, I thought in my short-sighted way that said audience was clamoring for "Love is the Wind" or "Inter Nos." But nary a bit of it! Alexander understood. They wanted RAG.

When the last card displayed was removed to reveal one reading "My Conception of real ragtime," the audience closely resembled a herd of hungry lions waiting to be fed.

To hear a typical guy of the traditional "long haired" variety take up "Hello, Hawaii," play it in real trip hammer rag, first triple rag, then arpeggio with left hand melody (real Christensen style) then follow up with a medley of "Pretty Baby," etc., would be a joy to any real American, but this audience composed of ragtime fans together with many of Milwaukee's exponents of the classic, went mad with applause as a single unit. Without an exception from any corner of the house the tumultuous cheering and applause from every hand proved conclusively that Ragtime is our national music and as prohibition is sure to descend on our nation as a whole, so will our national music ragtime take its place where the small per cent who do not now play and enjoy it will come to realize that to boost rag is to be patriotic and that no real artist will be without at least one number of joy and cheer on his program.

BESSIE HANSON.

"RAGTIME WONDER OF SOUTH."

An Austin, Texas, paper has the following to say of a former Carthage (Mo.) boy: "Clarence Woods, the new pianist at the Majestic is called the 'Ragtime Wonder of the South,' and well deserves that title: because he just makes that piano talk."

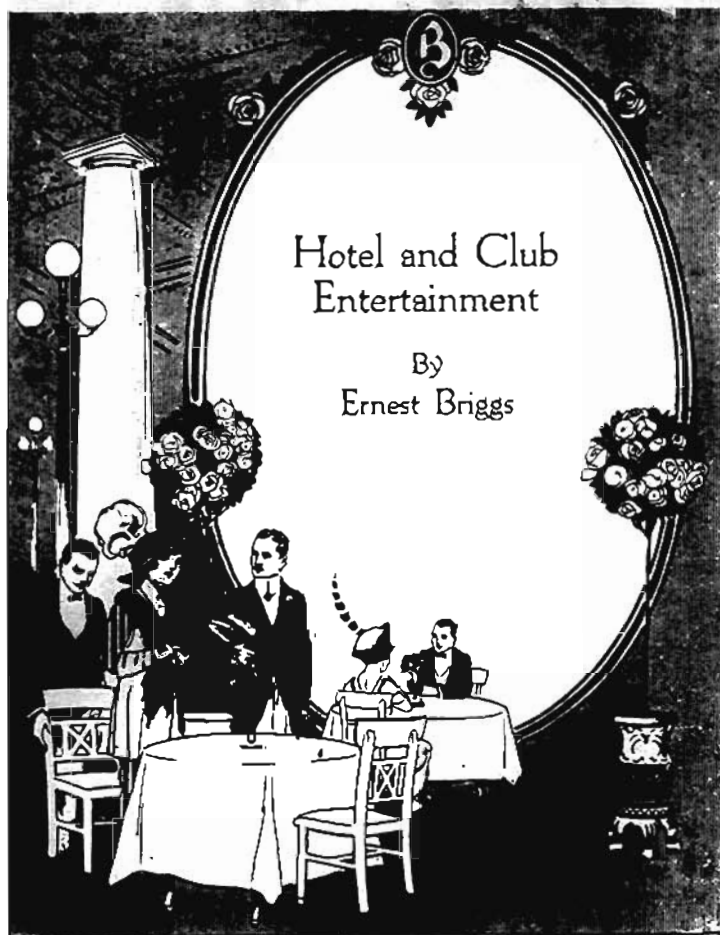
A. Tadelski, former pianist at the Victor Theater, Little Falls, Minn., has taken similar position at Moveum Theater in Aitkin.

The Temple Theater, of Blissfield, Mich., has been sold to Sidney Rail and Harold Veont, both practical moving picture showmen. They announce several changes at an early date and special attention will be given the music.

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in the

Ragtime Review



Melsheimer's, it is said, was the first restaurant in St. Louis to put on a real cabaret. The entertainment is composed of the Chicago Lyrics, which quintet was picked from the best in Chicago and gotten together by Mr. Briggs, of Briggs Bureau. There is also Miss Irene Steinfeld, who is considered one of the best character and impersonators of Jewish songs in the business, and Ellen Godsey, a little girl that sings rags and light ballads. They also have Maurice Spyer, violinist, who has been leader of the Columbia Theater (Orpheum Circuit) for the last fifteen years.

Doris Oliver, a popular rag and character singer, was last year one of the bright stars of the Chicago Loop Firmament, is now featured at the Kaiserhof in Columbus, after successful engagements at the Magnolia Gardens in Louisville, and at the Bismarck in Cincinnati. She has a new and attractive wardrobe, and it is rumored she will soon be seen at one of the leading Chicago cafes.

Thomas McGranahan, the John McCormack of Chicago, who has never before accepted a hotel engagement made his appearance at the Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati, featuring popular Irish numbers with the greatest of success. He likes the work and

will fill a few similar engagements each season.

Gary has gone out of the cabaret business. By order of Chief-of-Police Forbis all cabarets have been closed and it is reported that the lid is on to stay. In the meantime word comes from Hammond that the cabaret lid has been lifted there.

Cabarets, or many of them, have adopted the system of imposing a "cover" (plate) tax of \$1 at least when it is found a couple occupy a table during the evening, see the show, dance, and yet manage to hold their check down to too small an amount. The other night on Broadway this happened, with the restaurant check for a couple calling for a total of eighty cents. The "cover" or cover charge of \$1 each was added, making the check \$2.80. The man of the couple demanded to know why. It was explained to him by the restaurant manager in this wise: "There must have been a mistake, but it was yours. You came in the wrong place, probably without noticing. Weren't you looking for Child's or the Automat? Your check was 80 cents after seeing a \$1,500 performance, sitting under expensive electric lights and dancing with the young lady. You will have to pay the cover charge, but as you go out if you promise

never to come here again we will give you back the 80 cents."—Variety.

Tom McGranahan has just finished an engagement at the Sinton Hotel, Cincinnati, and was obliged to refuse an engagement for January, for the reason that he had important concerts booked in Iowa and in Chicago. He is fast following in the footsteps of John McCormack.

* * *

Nicholas Garagusi, who planned a concert tour of the central west, has deferred this trip because of his success at the Marlborough Blenheim in Atlantic City. He is one of the best of all of the violinists who are appearing as soloists in the high-class hotels, and is sure to make his mark in the higher fields of concert work before he is through.

* * *

Jack Arnold and Eva Page are going to put some ragtime in Columbus, Ohio. They have just opened an engagement there. They have been playing clubs for some time. Jack Tucker will be remembered as having put over some ragtime at the Majestic, Chicago, while Eva Page was doing the same at McVickers. Now they are booked for a double and are working the hotels.

* * *

Speaking of the Tuller it is well to note that the record is on the run there for dancing engagements, as Mr. and Mrs. Addison Fowler have for six months entertained as few dancers can, and certainly have added to their laurels while in the Automobile City. As society and novelty acrobatic dancers they have been steadily on the rise and have a most enviable record.

JAS BANDS IN NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans laurels are again in danger. A recent article in a New York theatrical journal credited Chicago with having discovered a new form of music known as the "jas band," and predicted that the city by the lake had adopted it for its latest fad.

Investigation proves that the "jas bands" have flourished in the New Orleans tango belts, and have frequently been heard on the New Orleans streets for many years prior to the advent of the cabarets, and that the Chicago organizations are nothing more than imitations of the real thing in this form of music.

Now, in order that the "jas bands" receive formal recognition in New Orleans, the theatrical employes of the city are planning a big "jas band" parade for November 23, the same being the date of the annual ball of the stage employes. They have engaged the best and largest of the "jas bands" and have chartered a flock of automobiles for the occasion. For this occasion the "boys behind the scenes" are coming out into the open, and they are going to have the actors and actresses as their guests, both in the parade and at the ball at night.

PLAYS PIANO SIXTY-THREE HOURS.

At San Antonio, Texas, after more than sixty-three hours' continuous piano playing E. J. Leach, of Knoxville, Tenn., claimed a new world's record here today. The former record was sixty-two hours, fifty-nine minutes and thirty-two seconds.

HAMVILLE NOTES.

By Will B. Crane, of Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

A burglar, suspicioned of being one of the much wanted music thieves in the city, was caught last night by one Cyrus Jenkins, in his ragtime studio. The captor states that he caught his man in the act of removing a piece of music from his music rack. Our wayward brother states that he was so captivated by one of Mr. Jenkin's new rags, and as he didn't know the name of the piece, and was too bashful to inquire the name, took the law in his own hands and endeavored to make good his escape with the much-coveted rag. He states that he is a fiend for rag, and that every new one that appears on the market fairly makes his hands itch until he has it in his possession, honestly or dishonestly. The judge of the court here imposed a fine of twenty-five dollars upon him, with the warning that if the offense is ever again committed he will be fed and lodged at the expense of the city for one year.

Ezra McFee has earned himself a new name. It is now McRag. He has been taking a course of Ragtime Piano Playing from one of the enterprising young ladies of town, and at the present time can play Home, Sweet Home in rag, without a single mistake. Two weeks ago, Mr. McFee didn't know one note from the other.

Adam Doughbah was seen helping his cow over the fence the other night. Adam stated afterwards that the cow heard his son playing "Maple Leaf" (don't know

what it is), and went right over the fence to investigate. He states further, that when he went outside to investigate the racket there, he discovered the happy cow, in the act of fox trotting up the front porch.

Old Uncle Mose says: "Success may be obtained by steady diligent work, but the man who knows ragtime has an easier time of it than the others."

SONGS OF A STRAPHANGER.

Paderewski may abhor it, Scotti may detest it, too, but I'm doggone crazy for it, 'cause it cheers me when I'm blue. For, by heck, it tantalizes with its "bangy" tuneful strains, and it sort o' hypnotizes all my blooming aches and pains. When those fascinating, snappy, tuneful notes waft on the air, then a man feels fine and happy and his pedals tap his chair. If you have an illness, chronic, listen to a ragtime tune—it's the very finest tonic for a weak-kneed, ailing prune. Now the classic composition is a thing that I admire, for it takes me from perdition and it lifts me ten leagues higher. But when'er I'm full of sadness and when ev'rything goes wrong—when I need a little gladness—then I hear a ragtime song. For it makes a fellow giggle and it dries the salty tears. How that music makes you wiggle eyebrows, collar-bones and ears! When they play a ragtime ditty and the ivories go "bang!" turning out a tune that's pretty, then I say to gloom "go hang!" It will make a man a stepper. It will brighten up his map. For it's smothered o'er with pepper and it's full of vim and snap. When your spirits start to falter and your courage seems to lag, don your trousers, coat and halter and go forth and hear a "rag."—Ray I. Hoppman, from the New York Evening Telegram, Sunday, Dec. 10th, 1916.

THE CAPITAL CORNER.

By Fritz Christiani.

"ALL ABOUT RHYTHM."

I had to look up the word "Rhythm." It looks misspelled, but let it go at that. Everything in this world is rhythm, and also probably in the next. The earth in 365 days goes around the sun, which is ninety million miles from Chicago. This distance being half the diameter of the journey it makes the total 180 million miles. This is the diameter; now to get the circumference of the yearly journey we must multiply this by three, giving us 540 million miles.

Think of this ye ragpickers, old earth loses not one second in the whole year, and look the trouble we have getting embryo ragtimers to give us eight counts to the measure.

As I said before, everything is rhythm. The earth makes one rotation in 24 hours, and it varies not; the moon every so often is full and half full; I don't know what it is full of, but I know it is rhythmic in its fullness.

In music every measure begins with the count one, and speaking of music nothing can be more full of rhythm than syncopation. It is life itself. Should your heart lose just one of its rhythmic beats, death follows, and who wants to be a dead one?

It's too near New Years for any more of this, and let us wish each other a real happy rhythmic time.

Next month, "Is Christensen in favor of prohibition?"

HOW TO PLAY A VAUDEVILLE SHOW

It's hard for the average piano player starting in to play for a vaudeville show without any previous experience, because there are so many important things connected with the vaudeville business that he, or she, does not understand and in the past this knowledge could only be obtained from years of actual vaudeville work.

The novice, during the first few months of service, it at the mercy of the performers, some of which will help the piano player with kindly hints or suggestions, while other performers (or artists as they are called in the profession) are quick to take advantage of his ignorance and amuse themselves with his lack of showmanship. Besides, when an act fails to "put over" a song its great to be able to throw the blame on some one-else, and the new piano player usually gets it. How often have we seen a singer murdering a song off key and at the same time glaring down at the piano in order to shift the responsibility for the crime.

Having been through this "mill of experience" myself I know that many a good pianist has failed to hold a position in a vaudeville theater pit, not through lack of musical knowledge, but because he did not know those things which enable a man to play a vaudeville show in business-like manner.

Many managers know little or nothing

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NICHOLAS GARAGUSTI.

Violinist of the Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J.

about music and are sure to mistake lack of confidence for lack of proficiency. Therefore most piano players that eventually make good in vaudeville jobs do so by bluffing their way along until they learn enough about the business to obtain the confidence that previously had to be assumed. Of course this is one way to break into the business, because there is more or less bluff on both sides of the footlights, but a safer way is to know in advance what is expected.

For the benefit of pianists that are just about to enter the show business and also for others who may still have some things to learn, I am going to set down a number of hints and suggestions about playing for a vaudeville show, and I believe the careful study of the following paragraphs will enable many a person to walk into any orchestra pit and play the performance like an old timer where otherwise lack of confidence would have made this impossible.

It should be borne in mind that the chief qualifications for a good vaudeville pianist are: He or she must be a good sight reader, be wide-awake, and self-reliant. Added to these necessary qualifications, if he possess a good memory and good habits, success is assured.

The first and I might say the most important feature of a vaudeville show is the rehearsal. Be sure to rehearse thoroughly. Do not run over a few measures of a song or dance and say, "That will be all right tonight." The chances are it won't be. Performers, as a rule, are very glad to go over their act from beginning to end, not only once, but as often as may be necessary. It is the best insurance in the world for a good performance.

If you are playing alone, from lead sheets, endeavor to improve your harmonization constantly. It is great practice. By that I do

not mean that you should introduce all kinds of bizarre and ridiculous chords that are entirely out of place in the piece you are playing—but clean, well-sounding accompaniments. Do not introduce a lot of ridiculous embellishments and flourishes, runs, arpeggios, and flushing stuff of that kind unless you want to be "called down" and "hauled out." Fill in solid harmonies, a few judicious ornaments here and there and use ragtime whenever it can be used to good advantage. Ragtime is very popular now and most performers like it, but don't attempt it unless you know how to apply it to the work in hand. Ragtime playing is a wonderful help in this field.

Below are given a number of well-known professional terms used in vaudeville and their meanings. Memorize these carefully:

"One and One"—Means to play one verse and one chorus of a song

"Two and Two"—Play two verses, one chorus for each verse.

"Two and Three"—Two choruses to last verse only.

"Two and Four"—Two verses and two choruses after each verse.

"Vamp"—A few measures of chords, usually found between the introduction and verse of a song, which the pianist plays (usually very "piano") until the performer begins on the verse.

"Seque"—When this word appears at the end of a performer's sheet of music, it means that the next number must follow at once—without pausing.

"Break"—The finish of a dance—played very "Forte."

"Tacet"—Signifies that you are not to play that number. This mark appears often on drum, or bass parts, as very often these instruments are not used in numbers of a certain style.

"Business," or "Biz"—Stop playing to give

performer an opportunity to "spring some gag," make remarks, or do some stage business. Resume playing when the "cue" is given. The "cue," or word which is your signal to resume playing is always written on the music score.

"Crash"—A heavy discord.

Keep things moving at all times. Whenever a "stage wait" occurs, play something at once. There must be no "dead time" in a well-managed vaudeville show. Many leaders have a certain dreamy waltz which they always use during "waits," as it can be stopped instantly when the show is resumed.

Unless other music is provided by the performer, play a sustained chord in "C," or "G" for the close of an act. Sometimes for the opening of an act.

A flash of the footlights, or orchestra lights, is your signal to begin playing, or to stop in case you are already playing.

Then after when all the performers have left, sort the music carefully and go over every number again, practicing carefully all parts that are at all tricky. Note carefully all notations and directions which may appear on the performers music so that you will be fully prepared.

Pay strict attention to changes of tempo, number of verses and choruses to songs, entrances, exists, cues and so on. If your memory is treacherous, make a note of all these things, *but not on the performers' music.* They hate to have their parts marked up—though many of them are—some so badly as to utterly confuse the pianist. Have a pad of paper handy. Give a page to each performer and make all the necessary memoranda on that. You will gain the gratitude of the performer, and remember that, for the experienced accompanist as well as the beginner, the friendship of the professional people is very valuable, because they can and will help you a great deal in your work.

Most performers like to have their opening music played "fast and forte." Play the melody clean and crispy, in octaves, when possible.

You must watch you dancer like a hawk, so it's a good idea to memorize if possible the strains of music that are used for dancing. In some dances, especially clogs, the rhythm is extremely hard to catch, and adhere to, and every faculty must be on the alert to catch the beats of the shoe. If you are playing too fast or too slow, the performer will often signal to you by clapping his hands. Have an understanding regarding these signals at rehearsal.

In accompanying songs, it does no harm to embellish your part, "fill in," and elaborate it, *provided* you have, first of all, good taste, experience, and a sufficiently accurate technic to make the part interesting. Songs in two-step or fast march form and some others are frequently made more interesting by "ragging" them, if you have the ability to so treat them. However, these recommendations must be fol-

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lowed cautiously and *very* sparingly as in many cases, if you are not careful, you will confuse and embarrass the performer instead of aiding him.

Do as you are told. That's what you are getting paid for. Remember you are only an accessory—although a necessary one—to the show, and act accordingly. The worst thing you can do is to quarrel with a performer. Endeavor to please him. If your show does not go right the first night, find out the reason why and endeavor to correct your mistakes, and don't rest content until the show *does* go right. Consider that the performer has probably been doing that act of his, day after day for a long time. He is accustomed to doing it in just one way—in fact, perhaps, couldn't do it well any other way, and if your ideas are at variance with his, even if your ideas about certain things happen to be the correct ones, it makes no difference. Give in gracefully and smilingly to him—you'll not lose anything by it.

Frank Sherman is only one of the many who have used the billing "from ragtime to grand opera" since the Baltimore Hotel last season struck the key note in Kansas City, in a revue which had that title. The title is an indication of what the public wants—not too much ragtime and not too much classic, but plenty of both. Mr. Sherman is the tenor who is holding down the male honors at the Friars Inn in Chicago.

St. Louis knows a good company and will not allow the Chicago lyrics to leave, although they have had invitations from many different cities. This is one organization, one singing orchestra that has come to stay, apparently.

Byrd Crowell, the statuesque beauty from the Twin Cities, has left St. Paul for the more busy burg of Detroit, where she is nightly entertaining the elect patronage of the Tuller.

Helen Kiesel, the petite and lively lead in all that is good in revue work, is singing and dancing in feature work at the Pennant in Kansas City.

The Parkinson Sisters have returned from a short engagement at Louisville, and propose to take a short vacation after a year of strenuous work. Their act is the liveliest of dancing acts, yet suitable for the best audiences. No one ever said that they were lacking in that third dimension known as "pcp."

Another real feature at the Frontenac is Margie Nowatny, the little "Dancing Doll," who made herself popular for three years, the last three Summers, and the first three years of the artists' career. Since she has been featured at the Green Mill Gardens in Chicago and at the Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati. Originality in producing effects, combined with a bewitching personality and elaborate and striking costumes give this little lady the open door to the heart of the public.

MARRIED ON A \$100 BET.

The sympathy of a wealthy and gray haired patron of a St. Louis cabaret was aroused the other night when he saw a youth gaze despairingly at a pretty cabaret singer.

"Bet you \$100 that you can't get her to marry you," the patron said. The youth, Frank Wallic, who had followed the singer, Miss Celeste Paulette, from Chicago, to press his suit, said he'd propose once more.

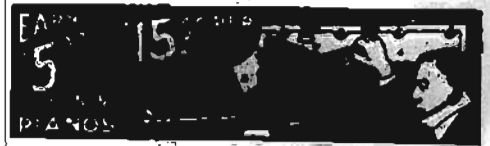
Miss Paulette felt like taking a sporting chance for the \$100, provided the marriage license was thrown in. A motor car ride,

accompanied by three other patrons, was made to the county seat at Clayton, but a license was not procurable. The St. Louis marriage license clerk then was called on the telephone. He told them he'd issue a license, and they returned to St. Louis. At 2 o'clock in the morning they got a justice of the peace out of bed and he tied the knot.

"Here's your hundred," the gray haired Cupid said to the bride and handed her a check. The license clerk said the gray haired man who accompanied the couple also paid for the marriage license. He is said to be a manufacturer in the wholesale district.

"While you are asking papa for my hand in marriage, Philip, I'll be playing something lively on the piano," said the sweet young thing.

"No, I wouldn't do that, Jessica," replied the young man. "You know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music."



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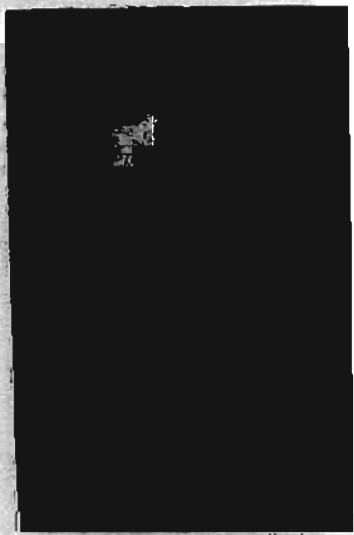
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NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Ada Rogers, well known in musical and theatrical circles both here and abroad, has been placed in charge of the teaching of string instruments in the Christensen School of Chicago.

Miss Rogers was formerly the mandolin virtuoso soloist of the famous Italian Gypsy Band, of Florence, Italy.

She has also acted as soloist with such well-known orchestras as Dankogabor's Hungarian Band, Russian Court Orchestra, Hand's Hungarian Band, etc.

Miss Rogers possesses not only theory and training, but experience and is of that temperament that makes the successful teacher, combining ability, enthusiasm and patience with good nature and courtesy. It is seldom students of string instruments are afforded an opportunity to study under such a capable teacher.

CAN J. FORREST THOMPSON BEAT THIS?

St. Louis teachers advertise the fact that they are Grand-Upright and Square piano teachers. Respectfully submitted.

E. J. M., St. Louis.

At a recital of the pupils of Mary Blackwell Stevenson, at Webster, Mo., Nov. 25th, some splendid piano numbers were given by Daniel A. Hill, Jr. (13 years)—Elizabeth Hill (12 years) and Katherine Hill, 8 years old. The remarkable talent shown by these young people is probably due to the mother's remarkable training combined with their father's genius. The father is the celebrated tenor.

Mrs. Minikus, the entertaining teacher at Omaha, writes that the people in her city are waking up to the fact that she is teaching Real Ragtime Piano Playing. One of her pupils (Mr. Muff), after taking only six lessons, is playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Yanka-Hula-Hicky-Dula, and other selections all by note. Her pupils tell her that their friends and relatives are astonished at their progress. No wonder her school is increasing so rapidly.

Miss Esther Gomberg, in charge of School for teaching Ragtime in Duluth, says her pupils are very enthusiastic and seem to grasp Ragtime rapidly. She has one pupil who started three weeks ago without knowing one note of music and is now playing all the exercises and Home, Sweet Home in ragtime. Miss Gomberg is lavish in praise of her pupils, but too modest to take any credit for herself. However, it is a very well-known fact that the success of pupils in any branch of study depends to a great extent on the ability, patience and personality of the teacher.

Edw. J. Mellinger, of St. Louis, writes that 1917 will be the biggest year he has ever had, judging from the enrollments of pupils who intend to start right after January 1st.

Miss Lucille Bollman, of Rockford, is sure her School will show a great increase next year, as her pupils are walking, playing advertisements of her ability to teach real Ragtime.

From 'way out in Portland, Ore., comes word from Mr. Jess Parker, that his School for teaching Ragtime is very prosperous and increasing right along.

Mr. Fritz Christiani, director of a Real Ragtime Piano Playing School in Washington, D. C., writes us that he is enrolling new pupils at the rate of 5 or 6 a day. It is quite evident that Mr. Christiani combines good business ability with his other accomplishments.

Mr. John Scheck dropped in to see us the other evening. We don't see John very often, he says he is so busy teaching Ragtime that he has not been able to get down town for a month.

Mr. Ray Worley, another Ragtime teacher in Chicago has almost doubled his School in the past two months. It looks like Ray is a hustler.

Mr. Jacob Schwartz is teaching Ragtime in Buffalo with great success, and says prospects

for 1917 are brighter than ever. We received a letter from one of his pupils a few days ago saying Mr. Schwartz was a wonderful teacher of Ragtime, so patient and so clear in explaining everything. That is undoubtedly one of the reasons of his success.

The growth of the School for teaching Ragtime Playing recently started by R. F. Gunther at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., is really remarkable. It simply shows what can be a "live-wire" with original ideas and a knowledge of the value of printers' ink. We predict big things for Mr. Gunther's School.

Mr. Geo. F. Schulte, the aggressive Ragtime teacher in Cleveland, writes us he will double the size of his School this year and we know from experience that when George says a thing he means it.

Mr. W. T. Gleason, of San Francisco, is doing fine, and reports elegant prospects for the New Year.

Mr. Robert Marine, teaching Ragtime in New York City, is as busy as he can be. If his School keeps on increasing at present rate, it is quite likely he will need more room soon.

Prof. Hans Mettke is teaching Ragtime in Davenport, and says business is humming and new pupils coming in every day.

"You can't keep a good man down" and you can't bury "live music," and that is the reason that Ragtime teachers are so busy and enrolling new pupils every day, and their business is bound to keep on increasing as long as it is handled in a conscientious, business-like manner.

Patience and Perseverance is just as good a motto for teachers as for pupils.

Mr. Ed. J. Mellinger, in charge of School for teaching Ragtime in St. Louis, advises us that he will give a Ragtime Recital Friday evening, Jan. 19th, with dance afterwards. I'm sure every one will have a nice time and Ed. promises to give us full particulars a little later on.

Prof. Hans Mettke, teaching Ragtime in Davenport, has moved to new and larger quarters at 1219 Brady St., where he has a fine front room with bay window and is better able to handle his increasing business.

Miss Hattie Smith, the charming young Detroit teacher of Real Ragtime Piano Playing, whose picture appeared in the last issue of

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the Ragtime Review, is now operating one of the most successful Schools in the country. The automobile industry which has caused Detroit to grow tremendously in the last few years, has helped swell her classes until she has several assistants. She is planning an extensive advertising campaign for 1917.

THE NINTH ADVENTURE OF GEORGE AND JIMMY AT THE RAGTIME STUDIO.

By George F. Schultz.

Mitt me, kid, mitt me! Shake hands with the original lil' parlor entertainer and social lion—that's muh!

I get's an invite up to some doin's at a friend's house, 'tother eve, and when I blew in, the party was in full blast and everybody havin' the dickens of a time.

They was playin' a lot of fool games, and guessin' a lot of bum riddles, and it got kinder stale, so some one suggests that each feller and skirt, should do sompin' to make the time go quicker.

So they started at one-side of the room, and the first one was a goil who got up and warbled. She was a frost! Then anudder jane gets up and speaks a piece, and a poor wop gets off some old jokes. Awful chestnuts they were.

Then it was my turn. Well take it from me, my feet got cold enough to freeze fire, but I goes over to the pianner, and looks over the music, and sure enuff, there was a piece that George uses for one of his lessons, and I had learned it, with all the rag movements, so I takes a brace and sails in.

Some of my pals started to yell when they saw me go to the pianner, for they didn't know that I was takin' lessons, but they soon shut their mugs.

I knew dat piece alright, alright, and I went tru it without a blue note.

Well, den those ginks did holler—for more, so I just took ahold of myself and picked out anudder piece and jumped in, tryin' to remember all the stuff that George had ever told me, and I did get tru, tho' I played some awful blue notes. But that crowd didn't know the dif, and they kept me at it until I was all in. And still they wanted more.

That little party busts up about 2 bells, A. M., and I was the whole show. Gosh, it was sure great to be the main guy for once, and whole reason for my bein' so is very simple, Christensen System and Schulte's Studio, that's it. Now do ya want'er say that I was wastin' any kalc up there. Not on your tin-type.

Well, I got about a dozen invites from as many dames to call on 'em and pound the ivories. Did I accept? Oh, no!

Believe me, if I ever meet that feller Christensen, I'll just ask him to let me be his doormat, I'd be proud to have him dust off his brogans on me. See what he's done for me.

Why, I begin to feel as if I really was worth a thin, hard dime now, while before I hated to go anywheres because I was such a dub.

But now, watch my smoke.

PLAYING FOR PICTURES
Conducted by J. A. GEIS
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First—A good repertoire of music.

Second—Good judgment as the character of music you select for the picture. To explain each point explicitly will start with the first.

By a good repertoire of music I do not mean only the latest popular songs, dances, gavottis, and rag numbers, but operatic, classical and the standard overtures as well. A moving picture organist, pianist, or orchestra leader's salary is oft times governed by the class of music he plays. Take for instance, one man has a library of unlimited variety, and the other a repertoire consisting of fewer selections. Will further mention that both men are good musicians and know their business thoroughly. Well, which one is entitled to the good salary? The former, because he not only pleases the popular music lovers, but the more educated people with his operatic and classical interpretations, as well.

To explain the second point: "Good judgment as to the character, etc." Take, for instance a parting scene which is likely to appear in any dramatic production. There are many different kinds of parting scenes. Some are very dramatic and should be played that way. I would suggest the final movement of Tosti's Good Bye, which is intensely dramatic and many others of that character. A sad parting use the Hawaiian "Oloha Oi" or the first part of Tosti's Good Bye, etc. A death scene, use "Rest, Rest to the Weary, Peace to the Soul," "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and many others. Joyful scenes should be played not with a waltz or popular piece, but with little numbers especially composed and arranged for this purpose, which you will find in Christensen's Moving Picture Music Folios, Lake's Fisher's, etc. These folios are a very handy thing to have in your library because they contain unlimited variety and are also a great help to a person who is not a thoroughly experienced picture player.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles by J. A. Geis which will appear each month. Mr. Geis will answer questions pertaining to picture playing if letters are addressed to him care The Ragtime Review.

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(Continued from page 7.)

Fadden finally returned to the post office. The stage coach had left an hour before. Sam Wheelkins turned ghastly pale when the intoxicated cowpuncher tottered in.

"Hic, w-where in Hell ish thet, hic, damned, hic, horsh shief, Buck Wendell," howled McFadden. "I'll, hic, choot 'em sho full o' holes, hic, he'll look lysh a, hic, swish cheese."

"Yuh gol darned fool," gasped Sam in a frenzied whisper "are yuh goin' plumb daffy? Buck Wendell's gang jist left, an' Wendell's over tuh thet ragtime place this minnit. If thuh winder's open he kin hear every banded word yuh say. Keep quiet, fer Lawd's sake Spike, I ain't jist dyin' tuh meet Buck Wendell. I filled yuh mail sack. I'll give it tew yuh, an' yew hop on yuh nag an' beat it tew thuh ranch. Yuh hoss is still standin' outside."

Spike raised his bloodshot eyes, snarled like a beast driven to desperation, and waved his gun in Sam's face. Wheelkins dodged down behind the desk. Striving mercely to steady himself, his lips drawn back from his gleaming teeth, McFadden strode unsteadily to the door, unheeding Sam's pleading voice. Straight across the street he staggered, in the door of the white building, and up the rickety stairs. He still had sense enough to attempt a soft tread. At the top he tottered a moment, steadied himself, then kicked open the door and tore in, his eyes flashing, lips quivering, gun clutched convulsively in his right hand.

Wendell, holsters empty, guns lying on top of the piano at which he and the dark haired girl were seated, leaped to his feet, saw the drink maddened cowpuncher, and reached for his guns.

At the same instant there was a flash, a deafening report, and the yellow-haired giant emitted a faint gasp, and stiffened. But his long arm swooped out, his fingers grasped one of his weapons, as he leaned against the piano. The girl, hands to her ears, crouched, eyes bulging with terror, was speechless.

Again McFadden's gun roared and a suppressed groan came from the purple lips of the bandit, but built to endure the most agonizing pain, he slung his gun down and twice it flashed. The smoke was so thick it was impossible for the men to see each other. Instinctively McFadden, slowly sobering, dropped to his knees and pulled twice. Two more terrific detonations followed. He heard Wendell's gun crash to the floor, and he gritted his teeth exultantly. If that giant had dropped his iron, McFadden knew he was done. He forgot that he was bleeding from a nasty wound in the head. In him now was only the desire to kill, slay, destroy. Tremulously he waited for the smoke to clear.

As the blue haze slowly rose to the ceiling, McFadden dimly made out the massive figure of Wendell staggering up against the opposite wall. His hands were clutched convulsively, his face and hair were saturated with blood, and blood oozed from two places in his body. But his wild, glaring eyes, were fastened on McFadden. Spike didn't see the girl. His only thought was Wendell's death. He raised his gun again to the level of Wendell's heart.

With the choking sob of a frenzied woman, Miss Allison, horrified, desperate, seized the bandit's other gun from the piano top, pointed it at McFadden, and pulled the trigger again and again. McFadden's gun spoke first, but his bullet went astray.

Simultaneously he heard several roaring explosions, felt a burning shock in his shoulder, vaguely recalled that an electric bolt seemed to have shot through his neck, strove to throw off a terrific, agonizing weakness, and then he felt a terrible, burning pain in his side. He groaned, his head swam, he seemed to be whirling in space, and he realized, vaguely, that he was falling, fading, going back. Then, everything grew black.

Spike was never able to describe accurately what followed. He knew that he seemed to be traveling through black space with the speed of a meteor—fading—fading—flashing into a great, dark chasm. He recalled, afterward, that something rough and hard appeared to have leaped up and struck him in the face—a bone-smashing blow that stifled the whirring in his ears and drove all semblances of memory to the four winds.

He recalled that everything changed to a dull, tense, horrible silence for a long, long time. Once, way off in the distance, he thought he heard a voice ask,

"Is he dead?"

(To be concluded next month.)

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Ragtime Review, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1916. State of Illinois, County of Cook, Before me, Floyd Bone, Notary in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Axel Christensen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of the Ragtime Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 433, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Axel Christensen, Chicago, Ill.; Editor Axel Christensen, Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, none; Business Managers, none. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Axel Christensen. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

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