

THE LAGIMAN REVIEW

Edited by Axel Christensen



DEPT. OF COMMERCE
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WAGNER
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DEVOTED TO POPULAR MUSIC, RAGTIME, VAUDEVILLE, PICTURE MUSIC AND PLAYERS

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SOPHIE TUCKER

On the front cover of this issue will be found the most recent picture of the world-famous "Mary Garden of Ragtime," Sophie Tucker. Miss Tucker is now starring on the Orpheum Circuit with tremendous success. Her name in the lights in front of any theater means absolute capacity business for that house.

ROSE AND OTTILIE SUTRO, Pianists.

In commenting on the performance of two pianists, at the Great Northern Theater, Chicago, "Variety," the New York vaudeville weekly said the following:

"It is said that these ladies have so far become mistresses of their instrument, the piano, that many famous composers, including Max Bruch, Edouard Schmitt, Pierre Maurice and Ernst Rudorff, have written concertos especially for them. Their appearance here this week is after years of endeavor abroad. In view of the attentions which are said to have been showered on them in Europe's capitals, their clammy reception here must be in the nature of a surprise and disillusionment. Undoubtedly the ladies know a fine way to play a Steinway, but their pasture in the concert stage, and not vaudeville. In a full stage special setting, without once getting off their stools, they play "Tourbillon," a Chopin waltz, Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" and Beethoven's "Turkish March." Their technique is splendid, but apparently the audience had not heard of the composers of the music. At any rate, the act didn't go. Perhaps it was because there was no change of costume. Perhaps it was because no pop audience will stand for 12 minutes of piano playing, even of such a high order as executed by the Misses Sutro. But the act is a classic flop."

AN ADMIRER OF RAGTIME.

Dr. William E. Conner, one of Chicago's most prominent osteopaths, and a great admirer of ragtime, is very popular among the theatrical profession and at various times has treated (in a professional way) many of the stage celebrities. Doc says that tradition to the contrary, members of the "profesh" are "good pay," although Axel Christensen has been an occasional patient of the doctor from time to time says it should be considered unreasonable to expect payment for advice that limits a man's meals to weak tea and chicken broth, especially when there isn't a chance in the world to get the Doc to take it out in advertising.

ROBERT MARINE WEDS.

The entire ragtime world was shaken to its very foundations when it was learned that Bob Marine had secretly drifted over to Atlantic City with the woman of his choice after the ceremony had been performed in New York. Bob has been unusually strong on the censorship of information given out concerning this wedding, so that the only definite information we have is that which has leaked through in spite of Bob.

As a matter of fact we don't know what the bride's name was before she married Bob, but her first name is Sylvia and she won't use any other name but Marine in the future, so what matters it.

Mr. Marine waited until the somewhat advanced age of twenty-two before taking on the responsibilities of matrimony because up to this time he has given all his time to the successful building up of a large school of ragtime piano playing.

Bob has won his success in a legitimate manner, having worked constantly and hard during the many years he has been in the ragtime game and his schools in New York and Brooklyn speak well for his industry. Naturally we all join heartily in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Marine all the luck in the world.

FROM BOSTON TOWN.

Walter Jacobs of Boston, the man who has made good with four musical magazines at once, in addition to an extensive music publishing business, paid us a visit the other day. He came into our office just as the editorial staff of this magazine was going home to his supper, and when we think of what we would have missed if we had gone home to supper a minute earlier, or if he had arrived a moment later, we almost turn pale. Modest and unassuming, Walter Jacobs, nevertheless is bound to impress you as a man of forceful personality and power and only a

brief acquaintance is necessary to make one cease to wonder at his tremendous popularity and the remarkable success he has made of his four publications: Jacob's Orchestra Monthly, Jacob's Band Monthly, The Cadenza, and The Tuncful Yankee.

A LITTLE POEM.

By Bernie Brin.

Most people were made to be soldiers,
But the Irish were made to be cops;
Sauerkraut was made for the Germans
And spaghetti was made for the
wops.
Fish were made to drink water
Bums were made to drink booze,
Banks were made for money
And money was made for the Jews.
Most everything was made for something.
Everything but the miser.
God made Wilson for President,
But who in the hell made the
Kaiser?

ABOUT FORREST THOMPSON.

As a comedy pianist, J. Forrest Thompson, blackface comedian performing at the Strand has few superiors in vaudeville, says a prominent Halifax newspaper. His comedy is unique and refined and his piano-playing, despite the comedy he introduces, is extremely good. He opens his act with a whirl of ragtime tunes. These he plays at a rapid fire rate, and has the audience keeping time, loud applause following the con-

clusion of this section of the act. Then he produces from nowhere a clarinet of sorts, on which he plays a tune just to show his audience that his attainments are not limited to the piano. Then by way of diversion he plays the clarinet and the piano at the same time, a sort of piano solo with clarinet obligato. This feat he follows with one still more difficult. With his right hand he plays on the piano the tune of "Jingle Bells," with his left hand he also plays on the piano "Yankee Doodle" and he sings "We Won't Go Home Till Morning"—all at one time. This, it is obvious, is a difficult thing to do, yet J. Forrest Thompson seems to find it easy and, what is more, the three tunes are all well rendered. So persistent have been the echoes to this act that Mr. Thompson has been forced to perform beyond his allotted time and has improvised selections played in futuristic style, the acrobatic variations being most amusing. J. Forrest Thompson at the Strand this week is well worth hearing.

A "JAZZ" FIGHT.

Rivalry between the Louisville "jug" band and the New Orleans "jazz" band at the Casino cabaret, Clark and Kinzie streets, Chicago, led to a demand by Walter Vaughn, champion fog blower of the world, for the arrest of the jazz band cornet player.

"He's so jealous of me, he stuffs the stems of my pipe so I can't blow," Vaughn told Policeman Steinke. "It has cost me \$4 for new stems."
Steinke told Vaughn to get a warrant. Both rivals are colored.

STEAM CALIOPES ONLY RIVAL.

For the amusement of soldiers probably no more unique donation has been made than that of \$50 from a woman for graphophone records to equip a tank. American ragtime will spur on this stupendous deed. There is something grotesque about music emanating from this weird iron caterpillar. Other donations have not lacked an element of the picturesque, as, for instance, the supplying of a hospital in Paris which was filled with African troopers with 700 fans. They were so appreciated during the summer that the hospital appealed for more. An accordion was sent to fill a specific demand. One French officer requested games for his men. What sort? In one regiment in which most of the soldiers were fathers of families the preference, for some reason or other, was for bowling. The trench, it must seem, does not make a bad alley if a few balls and pins will liven a dull period. Possibly a change of noise is agreeable!

JUMPING JAZZ.

Do you like to hear the jazz band strike up—or rather blow up—"The Lively Stable Blues" or "The Harem Hug?"

If you do you're an American, if you don't, you're not.

According to H. W. Matlack, teacher of music at Grinnell College, the screechy jazz syncopation is indicative



LEE KRAUS OF CHICAGO

known to the theatrical world as "king" Lee Kraus, due to his marvelous success as a vaudeville booking agent. Mr. Kraus has brought many a performer from obscurity to fame.

of American progressiveness. It's as American as a skyscraper. If predictions are right the leading orchestras of the nation soon will include saxophones and trombones to twist in a few jazz notes.

POPULAR PERSONALITIES.

The popular Mr. Tad Snow, of Chicago, booking vaudeville and high class cabaret attractions, in a recent interview said:

"All this cabaret agitation would not be necessary if the general public did not encourage—ah—rather gay performances, with plenty of 'pep.'"

Mr. Snow is booking the principals at the Terrace Garden, Chicago, also a chain of hotels in Ohio and various places throughout the country. He employs only recognized performers. His fifteen years' experience in the profession have peculiarly fitted him to place the proper performers in the proper places. To this we may attribute his rapid success as a booking agent.

CANNED CABARET LATEST DIVERSION.

Bribing the cooks with canned music is the latest device of the soldiers of the Eighty-sixth division to get the best that is in the mess kitchen. In many of the kitchens throughout the camp the white-garbed cooks and their assistants, the kitchen police, are to be seen in a series of terpsichorean stunts, performed to the tune of jazz time music or opera, as they wield their culinary implements.

One of the most conspicuous of these "canned cabaret" kitchens is in the mess hall of the headquarters detachment, Twenty-first engineers, located on the main road that pierces the heart of the camp, and only a few paces from press headquarters. "The canned cabaret" of the Twenty-first engineers mess kitchen is the original one of the camp. Throughout Camp Grant, the various companies and organizations have amassed big mess funds to be used in putting extra food and delicacies on their mess tables. But the mess funds only solved the better food problem half way. Abundance of good food was to be found on the mess tables, but in many mess halls the military epicures claimed its preparation was not up to standard.

So the plan of bribing the cooks was evolved. In the medical detachment, division trains, the cooks were bribed with stogies. But in the Twenty-first engineers some one struck the idea of putting the cooks in a musical atmosphere. Italian dishes, assisted by Caruso or Tita Rufino; American dishes, George M. Cohan, or any ragtime singer or jazz band, etc. It proved successful and

the "chow" went through an evolution. And today a score of mess kitchens are graced with a victrola and canned music.

In the "canned cabaret" of the Twenty-first engineers, Chef John Mardell, the first cook, can be found teasing a tubful of prunes to the tune of "You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied," or the French fried potatoes will be coaxed into a state of perfection with "Good-by Broadway, Hello France."

Mess-Sergeant E. D. Brinton has discovered that "The Last Rose of Summer," is the proper tune to accompany the bi-weekly hash, and that "Misere" from "Il Trovatore," is the most appropriate selection while the macaroni is on the stove. A popular record with George Games, an assistant cook is "Ya Gotta Quil Kickin' My Dog Around," played only while country sausage is on the menu. The coffee, according to the theory of John Mullen, an assistant cook, cannot be properly brewed without the stein song from the "Prince of Pilsen," and the shivers are put in the tapioca pudding with "Yacka Hula Dicky Dula."

SINGING, FLOWER OF THE ARTS.

Although supremacy in grand opera is only for the gifted and favored few, and appreciation of grand opera demands a cultivated taste, enjoyment of singing as a pastime is almost universal.

Popular songs, especially, make a universal and lasting appeal. Here in dear old U. S. A., singers of popular and rag songs enjoy a sort of charmed existence; certainly they charm the public to the extent of getting enormous salaries from grateful managers.

One could name many ragtime artists whose salaries average many hundreds of dollars a week the year around, as for instance Eva Tanguay, the "I don't care" girl, Sophie Tucker, Elizabeth Murray and others.

At present a veritable flood of song is breaking over the entire country. People are responding to its psychological influence, and the writers of popular songs are reaping a harvest. The people themselves are singing with a patriotic fervor, as well as listening to paid performers.

It is the performers, however, who have been instrumental in bringing about this refreshing, new interest in popular music, because of their tireless efforts in presenting the best popular and patriotic songs to the public.

Singers of good popular, patriotic march songs, for instance, have come much to sustain the patriotic interest and sympathy for our gallant soldiers and sailors who are so bravely fighting for us.

JANE LAMOUREUX.

CLARENCE ROWLAND APPEARS IN VAUDEVILLE.

Clarence Rowland, manager of the champion White Sox, is appearing in vaudeville. He gives a ten minute talk on world's series baseball. When he played at the Majestic theatre, at Dubuque, Ia., recently, the Dubuque Elks attended the performance, and the beautiful Elks colors decorated the theatre in honor of the event.

GLADYS BARBER, DAINTY DANCER.

A slim, blue eyed, graceful child of eleven years, little Gladys Barber reminds one of the old fairy story of Goldenhair and the three Bears. In fact, she has been selected from a group of about one hundred children for the title part of the juvenile operetta "Goldenhair," which will be presented soon at a Chicago theatre. She is considered an exceptionally

MOVIE THEATRE SUCCESS IN SUNNY SOUTH.

At Tuscaloosa, Ala., the New Grand Theatre was opened recently. It is equipped with all the latest improvements of an up-to-date and high class motion picture theatre, having two of the late model Powers projectors, electric transformers for producing a direct electric current, gold fibre screen, which was manufactured to order and an indirect lighting system.

Ben Holczstein, who has had wide experience in the profession is the manager, and promises Tuscaloosians and traveling tourists something out of the ordinary in the way of a moving picture show.

VAUDEVILLE NOTES.

The Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association recently held a meeting in New York at which a number of matters, important to vaudeville artists, were taken up. According to the ruling an artist's contract is binding as soon as signed by him and returned to the booking office. Formerly a performer was never sure that the contract was really closed until the booking agent returned his copy to him, which was often delayed and in many cases where an agent could apparently do better, the agent would not send the contract back to the artist at all, having booked some other performer for the said engagement.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt plays a three weeks' engagement at the Palace Vaudeville Theatre, New York City, starting December 17, the salary of Mme. Bernhardt being \$5,000 a week, according to reports.

Harry Lauder will play his final week in this country at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the week of April 22, 1918, after which he will sail for England.

The aviation branch of the U. S. navy will be made up greatly of theatrical mechanics and stage hands, who would be well qualified for the work.

Nat Wills, the famous tramp monologist, died on Dec. 9 through suffocation from the exhaust fumes of his automobile while working on the machine in his garage at Woodcliff, N. J. Mr. Wills' salary in vaudeville averaged \$800 a week and for two years he was a feature at the New York Hippodrome show.

Will J. Harris is becoming famous in Chicago through his productions at the Seates restaurant in Chicago. His latest show there is the "Santa Claus Girls" in a classy girl revue.

The Chatterton Opera House at Springfield, Ill., gave two and a half weeks of vaudeville during December as an experiment, the shows being booked by Frank Q. Doyle of Chicago. The venture was not much of a success financially. Although Mr. Doyle put in some unusually fine shows, many artists going in at a cut salary as a personal favor to Mr. Doyle, it appears that not enough advertising was done to offset the opposition house, the Majestic theater, and business after the first half week was poor.

Miss Armenia Thomas, who did so well with her ragtime teaching at Toledo, O., is now Mrs. Frank F. Bluff. Pretty soft for the husband in this case, because he can get his lessons for nothing unless habit is still strong in Mrs. Bluff and she makes him buy one of those long green 20-lesson coupon tickets that look like transportation from New York to Frisco. Seriously though, Mr. Bluff is to be heartily congratulated and the newly wedded pair have the sincere good wishes of us all. They visited Mr. Mellinger's college of ragtime at St. Louis while on their



E. E. MEREDITH.
Star writer and recognized authority on vaudeville.

THE TALKING LIGHTS.

By Jane Lamoureux.

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

The vaudeville theatre was crowded on the last day of the week's offering. Our own jolly bunch from college occupied a box, and we were enjoying every minute of the performance, vainly trying to remember some of the jokes, so we could use them at a minstrel show we contemplated giving for the benefit of the Red Cross.

The bill was an exceptionally good one, the "Jolly Trio" were taking their last bow after the inevitable patriotic rag number, which they put over with a lot of pep.

The house was darkened, and the attention of the audience was then centered on some clever pantomime and juggling artists, who were doing neat tricks with almost incredible swiftness.

During the progress of the act the stage also was darkened and for a moment the smothered drone of the orchestra was the only perceptible sound. A hushed stillness pervaded the theatre, a not unusual occurrence in such a house, where spectacular acts were shown from time to time.

One of the performers juggled some colored balls of ice, which threw queer, vari-colored lights on his upturned face, making it appear strained, and ghastly in the soft glare, as the smoking balls of fire flew round and round his head.

He quickly caught them all on a sort of frame, then he proceeded to swing the attachment in circles. Without warning, a figure suddenly dashed from the wings, a man whose face had a half crazed look in the dim light which fell from the strange torch the performer was swinging. The interloper pushed the astonished juggler to one side and, grabbing the frame holding the tri-colored lights from him, dashed it to the floor and tried to stamp out the smoking fires, which smoldered with a dull, baleful glare, defying his frantic efforts to put them out.

His face was working convulsively and he seemed to be consumed by an uncontrollable rage, but in an instant a sudden transformation came over his features. As the electrician switched on a full flood of light, he ceased his frantic exertions, and with a look of exaltation he cried in a tragic and triumphant voice, "Now, I have saved the people, now I have saved the people."

Two stage hands and one of the performers dragged him off the stage. His body felt limp in the arms of the husky stage hands, he suddenly collapsed on the floor in the wings, while the audience applauded loudly as the curtain was rung down, erroneously supposing the episode was part of the tomfoolery in the act.

A thin film of acrid smoke from the dying lights blew over the occupants of our box, effectually smothering our mirth, and causing us to



at one other. Our guest of honor, a professional singer of popular songs, was the first to speak:

"That certainly was not in the act. There's something doing back there. Wait a second, I'll be back."

She slipped from the box and passed into the short velvet hung corridor, then through the ornamental door which led to the entrance back of the stage. There had been only a momentary lull in the show, and now the blare of the brass instruments played by the "Musical Six" filled the theatre, penetrating to the dressing room downstairs, where lay the unfortunate man who had so strangely interrupted the preceding act on the bill.

Crowded around the dazed man, performers and house attaches were vying with one another in uselessly questioning him. The soft notes of a plaintive popular ballad played by the "Musical Six" seemed to float over his head, clearing his clouded faculties for a moment. He spoke in a colorless voice.

"Now I have saved the people. I had to do it, I had to do it. The lights talked to me and made me do it."

"The poor out's raving, raving," wittily remarked a shapely dancer. "The bughouse for him. He sure is dead from the neck up; must be a snow bird. Well," she continued callously, "he sure is a goner now. Look at his eyes, there, rolling something awful. For Pete's sake, why don't one of you guys shake him or something. Hey, Harry, loosen up with the red-eye. Have a heart, can't you? Gee, Harry, speed up with the life saver and give the poor gink one good drink before he kicks the bucket!"

The monotonous voice of the dying man interrupted her. He remarked in a patient way.

"I saw the colored signal lights swinging around the walls the night the munitions plant was blown up. The German spies were talking to one another, so tonight when I saw the signal lights, I knew those fellows were going to tell a spy to blow up this American theatre and kill all the people. I could tell by the way he swung the lights. In a few moments the whole theatre would have been blown up if I had not stopped them. That's the way my boy was killed in the explosion when the munitions plant was blown up."

His voice grew fainter and almost incoherent. A deathly pallor spread over his face. He seemed to murmur. "My boy, my boy." As he lay there dying, the orchestra was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and out in the theater the entire audience stood with uncovered heads, paying an unconscious tribute of respect to the poor deluded creature who

thought he had "saved" hundreds of his fellow beings from the terrible fate of his son.

Editor's Note.—Janc, for the love of Mike, lay off the sob stuff. Last month it was a dead gypsy queen and this month you have given us the last word in death scenes (for who knows of a worse place to die in than a dressing room of the average vaudeville theater).

THE "GIMMES" MAKE A CALL.
Time, 10:30 A. M. Place, Buffalo studio.

Collector—"Gimme \$7.65 for the ad in News please."

Us: "Why to be sure, greatest of pleasure, you know."

10:32. Brother musician: "Say, Jake gimme a half dollar for flowers, Pop Baker, the old park band bass drummer died, and the boys want to send a floral piece."

Us: "Here you are, Bill, Pop was a good old scout."

10:34. Next door neighbor: "Can you gimme change for a dollar?"

Us: "I guess so."

10:37. Very intimate friend: "Hello Jake, Gimme a dollar to help buy Pete, the bartender a Turkish rocker. You know he is leaving the club, and we wish to give him a reminder of the happy days."

Us: "Tickled to death. Pete always used me right."

10:40. Sweet young thing: "Gimme something for the Christmas smoke lung for our boys at the front."

Us: "Put me down for an iron man."

10:45. Ancient dame (very frisky): "Ah, good morning, won't you Gimme something for the Smokeless Day for..."

Us: "Yes, here is a cigarette some one left—Oh, don't mention it."

10:49. Portrait painter across the hall: "Gimme a few matches, will

Us: "Say, get the H— out of here and GIMME A REST." Curtain.

Mendelssohn's Wedding March was her lesson. Instead of playing the introduction in a slow, even tempo she started off like a fire department, going to a close call. "Here, wait a minute," I said, "not so fast." "Oh, was that too fast?" she queried. "Too fast—say little one, honest now—if it was your own wedding would you be in such a hurry to get up the aisle as your time would indicate? Just think." I had no more trouble with her tempo after that.

JAKE SCHWARTZ.

AT CLEVELAND.

Miss Haynes, assistant manager of the Cleveland Ragtime School, bought a new set of furs which were of very high grade. But—the next day she re-

ported that she was ill! She forgot to wear the new furs home that evening and caught cold. Better wear the furs after this, Edith.

The czar of ragtime blew into Cleveland the other day about 7:35. George Schulte was at the station to meet him. In the excitement he banded George the grip and took him for a porter. (Editor's Note: But don't tell George.)

The Lorain school, operated by George Schulte, of Cleveland, has changed its location from 411 Majestic Theater Bldg. to 600 Broadway, 3rd floor of the Bank Bldg.

George Schulte is trying to learn to play a tubs. However, he is having a rather hard time of it. He says it hurts his lips, but that isn't saying how much it is hurting his assistants who must listen to his practising.

Loretta Gunderaba, who is one of George Schulte's brightest pupils, has just finished the teachers' course. She is now on the substitute list. The other work she had charge of Miss Haynes' class and she was a success from the start.

THE BOY SCOUTS AND THE LIBERTY LOAN.

The report of the work of the Boy Scouts of America in the Second Liberty Loan drive has been made public. It shows that the Boy Scouts were directly responsible for the sale of \$101,133,600 in bonds.

This means that they procured about 5% per cent of the total subscriptions to the loan, and the number of bonds they sold show that they secured 1 subscription out of every 18.

This is a splendid record for the boys of America, and a hopeful sign for the future of the country when the boys of the land are willing and able to perform such valuable public service.

It is to leave them such a national heritage as our forefathers of the Revolution bequeathed to their descendants that the proceeds of the Liberty Loan are to be used.

Wilhelm Kaiser did it. Not, of course, Wilhelm, Kaiser of Potsdam palace, but Wilhelm Kaiser, an alien enemy in the eyes of the law, and a draftsman for the American Bridge Company. Wilhelm bought a \$500 war bond in the First Liberty Loan drive, and made a speech that brought every one of his forty fellow employees in as a subscriber to the Loan. It happened at the company's plant at West 40th street and Princeton avenue, Chicago, in the drafting department. But Wilhelm Kaiser was not drafted—he volunteered.

"Fellow-employee," said he, "I am an alien enemy. I came to the United States just before the war broke out

in Europe. I am registered with the United States government in order that I may work here. But I like America. I have made good money here, and I feel that, because of the way I have been treated here, I should do my part, like you American citizens, in helping to make the Loan a success."

After Wilhelm Kaiser had done his part toward setting Wilhelm, the Kaiser, J. D. Pickett, bond subscription seeker, collected \$4,350 in subscriptions among Wilhelm's fellow draftsmen. There were just forty in the room and forty subscribed.

Elsewhere in Chicago, another German, whose name is withheld at the request of government officials, bought a \$50 bond on the same day that Wilhelm Kaiser showed where his heart lay, and talked ten of his fellow countrymen into lending Uncle Sam their money. This German was not only an alien enemy, but was a paroled sailor from one of the interned German commerce raiders. Several of the Germans he brought into line could not speak English, and not one of them was a citizen of this country.

AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Axel Christensen played Springfield, Ill. at the Chatterton Opera House on Dec. 6, 7 and 8 and "got away with it" according to comments of the local press. The Springfield State Journal said the following: "Christensen is so well known as one of the country's greatest exponents of syncopation on a piano that it is hardly worth while to comment upon his act. For those who have never heard him play, it should be said they will be afforded a treat."

On the same bill were the Six Musical Spillers, a colored sextet who play saxophones, brass, xylophones and present vocal numbers. Most of their program is ragtime.

Canheld and Cohan were a riot of laughter with a bunch of comedy entitled, "Mr. Cohan from Bridgeport." The act is full of clean comedy and is enjoyable. The pair finish with a patriotic parody on a well-known popular song. These boys are good company off the stage as well as on.

Leslie Clair and company furnished a good period of amusement on "The Girl at the Cigar Stand." The five in this company are capable performers.

The Great Weston and company, gave some wonderful impersonations of well-known men in history of today and yesterday.

Miss Josephine Esche, assistant for Harriet Smith at her Detroit ragtime school has started her second season as a teacher of ragtime. She has won much regard and interest by the steady attention she gives to her work and by the good way she teaches and holds her pupils from week to week.



MARIE GENARO—in vaudeville.

The Ragtime Review

AXEL W. CHRISTENSEN, Editor

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

Copy and changes in advertisements should be ordered by the 10th of the preceding month.

Last forms positively close on the 15th of the preceding month.

All cuts made for advertisers are charged to their accounts.

EVERYBODY'S WRITING WAR SONGS.

When people are at war they've not only got to fight, but they've got to sing about it. If it wasn't for the war songs, patriotism would be as limp as a wet towel. It takes a lot of ability to write a war song, so I stayed in during my lunch hour and wrote one. The title of it is "I'm Saving My Bullets for You, Dear."

I took it up to a music publisher's office and I said to the manager, who sat at his desk on the other side of the rail, "I've got a little song here—a war song. The title—

"I've got a song—a little war song," I said again, because the manager didn't seem to hear. "It's all about the boys in France, and I'm coming back to you, mother, and silver threads in the old oaken bucket—I've got that worked into the melody, I didn't write the music though—a friend of mine—he plays the drum in a jazz band—wrote the music and—

The manager must be a bit deaf, I thought, so I hollered, "I've got a song—a little war—"

This time he turned around, "Say—outside, outside—who let that door open? You're the thirteenth guy that's brought a war song in this morning. Everybody in the world is writing war songs. Ain't war bad enough? Just because you run an elevator or sell buttonhooks don't give you any license to write songs."

He couldn't get rid of me that way, though. I had a letter of introduction from a friend of his—a music demonstrator in a 5 and 10 cent store—and I handed it to the manager. He read it and told me to come in. I sat down and unrolled "I'm Saving My Bullets for You, Dear."

"Of course, you can't get much from just reading it," I told him. "You've got to hear me sing it. I know 'stretcher' and 'coward' don't rhyme, but it sounds all right when it's sung."

The door opened and a woman came in. I remembered her. She once sold me a bottle of eye wash in a department store. She leaned over the rail, "I've got a little song—a war song," she said. It made me laugh—an eye wash saleswoman writing a war song.

Two Dozen More by Mail.

The manager turned around and his collar grew tighter and tighter. I thought he was choking. At last he said: "We're all filled up with war songs. I've got the closet here so full of them that I can't hang up my hat. The mail carrier brought two dozen more this afternoon and—" he looked at me and I noticed how big his teeth were. "Say," he went on, "if the war lasts till the last ball of yarn is gone there will be enough

In the world from singing the same one."

The woman rolled her song up and went out. I stayed. "I'm Saving My Bullets for You, Dear," was a good song if it only got half a chance.

"Listen, now," said the manager, "I'll tell you something for your own good. Now, this lyric—he seemed to be counting the buttons on my vest—"is awful, awful, awful! You never wrote lyrics before, did you?"

It made me a little angry. "Sure I have," I said. "I once wrote a parody on 'Old Black Joe.' It just comes natural with me. I don't care much for the line I'm in and I'm going in for songs—"

Another Little War Song.

Some one was talking. "I've got a little song—a war song. The title of it—"

The manager stood up and the song writer walked out.

The manager sat down and half a minute later the door opened again. "I've got a little—" The door closed again and I picked up the inkwell and put it back on the manager's desk.

"Look!" He opened a drawer and took out a bunch of songs. "Here's one, 'Don't Shoot My Waikiki Hikki Boy.' Look at this. 'Knit a Gas Mask for Me, Mother.' Can you beat it?" Say—

"But," I cut in, "I'm Saving My Bullets for You, Dear," is different—

You never can depend on Chicago weather. When I came in it was a nice warm day—I came out, and what do I find? Rain—some town! Morcy Schwartz in Chicago Daily News.

SIMPLE POPULAR SONGS CHEER SOLDIERS.

Songs for the soldiers must be simple to win success. Not every soldier is a musician, and not all of them can remember complicated tunes. No matter how beautiful a melody may be, if it has too many variations to be easily remembered it will not appeal to the soldier. He wants his music to have plenty of swing to it, but it must be something of a chant, of small range to suit his voice, and fitted with simple words that are easily remembered.

Our soldiers in 1898 marched to the tune of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," because it was such a simple melody and the song appealed to him. The British soldiers adopted "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" at the beginning of this war for the same reason. The American soldiers have not yet chosen the song they will make famous, but several are being vigorously sung, and from them may yet come the one song that will outlast them all.

Champ Clark's campaign song about the "Houn' Dawg" would have made a soldier song without a moment's hesitation. So would "Catey Jones." One of the new favorites in training camps has the following ridiculous words, which can be fitted to the first melody that runs through one's mind, a quality to make them successful as a soldier song:

"Good-by maw! Good-by paw! Good-by mule, with yer old hee-haw! I may not know what this war's about, But you bet, by goah, I'll soon find out;

And O my sweetheart, don't you fear,

I'll bring you a king for a souvenir; I'll bring you a Turk an' a kaiser, too, An' that's about all one feller can do!"

There's a note of pure fun in these words that will appeal to the soldiers, because the soldiers want fun. They are engaged in such serious business that when they are relating they want the extremes of frivolity. The man who sings of home and mother in a war camp quickly makes

REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

By JANE D. MOURAUX

Look, Look In the Book—By Al. Sel-don and Mort Greene, and Sammy Sleet. Published by David Music Co. Dandy cabaret number. Would make great character song for Jew comedian in vaudeville.

I'm In Love With You—By Cliff Odums and Elmer Setzer, Marion Raybould. Published by David Music Co. Fairly good sentimental ballad, but in this day when the market is literally flooded with works of genuine merit, this number does not stand much chance of becoming popular.

Dreaming of My Southern Home—By A. G. Corless and E. Edwin Ceric. Published by David Music Co. A pretty darky melody, set to simple music.

Wait For Your Honey Boy—By C. C. Arthur Pfeiffer. Published by C. Arthur Pfeiffer. Good lyrics, music, so-so. Ought to make good number for vaudeville song and dance team.

I'll Be Sweet Papa To You—By Wm. J. Herbst. Published by Wm. Herbst. Great topical song. One of the best of its class published lately. Full of pep, great cabaret number.

We're Going Over—By Andrew B. Sterling, Bernie Grossman and Arthur Lange. Sure Fire Title. Sure Fire Music. This stirring popular song is "Going Over" and going over "big" or we are much mistaken.

"Good Bye" That Means You—By Andrew B. Sterling and Arthur Lange. Published by the Joe Morris Music Co. Good title, a sentimental, patriotic song, a refreshing change from some of the vulgar, slangy so called patriotic numbers flooding the market.

Before the World Began—By Andrew B. Sterling and Alfred Solman. Published by the Joe Morris Music Co. These boys certainly can pick good titles for their stuff, and write good music to back up the somewhat ambitious lyrics and titles. This number could stand a much heavier or more substantial support in the way of music.

From the Hills of Dream—By Cecil Forsyth. Published by Oliver Ditson Co. Of straightforward, impressive character. The skilful treatment of this dignified number makes it an easy number for both singer and accompanist without losing any of its effectiveness.

Oh, Red Is the English Rose—By Cecil Forsyth. Published by Oliver Ditson Co. One of the best of this clever writer's vocal efforts to reach us. This number can depend entirely upon its substantial, thorough musical qualities for success and well deserved popularity.

O Peerless Flag! (America Forever)—By William Arms Fisher. Published by Oliver-Ditson Co. Inspired by a patriotic fever. Mr. Fisher has written this stirring song which fairly bristles with patriotic animation.

The Kitten Walk—By Sara C. David and Edward H. Stumpf. Published by David Music Co. Not a very original title. Too reminiscent of "Pigeon Walk." The lyrics are catchy, music neat, and we always did like nuisance nonsense kitty-cats, so this nuisance nonsense num-

My Boy—By Bruno Huhn. Published by Oliver Ditson. A proud theme, this number is a capital marching song, typical of the moment.

Where the Brown Eyed Daisies Grow—By Sara C. David. Published by the Davis Music Co. A type of song that never could be popular. Painfully correct arrangement of music, ordinary lyrics, a namby pamby number.

Follow the Flag—By Walter Winchell and Roy Mack. Published by David Music Co. Good title, fine lyrics, dignified and stirring in theme. Should prove good recruiting song.

Ballymacloe—By Charles P. Scott. Published by Carl Fisher. Irresistibly Irish, rollicking waltz-réclain, bound to be popular.

Tell Me—By Bainbridge Crist. Published by Carl Fisher. A genuine song success, in which the composer proves anew his skill and artistic musicianship for creating effective vocal compositions.

To Helen—By Edgar Allan Poe and Warren Storey Smith. Published by Carl Fisher. An original composition, highly pleasing, an unusual number.

Edw. J. Mellinger Rag—By Edw. J. Mellinger. Published by the Stark Music Co. Mellinger is at the head of a large ragtime school in St. Louis, and knows just what he needs in his line. There is a certain psychic entity in the compositions of each composer, and this rag would be recognized as coming from the creator of Corrugated Rag, which is so popular.

La Mode—Dance Characteristic—B. R. Whirlow. Published by the Stark Music Co. Much space in the city papers is devoted to this new and graceful dance. It originated in the great Dreamland dance palace in St. Louis. The music and the dance was evolved together. They are one creation. The music suggests the step. There is a short description of the dance on the first page of the music that will enable tango dancers to go through it without further instructions.

Elaine—A syncopated Valse Brillante—By E. J. Stark. Published by the Stark Music Co. We might dilate and expatiate on this waltz to any extent, but we will leave it to the good judgment of the better class of musicians to discover its peculiar charm and merit. We hope it may be studied and analyzed carefully. It is extraordinary in many respects, and we predict for it an immense sale.

Summer Dawn—By William Morris and Marshall Kernochan. Published by Oliver Ditson Co. An exceedingly ambitious work, artistic in style and musical arrangement.

The Love Song of Har Dyal—By Rudyard Kipling and Marshall Kernochan. Published by the Oliver Ditson Co. A rather laborious arrangement of music, but pleasing, nevertheless.

A Song of France—By Bryceson Treharne and Christina Rossetti. Published by Oliver Ditson Co. This beautiful song is distinctly modern in style and harmonic treatment. A good number for ballad singers, who would find in this artistic number good material of deeply stirring

Miss Irene Little (endearingly referred to as the "Little-one" by her many admiring friends) is the chief assistant of Miss Horne in the Boston Ragtime school. As the name indicates, Miss Little is rather small, but this applies only to height and size, not to her ability to play or teach ragtime nor to the extent of her insatiable appetite for lemon pie. When not busy teaching ragtime, Miss Little is grabbing off blue ribbons in exhibiting her famous Boston ball pup, and you ought to see the antics of this "pup" when the "Little-one" plays "Walkin' the Dog."

Mr. Malloran, a pupil of the Boston ragtime school has lately written and published a patriotic song that has a good swinging melody and bids fair to be a hit.

OUTBURST OF A MUSICAL MOTHER

By Jane Lamoureux.

(With apologies to Bernard Brin, who forgot to send in his breeze from the Pacific this month.)

As I write
 There are
 Seven different kinds
 Of instruments being
 Banged, whanged,
 Thracked, whacked,
 Scraped, strummed,
 And pounded,
 By frantic votaries of
 The Artful Art of
 Rag Time,
 But, as you can see
 By reading for yourself
 It bothers me
 Not at all,
 In fact,
 The past five years
 Spent with that
 Infant woman of mine
 Were a drizzle
 And complete
 Preparation for
 My chosen work
 Of listening to
 Directing and often
 Restraining the sounds
 Issuing from the
 Threats of aspiring
 Vocal students, because
 The above mentioned
 Infant woman
 For five long years,
 Kept us reminded
 Of the terrible fact
 That she has a "Voice."
 She screamed in

That part of her
 Rather complicated
 Daily programme by
 The elemental process
 Of howling,
 Relentlessly, remorselessly,
 With uncanny power,
 Especially in the
 Supposedly dead, but
 In reality,
 Fearfully lively
 Watches of the night,
 Stopping only
 Long enough to
 Absorb food
 At intervals,
 So, though
 Seven times seven
 Different instruments
 Be whacked or pounded
 By the determined
 But inexperienced
 Hands of Rag Time
 Students, it
 As I before said,
 Bothers me not

GINK GOSSIP AND STUDIO STUFF.

By Robert Marine.

Rattles came tearing into the studios so excited that he looked like a savage on a scalp hunt. He was trying to laugh and talk in one breath. Rockey was looking over some ads he had written for us, Sal Laurie was reading a newspaper, and I had been going over a few accounts at the desk.

"Listen, fellers," spluttered Rattles, laughing like a school boy—"I mean, listen fellers, I got the funniest story—I mean I got the funniest story to yell you—I mean to tell you."

"Don't get excited about it, Rattles, or you'll try to tell the story inside out," chuckled Sal.

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"Go on, tell us," I urged, repressing a grin.

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"Well," chuckled Rattles, "a strap was walking down the street—I mean a cop was walking down the street, when a big feller—mean a big feller, masked him for aatch—I mean asked him for a match. Haw! Haw! The cop turned round—I mean the cop turned around, and snacked the feller in the smoot—I mean snacked the feller in the smoot. Haw! Haw! As the feller was going down—mean as the feller was going down, he cries out at the top of his voice—I mean at the top of his voice, 'I was—'"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," interrupted Rockey. "That may be a peach of a story, all right, but you want tell it over in China where they understand your language. I'm gettin' so bawled up listenin' to you that I don't know whether this is Germany, France or Italy."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Sal.

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles angrily. "Now I won't tell the story

at all—I mean now I won't tell the story at all."

"Thank goodness," I muttered.

Just then Doc O'Onofrio struck his head in the door.

"When did you buy the phonograph, Bob?" he asked solemnly.

"I didn't buy a phonograph."

"Not I could swear that I heard a phonograph in here."

"That wasn't a phonograph," grinned Sal. "That was Rattles tryin' to tell a story."

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"You guys think you're gunny—I mean you guys think you're funny."

"So help me Moses," grumbled Rockey disconsolately, "if that kid keeps on talkin' any longer, we'll all catch the same disease and won't be able to understand each other. I'm gettin' that way myself."

"Oh, hello Rattles," said Doc, smiling.

"Dello, Hoc," grunted Rattles. "I mean hello Doc."

Sal broke into a roar of laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho."

"What's the joke?" growled Rockey.

"He called Doc Rock—ha, ha—Doc looks like something to hock."

"You're crazy," asserted Doc seriously. "The way Rattles said it ain't spelt h-o-c—it's spelt h-o-c. Furthermore, you pronounced it wroag."

"Who pronounced it wrong?" demanded Sal.

"You did."

"That's right, Sal," put in Rockey. "The k is silent like b in bum."

"Ha, ha, ha," howled Rattles. "The silent k like bum is b—ha, ha—I mean the k is—"

"For the love o' Mike, Rattles," begged Doc, "don't try to tell us what you meant, or you won't get finished till tomorrow morning."

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"Haw, har," guffawed Sal, doubling up.

"What's that nut laughing at now?" quizzed Doc.

"I was thinking of something funny," chuckled Sal.

"He must have been thinkin' of himself," snorted Rockey.

"What I was thinking of," explained Sal, "is this."

"What?" we asked.

"How is it that a kid will call his pa pop, but he won't call his ma mop?"

Rockey pushed back his chair, stared at him for some time, then got up.

"Listen, Bob," he said, in deep disgust, "how long have you known that thing?"

"About five years," I answered smiling.

"And you're still feeling sensible—on the level?"

"Sure, I feel alright."

"Hey, Bob," Sal butted in, "don't send this article in to Christensen."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Cause I'm goiner tell Rockey what I think of him, and it won't sound nice if it's published."

"Listen, Rockey," interposed Doc, changing the subject. "I hear that a relative of yours died and left you his estate. Is that true?"

"Yeah," grunted Rockey.

"Did he leave you his shirt, too?" chuckled Sal.

"Hi, ha, ha," snickered Doc.

"Ho, ho, ho," roared Rattles and Sal.

"Mebbe you guys think that's a joke," angered Rockey. "Go on, you idiots, laugh—laugh until you get sick."

"He don't get it," howled Doc, shaking his head.

"No, he don't get it," repeated Sal, laughing uproariously.

"Where is the estate, Rockey?" I asked, getting interested.

"Up in Northampton, Massachusetts."

"Is it worth much?"

"Couple o' thousand bucks, half in cash."

"What was the relative's name?" asked Doc.

"He had a funny name," smiled Rocky thoughtfully. "It was—"

"Cockeye Mulligan," interrupted Sal irreverently.

"Haw, haw, haw," roared Doc, Rattles and I.

"There's about as much sense in that remark," sneered Rocky. "as there is in Doc's head, which ain't none at all."

"Say, you've had an interesting life," I kidded him. "You were born in Texas, weren't you?"

"Yes," growled Rocky, looking at me suspiciously. "I was born near El Paso, Texas, in 1894. I was reared on a horse and cattle ranch, and know more about horses than I know about anything else."

"Which means that he don't know much—" I mean that he don't know much," stuttered Rattles, grinning.

"Whatever brought you to New York?" asked Doc. "Why didn't you stay in Texas? They ain't got much use for horses in this city now—automobiles are the fad."

"He didn't say that he was a horse," I added. "He said—"

"Yeah," interrupted Sal, "he hinted that he was born on a horse."

"I wasn't judging by what he said," declared Doc.

"No?" we asked.

"No—I was judging by the collar he wears. It's a horse collar."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed Rattles. "It's a coarse collar—I mean it's a horse collar."

"Listen, Rattles," begged Rocky. "Will you do me a favor?"

"Sure," grinned Rattles. "What is it?"

"Will you keep your mouth shut for thirty minutes? I swear I'm getting to be just like you. What you speak may be a language, but it's—"

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"Hey, Pete," put in Doc. "Didn't you say that you were born in 1894?" He eyed Rocky discerningly.

"Yes."

Doc leaned forward in surprise. "Do you mean to say you're only twenty-three years old? Do you?"

"Yes, I do," snarled Rocky. Doc appealed to all of us.

"Ain't that guy an awful hot air artist?" he demanded. "I first met him seven years ago when I was still going to college and—"

"Going to where?" Sal butted in.

"College, you simp."

"Oh, I thought you were going some place else."

"Well," went on Doc, "as I was sayin'—I met him seven years ago, and he was only a year younger than me. Now he's three years younger."

"That's easily explained," declared Sal. "You see, he let a couple of birthdays go by."

"Say," snorted Doc. "Rocky can't fool me. He's old enough to have grandchildren."

"Is that so?" scoffed Rocky. "Do you know why you say that? Because you're jealous—all you guys are. You know I'm awful smart for my age, much smarter than you, and it gets your goat."

"But I know as a positive fact that you're older than twenty-three," asserted Doc.

"How do you know?" sneered Rocky.

"De Gruff told me."

"Who the devil is De Gruff?"

"He's with the Home News."

"Is he? Well, I used to be a cub reporter on that paper some years ago, and I never heard of him. What does he do?"

"Everything," grinned Doc.

"He's behind the counter," chuckled Sal.

"And hey, Rocky," I suddenly put in. "I thought you said the circulation of the Home News was only 25,000."

"Well, you're wrong," I told him. "It's 100,000."

"Who said so?"

"De Gruff," shouted Doc and Sal. Rocky got sore, then; sore as a wet hen.

"If I ever see this guy De Gruff," he growled. "I'll hit him so hard and knock him so far that it will cost him eighteen dollars postage to send a letter home."

"You must have a awful unch—I mean, an awful punch," twittered Rattles sarcastically.

"Well," said Sal, "do you know that I hit a guy so hard once that I knocked his upper teeth out of his ear?"

"That's the biggest lie you ever told, and you've told about ten million since you climbed out of the cradle," said Rocky disdainfully.

"Why, do you mean to say that ain't possible?" demanded Doc, walking up to him. "Now I'm going to tell you something."

"You poor dumb fish," expostulated Rocky, "are you crazy enough to kid me into believing that?"

"But I know a man who was there when Sal did it," avowed Doc.

"Who?" snapped Rocky.

"DE GRUFF!" shouted Doc, Sal, Rattles and I.

Rocky glared at the four of us for a moment; then he turned on his heel, rushed over to the desk, opened a drawer and pulled out a short, heavy club. He stuck this in his back pocket, and started for the door.

"Where you going, Rocky?" we called to him.

"The Home News office!" he replied, as he was going out.

"What for?" we yelled.

"I'm goiner kill De Gruff!"

"Now, come on, fellows," I said, waving the stick, "try that bar again. You're doing fine."

The scene, of course, was the studio. Rattles, Rocky, Doc and Sal were lined up in front of the piano; at which I sat, arms around each other's shoulders. A few days before Doc, in jest, had hinted that it would be a good idea to start a quartette and go on the stage. Rocky, just like him, took up Doc's locular suggestion in earnest, and proposed that we start right in practicing. I was promptly appointed manager, coach and singing instructor, and this was the first day of practise. I was pulling them through the bars of an opening song by Rocky, entitled, "We Ain't Half as Crazy as You Think We Are, We're Worse." The words are as follows:

There's no use sighing, there's no use crying,
There's no use raising Cain;
When you ram us, buck and slam us,
We come back again.
And when you bump us, kick and thump us,
We don't even sway—
We're the Fearless Four of Harlem
And you bet we're here to stay!
I turned around, dropped the stick and played the opening chord on the piano. "Ready," I said, "get that."

"There's the four of them sang together. Ochl some discord. Rattles and Doc were respectively first tenor and second tenor, Rocky was bass and Sal sang baritone.

"You guys are way off key," I said, facing them. "I'm playing this song in G and you guys are hitting all around it. Sal sounds as if he was singing it in Z."

I played the chord for them several

(Continued on page 17, 2nd column)

THE KID:

By Peter Frank Meyer.

(Part II.)

"My little Alice is very anxious to have Teddy there, and she would be terribly disappointed if he did not come."

Mrs. Granger smiled sweetly at Gladys. She was a gentle, motherly little woman with an irresistible personality.

"You may tell Alice that Theodore will positively be her guest on Sunday, Mr. Granger," said Gladys assuringly. "I think it was most considerate of you to invite my boy."

"Not at all," protested Mrs. Granger, as they walked to the door. "I am just as fond of Teddy as my Alice. Remember Mrs. Sanford, at two o'clock."

"I shall certainly have him there on time, Goodbye."

When Mrs. Granger had gone Gladys went back to the sitting room and resumed her knitting. Mrs. Granger had been her next door neighbor ever since she and Arthur had been married. Little Alice Granger and Theodore had been devoted playmates up to about six months previous and the Grangers were quite fond of the Kid. Gladys had been greatly displeased when Theodore, either because of boys' whim or sheer indifference, suddenly ceased to play with Alice. She was firm in her belief that he would gain more by mingling with little girls of his own age than he would by associating with boys exclusively.

Her husband had quit the footlights and was now the proprietor of a magnificent vocal training school in the same city. The Kid had approached his eighth birthday. During the last two months Gladys had questioned him a dozen times about the abrupt termination of his friendship with Alice Granger, and his sudden lack of regard for all girls in general; He had told her that he thought Alice was a nice little girl, but his answers were always evasive. His manner plainly indicated that he had no use for girls, and Gladys regarded this as a bad sign.

When the Kid came home from school she called him.

"I have good news for you, Theodore," she said, as he drew up a chair and sat before her.

He looked at her curiously with his large questioning blue eyes. Gladys was very proud of his eyes, and she never tired of looking at them.

"Mrs. Granger was here today, and you have been invited to a party that little Alice is giving on Sunday. Many of your Sunday school friends will be there, dear, and Alice asked her mother to tell you she would feel very much hurt if you did not go."

The transformation in the Kid's face was astonishing. He lowered his blue eyes, the long lashes completely obscuring them, and a look of keen disappointment was manifested by his expression.

"Aw, gee, mamma," he grumbled, averting her gaze, "I don't want to go to no crows party." His lips curled in fine scorn.

Gladys stared.

"You don't want to go to WHAT kind of a party?" she asked.

"A CROWS party!"

Gladys leaned back in her chair and regarded him in utter bewilderment.

"A CROWS party?" she gasped. "For goodness sakes, Theodore, what IS CROWS party?"

The Kid seemed astonished at his mother's ignorance.

"Don't you know what crows is?"

"Of course I do. A crow is a bird. But what—"

"Naw," snorted the Kid contemptuously. "I mean goils. All goils is crows."

"Theodore!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of horror. "Don't you ever use such an expression again! Never call girls 'crows.' And never say 'goils is.' Say girl are."

"Awright," mumbled the Kid, sullenly.

"You must go to the party, Theodore. I shall insist upon that. It isn't going to be a girls party. Many of your little boy friends will be there. I want you to renew your friendship with little Alice, and



Lyrics by
MARIAN PHELPS
Music by
MAXWELL GOLDMAN

OVER THE TOP

By Permission of Buck & Lowney

NOTE: The complete song and Piano score
Published and copyrighted 1917 by
Buck and Lowney, St. Louis, Mo.

A piano score for the ragtime arrangement of the chorus of 'Over the Top'. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is characterized by a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with various chordal textures and melodic lines in both hands.

COMPLETE SONG "OVER THE TOP" Can be obtained from your Music Dealer

I'LL TAKE YOUR HEART TO MEXICO

(AND LEAVE MY HEART BEHIND)

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by
CHAS. B. BROWN

Marcia

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The flags are fly - ing, the ba - gles call, Good - bye, my love, good - bye; ——— I'm
The rose you're wear - ing, give that to me! Good - bye, my love, good - bye; ——— A

The first vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

leav - ing the dear - est one of all, Good - bye, my love, good - bye; ——— I will
mem'ry of you 'twill al - ways be, Good - bye, my love, good - bye; ——— The

The second vocal line continues the melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section.

I dream of you by day and night, I will see your face in the camp - fire's light, I'll
hear you wearing I take that too, I will leave you mine, 'twill be ev - er true, Till

The third vocal line continues the melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

see your eyes in the stars at night; Good - bye, my love, good - bye. ———
I come back, dear, to mar - ry you; Good - bye, my love, good - bye. ———

The final vocal line concludes the song with lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

CHORUS

I'll take your heart to Mex - i - co And leave my heart be -



hind! For my coun - try calls and I must go, So sweet-heart,



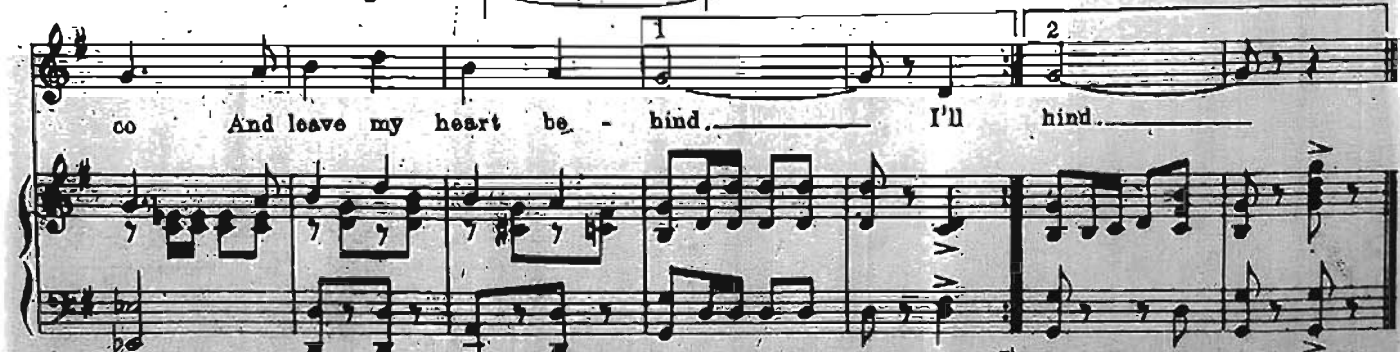
nev - er mind; Tho' I march a - way, I'll re - turn some day, Our



love won't change you'll find. For I'll take your heart to Mex - i -



co And leave my heart be - hind. I'll hind.



THE GREEN MILL- RAG

BY MARCELLA A. HENRY

Tempo di Rag

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The bass clef accompaniment starts with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note D, and a quarter note F. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The treble clef staff features a more active melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The first ending in the treble clef contains a sequence of notes with flats (B-flat, D, F, B-flat, D, F). The second ending leads to a new section of the piece. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The treble clef staff has a complex, rhythmic melody. The bass clef staff provides a consistent accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fifth system of musical notation includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The first ending in the treble clef features a series of eighth notes. The second ending leads to a final section of the piece. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with eighth notes and chords.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff has a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The lower staff continues the bass line from the first system.

TRIO

The 'TRIO' section begins with the word 'TRIO' written above the first staff. The first system of the trio consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff has a bass line with chords and eighth notes.

The second system of the trio consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes.

The third system of the trio consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes.

The fourth system of the trio consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes.

WHEN THE LIPS SAY "YES" AND THE HEART SAYS "NO"

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by
CHARLES B. BROWN

Valse Lento

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in 3/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with a gentle, waltz-like feel. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Andante con espressione

p

When the shad - ows thron - ing, Fill the world with pain; When your heart is
Eyes where tears are burn - ing, Vain - ly count the cost; When the heart is

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The tempo is 'Andante con espressione'. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *p* and *pp*.

ten

long - ing, Long - ing all in vain. When you know you've - giv - en,
yearn - ing, For the love it lost. There is naught but sor - row,

ten

con dolore

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line includes the word *ten* (tenuto) and the piano part includes the marking *con dolore*.

What you could not give; Then you know how emp - ty is the life you live.
Noth - ing but re - gret, When the heart is vain - ly try - ing to for - get.

poco cresc. *rit.* *dim.*

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. It concludes the piece. The vocal line includes the final lines of the lyrics. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *poco cresc.*, *rit.*, and *dim.*

Refrain Valse-Lento

When the lips say "Yes" And the heart says "No" And you dream of a by - gone

day, When you long for the bliss of a true love kiss As the ead nights

drift a - way. When the wear - y years are filled with tears, And

mem - ries come and go. There's no hap - pi - ness when the lips say

poco. rit.

"Yes" And the heart says "No" When the "No"

dim.

Waltz Rag Arrangement of Chorus of
When The Lips Say Yes And The Heart Says No

The image displays a piano arrangement of the chorus for the piece "When The Lips Say Yes And The Heart Says No". The score is presented in six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the right hand is characterized by a waltz-like feel, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the sixth system.

THE KID.

(Continued from page 8)

to devote more time to associating with little girls."

"Aw, gee, mamma," he pouted, "I don't wanna go to the party. I hate goils; goils ain't no good. They're all snitchers and tattletales."

Gladys was horrified.

"Theodore, how CAN you say such terrible things! And your language—it is shameful! Goils ain't no good. Such an expression. Say, 'aren't' or 'is not' or 'are not.' Never say 'ain't.'"

"Well, then, goils is not no good," he responded wearily.

His mother sank back against the cushions in despair. The situation was hopeless.

"Theodore," she scolded, when she had recovered her composure, "you MUST go to Alice Granger's party, and that's all there is to it. And don't ever say that girls are no good. I forbid it!"

"Aw gee, mom, I don't wanna go."

Gladys frowned.

"I said you are going. And another thing; I want you to stop saying 'Aw, gee.' It's a fearful habit, and you must break yourself of it."

"But I hate parties, mamma," protested the Kid, pleadingly. "Can't I stay home? What good are parties, anyway?"

"That's enough, Theodore. I said you are going."

"Aw, gee!"

Gladys looked at him sternly. The Kid lowered his head, muttered something unintelligible, and slouched sullenly to the hall. He stood at the door a moment, hands in his pockets.

"I ain't goin, mamma," he suddenly blurted out.

Gladys had always kept her temper well in hand, but now it rose to the surface in a flash of exasperation. She jumped up and started toward him, determined to show her authority for once and for all time, much as she loathed the idea of spanking him. But the Kid surprised what was coming, and he darted up the stairs. She stopped abruptly, and might have returned to the sitting room had Theodore been discreet enough to let well enough alone. But suddenly there came from the floor above a dismal sobbing "Aw, gee!"

That was adding mockery to insult, and in a burst of rage Gladys gathered her skirts about her and ran up the stairs. The Kid heard her coming, and with another careful "Aw, gee," he ran through the hall, leaped into his room and closed and locked the door. Gladys reached the door just as the lock clicked into place, panting breathlessly, her cheeks flaming with anger and indignation.

"You unlock that door, Theodore," she commanded. "You know what will happen if you disobey me."

She heard him sobbing, and then in a muffled voice:

"Aw gee, m-mamma—p-please."

She clenched her hands with rage. "Theodore, if you don't open that door I'll spank you within an inch of your life. Open that door immediately!"

There came another sob, followed by a stifled chuckle.

"But, mamma, you can't spank me—the door is locked."

Gladys detected, or thought she did, a slight tinge of mockery in his voice. The mere idea of it aroused her to fury. Her OWN son laughing at her, ridiculing her! Tears of shame and rage coursed down her cheeks. She beat upon the door with her fists.

"Theodore, you open that door!"

She seized the knob and tugged and pulled at it with all her strength. The more she struggled the angrier she became. She pounded on the panels, and threw her weight against the door, but it availed her nothing. In the end she stopped from sheer exhaustion. In place of the great rage which had possessed her there came a feeling of overwhelming grief and shame. Yes, shame of the position her boy had placed her in; grief to think that she had allowed her temper to overcome her usual imperturbable demeanor.

Presently she sat down at the top of the stairs.

(Continued on page 18, 4th column)



SKIPPER, EDGROY AND BEEVES—in vaudeville.

OLNR GOSSIP.

(Continued from page 8)

times. "Get it, now—altogether—ready—There's—"

"There's no use sighing, there's no use crying—la, ra, ra, ra, ra—"

"Wait a minute—stop!" I shouted, putting up my hands and looking at them. "Who's singing ra-ra-ra?"

"I am," admitted Doc. "I forgot the words."

"Listen, Bob," put in Sal, "let me sing bass."

"Rockey's singing bass," I said. "I know, but we've got a first tenor and a second tenor, so why can't we have a first bass and a second bass?"

"That's right," chuckled Doc. "Let Rocky sing first base, Sal second base, Rattles shortstop, and me third base; then we'll have a regular baseball quartette."

"Haw, haw," howled Rattles, 'gat's a thood one—mean that's a good one. Doc will sing third base—I mean third base—and I'll sing shortstop—I mean

"Alright, Rattles," I soothed him, "we know what you mean."

"Aw, shut up," he snapped.

"We'll try that again fellows—ready?" I asked.

"Alright—let her go—There's—"

"There's no use sighing—"

"There's no use sighing—OUCH! cut it out!" cried Rattles.

"What's the matter with you, Rattles?" I demanded, looking at him angrily.

"Rockey rounced me in the ribs—I mean Rocky punched me in the ribs," snapped Rattles, glaring at Pete.

"What did you whack him for, Rocky?" I asked.

"He gets me sick," grumbled Rocky. "He gets all twisted, sings the song backwards; inside out and every way but the right way, and locks us all out of tune. I'm going stand next to Sal," and he moved over alongside of Laurie.

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles. "You stink you're a thinger—I mean you think you're a singer."

"Well, I know more about it than you do," growled Rocky. "I sang with the Boston Philharmonic So-

ciety once."

"That ain't a quartette, you stomp," scoffed Doc.

"No! Then what is it, smarty?"

"It's a brass band!" ejaculated Laurie.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Doc and Rattles.

"Punoy, ain't it?" sneered Rocky.

"Haw, haw," howled Rattles. "Rockey sang with the Boston Philharmonic Society—I mean the Boston Philharmonic Society. It's a brass band and Rocky sang brass bug—I mean bass drum."

"If I was you, Rattles," said Sal solemnly, "I'd go to a doctor and have my tongue cut off. I'd rather be speechless than be like you."

"Why don't you hold your tongue when you talk?" sneered Rocky.

"Then it wouldn't get all twisted."

"Aw, shut up," snapped Rattles.

"Can't you fellows act like gentlemen?" I pleaded earnestly. "Think—just think of the future ahead of you. I'll bill you as Christensen's Four Boys and you'll win fame and fortune in no time. And think how proud Axel W. Christensen will be of you. Why he'll bless you in his declining years, the 'old stiff.' He

might even buy you a drink." The four of them looked at me sadly.

"Come on, now," I concluded, seeing that I had made an impression, "we'll try that bar again."

"Where's the bartender?" chuckled Doc.

"Wait one moment," growled Rocky, rolling up his sleeves. "This guy is still asleep—he don't realize that we're takin' singing lessons; he thinks this is a gin mill." After I hit him he'll know the difference.

"Cut that roughneck stuff out, Rocky," I warned him, beginning to get mad. Rocky's a nice feller, but he's never happy unless he can bust somebody in the nose. I don't like that business and I said so.

"Now let's get together and rush this thing through," I concluded.

"Now—ready—let her go—There's—"

"There's no use sighing, there's no use crying,

There's no use raising Cain; If Axel was here he'd buy the beer—ha, ha, ha—WOW!"

That got my goat! I jumped up and walked away from the piano. Can you imagine it? Me sitting there at the piano like a darn fool, giving four dopey backbands hours after hour of my valuable time, trying with all my heart and soul to make singers out of them and—oh, what's the use of talking! It was disgusting.

Rattles was laughing like a lunatic with a fit, talking backwards, inside out, upside down and every other way, dancing around and holding his sides like a stomp.

"Come on, Bob," said Doc. "We'll cut out the kidding and sing it right."

"Nothing doing," I retorted. "What do you guys take me for? There I sit, trying to make a real quartette out of you ginks, workin' like a dog, and instead of paying attention to my instructions and following me—instead of concentrating your thoughts on the work, you guys are thinking of beer. That's all you guys ever think of—beer, beer, beer. Rocky would commit murder for a keg. Fine thing!"

"Haw, Haw, Haw!" howled Rattles, rolling all over the floor in a fit of uproarious laughter. "Got do we ways fare him tor? I mean—oh, haw-haw-haw!"

"Somebody oughta take that thing out and throw it in the ash can," undered Rocky contemptuously.

"That's why you fellows will never amount to anything in this world," I went on, panning them good. "Doc is a one-horse dentist—why? Beer! He has brains yes, but they're soaked to hops. Look at Rattles—rollin' all over the floor like a washmelon. He was a brilliant artist some years ago, but he drank so much beer that it made him tongue-tied and now he can't say three words without getting twisted. Look at Rocky—he was born on a horse. He's a clever writer—yeah, when he's

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drunk, and before he first smelled beer ago he was a rising engineer. Today he could ride any kind of a wild horse. he's my secretary. Why? Beer? Now he can't even ride an elevator. Why? Beer! Look at Sal—three years

and before he was a rising engineer. Today he's my secretary. Why? Beer? And look at you, growled Rocky sarcastically. "Three years ago you

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were a fish peddler, and today you're a dirty louse!

"Hey, cut that, Pete!" exclaimed Sal, as he reached out his hand and slapped Rattles to his feet. "This is gonna be published. The people who read THE RAGTIME REVIEW will take us for a lot of bums."

"Don't mind him, Bob," soothed Doc, walking over and patting me on the back. "Rocky don't know any better. We know you're a good fellow."

"That's Rocky every time," snorted Sal. "Soon as we start some refined comedy he has to spoil it with a remark like that."

"Oh, is THAT so?" snarled Rocky, doubling up his fists. "Now you're gonna blame the whole thing on me, huh?"

That started the whole thing. Before I could say boo Rocky let loose with a terrific swing. He missed Sal's face by a fraction and—Biff!

Doc got the blow square on the ear and went down without a murmur. I tried to interfere but was too late. Sal caught Rocky on the nose with a straight left jab. Rocky staggered back and bumped into Rattles, and they both fell up against a piano. Sal aimed another blow at Rocky just as I got in his way. It landed on my eye instead. With a snarl of justifiable rage I turned on Sal for hitting me, while Rattles kicked Rocky for bumping into him. Sal and I were fighting like two wildcats, swinging, jabbing and pounding each other back and fourth and all around the studio. Rocky swung a haymaker on Rattles' jaw and the kid flew half way across the studio and crashed into Doc, who was just getting up, dazed and bleary. Doc tripped him neatly, gave him a shove, and Rattles bit the floor. Then, so dazed that he couldn't see straight, Doc takes me for Rocky and plants a beat on my eye. Half wild by this time, I was fighting he and Sal together, when Rocky gives a whoop and comes tearing in, hitting me right and left.

It was awful. Smash, buff and smack—swing, jab and hook—pant, curse and kick—clench, break and jolt—fighting like a lot of crazy fools over nothing. Everybody bit everybody else. At one time Rocky smashed Sal a wallop on the jaw that lifted Laurie off his feet and knocked him on his back clean across the studio. Doc and I hit Rocky at the same time with fierce swings and Rattles came to and jumped on the big blond as he was going down, punching and kicking. Then Sal, so mad that he couldn't see straight, dropped me flat on my back with an awful smash and Doc biffed him a couple of times on the eyes and nose. Rocky and me got up at the same time and went for each other. We had just started to mix it up when Sal knocked Rocky flat with a right handed welt to the chin. I jumped on Sal and Rattles pounced on me. Doc sailed into Rattles and it was an uproar. We fought all over the place, smashing pictures, tearing down posters, breaking partitions, scratching up the pianos and everything. We didn't notice Rocky who, mad as a bull, finally rose to his feet, grabbed a chair, swung it over his head and let it fly at the whole bunch of us.

That chair whizzed over our heads like a catapult, crashed through the window shattering glass all over the place and landed somewhere by the street below. Amazed and frightened, we stopped fighting and glared at Rocky.

"Come on, you slobs!" he roared, spitting on his fists.

We didn't wait for a second invitation—he had started the fight, anyway. The four of us made a dash for him. We drove him back against the wall, fighting like madmen, and after a short, fierce fight he went down, covered with blood. He was knocked out, alright, but I don't know whose punch finished him, mine or Laurie's. Doc sat on him while Rattles got some rope. Then

THE KID.

(Continued from page 17)

stairs and wept. Theodore's conduct had pierced her to the heart. Nothing could have caused her greater pain and agony. In her wretchedness she was oblivious to everything. Consequently, she did not hear the click of a lock, nor did she see the Kid open the door and poke out his curly head. He stood there, staring at her disconsolately, while Gladys sobbed as if her heart would break.

Then he tiptoed over to her. A little head suddenly pressed close to her own, a comforting arm crept around her neck. She tried to draw away, but another little arm assisted the first, holding her in a tight clasp and bringing her forward.

"Aw gee, mamma, please don't cry. I—I didn't mean it, mom—honest I didn't. I'll go to the party. I'll go to a million parties for you," and his voice faltered.

Gladys pressed his tear-stained face to hers and kissed him impulsively. When she looked at his eyes they were swimming in tears, like her own, and for a long time they both sat there and cried. When it was all over the Kid's arms were flung lovingly about her, and his blond head was pressed close to her dark one. Then, even though he was a big boy (as boys of eight are often called) she lifted him to her shapely arms and carried him down to the kitchen, kissing and fondling and cooing over him just as she had done when he was but a baby.

When the Kid got back from Sunday school the following Sunday morning Gladys' heart was fluttering with excitement. Alice's party would be the first Theodore had ever attended, and she was anxious that his appearance be immaculate, and that his manners were conspicuously impeccable. She had coached him tirelessly since Friday on the proper way to manipulate knife and fork, the modern form of acknowledging an introduction, and the many details comprising social etiquette. For a boy of eight the Kid was really a splendid little dancer, but Gladys feared that he would refuse to dance at the party. At dancing school he had seldom mingled with the little girls who attended, showing a marked preference for dancing with his mother or the teachers.

Gladys made him promise faithfully that he would ask the girls at the party to dance with him. She told him repeatedly that wall flowers never amounted to anything. When the clock struck two she helped the Kid with his coat. It was her intention to accompany him to the door of the Granger home, but Theodore insisted upon going unescorted. He claimed that people would take him for a baby if they saw him going to a party with his mother. The statement brought a smile from Arthur, and he remarked to his wife that he believed it would be better if the Kid went alone, for it was only next door. Gladys decided that he was right, and after kissing them and carefully listening to his mother's final instructions, Theodore left.

It was after six o'clock, just as Gladys went to the kitchen to prepare a cold supper, when the Kid returned. Gladys was in the act of taking some plates from the pantry shelf, and as she turned, she saw him standing in the doorway.

She eyed him in dismay, and gave vent to a startled gasp.

"Por goodness sakes, Theodore, what happened to you? Look at your face—and your collar and clothes! Where were you?"

The Kid was a sight. His face was smeared and streaked with dirt and mud; his hair stuck out in a disordered mass all over his head and forehead; his collar was covered with mud. What was left of his coat, ripped and torn from shoulders to sleeves, might have induced a "high cash item" peddler to part with ten cents.

"Gee, mamma, I hadda buncha fun," he said, striding forward.

"Oh, dear, you'll be the death of me," moaned Gladys, throwing herself in a chair hopelessly.

The Kid seemed astonished. "Aw, gee, I didn't do nothin'. The party was punk—you know, a lotta mollies. They wasn't no good for fun. So me an' Jimmy Ackers an' Paul Warren and Ike Meddy went for a walk after they dished out eats. Jimmy

seen a mud-pile an' started to make mud pies to t'row at Herbert Collins, who is a darned sassy. He got all thar' knees in thar' kissin' games, an' Jimmy didn't git none. Me an' Paul wouldn't play an' Alice got mad at me. Well, we helped Jimmy make mud pies, an' just as we hadda bunch ready Herbert Collins comes walkin' out with two other fellers. Jimmy chucked one, an' gee—ho, ho, Herbert got it straight in the eye. Ho, ho."

Gladys was speechless. The Kid laughed gleefully and continued:

"Herbert got mad an' started to bawl. He run over to another pile an' him an' thar' other fellers began to chuck mud at us. We hadda peach of a fight. We won, too. We captured Herbert an' stuck his head in thar' mud an' rolled thar' other fellers in it. It was—"

"Theodore!" Gladys, who had been shocked beyond expression, finally managed to utter his name helplessly.

The Kid looked at her wonderingly. He couldn't understand.

For several minutes his mother was unable to speak. Shame had rendered her inarticulate. It was only by a supreme effort that she collected her feeble senses, and even then she trembled with agitation.

"Tell me the rest," she finally said, compressing her lips.

"Well, we were puttin' it all over 'em when Mrs. Granger came out an' took Herbert's part. Then Alice butted in an' put her arms round his neck. That made me mad, an' I busted him in the nose an'—"

"Theodore—oh, Theodore, you're terrible," moaned Gladys. Never had she suffered such a shock. Ever since the Kid had been old enough to grasp the principles of speech Gladys had devoted many precious hours to his education. She had always abhorred slang, and insisted that he avoid colloquial expressions. Not even Arthur dared to revert to the vernacular in her presence. And how hard she had worked to make a perfect little gentleman out of Theodore! What did the neighbors' children think of him—of her? And what would Mrs. Granger say? Gladys dreaded the outcome of his atrocious conduct, and her mind was in a turmoil. Her boy fighting. She shuddered.

"You go right upstairs to bed," she said, her voice quivering. "Your conduct has been shameful and your language is a disgrace. No supper for you tonight—understand me? And tomorrow I'm going to teach you how to talk and act like a little gentleman; not like a ragamuffin."

"Aw gee, mom," pleaded the Kid. "I didn't—"

Gladys stamped her foot angrily. "Don't you DARE say 'Aw, gee' again! Go to your room this minute!"

She heard him groping his way up the steps. To concentrate her mind upon her work after this was an impossibility. The Kid's actions had stunned her. She felt as if his conduct had brought endless disgrace upon herself and her husband. Arthur would have to punish him severely this time; there was no other way out of it. Leaving her work stand, she hurried into the library. Arthur was leaning back contentedly in the big armchair, his feet resting on a table, his face buried in the Sunday papers. He looked up as she entered.

"Has the Kid returned?" he asked, smiling.

Gladys seated herself in the rocker and made a gesture of despair.

"Yes, and I just sent him to his room." Sanford tossed aside his paper and removed his feet from the table.

"Why, what's the trouble, woman?" "Oh, Arthur, that boy will drive me crazy. I am sorry I ever persuaded him to attend little Alice Granger's party. He's disgraced us."

"Disgraced us? For goodness sake, Gladys, what has he done this time?"

She narrated the particulars. Her husband's face grew very stern at the beginning, and he appeared to be angrier than she had ever seen him. But as she continued his features relaxed, and gradually an expression of amusement crept into his face. When she described the mud battle he struggled to suppress his mirth, and

(Continued on page 20, 4th column)

GIKE GOSSIP

(Continued from page 8)

we tied his hands and feet so he couldn't even budge. Finally he came to.

"Who threw a ton of bricks at me?" he gasped.

"Are you goiner behave like a gentleman should?" we panted, ignoring his query.

"I'll put it on the whole crowd," he snarled, trying to rise but falling back helplessly as he realized he was bound hand and foot.

It had been our first intention to duck him head first in a big pail of beer, but an unexpected remark by Sal Laurie changed our plans.

"Listen, Rocky," said Sal grimly, "you seem to think you're a fighter, don't you?"

Rocky flashed him a look of contempt.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," continued Sal. "If you'll promise not to start anything we'll untie you. Then two weeks from Saturday night I'll fight you, with boxing gloves, and Bob or Doc can referee. Two weeks' training will put me to good condition."

"That's a go," palpitated Rocky eagerly. "I'll—"

"What's the matter with you, Sal?" I interrupted, in astonishment. "Are you going plumb daffy?"

I stared at him, truly bewildered. Rocky is an awful big feller, heavier, taller and stronger than Sal, and to give him credit, he can scrap like a wildcat. In addition, he had been in the ring five or six years ago when a merc kid, and he was fast, scientific and dead game, with a terrific punch in his left hand. I knew that Sal was a clever boxer, but I figured that Rocky outclassed him. I don't want to see a friend of mine get killed. I appealed to Doc.

"Oh, I don't know about that," reported Doc, with an air. "I'm beginning to believe myself that Rocky is full of gas. I think Sal can put it on him if he's properly trained. Let them fight it out in the studios two weeks from Saturday. We can get rope and gymnasium mats, and lay out a regular twenty-four foot ring. They can use six ounce boxing gloves, fight it out round by round—that is, three minute rounds, for about six rounds. I'll referee."

"Nothing doing," snapped Rocky. "Let it be a finish fight, round by round, and I'll select the referee."

"Who?" demanded Doc and Rattles.

"Axel W. Christensen is the only man for me. I don't trust you guys; I think you're partial to Sal."

"That's good enough for me," agreed Sal. "A finish fight, round by round, with Christensen as referee."

"Aw, Sal," pleaded Rattles and I, and we begged him not to fight Rocky. But Laurie was adamant.

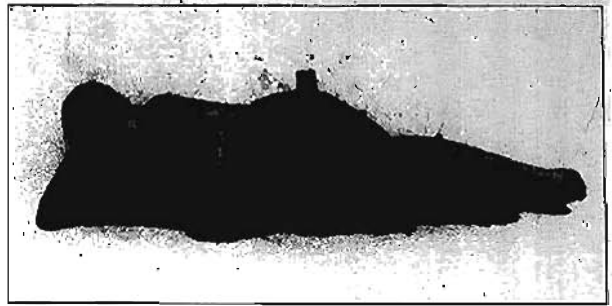
"I know I can lick that guy," he declared firmly, "and I'm goiner do it."

I felt mighty bad about it, but there was no arguing with Sal. He meant it. But I got mad after awhile.

"You're my friend, Sal," I said, "but I'll bet you get knocked out in three rounds. I've seen Rocky fight, and I know what he can do."

"I'll take you up on that," put in Doc. "Give me odds!"

I put up fifty dollars to twenty-five that Sal would go down for the count in three rounds. Then we untied Rocky and the bunch of us washed up. We looked like baked ham. Rattles had a lump on his jaw, his left eye was somewhat swollen, and a gash on his cheek was cut open; Sal had one black eye, swelled to three times its normal size, and was bleeding from his nose and mouth; Doc had a bloody nose and his eye and lips were puffed up; I had two big lumps under my eyes, and I bled like a stuck pig from the nose. Rocky was a sight. He was covered with blood—his eyes, nose, lips, hair,



MAZULLA (Great) Dancer, well known in vaudeville and cabaret.

collar and shirt. There was an ugly cut on his forehead, and both his eyes were beginning to close.

When I realized that the boys were as determined as two bulldogs to fight it out, I sent a telegram to Chicago, addressed to Axel W. Christensen, asking him to be in New York to referee the bout. I also sent out invitations to J. Forrest Thompson and F. G. Corbett. You'll hear all about the big fight in next month's issue.

But, boss, all Ah got in dis world is dis here five-cent piece."

So protested Cal, the colored porter in the Federal Life Building barber shop in Chicago in the course of the recent Liberty Loan campaign. C. M. Connell, a member of the "Flying Squadron" of bond salesmen, had

dropped in for a shave, and was urging the shop employes to take some of Uncle Sam's war bonds.

"Go ahead, Cal, and take a bond," urged Wallace, one of the barbers. "But Ah tell you Ah ain't got but dis here five-cent piece," repeated Cal. "You go ahead and subscribe for a \$50 bond," ordered Wallace. "Here's 95 cents I'll lead you to make up the initial 20 per cent payment on it. You pay me off first, and then start in on the \$49 you'll owe the government. It'll do you good to learn the savings habit."

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Cal had made his November payment, and says he will meet the De-

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Cincinnati, Ohio

ember and January payments without much trouble. And he declares he will be in line when Uncle Sam asks for another loan.

"Liberty Loan salesmen should never assume that any one is too unimportant to be worth solicitation," said A. C. MacMahon, sales manager of the National Cash Register Company, recently. "Take Eddie Carlson in our office, for instance. Eddie is eighteen years old and is a truck boy. When subscriptions were being sought nobody made any special effort to reach Eddie, but he himself tackled a salesman and subscribed for a \$50 bond.

"Everybody in the office assumed that this would be one of the \$1 down and \$1 a week series, but next morning Eddie came to the office with \$50 in cold cash. That money was what he had saved from his wages, and it had never been in a bank. It was absolutely new money, so far as the circulating total of the nation was concerned, and that is just the sort of money Uncle Sam wants to get out—the money that is laying idle,

being accumulated here and there, bit by bit."

Duncan Rowles walked into Song Lung's laundry at East 63rd street and Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago. "Buy a bond—a Liberty bond?" he asked.

"Lib'ry bond? Who's he?" inquired Song Lung. "No catch 'em shirt belongs Mister Lib'ry Bond here."

"You don't understand," said Rowles, who then explained the world's greatest investment.

"Savvy 'tton much," said Song Lung at last. "Another 'ttongs me in 'tton—he got a 'tton make for soldier. I buy fifty doll's 'tton—make pay 'ttongs, wash, ev'ing 'ttongs my 'tton's boy while he waits for 'tton."

Charlie Schultz, who operates an exceedingly prosperous school of ragtime in Milwaukee, has been busy training a new teacher, Miss Dunce, one of his former pupils. This makes the second assistant that Mr. Schultz has at the present time. Charlie has also been very busy looking for more space

as his studios are now in a very congested condition due to the big business he is handling.

Miss Edythe Horne had been placed in charge of the Boston Christensen school during the absence of Mr. Corbett and is certainly handling affairs in a business-like manner. Miss Horne is not only a wonderful player of ragtime, but also an exceptionally fine teacher, possessing all those qualities that go to make a good teacher, such as charming personality, courtesy, patience, willingness and ability to make each and every lesson very plain and clear to each individual pupil. As a consequence it is a very rare exception for her school to lose a pupil and practically an everyday occurrence for pupils now studying ragtime at that school to be so well pleased with their progress as to bring in their friends and acquaintances to enroll. Both Miss Horne and her chief assistant, Miss Little, have had the advantage of a thorough personal drilling by Mr. Christensen. We are expecting a nice article from Miss Horne to appear in *Studio Notes of The Ractrack Review* in the near future.

THE KID.

(Continued from page 18)

then, to her surprise and mortification, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, Arthur," she gasped indignantly, "what ARE you laughing at?"

"Sinford made a desperate effort to choke down his mirth, but the effort was too much and he gasped, gurgled, and emitted another roar.

Gladys flung back her head and walked to the door, her pretty face flushed with anger. But he was too quick for her. He sprang to his feet and put a staying arm around her waist.

"Don't be foolish, pet," he chuckled breathlessly. "I didn't want to be rude, sweetheart. You MUST see the humorous side of it. We'll have to improve the Kid, of course, but he is only a boy with a boy's inherent instincts. We can't combat with nature, Gladys. He did nothing that any healthy, fun-loving lad wouldn't do, and all men were boys with boyish faults once upon a time. I know how you feel, girl, but we've got to be broad about it. Why, Gladys I've done ten times worse."

"She pouted prettily.

"I HAVE been broad about it. But I could never reconcile myself to the idea that Theodore should not be severely punished for his conduct. Why, he acted like a common loafer!"

Arthur drew her very close, and his very blue eyes looked steadily into her very brown ones.

"Nonsense," he soothed, deprecatingly. "I'll admit that he deserves to be punished, and he will be punished. But you don't want the Kid to develop into a hopeless, spineless mollycoddle, do you? I'm sure you're just as anxious as I am to see the Kid become a manly, self-reliant chap, capable of mingling with all classes, and able to take care of himself in a pinch."

"She lowered her eyes.

"No, no, I wouldn't want him to be effeminate, but Arthur, dear, his actions today were as culpable that—"

"Yes, I know it, Gladys. You leave that to me—I'll attend to it."

"She sighed wearily.

"Very well, Arthur. I'll call him down for supper."

"Just one kiss first," he pleaded.

Gladys puckered up her lips submissively and closed her eyes.

"Tommy and I are going upstairs to prepare for the final exams, ma."

Gladys looked up from the newspaper. The Kid stood in the doorway, a pile of books under his left arm. A tall, dark-eyed, handsome looking boy peeped over his right shoulder. Tommy Ackworth was Theodore's best chum, and Gladys was very fond of him. And as the Kid had never been on friendly terms with the word STUDY, she was both surprised and delighted that he and Tommy were going to study diligently for the coming examinations at school.

"I am glad to hear that," she said, smiling in approval. "You and Tommy may go right up to your room."

The two boys ran up the stairs and Gladys dropped the newspaper and thoughtfully gazed out the window. She was more than pleased to think that the Kid had decided to accomplish something worthy without any urging from her. He was fifteen years old now, and behind in his studies, for he should have graduated a year ago. Gladys felt sorry for him in a way, for she knew his chances for graduation this year were very slim. The Kid's report card was not pleasant to gaze upon. But rather than discourage him she held her peace.

Gladys' ideas on child rearing had gone to smash long ago. Though the shock had grieved her considerably, and the revelation had been followed by long periods of excruciating agony, she finally adopted an attitude of passivity. To Arthur, of course, the change was hardly noticeable, for he had always been inexpressible in his contention that Gladys' opinions were flawless and would never transform or wane.

The Kid was just what his mother had hoped he would not be. In the past four years he had participated in a dozen fat

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a dozen more that she knew nothing about His companions proudly asserted that he had never been licked. He was the possessor of nearly a score of medals and prizes for running, jumping and swimming, and some of the "write-ups" he received in the newspapers commented glowingly on his prowess as a young athlete. One paper stated that he was the best all-around athlete in the Public Schools Athletic League. Nor was this the limit to the Kid's versatility. He was catcher and captain of the baseball team, which had recently won the championship, and a splendid young football player.

In his studies the Kid was just the opposite. Had the merit list been turned upside down his name would have been found at the top. Much as Gladys loathed fighting, football and other sports (for Theodore regarded fighting as a sport) she was obviously pleased when his name appeared in the papers time and again. But try as she might, she simply could not get him to study or mingle with girls. She pleaded, she scolded, she wept and she coaxed, but it never brought the desired results. And, finally she ceased her urgings entirely.

Deep in her heart Gladys doubted if the Kid would stick to his intention—the one he had made this afternoon. He might apply himself to his studies for a few days, provided Tommy Ackworth had the perseverance to stay with him, but she was certain that it was merely a whim. However, she was given cause for surprise when he came home with Tommy next day, and they both disappeared for several hours. And she was more than astonished when this happened the next day, and the next and the next. She spoke to her husband about it.

"Really," she said warmly, "Theodore is getting to be quite studious. This has been going on for five days now, and honestly, dear, I feel sorry for the poor boy. He's trying so hard, and I know it will avail him nothing. He is so far behind in his studies now that nothing short of ninety per cent in the final examinations will assure his graduation.

Sanford shook his head, as though a little perplexed.

"I can't understand the Kid at all," he confessed, contracting his eyebrows. "He's a Chinese puzzle to me. His one redeeming quality seems to be determination. Once he decides to do anything, his patience and perseverance seem to be inexhaustible."

Gladys felt very sad on the day which was to decide whether the Kid would be graduated or remain in school for another six months. She was unalterably certain that he would come home broken-hearted. That morning she kissed and hugged him fondly, and repeatedly told him not to feel bad if his final examination marks were below the standard required for graduation. But the Kid sippantly retorted that he knew his marks were among the highest! The conceit of him! Gladys would have been overjoyed if he just passed, but among the highest—it nearly took her breath away.

She was beside herself with anxiety all morning. At a quarter past three that afternoon she heard his voice outside. She sprang to her feet in a turmoil of excitement and opened the door.

The Kid stood before her, his cap poised on an angle of his curly head, his rosy face wreathed in smiles.

"Theodore! You graduated?" Her voice was filled with incredulity.

The Kid strutted before her proudly and stuck out his chest.

"Graduate? Did you say graduate, mamma? You bet your life I did! I led the whole darn class in the final exam marks. I got one hundred per cent in history, eighty-five in mathematics, ninety in grammar, and seventy-eight in literature and composition."

Gladys gasped in amazement. For a moment she was rendered dumb. Was it possible that she and Arthur had depreciated the Kid's ability? Had they done him an injustice? Then, with a little, half-suppressed cry of pride and delight, she seized him in her arms and showered a deluge of motherly kisses on his flushed face. A hundred times she hugged him and told him

(Continued on page 22 1st column.)

FROM SPRINGFIELD.

On Friday, December 7, Mr. Christensen was playing at Chatterton's Theatre in Springfield, Ill., and after the show he stopped in at the dance we were playing for at the Lincoln School. This is a weekly dance given by the Patrons' Club of the Lincoln School and for the past year (since our orchestra has been playing there) has been a success.

When Mr. Christensen came in, everyone in the place seemed to feel his presence, and they all waited to hear the man that invented real ragtime play. As he responded to the encores, the applause was greater.

This certainly was a great ad for me, and I certainly thank Mr. Christensen for helping me out and showing the people what can be done on the piano by the "Christensen System."

J. N. ROCHE.

AT PITTSBURGH.

I have a very enthusiastic pupil who is up in the sixties, and he is going to be a ragtime artist if he spends the remainder of his days doing his daily hour's practice. Another pupil of mature years testifies that if a person cannot learn to play ragtime, they cannot learn anything, as everything is so plain and so interesting that he is always glad to prepare the lessons assigned him.

I am working on a ragtime waltz, or rather one that is going to be all ready to convert into ragtime without building the chords first, but have not gotten it to shape for THE RAGTIME REVIEW as yet, but hope it will get some recognition from the EDITOR when it arrives.

I had a very distinguished visitor in the person of Mr. F. G. Corbitt, a short time ago, and in the course of the conversation we discovered we were both from the same stamping ground, namely, the Queen City of the West. Mr. Corbitt is an efficiency expert when it comes to schools of ragtime.

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, 1917, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Axel W. Christensen, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor 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 in for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 448, Penal Laws and Regulations, printed in its entirety in this form, to-wit: (1) That the names and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Christensen School of Popular Music, Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Axel W. Christensen, Chicago, Ill.; Associate Editor, John LaMour; Business Manager, Dora. (2) That the owners are: Christensen School of Popular Music, Chicago; Axel W. Christensen, Chicago; Edw. J. Mallaghy, St. Louis; Geo. T. Schulte, Chicago, Ill. (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: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, first of 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 under which a full knowledge and belief as to the correctness and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as transferees and stockholders 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 herein stated by him.

AXEL CHRISTENSEN
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 5th day of September, 1917. H. P. CARR.
My commission expires May 10, 1918.

It was her first lesson and she seemed a little nervous, so I said, "Say, little girl, you're not inclined to be nervous are you?" "Oh, a little," was her answer. "Forget it—just imagine it as your big brother sitting along side of you," I said reassuringly. "Say," she replied, "if my brother ever spoke to me as nice as you do I'd throw a fit."

I made the same remark to another pupil one time and this is the answer I got: "Well, I haven't got a real brother, but I have promised to be a sister to quite a few fellows and you can join the family in the same way," and she looked the part too.

Izzora Webster of the St. Paul ragtime school has engaged Prof. Robt. Drew to take charge of the violin pupils. He is a clever young man and he expects to have enough pupils to keep him busy. The street car strike in St. Paul threatened to cripple business for a week or two. Service was entirely suspended Sunday, Dec. 2nd.

Our Boston correspondent says: That a pupil of Miss Horne's has stopped drinking since taking the ragtime course.

That a charming young man on the ninth floor has lost his heart over Miss Horne's piano playing.

That Miss Clark, who is completing her course gave her teacher a photo, and wishes the teacher to use her name at any time, in highest approval of the system of teaching.

That Miss Horne's school booked 60 pupils in three weeks.

That Miss Poress, an advanced pupil, is playing the Poet and Peasant overture in ragtime, with a very good swing.

That Miss Little will be a war bride, and continue to teach ragtime.

That Mr. Snow who is just completing his course, is only fifteen years old. He will take up a classical course with Miss Horne.

MINNEAPOLIS.

I wish you folks could meet Mrs. W., one of my very interesting pupils. She is always planning surprises for her hubby, she calling him "Friend Husband."

I think that is a very appropriate name, don't you? He happens to be a traveling man and she is always surprising him with some new song or rag when he comes home.

They both love ragtime and a good many times she says he washes the dishes to let her practice so she can make quicker progress, because she's so anxious.

Mrs. V.—happens to be an Englander, has a very sweet personality, making it more pleasant than ever to be in her company. She always says to me, "Miss Yeager, I'm getting along famously, aren't I?" She told me something I never realized before, that there is no spot in England that is more than 48 miles from the coast. I told her that we couldn't brag about a coast line around Minneapolis.

Well, nevertheless, things in music are going along very nicely with Mrs. V. as well as the rest of my pupils.
BESSIE YEAGER.

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(Please mention the Ragtime Review when writing)

Miss Jennie Grzbowska, starting under Mr. Schwartz at Buffalo without knowing a note, at the end of 20 lessons is able to play very creditably, besides all the pieces in the book, several difficult rags, as well as several Polish songs.

Mrs. E. S. Dougall began taking lessons under Miss Smith at Detroit and after moving to Buffalo resumed her studies there, and bids fair to become a member of the Musicians' Union.

Mr. Wm. Sandel, his course just completed, was offered the management of a new school of ragtime at Lancaster, N. Y. Studio, and will accept the same in the near future.

Miss Edna Hoffman, an advanced musical student and a graduate of the Boston ragtime school is now devoting a portion of her time to the teaching of real ragtime under the direction of Miss Horne and is meeting with splendid success and thoroughly enjoys the work.

THE KID.

(Continued from page 21)

how proud he had made her.

The demonstration of pride and affection lasted over two hours. Then, and then only, did Gladys allow him to go out. In her great joy she could hardly wait till Arthur came home. The very fact that the Kid had graduated would have been sufficient cause for happiness, but with such a wonderful percentage! She actually cried with delight.

When Sanford walked in Gladys ran into his arms, and he was unspeakably

astonished when she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him impulsively. Gladys was not usually demonstrative, and he looked at her in confusion for some time before he found his voice.

"What in the—" he began, bewildered. "Oh, Arthur," she interrupted impetuously, "wait till you hear the good news," and she proceeded to unravel the story.

"By golly, that kid's the smartest ever," he declared enthusiastically, when she had finished. "had begun to think he was a marvel physically, and a pauper mentally. Now he turns around and proves to us that he's just as competent intellectually. Why, Gladys, he actually accomplished more in two weeks preparation than all the rest of his schoolmates achieved in a whole term. It's wonderful!"

"I think he's a little wonder, Arthur," declared Gladys.

Sanford shook his head and stuck out his chest.

"Gladys, he's a chip of the old block."

"Oh, you needn't take ALL the credit, Mr. Vain," she informed him, tossing her head in defiance and emitting a haughty snort.

Sanford held her close and laughed heartily.

"I don't want all the credit," he chuckled. "I'm perfectly willing to divide it. But it's all the Kid's—we're out of it!"

Of course, Gladys simply COULD not keep the good news to herself and Arthur. She called up her mother and told her all about it. Mrs. Merlin was delighted, and she promised faithfully to be over with Mr. Merlin after supper.

The Kid was extremely taciturn at the table, refusing to comment upon his accomplishment, and accepting the profuse praises of his mother and father with implacable silence. A few minutes later he excused himself, saying he had to bring a book over to Tommy's house, and promising to return within an hour.

It was after eight o'clock when Gladys' mother and father arrived.

"Isn't it wonderful?" cried Gladys, kissing them and helping Mrs. Merlin with her coat.

Papa Merlin smiled and nodded his gray head. "The Kid put one over on us this time, Gladys."

Mrs. wife threw him a withering glance.

"The whole trouble with you people is that you lack observational powers," she said ironically. "I, for one, am not the least bit surprised. I knew that boy would accomplish something once he started."

Presently the Kid marched in. He greeted his grandmother with a kiss and a boyish hug, and wrung his grand-dad's hand.

"You don't know how proud I feel!" whispered Grandma Merlin, holding him tight and looking into his blue eyes.

"Teddy, you're a marvel," asserted his grandfather.

"Please, dear, tell us how you did it," pleaded Gladys, sitting next to her mother.

The Kid flushed, awkwardly stuck his hands in his pockets, and faced them.

"There was nothin' to it. Two weeks ago me and Tommy Ackworth found a bunch of papers on teacher's desk containing all the final examination questions, with the answers all worked out. There were six sets altogether. We brought them home, and Tommy an' me went up to my room and copied all the work on yellow exam papers. We returned the original set without the teacher gettin' wise, and purposely did a few problems wrong, so that no one would get suspicious like. On examination day we took our papers with us, and during the exams made out we were working hard. But we just fiddled away the time, and when the teacher collected the papers we turned in the sheets we had copied up in our room. It was a cinch!"

For a moment a dead silence prevailed, all staring at the Kid in mingled horror, astonishment and despair. Then Gladys gave a little shriek and collapsed.

Sanford remained speechless; Mrs. Merlin's eyes nearly bulged out of her head.

But Mr. Merlin struggled nobly to restrain himself, choked, gulped and spluttered in the attempt, and finally doubled up and guffawed till the tears streamed down his cheeks. (THE END.)

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