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THE

A DOLLAR A YEAR

# RAGTIME REVIEW

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

## THE KID

BY PETER FRANK MEYER

(In Which a Young Woman of Fixed Intentions Marries a Vaudeville Star with Unexpected Results)

PART ONE.

So Gladys was going to marry a vaudeville star after all, was she? Her girl friends, generally speaking, were quite surprised. Those with whom she was most intimate had no other comment to offer than a commendatory acknowledgment. Whatever their private views of stage life were they pushed to the background. If Gladys Merlin was going to marry him, "HE" must be a splendid fellow. Gladys was always right. But, as said, they WERE surprised.

As might have been expected, Papa Merlin was not the least bit diffident about displaying his disappointment when Gladys announced her engagement to Arthur Sanford, "The American Caruso," or "Vaudeville's Nightingale," as he was often referred to in the theatrical columns of big city dailies. He had always contended that actors, singers, dancers, musicians, writers and artists did not make good husbands. Therefore, Sanford being a member of his precluded army, it was quite natural that Mr. Merlin should not regard him as a desirable future son-in-law.

His contempt for theatrical people in general was an endless source of agitation in the Merlin household. Discussions concerning artistic gentlemen might have resulted in serious complications at various intervals had it not been for the timely intercession of Mrs. Merlin.

It was not that Mr. Merlin was querulous, for quarreling was a thing almost unknown to the Merlins, and they abhorred exhibitions of ill-temper. But it was perhaps hereditary with Papa Merlin, whenever anybody opposed his views, to maintain an unbreakable silence for days, and rather than incur his displeasure and suffer the unendurable monotony of his silence, his wife usually came to the rescue in time to smooth things over.

On the night following the announcement of Gladys' engagement to Arthur Sanford, Mr. Merlin glanced up from his paper and quietly regarded his pretty daughter.

"So you are going to marry young Sanford after all?"

Gladys raised her eyebrows and returned her father's stare.

"Of course I am, daddy. Surely, you have no objections to my marrying Arthur just because singing does not appeal to you?"

Mr. Merlin carefully polished his glasses with a silk handkerchief.

"N-no," he drawled, very slowly, "not exactly. You know that I have never been bitten singing, Gladys. On the contrary,

I have always possessed a fondness for good music. The theatrical profession is at best a medium for cheap notoriety, questionable characters and tainted atmosphere. I'll admit that Arthur is manly, steady, straightforward, of clean habits, and an excellent family, and an honored graduate of Harvard College. But he is not a business man, and—"

"A BUSINESS man!" snorted Gladys contemptuously. "There you go again, Papa, will you ever size up a man without permitting the business' side of the question to blind your judgment? There are thousands of successful men in this world who have never gone into business. When I say business, I mean your conception of the term. Can't you understand, father, that singing with Arthur is a business, too?"

Mr. Merlin frowned, for this was not the first time he had been told so.

"That may be true," he said thoughtfully, "but only in the sense that it is a source of profit. However, I would not look upon vaudeville singing in the same light that I'd regard an established, legitimate business. For instance, how long do you think Arthur's voice will last? How long do you suppose he will be billed as a headliner?"

"But father," protested Gladys. "Arthur is not a heedless spendthrift. When his theatrical career has culminated he will have saved enough to go into business for himself. For instance, he could open and maintain a vocal school with little difficulty. Furthermore, singing IS a legitimate business. And assume it wasn't? Do you think I should care? Not in the least! I am marrying Arthur, not his vocation. You will not credit him for being a business man, yet his income is almost twice as large as your own, and he is only twenty-seven."

Mr. Merlin gazed at his daughter curiously.

"I looked at both sides of the question, too," Gladys went on. "I did not leap without looking. In every detail our marriage should prove to be the most compatible. Our likes and dislikes are the same, both of us are college graduates, and have devoted a great deal of time to literature, our ideas on practically every phase of domesticity, diversion and economy are in perfect congruity, and"—here she blushed charmingly—"we hold the same opinion in regard to the rearing of children."

"Humph," commented Mr. Merlin, grim-

ly. "Evidently you and Arthur have made a great deal of headway. But for the life of me, I cannot understand why a man with a college education, plus breeding, influence and brains, should be content to remain a vaudeville star when even the concert stage offers him a more refined and distinctive livelihood. At least, better than that of a vaudeville career. And he is a man of sense—"

"Well," interrupted Gladys, teasingly. "we've discussed all that before. And you overlooked the most important thing, daddy. We love each other, and that is an insurmountable reply to your objections."

That settled it. A month later Gladys Merlin became Mrs. Arthur Sanford. They spent a four weeks honeymoon in the Catskills, and upon their return settled down in a cozy mansion in the suburban district, not far from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Merlin. For the next few weeks Gladys was confronted with a host of duties that demanded her undivided attention. Of course, her mother made herself indispensable about the house, and frequently Gladys would have been at a loss but for her ready skill in arranging things so as to produce just the proper effect. It was her mother who had suggested that she postpone the distribution of the "at home" cards until everything was in readiness.

Arthur's mother spent a few days with them, and she made herself quite useful as an assistant to Mrs. Merlin, so that Gladys' worries were decreased to a minimum. Although the vaudeville season was not to open till the next month, and Arthur had ample time to himself, he did not bother about the household affairs. Yes, he had spoken to his wife about obtaining a servant for her, but Gladys refused to hear of it. She had ideas of her own concerning domestic affairs, probably derived from a profound study of the subject at college, and she intended to put them to practical advantage. Her husband knew she was perfectly capable of attending to the household duties without any hanging aid from him (unless it was monetary support), and in this he manifested a commendable trait of intelligence which Mrs. Merlin declared was very rare in men.

When everything was in readiness and

the formal announcements had been mailed, Mr. Merlin nearly amazed the young couple to petrification one morning by calling upon them just as they were sitting down to the breakfast table.

Knowing how matters had stood between her father and her husband, Gladys was somewhat ambiguous as to the purport of his early visit. But her fears were soon put at rest—in fact, transformed to delight—when, after coffee and light morning cigars, they became so engrossed in conversation that her presence was almost forgotten. She was given additional cause for happiness a half hour later when they emerged from the house, arm in arm, chatting as if they had been inseparable companions for years.

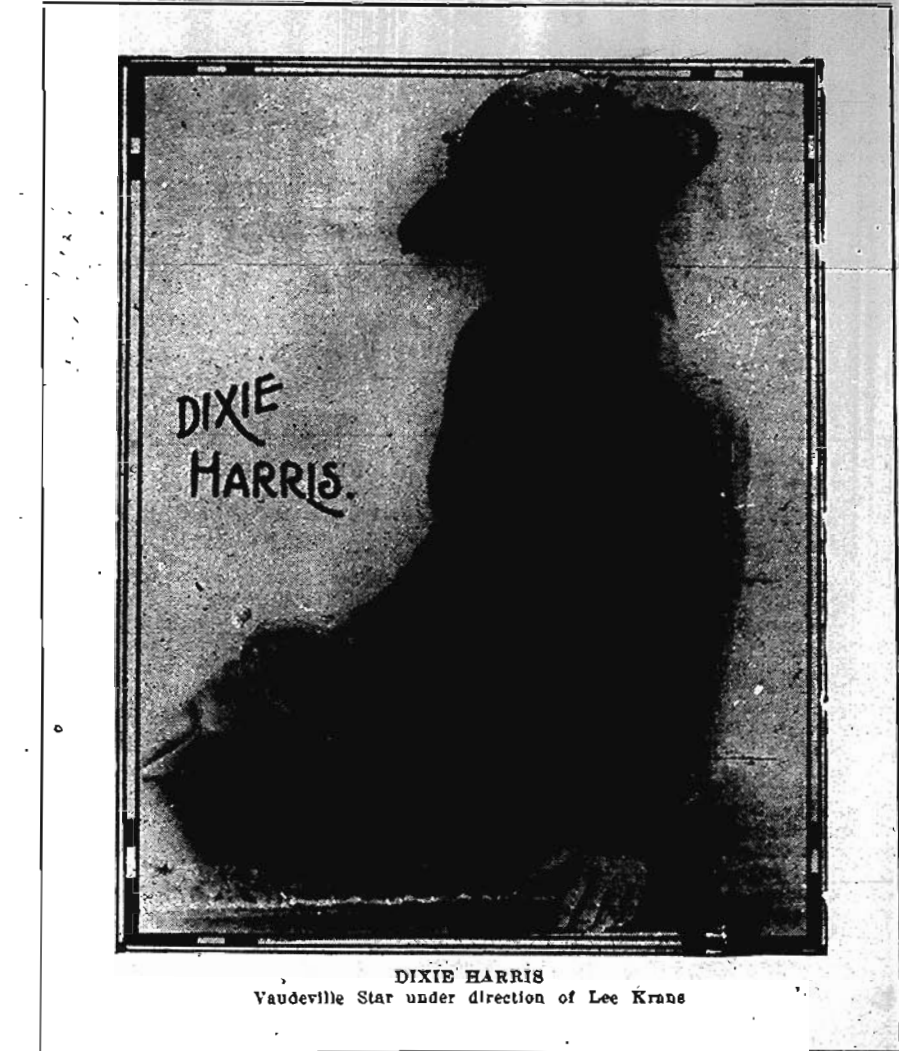
That afternoon Elsie came all the way from Fairport in her touring car, and with her were the two children. Elsie had been Gladys' best friend before she (Gladys) had gone to college. But when Gladys received an announcement from her a week after her arrival at Smith College, to the effect that Mr. Edward Bernard had married Miss Elsie Jarvis, she was unspeakably angry for the first time in her life. Elsie knew she was going to college, and probably wouldn't see her again for six months; yet, she was so diffident that she would not trust the secret of her coming marriage to her best chum.

All this had occurred nearly five years before, and matters had been patched up since, but the stings of reminiscence were still there, and they seemed destined to remain. Such impressions usually do. Now when they met, in place of the girlish effervescence which had usually characterized their conversations, there had come a quiet but friendly attitude of unmistakable conservatism.

Elsie's children proved very annoying to Gladys. They were little tots of tender years, and they began an incessant wailing the moment they entered the house. It was evident that neither Elsie nor her husband had ever attempted to impress upon their minds that obedience to parental command was imperative. True enough, they were very young, but the manner in which they disregarded their mother's reproofs irritated Gladys considerably.

It was late in the afternoon when Elsie departed, with an earnest request that Gladys return the call very soon. The occurrence of the day provided ample food for reflection when Gladys was alone. Her ideas on the way children should be reared were distinctively original, and in conformity with the tastes of a fastidious college-bred girl. Gladys was possessed of an inherent trait of refinement, and a natural reticence, that were peculiar in a girl who had mingled. Her attitude was one of extreme dignity, and it forbade advances from either sex outside the barriers of formal sociability. Not that she was prudish. Gladys Merlin was as affable and genial a girl as one could find anywhere, but she had principles of her own and would not tolerate hilarious acts that bordered on defiance of recognized conventionality.

She had simply stated a fact when she told her father that Arthur's ideas on the ideal and proper way of bringing up children were the same as her own. Arthur was pleasingly mild-tempered, of a refined



bearing that seemed utterly out of place with his chosen vocation, and though he was not by any means effeminate, crude forms of enjoyment repelled him. Perhaps, in a way, this accounted for the fact that he was the only man who had ever made a distinct success of operatic singing on the vaudeville stage. He and Gladys were not narrow-minded, by any means. But both respected the principles of moderation and conventional living to a degree which indicated firmness of character.

It was not quite a year after their marriage, following the close of the theatrical season, and while Arthur was enjoying a well earned rest, that Theodore came into the world; a bouncing, gurgling, cooing baby, with a temper that would have done credit to a pirate. Theodore knew nothing about conventionality or refinement, and he didn't want to know, either. Theodore was possessed of an insatiable propensity for destroying everything of breakable material that came within reach of his chubby hands. It bothered Theodore not the slightest whether he wailed in his crib, all by himself, or whether he gave vent to his outraged feelings in the presence of a dozen guests. Had it not been for Gladys' gentle but firm insistence, her ideas on the subject of child rearing might have suffered a severe setback. Baby's temper was a fac-

tor which, in spite of her profound knowledge, she had not reckoned with. And it both pleased and chided her that when Theodore displayed his flaming temper, her father was the only one who could calm him.

Before Theodore had passed his second birthday Mrs. Merlin had become fully acquainted with Gladys' views. She was compelled to express admiration for some of her daughter's ideas, but on the other hand, many of Gladys' principles she deemed inadequate and inappropriate. She even told Gladys that her manner of teaching and caring for Theodore was misplaced; that such treatment would be very well for a girl, but not for a manly little child.

Perhaps it is traditional that children, especially boys, acquire many nicknames, and that they adhere like sticking plaster to a sturdy age. Theodore was no exception to the rule. To his mother he was Theodore, to his grandfather he was Teddy, and grandma called him Ted. Arthur, probably through an inadvertent sangfroid, got into the habit (in his letters while touring the country) of referring to him as "the Kid," and the others, with the exception of Gladys, gradually contracted the habit.

At three the Kid was a beautiful child. He was of just the proper height for his age. Had it not been for his speech and temper, one would have taken him for a

pretty little girl. His eyes were a deep, lustrous blue, large and questioning. His mouth was a saucy, red cupid's bow, and the long, silken, golden curls that hung so prettily from his shapely head were the pride of Gladys' life.

At a casual glance the Kid was an exact production of his mother's ideas—a picture of childish innocence—but Grandpa Merlin proved himself a keener judge of children than either Gladys or his wife imagined when he remarked one day that the Kid was not as innocent as his face and manner would seduce one to believe.

Though this intimation brought an indignant reply from Gladys, she was given innumerable opportunities to recall it as Theodore grew up. Her husband, being away most of the time, allowed her full authority in the planning and shaping of the Kid's career. Of course, they understood that his natural inclinations had to be given serious consideration when he approached a certain age, but both were certain that tentative plans, prepared early, would be of greater benefit to the boy than haphazard methods later on.

Gladys always stated that the happiest day of her life was the one on which she sent Theodore to school, just after his fifth birthday. On that morning she surpassed all her previous efforts to make him the envy of all the mothers who saw him. When he emerged from his bath his skin was a glowing pink, his blue eyes sparkled, and it took Gladys over an hour to comb out his hair and arrange his pretty curls. And she was more than gratified when she took cognizance of the admiring glances a group of women bestowed upon him in the school yard. She felt that she had been more than compensated for her efforts.

But Gladys' joy was short lived. It was less than a week after the Kid had entered school that she was presented with an opportunity to realize that his temper was a mighty formidable factor to be reckoned with. He began as soon as he arrived home by demanding that his curls be cut.

Gladys stared at him, almost horrified. "Cut your curls off?" she gasped. "Why, Theodore, who ever put such an idea in your little head?"

"I wanna habin' cut, tha's all," asserted the Kid in a plaintive tone. "Tha' all pull 'em, an' eveybody finks I'se er goil. I ain't I wanna habin' cut, tha's all."

"But, Theodore," she remonstrated, not too firmly, "don't you know that it would break mamma's heart if anyone were to cut off those lovely curls? You mustn't pay any attention to what the other boys say. They would give anything to have your curls."

She realized that she must use strategy to overcome his objections. But the Kid eyed her dubiously, shaking his head.

"What's your heart gotta do wiff my coils?" he demanded to know. "Evyvone finks I'se a goil. All tha' peoples pull 'em. Wanna habin' cut, tha's all."

His lips formed an angry pout and he lowered his eyes.

"Mamma's little boy can't have his curls cut off just yet," she told him, patting his head.

The Kid drew away from her as though the matter required forethought, and reflected for a moment. Then he looked up at her cunningly.

"When kin I habin' cut, mamma?"

"Probably when you are six years old, not before then," replied his mother.

He pondered over this.

"S'pose I'se die fore then?"

Gladys smiled. "You must not say such things, Theodore. Mamma's boy isn't go-

ing to die," and she reached forward to seize him in her arms. But the Kid was not a pacifist. He stepped back hastily, shook his head, and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"Then I can't hab my coils cut off?"

Gladys detected a trembling note in his voice, and she glanced at him quickly. She was quite astonished to perceive that his eyes were blinking rapidly, that his breathing had quickened, and that his lips were beginning to quiver.

"I said no, Theodore," she said, though his attitude worried her.

The Kid gulped, and two or three tiny ears trickled down his cheeks.

"P-please, m-mamma?"

Gladys felt herself growing weak, and she dared not look at him. She realized that if she gave in to him now she would be compelled to relent on every point in the future. And though his last appeal pierced her to the heart, she shook her head in the negative.

Then the storm broke in all its fury. The Kid made several futile efforts to choke back his sobs, and finally burst into tears. He pleaded, he stormed, he stamped his little feet in wrath. Again and again, between his sobbing and wailing, he repeated the assertion that "all tha' peoples pull 'em" and that "evvyone finks I'se a goil." His grief and his anger knew no bounds, and in his rage he declared he would tell his father.

"You may tell papa, Theodore. He doesn't want your curls to be removed," Gladys assured him.

Whereupon the Kid broke into a fresh outburst, finally, vowing that he would run away from home.

This frightened Gladys, and she tried to take him in her arms, but the Kid eluded her and ran up the stairs to his room, sobbing as if his heart would break. As luck would have it, Arthur was appearing in a chain of city theatres at the time, and less than a half hour after the occurrence he walked into the sitting room.

"Why, what is the matter, girl?" he asked, noting his wife's agitation.

"Oh, I wish you would speak to Theodore, Arthur. He insists upon having his curls cut. He determined about it, too, and I don't know what to do."

Sanford placed a comforting arm around her shoulders.

"I'm surprised to think you'd allow a little thing like that to upset you so, Gladys," he said, tilting back her head and kissing her. "The way you spoke I thought a calamity had taken place."

"But you don't understand, dear. He showed a frightful temper, and he's furiously determined to have his curls cut off. I imagine somebody told him he was too big to wear curls."

Sanford looked down at her pretty face thoughtfully.

"I didn't think it was as bad as that. Guess I'd better speak to the Kid."

He strode to the foot of the stairs.

"Ted!"

No answer.

He listened a moment, and then, "Ted! Come down. I want to see you."

There was a sound of tripping feet on the floor above and the opening of a door. Then a tearful voice mumbled.

"Awright. I'm comin'."

When the Kid reached the foot of the stairs Sanford looked at him closely. His eyes were red and swollen, and his cheeks were tear-stained. About his lips, which had shaped into an obstinate pout, was a mingled expression of sorrow and defiance.

"Well?" questioned Sanford, kneeling

down before him, "what's the trouble, Kid?"

Theodore shifted his feet uneasily, stuck his hands in his pockets, and gazed up at his father with pleading eyes.

"Kin I hab my coils cut, pop?"

"Why do you want your curls cut?" asked Sanford, taking both his hands.

The Kid twisted his face into a ludicrous expression.

"All tha' boys finks I'se er goil. One cawled me Mary. All tha' peoples pull 'em," he said disdainfully.

Sanford drew him up to his shoulders and carried him into the sitting room.

"Mamma and I will decide the matter," he said, sitting on the lounge next to Gladys, and placing the Kid on his knee. "Gladys, shall we have his curls removed now, or shall we wait another year?"

His wife faced him in surprise. "I'm sure you know how I feel about it, Arthur. Theodore can wait another year—it will be here soon—and if he is very good, we'll have them cut sooner."

"And I agree with mamma," declared Sanford, looking at the Kid. "So our boy is going to wait because he knows we want him to."

The deluge of tears and protests that followed nearly took Arthur's breath away, but in the end he was inexorable. Sobbing despairingly, the Kid went to his room.

An hour later Theodore came down the stairs, his cap under his arm, and stole into the kitchen where his mother was busy at the stove.

"Kin I hab a penny, mom?" he asked, looking up at her meekly.

"Of course, dear," replied Gladys, delighted at the change in his attitude. She took him in her arms and kissed him. "Does mother's boy still want his curls cut?"

"Nope, mother's boy wants a penny," said the Kid philosophically. "Wanna buy er top."

There was a partially concealed innuendo in the Kid's tone, however, which his mother did not fail to notice, and she looked at him suspiciously. His face was flushed, and now he refused to meet her gaze. Attributing his actions to shame because he had wept, Gladys banished the suspicion from her mind and gave him a coin.

"Come right back, Theodore."

The Kid promised her he would return immediately and hurried out of the house.

Deep in her heart Gladys felt that she had conquered in the first serious difference of opinion (if it could be called that) between mother and child. She was certain that his meekness of a moment ago was a token of defeat, and she was gratified to think that the variance had not been worse. But it suddenly struck her as remarkable that the Kid's anger had transformed to meekness in such a short period.

When the Kid failed to return at the expiration of fifteen minutes Gladys grew anxious. The suspicion she had harbored when he left the house magnified, for she was certain that it could not have taken him a quarter of an hour to walk to the corner store and back. Arthur had gone to his room, and now she called him down.

"I'm so nervous about Theodore, dear," she explained, when he appeared. "He asked me for a penny to buy a top about fifteen minutes ago. I'm sure it wouldn't take him all this time to walk to the corner, purchase a top, and get back again. I wish you would see if he is at the store, Arthur."

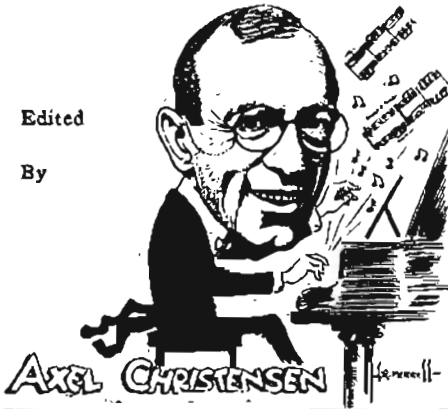
"Why, surely," answered her husband. "But I wouldn't worry about him, Gladys."

(Continued on Page 13)

## The Ragtime Review

Edited

By



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### POPULAR MUSIC IN WAR TIME.

There has been much comment and speculation as to the effect the great war would have upon music in this country.

In the various training camps music, especially patriotic and popular songs with a patriotic theme, is a notable feature in the weekly programme.

Glee clubs, community choruses and soloists have sung for the soldiers, sailors and the populace, distinguished musical directors are training the soldiers and sailors in singing.

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## REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

By JANE LAMOUREAUX

**You Can't Bring Back Yesterday**—By Walter Hirsch and May Hill. Published by Roger Graham. A good type of pathetic ballad.

**I Don't Want To Get Well**—By Howard Johnson, Harry Pease and Harry Jentes. Published by Leo Feist, Inc. This number certainly is a winner, and backs up the Feist slogan neatly, "You can't go wrong with a Feist Song." A clever comedy number, sparkling and full of pep.

**China—We Owe A Lot to You**—By Howard Johnson and Milton Ager. A timely number, that rarity in up-to-date music, a really new idea in a popular song. This is a pleasing number. Another Feist hit.

**Somewhere in France (is the Lily)**—By Philander Johnson and Joseph Howard. Published by Witmark & Sons. Beautiful title and lyric, a simple appealing melody, music well arranged, bound to please old and young. (I heard Joe Howard sing this for the first time, and to me it's a big number.—A. W. C.)

**You Brought Ireland Right Over to Me**—By J. Keirn Brennan and Ernest R. Ball. Published by Witmark & Sons. Good ballad. Lucky is the lyric writer who has Ernest R. Ball write his music. It's no use talking, "it's a gift," and anybody who has the pleasure of hearing this number will agree with this. Sure-fire stuff.

**The Soul Of You**—By Margaret Hobson Albers and Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Published by Carrie Jacobs-Bond & Son. A tender theme, delicately beautiful music, with an arrangement which carries out the idea of the song in an artistic manner.

**A Cottage In God's Garden**—Words and Music by Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Listening to this restful composition, one can well believe that the gifted author of this song poem has "A Cottage In God's Garden," and methinks she sometimes hears celestial strains and tempers them for our mortal ears.

**Way Down In Macon, Georgia**—By Loos Bros. and Jack Frost, Paul Beise and F. Henri Klickman. Published by McKinley Music Co. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," but these fellows got away with a good number this time. In the

start of the chorus they change from only four flats to five flats, that makes it more "intricate," and then besides that, it makes it harder to play, so they must have figured that the ordinary mutts would let it alone. Let's hope so. The Loos Bros. ought to "clean up" on this number.

**At That Cabaret. (In Honolulu Town)**—By Jack Frost. Published by McKinley Music Co. Some Cabaret number. Clever lyrics, snappy music. Would be great for character singer.

**Down the Sunset Trail to Avalon**—By Jack Frost and E. Clinton Keithley. Published by McKinley Music Co. Mr. Frost's pretty ballad with music by the versatile tainly has a knack for rhyming, and this Keithley should be a good seller.

**I'm a Real Kind Mama**—By Roger Graham and Maceo Pinkard. Published by McKinley Co. Great topical song.

**Giddy Giddy! Go On! Go On! (We're On Our Way to War)**—By Jack Frost. Published by McKinley Music Co. Comedy number, good for pianologue, or rube character.

**A-M-E-R-I-C-A Means "I Love You, My Yankee Land."**—By Jack Frost. An old idea in a patriotic dress, a dignified theme and good lyrics, a good song for school children.

**When a Boy Says Good Bye To His Mother And She Gives Him To Uncle Sam.**—By Jack Frost. Very "labored" title for the momentary episode described in the song. Its quality, not quantity that counts, even in a popular song. On! fair.

**Rose of the Night**—By Arthur Longbrak and Harley E. Parker. Published by the Buckeye Music Publishing Co., Columbus, Ohio. An unusually pretty melody set to good music, artistically arranged.

**For You a Rose**—By Will D. Cobb and Gus Edwards. Published by Remick Music Co. This beautiful ballad has proved itself, and is now a big seller, good all around number, will please everybody.

**So Long, Mother**—By Raymond Egan, Gus Kahn and Egbert Van Alstyne. These fellows sure do work well together. This

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number has an irresistible appeal and will live long after many of the popular songs of the day. Has good swing and good text.

**Rock-A-Bye-Land**—By Gus Kahn and Egbert Van Alstyne. A plaintive lyric, good arrangement of music. Will make a great number for kid character. A type of song sure to please.

**It's A Long Way Back to Mother's Knee**—By Sterling, Grossman and Lange. Published by the Joe Morris Music Pub. Co. A different mother song, one peculiarly suited in sentiment to the day. Good lyrics.

**Hawaiian Blues**—By Clarence R. Jones and R. Anthony Zita. Published by Jones. Good title, a slow pretty number, simple music, slightly monotonous, as many so called Hawaiian numbers are.

**Stand Up For the Soldier Boy**—By Zella Estella Leighton. Published by Z. E. Graff. Good swing, march music, simply arranged. Strong lyrics, but music weak for this type of song. Title, O. K.

**If You Don't Want to Fight For Uncle Sammy, Then You Don't Need to Fight For Me**—By Earl Lewis and A. R. Smith. Published by the Popular Music Co. Rather slangy lyrics for a number which advertises itself as a "patriotic" number, which above all, should be dignified in theme. Title too long drawn out, and rather pugilistic in sound.

**In Autumn**—By Reginald Wright Kauffman and Jan Anderson. A beautiful tone poem by a gifted writer. The music is artistically arranged, and in harmony with the sentiment expressed. Good chamber music.

**Cleopatra Had a Jazz Band**—By Jack Coogan and Jimmy Morgan. Published by Leo Feist Music Co. A clever combination "Egyptian" and jazzy number, one suited to character singers. Good of its kind.

**In The Land of Wedding Bells**—By Howard Johnson and George W. Meyer. Published by Leo Feist Music Co. A pretty number, sentimental words and appropriate music by two live song writers. Good revue number.

**My Flower Garden Girl**—By Charles Pierce, Billy Baskette and George A. Little. Published by Leo Feist Music Co. A classy sentimental ballad, pretty lyrics. Should prove popular, one of the prettiest numbers of the moment.

**Homeward Bound**—By Howard Johnson Co. Splendid title, optimistic theme, a and Coleman Goetz and George W. Myer. Published by Leo Feist Music. Refreshing change from some of the dismal so called patriotic numbers which are flooding the market.

**Long Boy**—By William Herschell and Barclay Walker. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein Co. One of the funniest numbers of its class ever written. Wonderful rube character number, written just when we need a laugh, after discarding some of the alleged humorous songs sent to us for review.

**Wanted**—Pianists, Singers, Agents send for "Proud to Be a Son of Uncle Sam," the national patriotic song, and a ballad "Somewhere, Someone is Waiting," 12c each; both 20c. Song Hit Music Co., 1 Mansion St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Adv.

**SONG WRITERS ARE DOING THEIR BIT.**

According to the daily papers and judging from the avalanche of manuscripts that pour into this office, the song writers are busy devising new airs that they hope may capture approval of the great American and Allied armies. A Broadway theatre star, pressing into service the favorites of the moment, recently chose to sing, and aroused audiences twice daily in doing so, Aernwd Sterling's "America, Here's My Boy," Ivor Novello's "Keep the Home Fire Burning," Irving Berlin's "For Your Country and My Country," and George Cohan's "Over There," this last with the Cohanesque quickstep refrain of "We Won't Be Back Till Its Over, Over There." For those who would sing old songs, there are special war editions, such as Ditson's "Patriotic Songs of America," in up-to-date khaki boards. Of airs of all nations, the best selection is Sousa's, made for the government many years ago.

Of interest are the covers of the new songs. A well-known artist's poster has already made famous the little grand lady and her khaki-clad hero of "America, Here's My Boy." Beside it stand Bruno Huhn's "My Boy" set to Francis Tillotson Brese's "I Have Raised My Boy to Be a Soldier," a defiance to pacifists, and J. E. Dempsey and Joseph Burr's song of another patriot mother, "If I Had a Son For Each Star in Old Glory." There are Cohan's "Grand, Old-Flag," with less emphasis on the "rag" of other days; Berlin's "Let's All Be Americans Now," under guard of a trim soldier; Eddie Gray's "America First," with a portrait of George Washington; Tosti's "The Allies' March to Freedom," carrying six nations' flags; Frank Van der Stucken's "Our Glorious Country," and the pictured troopers of Herbert Lowe's "On To Plattsburg."

So much for the pictures. Some even of the letters of the alphabet are worked overtime to give the national stamps to such airs as "The Boys of the U. S. A." by Charlotte Bonnycastle and Mrs. Frederick Goodwin, or the popular Carrie Jacobs-Bond's "His Buttons Are Marked U. S." Then there are numerical titles, from the boys of '61 to the younger veterans of '98. The Militia of Mercy's appeal, has been voiced by G. Frederick Bickford's words and music in the Spirit of '76," its cover showing a soldier bidding good-bye to wife and babies. Alban Elkington of Buffalo, sent the Times his song, "The Call to Arms," C. M. Swingle published in Cleveland his "Men, Men and More Men," described as a hymn universal. Tarquinio Masucci of the Kansas City



JANE LAMOUREUX  
Associate Editor "Ragtime Review"

Voce dell Emigrante, dedicated to President Wilson his "Hymn of War" in English and Italian, Ray Wiley and A. F. Koerner's "Little Girl in Blue" came from Miami, Fla. There's the American directness of plain speech about "Goodbye Broadway, Hello, France."

Emilie Frances Pauer has devoted to the Red Cross all royalties of "Our Flag in France," sung by Marcella Craft and Leon Rothier. Howard and La Var have issued "Somewhere in France is Daddy." Harry Von Tilzer's firm anticipated fate by an announcing in manuscript, "I Don't Know Where I'm Going, But I'm on My Way." Boosey & Co., heralded widely "The Trumpet Call," by Wilfred Sanderson, sung by John McCormack.

"We Are With You, Mr. President," was the product of the early days of the war. The song writers' ideas grew with the national preparations. Lindsey Perkins and Otto Motzan's "Let's Rally" declared, "We Are Coming Half a Million Strong." W. H. Pease's "At Them, Uncle Sam," ventured that "Ten Million Brave Americans Are Ready at Your Call," to which the same writer added, "The Red Cross needs you, sister, join it now." Luella Stewart and O. Ebel's "Our Country's Voice" went the whole figure at last with "One united band—a hundred millions stand." Beyond that number the poets cannot go without "annexations and indemnities."

**JAZZ BAND FOR HIGH SCHOOL.**

A really and truly jazz band is in sight for the Davenport high school, one with a lot of pep and life to it that will put some spirit into the various occasions at which it will be called upon to perform. The original idea was to have a military band, but every one wanted to play the cornet, so the thing fell through. But a jazz band will be just the thing to play at an entertainment or a basketball game, and its organization is progressing rapidly.

**Renew your subscription to the Ragtime Review.**

## A WEE WIDOW WANDERS IN CABARET LAND

BY JANE LAMOUREUX

Author of "An Infant-Woman," "Sing, Smile and Sneeze," Etc.

### (The Adventure of the Frozen Girl)

"You will wander in far places, you will see much money, hear queer noises, do service, but beware of men, my daughter."

So spoke an aged Romany Gypsy Queen. "You will see me again," she prophesied, "more than a thousand miles from here."

The little singer, who loved to relate what she was pleased to call "adventures," looked seriously at us as she spoke.

Her bachelor uncle put in, "I suppose you're going to have another flight of imagination. An aviator has nothing on you when it comes to flights."

"Now, you just let me alone," she retorted. "I don't care if you listen or not, this story is absolutely unique," she boasted.

"Must be, if you are telling it. Your so-called adventures are like none such," her

uncle said sarcastically. Despite his teasing her about "your impossible vagaries," he secretly enjoyed listening to the diminutive singer's vivid versions of her travels.

Her story follows:

The aged queen spoke truly. I did see her again, in a strange place more than a thousand miles from the middle west city, where she told my fortune.

When I saw her again she was dead, lying in state in the large high-ceilinged drawing room of a decaying old mansion in New Orleans.

A few moments before had been gazing, woman like, at an attractive display of infant's clothing in one of the windows of the Maison Blanche, when, spying an in-

defatigable reporter friend turning down one of those side streets, the like of which cannot be seen anywhere else in the world, and down which I had been warned not to stroll alone, I hastened after him.

"Where are you going—you're after a 'scoop,' aren't you?" I queried.

"Well, this time you can come with me, its nothing very dangerous, but you never could go there alone."

We walked the short distance, past Iberville to Bienville streets, then around past the time grayed "Old Absinthe Shop," mecca of avid sight seeking tourists. Soon were at the guarded door, which led to the stately room where the dead gypsy lay.

A policeman barred the way, but recognizing the reporter, he passed us in. The immense, dim lit room was swarming with humanity. We counted fifteen gypsy girls and boys, lithe young creatures, overflowing with life. Very much so, in fact, soon I discovered with horror that their heads were literally teeming with life.

Heaps of many hued clothing cluttered the corners, and crowding the sacred candles burning on the time stained marble mantel, hats and rags were piled.

"A polyglot humanity." One could easily visualize the expression, watching the stream of curiosity seekers. Here elegantly garbed guests from the Grunewald, the St. Charles and other fashionable hotels, were jostled by street urchins, colored washer women, creoles, po' white trash and stray street musicians.

We lingered there for a time. The scene had for us the fascination of the unusual. With surprise I noticed that the gypsy women petted and nursed their infants, rocking them in their arms and giving them undivided attention, all the while puffing at cigarettes, and occasionally wailing in an unemotional and businesslike manner.

"No wonder you enjoy your work," I exclaimed to the blasé reporter. "You must see all kinds of unique sights in this city. Why don't you take me to see something besides a picture show? I can see picture shows anywhere."

"Come with me this evening, I'll take you to one of the genuinely interesting places in this town," he promised.

He certainly made good on that promise! That very evening, arrayed in glad rags, my escort in faultless evening dress, we drove down Canal Street. Our machine turned down one of those sinister streets which skirt the borders of the underworld.

"You are now at the very borders of the so-called underworld," he announced thrillingly, as the machine stopped in front of a brilliantly lit cafe.

"Dost wish to venture in?" he inquired teasingly. I was about to refuse when I saw four of my fellow guests at the family hotel where I was staying walk into the Cafe. At their northern home they were two successful lawyers, and their middle aged wives, respected members of a prominent church, but here, in dear old New Orleans, well named "The Paris of America" they were merely tourists, doing the sights and taking them all in.

With some misgivings, I entered the place with my escort. Immediately my fellow guests spied us, and unanimously urged us to join them. Our party of six sat at a table near the platform, on which the performers and "Jazz Band" were seated. A few people were grouped around tables, quietly enjoying some of the southern dishes for which the place was noted.

(Continued on page 14)



GLEASON AND GATES—Well-known Vaudeville



Ragtime March

by OSCAR CHILTC

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, and is marked 'mf'. The second system continues the piece. The third system includes first, second, and third endings. The fourth system is marked 'f'. The fifth system continues the piece. The sixth system includes first and second endings and concludes with 'D.S. al' and a repeat sign.

D.S. al  $\text{\$}$

*pf*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music begins with a piano-forte (*pf*) dynamic marking. The upper staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed notes and slurs. The lower staff contains a bass line with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features the same two-staff format. The upper staff has a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

The third system includes first and second endings. The upper staff has a melodic line that leads into a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2'). The lower staff continues with its bass line. The first ending leads to a repeat of a section, while the second ending provides an alternative conclusion.

*f*

The fourth system is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. It continues the two-staff format. The upper staff features a melodic line with many beamed notes and slurs. The lower staff has a bass line with chords and moving lines.

The fifth system shows further development of the melodic and harmonic material. The upper staff has a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

The sixth system concludes the piece. It features the same two-staff format. The upper staff has a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

# Uncle Sam Is Calling You

Words and Music by  
Wm. J. HERBST

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a 2/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

VAMP

There's a voice calling loud and clear - ly ——— There's a  
Let us an - swer the voice that's call - ing ——— Let us

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a rhythmic pattern of chords and eighth notes in the right hand, and a simple bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'VAMP'.

voice call - ing brave and true ——— It's a voice that we all love  
prove to the voice so true ——— That we'll fight for the cause of old

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with the same rhythmic pattern, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

dear - ly ——— That is call - ing to me and you ———  
glo - ry ——— And die like brave he - roes too ———

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line concludes the piece with a final chord and a sustained note in the right hand, and a simple bass line in the left hand.

CHORUS

Un - cle Sam is calling you, calling you, calling you.

*ff*

Un - cle Sam is call-ing you call-ing you a - way \_\_\_\_\_

Go my boy and show that you are a man - soldier too, And our

hearts shall fol-low you Un-cle Sam needs you. \_\_\_\_\_ you. \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 5)

He's probably joined some other boys in the street, and is playing tops. I'll go see."

A minute later he went out of the house. Gladys wanted to tell him of her suspicions, but she checked herself. The oddity of the Kid's actions had aroused within her a vague premonition of impending trouble. The thought that he was too young had caused her to banish the idea at first. But she realized that, young as he was, the Kid had the tenacity of a bull pup, and the immature cunning of a cub fox. If he had ever relaxed in his efforts to gain something in the past, that relaxation was always followed by more determined and more strenuous exertions. By this time she felt certain that the meekness he had revealed when he asked for the penny was not an indication of defeat. She was inclined to think it was merely a reprieve, and that he would follow it up with a campaign, which he hoped to end in the removal of his curls.

Gladys had been so busy with her thoughts that the time did not occur to her. It was only when she glanced at the clock that she recalled he had gone for Theodore, and that he had been away half an hour. Then she became alarmed. What was keeping him? Had anything of a serious nature occurred? Was the Kid hurt? Dark thoughts formed in her mind.

She paced the floor of the kitchen nervously and occasionally opened the door and glanced down the street. It was useless to continue with her work. If she had been alarmed before, now she was terrified. She thought of going to the 'phone and calling up her mother, but she dreaded the outcome of such a proceeding.

When Arthur returned an hour later she was on the verge of a nervous collapse. The look on his face bore greater expression than any words he might have uttered.

"Y-you didn't find—find him, Arthur?" she asked, bravely trying to check her tears.

"No-no," he murmured huskily. "He didn't go to the corner store. I inquired there and at the homes of several of the neighbors, but nobody seems to have seen him. I —"

"Arthur," interrupted his wife, tremulously, "he has either lost his way, been kidnapped, or he is trying to frighten us into having his curls cut."

He stared at her in amazement. "Frighten us into having his curls cut? Why, Gladys, whatever in the world makes you think that?"

"I suspected that he was up to something by the way he asked me for a penny this afternoon. He acted suspiciously; as if his one desire was to get out of the house and get away on an excuse of some kind. And it occurred to me later that he really didn't need a top. He has a dozen of them in his room."

"But, Gladys, he is only a child," protested Sanford, placing his arms about her and drawing her to him. "It would take a much older boy than our son to plan out a scheme of that kind."

"You don't understand, dear," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Theodore is remarkably precocious for a boy of his age. He is—very de-determined and t-terribly stubborn. I—I know from—from experience that he is u-up to s-something whenever he d-displays meekness."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" he asked, unable to repress his agony.

The tingle of the telephone aroused them, and Arthur nervously stepped out to the hall. Gladys, between her sobs, heard him mention the Kid's name and her

father's several times, and once she was astonished to hear him laugh joyfully. Surely this was no time for humor.

Presently he came running in, his eyes fairly sparkling with delight, his face wreathed in smiles. Gladys stared at him, all at sea.

"We've found him!" he cried joyously. "Your father just called up. Said that the Kid is over in his home—has been there for the last hour—and that he won't come home till his curls are cut."

Gladys was breathless for a moment. Then she threw her arms around his neck, crying with happiness.

"Well, grandpa is waiting at the other end of the 'phone. Is the Kid going to have his curls cut? Your father says he will not let him come home until we have promised to cut his curls."

"The little schemer," whispered Gladys happily, resting her head on Sanford's shoulder and looking up at him. "Tell father I'll have his curls cut tomorrow, and to bring him here immediately. Just think, Arthur, that little tot walked seventeen blocks to his grandfather's house just to carry out his scheme."

Sanford came from the hall shortly and regarded his wife with a curious smile.

"You won't have to take the Kid to a barber tomorrow, Gladys," he said.

"Why not?"  
"Because your father escorted him to a hair-cutter before he called us up and had his curls removed."

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Part Two of the Kid will appear in next month's issue of The RAGTIME REVIEW.)



THE AERIAL MACKS—In Vaudeville

(Continued from page 8)

"Well, as far as I can see," I observed to the complacent reporter, we might just as well be sitting in the dining room at the hotel, except that the decorations here are not quite so swell."

"Say," he retorted, "somebody has been telling you lurid tales, what did you expect to see, an up to date miniature reproduction of Dante's Inferno?"

"Well, you said we were at the borders of the underworld," I expostulated.

Our friends laughed, and the jolly wife of the famous criminal lawyer said: "At home I belong to the Ladies' Aid Society, but here I hang right on to Papa's coat tails when he goes sight seeing; nothing scares me," she laughed and went on, "remember, the evening is young, lots of things can happen before one o'clock."

We watched the new arrivals, men and women in evening dress. Soon most of the tables around the space reserved for dancing were occupied. Without warning the lights were switched off, and in the soft glow of a spotlight a glittering figure appeared, clothed in a resplendent gown. Lovely of face, and of generous figure, her voice was a delight. She sang the "kiss me" waltz song, and retired amid a burst of applause.

Next came a rather thin singer, the shallow prettiness of her face set off by a dainty bonnet of gold lace. Unobserved, in the semi-darkness, with his back against the wall, our waiter was standing. I heard a sigh, a slight groan, then I noticed the waiter's eyes, which looked at the singer with an intense, feverish glare. The reporter nudged me, whispering:

"Poor devil, he's crazy about that good for nothing girl. He got her in here. A story there, if I could get him to talk—want to interview him for me?"

Our conversation was interrupted—the song was over, and the musicians, with feindish ability, were playing jazz music, cunningly calculated to dull the sensibilities and quicken the senses.

Men and women, intoxicated by the sounds, were dancing wildly, the swirling clothing of the women sparkled with jewels.

There on the platform, in the big drum, the spirit of "Jazz" had his abode. He leaped forth, in feindish glee, pranced up and down the keys of the clarinet, making that instrument give forth weird sounds, minor notes, tortured the piano keys, faster and faster he pranced, faster and faster danced the excited beautiful women on the dance floor.

The big drum rumbled, the taut skin shivered under the flying fingers of the drummer, a crescendo of sound never before heard issuing from a drum. "Jazz," a wicked spirit, was sounding the cymbals, a barbaric din ensued, through which the moaning of the saxophone glided, snake like, with brilliant scales.

As in savage wilds, the hollow sound of a distant signal drum can be heard in the forest stillness, to be caught by another drum miles away—so has jazz sounded from one orchestra drum to another, growing fainter and more refined in tone, until, at last, it has been heard in our ballrooms, restaurants and theatres all over the country.

Again the spotlight flashed in the cafe, throwing splashes of color, now blue or a ghastly green on the shimmering garments of the entertainers. The slim pretty singer, beloved by the waiter, led twelve dancing girls, a diabolical dozen, who danced to the maddening strains of the jazz band, danced as if the lighted runway on which they performed were a heavy

sheet of seething flame, instead of the heavy sheet of glass it was.

The leading girl wore a huge bunch of violets, mute symbols of modesty.

"I have seen enough, let us leave this place," I said to the attentive reporter. He smiled with an "I told you so" expression as we said good bye to our pleasant married acquaintances, who were enjoying the performance.

Nothing could have induced them to leave just then. At that moment Mr. Mc—, the famous criminal lawyer, was passing five dollar bills to the orchestra men, and using one of the extra drum sticks as a baton, vigorously directing the orchestra in a side splitting manner. He, whose utterances were famous, was acting the clown. His plump, good natured wife, with a never-say-die air was inwardly wondering (as she afterwards confided to me), what would the members of the Ladies' Aid Society at home would say if they could see her now, in such a place, sitting at a table on which foamed, in tall crystal glasses, those frothy New Orleans silver fizzes, so tempting to the eye and the palate.

A few days later, while seated on a bench in the park, watching little children in dainty white clothes feed the swans under the shadow of the white marble lions guarding the spot, I recognized the man who sat a few feet away. He was the waiter at the cafe we had visited a few nights before. His face looked drawn and thin in the strong afternoon light, he appeared dejected.

To my surprise he approached and lifting his hat, spoke

"Miss, you are a friend of Mr. A." (the reporter.)

"Yes," I answered in an inquiring tone.

"Do you know where he lives?"

"At the St. Charles, I believe."

"I want to see him. Perhaps he can help me find my girl." He paused a moment and went on.

"Excuse me, Miss, but did you notice the little singer with the pretty face the night you were at the cafe? She is gone now, and I am trying to find her," he said simply.

"You were a friend of hers?" I queried.

"More than a friend, Miss, I wanted to marry her. I love her. She don't have to sing in a cafe, I would be glad to take care of her." His voice faltered a moment, when he suddenly confided:

"You know how I met her? Where I found her? She was dressed in rags, sitting on a barrel in a pile of rubbish in an alley and crying. When I asked her what was the matter, she said that her landlady had put her out from the room because she could not pay her, as she had no job. So I found her a place to stay that night. A nice place, because I thought she was a nice girl, even if she was poor."

"She expected to go to work, but instead she got sick, so sick that they sent her to the charity hospital, and while she was in the hospital no one came to see her except me. She had no friends. When she was discharged from the hospital I was waiting at the gate for her, glad to help her, because I loved her. The place I took her to was comfortable and nice, with a respectable landlady, and all those weeks before she was able to go to work, I paid her bills. When she was working again she could pay me back, if she wanted to. You know, I study in the day times, and at evenings I work to pay my expenses. That girl would run around with other fellows in the night time to picture shows and restaurants, because she thought I wouldn't know about it.

But just the same I loved her, and I asked her to marry me. I wanted to buy some furniture and fix up a nice little home. She fooled me, and so I bought the furniture and fixed up a nice little flat, thinking she would be glad to marry me—but now she is gone," he said despairingly.

"When I bake a cake," I remarked casually, "I select fine flour, fresh eggs and a good grade of sugar, not materials I found in a barrel in a rubbish pile, then my cake is a good one. You should not have selected as your future wife this creature you found leaning on a barrel in a rubbish pile in an alley in the slums of New Orleans."

The poor fellow groaned, and said: "She has gone now, maybe with some other fellow, but I will follow her, she will have to answer to me for what she does."

"You have your studies to interest you," I reminded him.

"Studies! How can I think of studies when I do not know where she is? But I will find her," he reiterated, as he suddenly strode off over the mossy grass without the formality of saying goodbye.

Later, when I told the reporter what the waiter had said, he told me that the poor fellow had quit his job and left the town.

Some months afterward, while enjoying dinner and the entertainment in a popular restaurant in New York, I saw the same singer who had worked in the cafe in New Orleans, and again she was leading some dancing girls down a lighted runway, which skirted the large artificial ice skating rink upon which skating marvels performed at intervals.

Looking around, I spied the very waiter, the same man who had spoken to me in the park in New Orleans, but he appeared not to recognize me. Soon our party left the restaurant, and I thought "Well, he found her, sure enough," and wondered if he had at last succeeded in getting her to marry him.

Three days later, in glaring headlines in the morning papers, the murder of Anita the cabaret singer, was blazed. Her slim body, dressed in her dainty working clothes, had been found lying, frozen, on the frosted ice pipes which supplied the artificial ice rink and ran under the runway on which the girls performed.

The frozen body laid there for forty-eight hours before it was discovered. The singer had been strangled, a napkin was tightly knotted around the pale throat, and while her body lay there, her professional sisters had gaily pranced and laughed, and kicked up their heels over her frozen, dead body.

Afterwards, not one of them could be persuaded to set foot on the runway which seemed literally to scorch their feet, as the sight of it scorched their memory of their dead companion.

The mystery was never entirely cleared, the murderer was never found. The only clue was a small suicide item headed "Overstudy Causes Suicide of Medical Student," explaining how the body of an unknown young man, supposedly a medical student, had been found in a rooming house, where he had engaged a room the previous day.

#### JAZZ A FACTOR IN BATTLE.

"If the Germans really are fond of music, as devotees of Wagner claim, our saxophones might win their swift surrender," says a writer in the daily press. For the military bands of the national army, as typified by the musicians at Camp Grant today, have kept pace with modern life

no less than the other arms of the service have kept pace with modern warfare.

Where other units have studied the latest method of "beating" the foe with a grenade or timing artillery fire to the split second, the bandmaster—who, any military leader will tell you, is a mighty important personage—has slipped along with the modern trombone and caught the syncopated time of the modern drummer.

At Camp Grant, Illinois, the ultra-modern war music of the military band was demonstrated at the camp's recent assemblage of troops. It was the first occasion to really "show off." The full force of it came in the majestic scene that unrolled itself when 25,000 soldiers were drawn up in a deep olive drab bank in the rear of divisional headquarters.

The drum major's baton flashed in the air. Across the field crashed the notes of a dashing march.

Was it some old and stirring battle song? Some uplifting, ancient hymn? It was not! It was "The Darktown Strutters Ball," played to the luring cadence of the "Jazz Band." The saxophone was putting in everything the trombonist—said to be an old Chicago cafe musician overlooked. The clarinet was pacing both. There was swing and there was cadence, and everything else that a military band needs. And there was something else that some of them do not achieve. Crusty old colonels smiled. Majestic majors grinned. Young captains and lieutenants had to mutter "Attention" to themselves to keep their shoulders from marking time.

The band turned to "Oh, Johnny!" and it did not mar the majesty of the scene that the ranks of the drafted men were marked with a wistful smile. "Me and My Gal," with the clarinet squealing a "Blue Aria" followed. And then "I Ain't Got Nobody." The cold and the mud were forgotten. "The Jazz Band" favorites outshone older songs. For instance, "America," under the professional leader. Comparatively few got through more than the first verse, and one esteemed colonel was espied cribbing from a copy held in his hand.

If this doesn't suit the accepted notion of the soldier, remember that our notions of soldiers are changing daily. And if this were treason let the 333d Heavy Field Artillery band play the death march.

**DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE ARTIST PLAYS RAGTIME.**

George Nagahara, called the Imperial Japanese Oddity, is now appearing in vaudeville with great success. This clever Japanese has certainly created a real novelty number in vaudeville, as the instruments used by both Chinese and Japanese are not, as a rule, built to play "Ragtime," or for that matter, any music except the weird, mournful, moaning minor sounds called music by the two Oriental nations.

Ragtime, as played by this clever performer on American, Chinese and quaint, ancient Japanese instruments has a peculiar inimitable charm, not heretofore associated with the happy go lucky, jolly American ragtime.

**SOUSA WRITES LIBERTY WAR MARCH.**

Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, now at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, has written the music for a great war song.

Lieutenant Sousa pulled down the blinds and went to bed at 5 o'clock one Tuesday morning, after having worked all night on the finishing touches to his musical masterpiece, "The Liberty March." The air was an inspiration, and music critics

believe the "March King" has written the great marching tune of the war.

The revolutionary war had its "Yankee Doodle," the Civil War "John Brown's Body" and "Marching Through Georgia," and the boys of the Spanish-American War went up San Juan Hill to the tune of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Town Tonight."

The first British expeditionary army marched into France to a vaudeville song, written by an American, "Tipperary," but the popularity of that air ceased long ago in the trenches. For a long time there had been a demand for a great war marching song. Thousands have tried, and thousands have failed.

Several weeks ago Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo telegraphed Lieutenant Sousa, who is in command of all America's fighting musical organizations, asking if he could write a martial air that would typify America's determination to make the world safe for humanity. The lieutenant said he would try.

At dinner one night in Kansas City the

inspiration came. The author of "The Washington Post March," "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and other great airs that have set millions of feet to stamping barely had opportunity to jot the notes upon his cuff, and when he arrived at his hotel he worked nearly all night and the succeeding night. He worked on the train coming to Chicago Monday, and after dinner Monday night went to his apartment at the Moraine Hotel in Highland Park and labored on the score until dawn.

The new march was given its first public introduction at the Liberty bond rallies, being dedicated to the Liberty Loan. Lieutenant Sousa is leaving the matter of words to the public.

Who will collaborate in getting the world's greatest war its greatest war song?

**GINK GOSSIP AND STUDIO STUFF.**

By Robert Marine.  
(Part Three.)

"Well, who can open?" queried Rocky impatiently.

"I start," I said, "cause Rattles dealt. I pass."

**RED BLOODED—**

—Snappy, full of the American spirit of Patriotism, and Modern is this new song: **OUR OWN RED, WHITE AND BLUE!**

A song symbolic of the true American spirit breathed throughout the President's address to Congress April 2.

Eleanor Allen Schroll has given the song the true, convincing sentiment of the modern, spirited patriot throughout the lyric, and Henry Fillmore has proven himself fully adept in the big task of supplying the rhythm and arrangement that properly harmonizes with the master power of the words—and helps to make **OUR OWN RED, WHITE AND BLUE** one of the best-liked patriotic march songs in America.

A sincere effort to meet the hunger of the nation for a vigorous and enthusiastic expression of patriotism.



This Song Makes a Perfect One-Step; Full of "Pep," and "Dancey."  
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"Then you didn't start," chuckled Doc. "You're finished."

"Whadda you say, Sal?" asked Rattles.

"I'll open it—for a dime."

"Good boy," said Doc, tossing in a chip. We all stuck and laid down our discards.

"How many, now?" asked Rattles, ready to deal the fill.

Sal took one card, Rattles and I each took two, and Rockey didn't take any. Doc took four cards.

"This shows how game I am," he said. "I'll stick on nothing just to be a sport."

"You said it," scowled Rockey, "leave it to you. You'll stick like an Indian on the warpath any time you smell a chance to make a spare nickel. I'll bet you were born in a glue factory."

"How many cards did you take, Rockey?" asked Sal.

"None of your business."

"But you've got to tell me—that's the game."

"You'd better learn the rules of this

game, you chump. It's your place to pay attention."

"He didn't cack any tards—I mean, he didn't take any cards," stuttered Rattles.

"That's right, smarty," leered Rockey. "Advertise it—let the whole world hear you."

"I wonder if he's bluffing?" said Sal quizzically. I wondered if he was bluffing, too, for Rockey takes some awful chances in a poker game, and usually gets away with them. I held an ace and two jacks, and drew a jack and an ace for a full house, so I wasn't exactly nervous.

"Well, are we maying poker—I mean are we playing poker or are we playing lemonade—I mean old maid?" grinned Rattles. "Come on, Laurie, you start."

"Take my advice, Rattles," cautioned Doc, "and don't talk any more. I'm getting all bawled up just listening to you."

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"Here goes," said Sal Laurie, flipping out a chip. "I start with a dime."

Rockey looked at him in disgust.

"You're goiner marry a Russian heiress, ain't you?" he sneered.

"Sure," said Sal. "Why?"

"Why? Och! A guy that's goiner marry an heiress starts a poker game with ten cents worth. Some generous skate, all right—I don't think. Why didn't you start with a postage stamp?"

"What do you think I am? A postoffice?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Doc.

"Jaw, haw, haw," guffawed Laurie.

"That's right, laugh," growled Rockey. "Ain't that awful funny, huh? Ain't that the funniest joke you ever heard?"

"He don't get it," snickered Doc.

"No, he don't get it," chuckled Laurie.

"I swear," muttered Rattles, "that somebody's sippy—I mean somebody's dippy."

"Ha, ha—ho, ho," roared Doc and Sal.

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"Come, Doc, what do you say?" I asked.

"I'll cover your ten," said Doc to Sal, "and here's ten more."

"That will cost me twenty to see you, won't it?" growled Rockey.

"Yeah."

"Well, there's the twenty, and I raise it ten bucks."

"Hey, hey—wait a minute!" the four of us yelled.

"What's the matter?" grumbled Rockey.

"What d'ye think you are?" scoffed Sal.

"A Wall street broker?"

"There's a fifty-cent limit to this game," said Doc.

"There may be a fifty-cent limit to you pikers," retorted Rockey, "but I don't recognize no limits. Every time I got a good hand you guys find a limit."

"But those are the rules, Rockey," I protested.

"The devil with the rules," he snapped. "Who made the rules?"

"Hoyle," said Rattles gravely.

"Whose Hoyle?" sneered Rockey.

"He's the guy that put the cook in cookin'—no, I mean that he's the guy that put the brook in Brooklyn," stuttered Rattles.

"Can't you say two words without gettin' rattled?" grunted Sal. "You oughta buy a ruler and put your tongue on it—then maybe you could talk straight."

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

Doc and I laughed heartily.

"It's a dirty trick, that's all I gotta say," grumbled Rockey. "Well, I raise it fifty cents, then."

"It will cost you seventy cents to see, Rattles," said Doc.

"No, it won't," replied Rattles.

"Why won't it?"

"Cause I don't wanna see, see?"

"Yeah, I see," chuckled Sal.

"Ha, ha," laughed Doc.

"That's right, you pair of dopes, laugh," said Rockey, with biting sarcasm. "Gee, but you're funny!"

"He don't get it," snickered Doc.

"No," laughed Sal, "he don't get it. He's got a thick neck."

"I'll bet Jacob Schwartz and George Schulte would like to get in this game," I said. I put down seventy cents in chips and raised the pot fifty more. "It will cost you a dollar twenty, Sal."

"Better stay out, Sal," grunted Rockey, "or you won't have any lunch money for next week."

"Yes, I'm goiner stay out," grinned Sal.

"I know you're bluffing and I wanna lay back and see you get stuck, so I can laugh until I split."

Then the game got real exciting. I knew Rockey wasn't bluffing now, because Doc raised, he raised, I raised and Doc

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said he'd see me. As Doc drew four cards, I figured that he must have had luck and pulled out either three of a kind or maybe a full-house. Rockey, I doped it out, would see me now if he had a straight or a flush. If he raised, I figured that he had originally held four of a kind in his hand, and one blind card as a bluff to make us bite. Sure enough, Rockey raised Doc and me, full limit. Determined to extend him to the limit, I raised again full limit.

"I'm out," muttered Doc, after thinking it over. "I know one of you guys has me beat, and I hope it ain't the one I think it is."

"You don't have to mention my name," snarled Rockey. "I know who you mean. There's your fifty and fifty more, Bob."

"I'll see you," I said, calling him.

"Why didn't you stick, you sucker?" he sneered. "I'd a cleaned you out of money, clothes, property, everything. Look at this!"

He spread out his hand on the table. He had a straight flush—the first I had ever seen in a game! I nearly fainted.

"Why don't you laugh, you stupid?" he leered at Sal, beginning to scoop in the chips, which amounted to \$12.

Sal looked gloomy, and I felt kind of sick. Suddenly Doc leaned forward.

"Wait a minute," he said, "let me see that hand."

"Go ahead," snapped Rockey, piling up his chips, "take a good look. Let Sal look too."

Doc examined Rockey's hand. He had a straight flush all right, the nine, ten, jack, queen and king of clubs.

"Fum sist," ejaculated Rattles—"I mean, some fist."

"You don't know what you mean," growled Sal.

"Aw, shut up."

"Now let me see your hand, Bob," requested Doc, eagerly.

"Hey, what's the idea?" exclaimed Rockey, frowning.

I turned up my cards—ace of clubs, ace of diamonds, jacks of spades, hearts and clubs! Everybody was staring at everybody else by this time. Rockey had a jack of clubs, so did I!

"Thought so," grinned Doc, turning up his own hand. He had two jacks!

"I jack a got, too," gasped Rattles—"I mean I got a jack, too" and he showed his hand. He had a jack, sure enough.

"That's seven jacks," chuckled Doc, "and there's only supposed to be four in the deck. Now, ain't that funny?"

Rockey's face turned white. He eyed Doc narrowly, looked at each one of us fiercely, then glared down at the cards.

"It's a misdeal, that's all," declared Doc, "and we all get our money back."

Rockey leaped to his feet.

"A misdeal?" he snarled furiously, banging his fist on the table, "a misdeal? Like hell it is. If some dirty crook slipped those jacks in there I should lose the money on your plea of a misdeal, eh? Don't kid yourself, boy, don't kid yourself!"

Doc's face turned scarlet, and he arose.

There was no kidding now—I could see that in an instant. Both boys were ready to fight. Sal quickly pushed Doc back in his chair, while Rattles and I grabbed Rockey.

"That's no way for you fellows to act," I pleaded. "You've been friends all these years, and now you're ready to fight over a few dollars. Ain't you ashamed of yourselves?"

"You didn't mean that, did you, Rockey?" said Doc softly, trying to smile.

Rockey mumbled something and

scratched his head disconsolately. - "No, hang it, I don't think I did."

"Let's shake," said Doc, extending his hand.

"Alright," agreed Rockey, and they shook. "I wouldn't hit you anyway, Doc—you ain't big enough."

"Thanks," murmured Doc. "You big stiff, I'd knock you for a goal if you ever tried it."

"I'll punch you in the nose, right now," exclaimed Rockey.

"That's enough—cut it out!" I interfered. "You're worse than a couple of kids."

"Well," said Doc, as everybody sat down, "the rules say that in case the deck has too many cards, or is short, or exotic cards get in, each man either gets his money back or the players divide the spoils between them."

"How do you know?" demanded Rockey.

"It says it in the book."

"What book?"

"This book," and Doc drew out a small book from his hip pocket, entitled "Hoyle's Poker." He opened it to a certain page and pointed out a paragraph to Rockey.

The latter took it and read the lines, his face falling.

"That's right," he mumbled, disappoint-

edly. "Let each man take his own chips out and—"

"I'll count out the correct number for each," suggested Rattles.

"Alright," we agreed.

Sal Laurie looked at Rockey and put his hand on his mouth. Then he snickered, then he smiled, then he chuckled, then he laughed. Finally, he howled till he was blue in the face.

"Oh, ha, ha, ha—oh, ho, ho, ho—oh, har—har—WOW!"

With a smothered exclamation, Rockey grabbed a fistful of chips and flung them in Sal's face, but Laurie only laughed all the harder.

"Oh, I'll die laughing—HAW! HAW! HAW! The poor simp gets a straight flush, and all the chips, but he don't get any money. Ha! Ha! Ha! HOO! HOO!"

Rockey got up and put on his coat, then he started for the door.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"Goiner get a drink," he said laconically. Soon as he left Doc grabbed Rattles' arm.

"Stop counting," he said in a whisper.


"Why?"

"Those chips are Rockey's." "Whaddayamean?" we cried.

# THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

A Monthly Magazine devoted to the interests of POPULAR MUSIC

VOCAL  
INSTRUMENTAL  
MECHANICAL



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Boston, Mass.

"That's a fact," he confessed. "I put one over on him for a joke."  
 "How?"  
 "I slipped those jacks in myself. Come on, we'll meet him downstairs and tell him—he's an easy dub."  
 Sal stopped laughing so suddenly that we thought he was sick.  
 (To be continued.)

**TOMMIES NOW MARCHING TO U. S. RAGTIME.**

The vast armies of English-speaking Allies are marching and fighting to American ragtime.

The raggy, syncopated tunes ground out in American "tin pan alleys" have backed all other fighting songs out of the trenches. For a time millions of soldiers were singing "Tipperary." It spread around the world. After that they took up a song called "The Bells of Hell."

Then Sammy came sailing across the ocean bringing his American ragtime. The tunes swept along the trenches like wildfire. The old time favorites were forgotten.

Now they are singing ragtime and coon songs from the channel to Switzerland. The wounded Tommies are bringing them back to conservative old London. On the streets and in the movies the Tommies loudly and impartially—sometimes tunefully—express their desire to be down on the farm in Michigan, or down on the levee, or inquire if you remember California in September, or whether you're from Dixie.

Songs dealing with the advantages of residence in Dixie or Tennessee or Alabama seem to suit the Tommy best. Thousands of British soldiers who have never been nearer than three thousand miles to Dixie, carol like real estate agents about that indefinite section of the United States.

**CHICAGO CABARET BECOMES KNITTING SCHOOL TO AID UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.**

Harry James, veteran cabaret owner of Chicago, Ill., is running a knitting school. Oh, boy!

If your respiratory organs permit you to listen further, it may be said—see here, only the rankest sort of impertinence would provoke such laughter—it may be said that James has given his Alps Cafe, at 3101 North Clark street to the women of Lake View. They come without any expense on every Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 6 o'clock, and knit for the soldiers.

Here they can come, sit about the dance floor, discuss their neighbors, take a slight repast and a sip of grape juice while they click their knitting needles. And during that time the service bar will be closed; jazz band's luring strains will be stilled, absolutely no intoxicants will be served, and there will be no dancing. Can you beat it?

The idea is Harry's very own, and if it goes through about forty soldiers from the Lake View district now at Rockford will soon have sweaters, wristlets, mufflers and other woolen apparel. And all the

expense is to be borne by the cabaret owner.

The other night James was on the floor of his place, seeing that hilarious patrons how the latest jazz steps should be con- werc respecting the chief's mandates about ducted, when he noticed a girl pull out her knitting between dances. This was some- thing new. She told him she was knitting for the soldiers.

"So, you see," said Harry today, "there's a little bit of good in every b-bad—I mean cabaret girl."

Coincident with this he received word that the soldier boys of the neighborhood were suffering in the cold and had no Sammy Backers. So he set out to right the existing conditions. As a result, the first knitting class was held recently.

The place formerly notorious as the Blue Goose Cafe, was quiet. A dozen women were present listening to a lecturer from the woman's section of the State Council of Defense talk to them on wheatless days and food conservation. Then followed Red Cross knitting instructors.

They had the place practically to them- selves, although now and then customers came in, ordered, and left when told there was nothing doing for the afternoon in booze or music or dancing. At 5 o'clock Harry James, host, served a light luncheon, accompanied by grape juice—straight stuff—or tea.

**RAGTIME MUSIC HEARD IN ENGLAND.**

Ragtime music, Boston bake beans, and plain everyday United States slang have made the new American Young Men's Christian Association hut one of the most popular places in London. Although it has been open only about six weeks, there has been an average of about 1,800 visitors a day.

Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders apparently prefer the American hut to their own. Owing to the comparatively small number of American soldiers and sailors in London thus far, the hut has been patronized largely by the former.

The American ambassador, Walter Hines Page and Mrs. Page are said to have been responsible for the introduction of American cooking at the hut, and the result has been electrifying. Several wealthy American women residents in London have contributed many phonograph records of popular American music, and there is an atmosphere about the place which is distinctly American.

American soldiers and sailors who still find it difficult to acquaint themselves with English money have recently been hoarding "clackers" (pennies), and exchanging them for silver coin at the hut. It is said that as much as twenty pounds in pennies have been changed in a day.

**MUSICAL APPLE OF DISCORD.**

When, one day back in 1908, Miss Jay, of Washington state, sat down at a piano and banged out a ditty entitled, "I'm On My Way to Yakima, the Place Where the Apples Grow," she started a long line of troublous events; that is, if she is the wronged woman she says she is. Four months later she trained a bunch of girls in white dresses to warble this paean to the Washington apple (no doubt a descendent of a branch of Mother Eve's Apple Tree, and some relation to the "Judgment of Paris" apple) at a church social. There was no particular crime in that.

But, let us not anticipate events at all. The apple song at the church social failed to set the world on fire, or even the Methodist church. Shortly after it was played by Innes' Band at the Alaska-Yukon Ex-

position at Seattle. Still, no conflagration results, but the musicians are said to have admired the ditty openly—among them a certain Harry Williams. That night the little apple song was stolen.

The scene shifts to Honolulu, and seven years elapse, during which passports have been bandied, armies levied and taxes as well, soldiers have marched onto transports while the band played—but one knows all this. One evening Miss Jay heard suddenly familiar strains which woke her from a sound sleep, and they seemed to be identical with the church social song. But she decided it could only have been the squealing of a pig or the souging of the ukelele, and slept on. But the next day she learned that it was a new song published by a well-known firm, with Harry Williams and another man credited with its authorship. The song was none other than "Tipperary." She is sure that the refrain is enough like her stolen Yakima song to warrant her claim that it was stolen. And as a consequence she now is suing the profeters from the marching song of Kitchener's army in the sum of \$100,000, and no less a personage than Victor Herbert has been called in as an expert to help decide whether "Yakima" is substantially "Tipperary."

The fact that she had her song copy- righted entitles her to consideration, even if the similarity is not great enough to substantiate her claim of theft. Who would have thought that the apple song perpetrated by twelve little girls in white dresses at the church social could have had so illustrious a history! Still, it may not be a clear enough case of borrowed inspiration to gain anything, but notoriety for Miss Jay. If she fails in New York, she should sue, if possible in Chicago, where a judge once held that Cyrano was plagiarized by Rostand from the work of a Chicago business man, entitled "The Merchant Prince of Cornville." Her case looks good from this distance. And between ourselves, the song was nothing to be ashamed of before the barrel organs began their big drive on it.—Dayton, (O.) Herald.

**A JAZZY RHYME.**  
By Jane Lamoureux.

- Swaying, reeling \* \* \*
- In a Daze \* \* \*
- Dimly peering \* \* \*
- Through a haze \* \* \*
- Of perfumed smoke \* \* \*
- That Jazzy Moke \* \* \*
- Dancing \* \* \*
- With steps so light \* \* \*
- While \* \* \*
- With all their might \* \* \*
- The Jazz Fiends \* \* \*
- Fight \* \* \*
- To keep their feet \* \* \*
- On the floor \* \* \*
- Applauding for \* \* \*
- More and more \* \* \*
- The jazz bands blare \* \* \*

**Piano Teachers**

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A wild fanfare	*	*	*
Tears the air	*	*	*
'Tis Then	*	*	*
You cry	*	*	*
Oh me!	*	*	*
Oh my!	*	*	*
I'll surely die	*	*	*
If they	*	*	*
Don't soon	*	*	*
Play a	*	*	*
Rag Time	*	*	*
Tune.	*	*	*

**OH YOU, JAZZ BAND.**

Little Johnny Stein and his famous jazz band—the original New Orleans jazz band—have been playing successful engagements. They have certainly helped to make jazz round about the country for some time. popular.

The singing dance, hailed as the latest

dancing innovation, perhaps best expressed in the new "Hello Pal" dance, is really an old idea in a new dress. Johnny Stein and his jazz band were the rage in New Orleans and throughout the South playing "Who Yo' Fo' Brown Skin," a quaint basic singing dance, which delighted countless tourists season after season from all over the world, who visited New Orleans during the racing season and for the Mardi Gras festival.

How do Johnny Stein and his famous band get away with this jazz stuff? Where did they get it anyway, watta mean Jazz? It's this:

"The real jazz musician plays to an inner series of time beats, joyfully elastic, because not necessarily grouped in succession of twos and threes. A highly gifted jazz artist can get away with five beats where there were but two before.

Of course, in comparison with the thirty-two seconds scored for the tympani in some of the ultra modern Russian music, this does not seem so intricate, but just try to beat in between beats on a kettle drum and make rhythm of it, and you'll understand that "it's a gift, man—it's a gift."

However, that is just what little Johnny Stein and his clever brother, who leads his own jazz band in New Orleans do, in their own inimitable way. More power to them.

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