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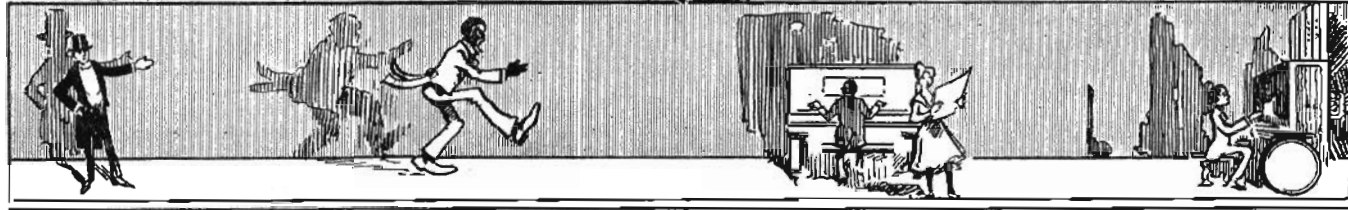
A DOLLAR A YEAR

RAGTIME REVIEW

Edited by Axel Christensen



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RAG-TIME REVIEW

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

Vol. 4

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 2

A WEEK IN VAUDEVILLE

BY AXEL CHRISTENSEN

Elsewhere on this page will be found a group of photographs showing the artists who appeared on the bill at the Miller Theater, Milwaukee, during the week of January 7, representing some of the greatest vaudeville talent in the world, bar none. (This line ought to get a laugh from my brother and sister artists whose photographs I included in the group herewith.)

I figure that the total salary paid by the Miller Theater to the vaudeville performers who appeared on the bill that week runs about \$15,000 on the week, this total being based on the amount of salary which I think each of the performers confidentially ought to get.

On such authentic information then I can safely portion out the fifteen thousand as follows:

Norine Coffey, who is known as the "Maid of the Movies" pulls down the modest sum of \$1,000 a week.

Fred Zobedi pulls down \$1,800 a week for his act. It appears that he gets more than Norine, but then you know that there are more people in his act and he has more excess baggage to pay.

The Washington Trio, consisting of Elsie Woods, Frank Sox, and "Leity" Lawson are satisfied with \$1,500 a week temporarily, although they have a big time route offered them, which is waiting against the time they can find it convenient to accept same, and which will bring them much more money than this. "Leity," whose smile illuminates the left side of the picture in which he appears is thinking of his salary, which explains the smile, while his partner Frank Sox, on the other side of the charming Elsie Woods wishes every reader of the Ragtime Review a Merry Christmas next Christmas.

Mr. Linne, although he has seven beautiful nymphs in his ballet only manages to get \$3,000 for his act.

Casad, Irving & Casad get the same as the Washington Trio, namely, \$1,500 a week and how they get along on such a mere pittance is hard to imagine when one takes into consideration the wonderful spending powers that are possessed by Eimer Irving—however, they all manage to save a little money.

Dave Scott and Marguerite Wal-

lace are working for \$1,200 this season, as a favor to Frank Doyle, but are losing money every week by so doing.

Maybelle Fisher & Co., give the audience their full money's worth, in spite of the fact that this act is cost-

ing the management \$2,000 every week.

Bill Fleming with his dramatic sketch, entitled "The Barrier," gets \$1,500 a week, there being no barrier to the amount Bill would charge if he had a chance.

As far as my own salary for that week is concerned, I am too modest to name it outright, but if you will take the total of the above salaries and subtract it from the grand total of salaries paid for the week you can immediately arrive at the enou-



AT THE MILLER THEATRE, MILWAUKEE.

1, Norine of the Movies; 2, Linne's Ballet; 3, Scott and Wallace; 4, Casad, Irving and Casad; 5, Axel Christensen; 6, Bernice Sibeck with Linne's Ballet; 7, Washington Trio; 8, Maybelle Fisher Company's; 9, Jack Yea, Milwaukee; 10, Martin Bennett, Asst. Mgr.; 11, Fred Zobedi and Company.

ment that yours truly stuck, or should have stuck the management for.

I don't know whether Jack Yeo, the manager, or Charlie Braun, the assistant manager get any salary at all. It looks like they are up against it, because the capacity of the house, which is around 50,000 a week, brings in a scant \$10,000 a week. I presume that after the actors have all been paid, and the other insignificant items of advertising, rent, coal, etc., have been taken care of, that these two managers get theirs—I hope so, anyway.

An actor's life is a hard lot.

Just think of it, you get up along about noon, after a hard night's sleep and wash, shave and dress and have your breakfast. Then you go down to the theater and see if there is any mail for you, after which you go down and "talk shop" with any of the other actors that happen to be down that early. Then you go into your dressing room and put on your makeup and when it's your turn you go out and do twelve minutes work, after which you rest three hours, before doing another 12 minutes and resting another three hours. At the end of the week, instead of the manager handing your salary in the form of a check, which would be easy to carry; he makes you take it in real money (gold and silver, if he can possibly get it), which bulges and sags your pockets like a load of pigiron, although some actors would be able to carry their salaries without difficulty even if they were paid in pigiron.

It was a terrible week as far as the weather outside was concerned and everybody was late for rehearsal on Monday morning, and the majority of us came pretty near not getting out of town the following Sunday night. On account of the inclement weather we whiled away the time between acts with song and jest and a little strictly sociable game of cards where everybody wished everybody luck—the worst kind. The champion card player went under the loving title of "Chop Suey," and out of respect to his memory, I shall not divulge his real name. I prefer to remember him as "Chop Suey."

I claim that I helped make merry many of the moments that would otherwise have hung heavy and along about the middle of the week I pulled a wheeze that I had read in a joke book I had bought on a train coming in from Cleveland a week or so before. I got my quarters worth one of the said joke books when I read the inscription on the cover, which was to the effect that, "If this book seems dry to you, dip it in water." Anyway, the wheeze was as follows:

"I was walking down the street one day when right in front of the armory I spied a quarter lying on the sidewalk. I made a dive for it, but just as I was about to grab it a man in uniform popped out of the armory doorway and made a grab for the quarter also. We had quite a

struggle, but he managed to get possession of the quarter. I then said to the man in uniform, 'Who are you? He answered, 'Why, I am the quartermaster.'"

This little wheeze made quite a sensation the first time I told it; in fact, they thought it was so good that every time somebody new joined our group I had to tell it over again and it went better every time. Sunday afternoon somebody dared me to pull it on the audience at the last show which I promised to do.

Just before the last show started I went out of the theater and over to my hotel, where I attended to such details as paying the hotel bill, checking out, checking my trunk, etc., and came back just a moment or so before it was time for me to step on the stage.

Just before my closing number I told the audience that I would take the liberty of telling a new patriotic story, which I had just heard, and which everybody had told me was good. So I started in.

"I was going down the street the other day, and right in front of the armory I saw a quarter lying on the sidewalk, etc., etc." When I finished it was a scream. I never saw an audience applaud so loud and vigorously in my life, and I was just thinking of putting that little wheeze into the act permanently when somebody tipped me off that every act on the bill had told that same story ahead of me.

A NEAR HERO.

The temperature in my private studio was oppressive. All day long I had been able to sit around without an overcoat and gloves. Something surely was wrong with the janitor, because such a thing had not happened in a long time.

As I had nothing to do but smoke one of my choice Punkodoros (Xmas gift) and pass the time idly clipping coupons off Liberty bonds, I couldn't help wondering whether this year would bring about a decided change in way of Jass and Rag or—well, I don't know just what I was going to think, for I was startled by the outer door being thrown open.

A woman, gasping and clutching at her throat with her right hand, and grasping the upper edge of her corset where her heart is supposed to be with her left, tottered in and sank into a chair whispering huskily—"Save me, save me." (You see she must have weighed about two hundred and thirty pounds, and that climb up two flights of marble steps was too much for her—hence the gasping and huskiness.)

I jumped to my feet and, reaching into the upper drawer of a desk for my trusty automatic tack hammer, I said bravely, "All right, little one, saving beauty in distress is where I shine, just let him come."

"But he isn't coming," she said after she got a little wind.

"Isn't he?" I queried, "Well, how in blazes can I save you? Who is he? Where is he?"

"It is my husband. You see I play a little on the piano, and—"

"Well, well, I would never have suspected it," I interrupted, "but I have known people to forgive even that," she continued, "he says that if I can't play the 'Wearing of the Green' in ragtime by next St. Patrick's Day he'll leave me."

"Oh," I said briskly, "well, I usually charge \$20 for saving people in that manner, but seeing you're Irish, why I'll make it just \$15, but don't tell any one else, as I can't be saving people every day below the union price. Ah, yes, thanks—just take off your wraps and we will begin now—"

"And then I awoke to find a fellow with a bill standing before me.

—JAKE SCHWARTZ.

DOUBLE BASS IN RAGTIME.

By W. T. Gleeson.

A special feature of our work is our course in chords, commonly known as "double bass," entertainer's bass, etc.

This study which can be mastered by the average scholar in a few weeks is extremely interesting and equally useful.

It is simply fascinating in its effectiveness, and has to be heard to be fully appreciated.

Briefly speaking, the scholar who takes up this study gets a fundamental idea of harmony and can see what chords are used in an ordinary song, and by means of these chords the bass and the treble also is filled out, thus converting the song into a brilliant piece of dance music, that quickly attracts the attention and excites the admiration of the listener.

Moreover, the knowledge of chords thus gained proves a valuable aid to sight playing, and to memory playing. In some cases also when a scholar has learned to improve a few songs in this way he develops considerable originality, which is an important thing in a musician of any kind, whether amateur or professional.

How much originality have you ever seen developed in the scholar taking lessons from the ordinary piano teacher who usually considers it a crime to add a note or take one away, etc., etc.

ST. JOE MANAGERS WON'T PAY MUSIC TAX.

The theater managers of St. Joseph, Mo., have agreed not to play any copyright music controlled by the American Society of Publishers, Composers and Authors, which includes most of the foremost composers and publishers of the country, says the *Gazette* of that city. The decision came as a result of an announcement of the company to put a prohibitive tax on any of their music played in any amusement place for profit.

Through a recent act of Congress an addition was made to the existing copyright law, permitting composers to collect royalties on any of their protected music played in

amusement places. They have declared a rate of 10 cents per seat per year for moving picture places, and 20 cents per year for places having vaudeville and pictures. In addition there is a tax of one dollar a day for every musician in the orchestra playing one of their selections, or any portion thereof. The tax on seats may be raised at their option to one dollar a year. The society was formed upon passage of the act by Congress, the better to collect the tax. There are 50,000 places in the United States that will have to pay royalties under the act.

It is believed by St. Joseph managers that no theater in the country can afford to pay the tax, and it is generally believed that the society will reduce the tax to a nominal amount when it finds that its songs are no longer selling. A test case has been started by a New York city theater in a New York court to enjoin the society from collecting the tax. The claim is made that music in moving picture houses is only incidental to the showing of pictures, and is no infringement of copyright.

When rumors of the tax reached here, managers laughed at it, not believing that such a ruinous tax was possible. Expert legal opinion in New York has backed up the validity of the law.

Before the act publishers sent free copies of new music to theaters for advertisement, and even hired singers to popularize the songs.

Practically all the best publishers are in the society. The list includes Remick, Irving Berlin, Leo Feist, Victor Herbert, Will von Tilzer, William Jerome, E. Ray Goetz, George C. Hobart, Raymond Hubbill, and R. H. Burnside.

The following have announced that they will not collect the tax, and consequently, their music is about the only being played now: Oliver Ditson, Carl Fischer, Will Rossiter, and C. Schirmer.

Ignorance of the law will excuse no one, and the society can arrest the manager of a theater as soon as one of the orchestra plays a strain from any song composed by a member of the society.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

COAL SHORTAGE AFFECTS RAGTIME SCHOOL IN BOSTON.

The recent state order in Massachusetts, to the effect that all elevators must stop running at 6 o'clock, and at noon on Saturdays, and also that no office buildings are to be heated after the same hours, has worked a hardship on the school of ragtime piano playing conducted by Mr. Corbitt in Boston. Mr. Corbitt's associate, Miss Edythe Horne is greatly to be commended on the able manner in which she has conducted the Boston studios during Mr. Corbitt's absence, and we feel sure that something can be done to offset the terrific loss of business that they would have to stand if they remained in their present location on the seventh floor.

PUSSY GREY MOW'S REVOLT

BY PETER FRANK MEYER

(Author of "The Plot Sickens," "His Wife," "Doc Doalfrey's Double-Care," "The King," Etc.)

Part One

The golden beams of an early autumn sun, filtering through the shining window-pane, dazzled the half-closed eyes of the big Persian cat who was stretched out on the window sill, dozing in luxurious content. It was a grand day, the sort of a day which kills the ambition of even human folks, and imbues people and animals alike with a yearning to be out of doors.

Pussy Grey Mow, the big Persian cat, blinked his eyes in an effort to thwart the tantalizing sunbeams that danced and romped before him like glittering gems. It was some time after the noon hour, the spotless kitchen was deserted, and Pussy Grey Mow, his dainty belly filled with a quantity of delicacies such as the average cat never dreams of, had been trying to enjoy the nap on the kitchen window sill.

With experience and advancing age, Pussy Grey Mow soon got used to his baths. We dare not say that he loved them, but it is a fact that now, even when the maid rubbed him harder than usual to make sure that no germs of filth lurked in his soft, warm fur, the big Persian cat offered no resistance.

Three times a day Pussy Grey Mow was permitted to leave the house and go out into the garden. His mistress, or the maid, or sometimes the cook, would open the kitchen door for him at a certain hour. He could romp around the big garden at will for an hour or more on these occasions, smelling of the plants and flowers (unless it was winter, of course, and the ground was covered with snow), lying in the little house in the rear, which had been built especially for him, and playing with the big rubber ball until he grew tired. Then someone of the household would call him in. While he was still a kitten he had been trained to obey. Many a beating had he received when he was young for refusing to come in when he was called. His mistress, whom he loved dearly, had objected to this mode of punishment so strenuously, that he had not received a beating in so long a time he could hardly remember it. But it had taught him to obey.

The garden was cut off from the other yards that surrounded it in a peculiar way. Spikes about fifteen inches high and some three inches apart, had been driven into the inside edge of the top of the fence all around the garden. This had been done to prevent other cats from getting into the garden and spoiling the grass plots, the plants and the flowers. As a wire screen entwined these spikes from top to bottom, the stray cats were completely shut out, though they could walk around the outside edge of the fence without difficulty. Pussy Grey Mow often saw strange looking cats passing by outside the screen when he was groping among the shrubbery. Sometimes he would look at them curiously and sniff, or return their insolent stares; but more often he would divert his gaze and ignore them, for, as the reader must not forget, he

was a *refined* cat and refined cats are very haughty and proud.

The enclosed garden may have been an excellent precaution in serving to keep common cats out. But it also kept Pussy Grey Mow in—in against his growing will—and though he had no hard feelings against the fence, he certainly was not in love with it. Here was he, mind you, an aristocratic feline of impeccable breeding, forced to confine his activities to an enclosed garden three times a day, while dirty, common cats without permanent homes paced the fences at will, going where they pleased, staying as long as they liked, and having a royal good time every night. It was unfair—so unfair, in truth, that Pussy Grey Mow began to brood over it. In the language of the common people, it got his goat!

The gay sunbeams flitting around him on this particular afternoon disturbed his dozing. Finding that blinking availed him nothing, he raised his head and dolefully gazed through the window pane. Outside in the garden the skillful dabbings of autumn's presence were visible in the sparsity of the grass, the fading green already turning to brown, and the manner in which most of the plants and creeping vines were preparing to meet the long slumber between fall and spring. All this brought back to Pussy Grey Mow his primitive longings. Domestication was all very well in some things and at certain times, but one's natural instincts are stronger than experiments, no matter how rigid the latter may be. He was a beautiful specimen as he lay there, flat on his belly, stretched out full length; proud, scornful, with long, rippling muscles and a graceful poise in every move.

Suddenly the maid appeared. Calling "Here, puss—puss—puss," she opened the kitchen door. The big Persian cat lazily but gladly arose, stretched, yawned, and then, looking at her quickly, jumped down from the window sill and, with a series of good-natured purrs, followed her outside, down the steps and across the lawn of the garden.

Finally he halted, raised his head and looked toward the kitchen. His big, yellow-green eyes failed to locate the maid. He hesitated a moment, then turned and made for a large growth of fading, tangled brush and vines at the rear of the garden. He reached this with long, soft, graceful strides. As he had done a hundred times in the past, he sniffed the leaves, the earth and the twigs, occasionally digging up a little dirt with his sharp claws and smelling of it. Presently he scratched and sniffed his way to a dense part of the brush at the corner of the fence. After groping around the outside of it, he determined to take a chance on soiling his fur and the pretty pink ribbon which was tied in a bow to the Russian leather collar on his neck, and go through the thick growth.

He got down on his belly and crawled

through cautiously, the ragged splits of brush and twigs stinging his coat sharply at times and on one occasion catching in his collar. By twisting his head and bending low, then wriggling his body dextrously, he managed to get loose and continue his course through the dark, tangled mass of shrubbery. He bumped his head against something hard presently. He backed away and looked up. Evidently it was the fence. After a little pause he turned and crawled along the ground near the edge of the fence, always sniffing and peering ahead in the darkness. The shrubbery and the leaves were so dense here that it would have been impossible for the maid to have seen him, even had she been looking for him.

As the big Persian cat crept cautiously over the ground, muscles taut, ears alert, eyes glaring and shining like balls of fire, a ray of light just ahead suddenly darted before him and made him blink in a startled manner. He stopped short, his bushy tail wagging slowly from side to side, and lay flat on his belly. After a while he made out in the dim light a ragged hole in the fence. The flash of light pouring through this hole evidently came from the sunshine in the adjoining yard. There was nothing wonderful in that, he mused, but the nature of the sounds which came to his ears aroused his curiosity. He lay still and listened carefully.

Had a human being been in his place, all that he or she would have heard was a growl, a snarl, a series of snarling growls, followed every few seconds by a long, dismal, wailing meow. The human being would then realize that a cat fight was taking place, and would have paid no more attention to the noise. This was perfectly proper—or would have been had Pussy Grey Mow been human. But as Pussy Grey Mow was a cat, even though a *refined* cat, he understood cat language perfectly, and each and every meow, purr, howl and snarl meant a word or a sentence to him. What he heard as he lay there listening, if it could have been revised and transposed into human English, would have sounded like this:

"Me-ow—grrr—mee-ow-w-w! At last I've got you, Yellow Tom. You know what I've been after you for, don't you? Every night you and your gang gather in my master's yard and howl until he cannot give his pupils their lessons in classic piano playing. I've been laying for you, but you always had your gang with you and I wasn't foolish enough to tackle the whole gang. Mee-o-ow-ow!"

"Yeah? Why, did you think I was 'fraid to meet yuh alone, you big white-headed bum? I kin lick any cat in this neighborhood, includin' you, an' you know it, Snowball! Me-ow; mee-ow; mee-ow!"

"Me-ow—Zist! E-OoW—ee-ow—Mee-ow! Yes, I guess you can lick any cat in the neighborhood, Yellow Tom, in a single-handed fight, but me and my friend here, Hopfoot, are goin' to go at

you together an' give you the worst lickin' of your life. I've got it in for you on other scores, too. Didn't you steal Black Bessie from me just when I was goin' marry her? Hah? Mee-ow!"

"Me-ow—Me-ow! Did yuh think I was goin' wait an' give you foist chance, huh? Jist 'course I beat you to it, you an' your sneakin' friend standin' 'longside of yuh, Hopfoot, are goin' tackle me together, hey? Well, I'll fight yuh both at once, Snowball. Come on—I'm ready. Mee-oo-ow!"

Pussy Grey Mow, listening intently, heard a new voice cry:

"Come on, Snowball—Mee-o-ow! We'll both jump for him at once an' git him in that corner. G-r-r-rist—Zist! Ar-r-r-oo-ow!"

That was enough. Without hesitation Pussy Grey Mow leaped up and rapidly strode to the jagged hole in the fence, where the daylight oozed through, then lay flat on his belly again and peered out. He found himself staring at a long, narrow yard, paved with hard graystone. In the upper corner were three cats. One of them, a tough, serawny, wiry specimen of felinity, with a brownish-yellow coat, was backed in a corner, between the fence and the brick wall of a house. This was evidently Yellow Tom. A black-and-white cat who walked with a limp was crouched at his left, ready to spring, while a dirty white cat prepared to attack him from the front. All three were giving forth long, dismal, wailing meows, and winding up with a series of snarling howls and spiteful spits.

Suddenly the two attacking cats leaped at the snarling yellow-coated one, and the fur flew thick and fast. For a moment all that Pussy Grey Mow could see was a furious, whirling mass of writhing, pounding bodies, flying tails and ripping claws, emphasized with wild, blood-curdling meows. One thing he realized in short order; Yellow Tom could certainly fight. Considering the battle he was putting up with the odds two-to-one against him, it is doubtful if either Hopfoot or Snowball would have proved a match for him single-handed. Several times they had him on his back, snarling, ripping, clawing, scratching out with machine-like precision and rapidity, but each time he managed to twist, turn, hurl them off and leap to his four paws, fighting with renewed fury. With all of his game-ness, however, the odds were too much, and Pussy Grey Mow, watching the battle with wide eyes, finally saw Snowball and Hopfoot rush him into a corner and hurl themselves at him furiously, both sinking their sharp teeth in his yellow coat and biting, shaking and ripping his fur off in sheer madness.

Again we repeat our statement, kind reader, that Pussy Grey Mow was a *refined* cat. We urge you not to forget this all-important fact. Therefore, since a refined cat of the male species should

(Continued on page 17)

The Ragtime Review

AXEL W. CHRISTENSEN, Editor

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GERMANY AND THE FOOD QUESTION.

A loyal United States citizen of German birth, who has bought liberally of Liberty bonds and thrift certificates, recently made an illuminating statement concerning stories that have been appearing from time to time on the food shortage in Germany and the effects of the blockade.

"It is folly to place too much confidence in Germany's food shortage," said he, "as a factor in bringing peace. I was a laborer in Frankfurt for twelve years before coming to the United States, and my father before me also, was a laborer there. The pay he received and the pay I received was not generous enough, even in the most prosperous times, to provide us with half the dainties with which the American workman's table is provided.

"The German workman is accustomed to short rations. Here in America we read that a German family is limited to so many pounds of potatoes a week, and so many ounces of butter and bread and sugar, and we say 'that means the war can't last long; nobody can live on that.' On the contrary, Germans can live on these rations and have been living on them for years.

"Unless I am much mistaken, Germany will be able to stagger along, for the simple reason that Germans never were heavy eaters, except those of the well-to-do class. The German workman never was well fed when I lived in Germany.

"The blockade may have its effect, but the only real way to defeat Germany is by force of arms. That is why I have contributed my share of money to help win the war for the United States. I know what German fare means. I came to this country to escape slow starvation, low wages and poverty. I have been better fed and better clothed by far since coming here, and I have been able to save money and keep square with my fellow man. I wouldn't go back to Germany, and I don't want any Germany over here. If my savings can help defeat the German plan of life, I shall feel that I am doing a bit in the interest of righteousness and square dealing. I intend to let the government have every cent of money I can spare, for democracy has done a million times more for me since I have been here than the German plan did for all the generations of my laboring family."

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
TO THE RAGTIME REVIEW

MUSIC IN COLOR.

That music may be translated into color and displayed to the eye as well as to the ear, is the new and highly interesting theory developed by Isadore Berger, the English violinist. Music and color, he declares, express exactly the same emotions and feelings, and therefore, an opera or a symphony may actually be turned into color and seen. By understanding the interrelation of color and sound even the deaf can learn to enjoy music when expressed in color. Mr. Berger says:

"Color is not to be an accompaniment, nor a mere light effect, but a clear, logical expression of music. The synchronism must be perceived, emotionally rather than scientifically. For instance, red always expresses passion, anger, temper, or any intense feeling. Yellow, the color of light, means love and happiness. Blue is a mystic color. Modify the yellow of love with the mystic blue and you have a violet, a pensive, sad emotion. All the other grades of emotion are the result of the blending of passion, mystery and love, or red, blue and yellow. They are, three primary colors and the three primary emotions."—Pittsburgh Gazette.

RAGTIME, WONDERFUL RAGTIME.

I have wandered all through the U. S. A.
From Frisco's Golden Gate to New York Bay,
But haven't found anything half so fine,
As Ragtime, wonderful Ragtime.

It takes that creepy, blue feeling away,
Always turns darkest night into bright day.
Oh Ragtime, wonderful ragtime.

Our soldier boys of today,
Are marching to victory, so they say,
To Ragtime, wonderful Ragtime.

And the Kaiser sure will retreat,
When our boys get there
He'll shake his feet, in surrender.
Then admit he's beat

By Ragtime, wonderful Ragtime.
—Merma Blake.

MELODY FOR JANUARY.

Walter Jacobs has changed the name of his popular piano magazine from "The Tuneful Yankee" to that of "Melody," and has reduced the price to 10 cents a copy, or \$1 a year.

Among the many feature articles which the January issue of this magazine contains is an article entitled "Ragtime as an Introduction and Aid to Better Music," by Zarah Myron Bickford, which we hope everybody will read.

My "Service Flag" has 39 stars. Soldiers and sailors. Four teachers went "Over There," and 34 pupils are at the different cantonments. One young lady married an aviator and at her request we put on a star for her.—Grace Clement, Pittsburg.

REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

By JANE LAMOUREAUX

"Oh! Min"—By Ole Olson and Isham Jones. Published by Tell Taylor. Here is a composition which is exactly what it is advertised to be, a real comedy novelty song. It's so true to life, with its typsy, teasing refrain. Full of human interest, as it were, it makes one wonder if the lucky lyric writer is married. Or did he write from observation or inspiration. Can he possibly be of Scandinavian ancestry, and yet get away with a number like this, which possesses a truly Parisian spicy naughtiness.

"We're in the Army Now"—By Tell Taylor, Ole Olsen and Isham Jones. Published by Tell Taylor Music Co. Snap bang title, lively lyric music of the appropriate, standard style. A good rallying song, of the happy-go-lucky type, which sometimes ensnares that intangible and elusive thing, popular fancy.

"It's a Long Way to Dixie"—By Tell Taylor and Earl K. Smith. Published by Tell Taylor. Another song hit by a veteran writer, Earl Smith has cleverly inserted a little soothing sentimental Southern harmony in this number, so appropriate to the appealing words by Mr. Taylor. With his unusual happy facility, Tell picked a telling title for this lively number.

"Lorraine, My Beautiful Alsace-Lorraine"—By Alfred Bryan and Fred Fisher. Published by McCarthy and Fischer Music Co. A different war song, with good, simple musical support. Mr. Bryan evidently hoped to achieve a second and even greater success with this painfully written number, than he and his collaborators did with the instantaneously popular "Joan of Arc." But this time he has not the advantage he enjoyed when he selected an immortal theme, whose psychological value and appeal cannot be overestimated—namely the inspiring story of the maid of Orleans. They sought to create a popular song, but, unwittingly perhaps, achieved a classic, whose simple lyric beauty has charmed thousands. However, the essentially French-spirited "Lorraine" song will undoubtedly please many, as a large percentage of the public have "Brave Boys, Somewhere in France," even in Alsace-Lorraine, perhaps.

"I Don't Want to Get Well"—By Howard Johnson, Harry Pease and Harry Jencks. Probably the most popular of the comedy war songs on the market today. A sure hit in vaudeville, cabaret, great counter song. Everybody's whistling it. Another Faust hit.

"The Girl You Can't Forget"—By

W. R. Williams. Published by Will Rossiter. Beautiful ballad, with appropriate title, classy lyrics, and an unforgettable melody. Ably written music, and will prove good counter song. Good number for ballad singers, with its plaintive, heart stirring theme.

"It Took the Sunshine From Old Dixie to Make You a Wonderful Girl"—By A. J. Palmer and Joe McCarthy. Published by Will Rossiter. Lively, tuneful lyrics, and music has good swing. Would make great team number, and will probably be successful in spite of the somewhat long drawn out title.

"The Story Book Ball"—By Billie Montgomery and George Perry. Published by Will Rossiter Music Co. This dainty number is just coming into its own. Music catchy, lyrics founded on the never grow old Mother Goose rhymes, so irresistible to the hearts of the juveniles, and appealing to the grown-ups. A dandy "revue" number. It has been used with much success at several of the high class restaurants and winter garden shows.

"When It's Moonlight in Tokio"—By Bobby Heath, Charles E. Shisler and Billy James. Published by Witmark. A light, dainty number, suitable for almost any performer who cares to use this type of song. Good characteristic music.

"Somewhere, with Someone, Some Day"—By Sam L. Rosenbaum and Joseph M. Verges. Published by Triangle Music Co., New Orleans. A very laborious composition with nothing in the lyrics to inspire Mr. Verges, whose "Don't You Leave Me, Daddy" was such a hit. A good stunner might be able to sound all the s's. The old song "Sister Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers" was easy to sing compared to this, because the sewing song had a comedy punch to it, something which is utterly lacking in this number.

"When the Autumn Leaves Are Turning Gold"—By Tell Taylor. Light, sentimental ballad, one innocuous enough to be sung at a church social. It will not be so very popular for "Fog" vaudeville, but the genial composer should worry not at all. His compositions became popular through their lyrical value and sheer worth.

"You Have a Wonderful Way of Doing What You Do"—By Chip Dowdson and Earl Smith. Published by Tell Taylor Music Co. A typical, catchy cabaret number, the kind character singers snap at. It's so easy to put over, with its teasing refrain in the chorus. A good soubrette song.

Who Told You, You Knew How to Love?
BEST SONG PUBLISHED - A REAL SENSATION
CHORUS:
Who told you, you knew how to love?
Don't you be ashamed, tell the party's name.
Who told you, you knew how to hug
Like a little child, papa's lovin' child?
Dearie your brand of lovin' has got me crazy
And near insane. Tell me what to do. Anything for you.
Who told you, you were cute and sweet?
I would like to know, 'cause I love you so.
You've got a winning way with you.
Oh, have sympathy and bear my plea.
Down on my knees, I beg you, please
Tell me who told you, you knew how to love!

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THAT TICKLING MELODY
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"SOMEWHERE A HEART IS YEARNING"
The Latest Song That Means Something
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"They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me"—By Joe McCarthy and Fred Fisher. Published by McCarthy & Fisher Music Co. Written by two of the cleverest men in the profession. Words almost fail us when it comes to describing this wonderful, wild, wilful, winning, witching, comedy novelty number with its laughing, light, literal, live, tickly, tinkly, teasing, tintinnabulating, casually careless, catchy chorus. The guy who put the pep in pepper had nothing on these boys. And to think they live in New York, that heterogeneous bloom of ultra modern civilization—far—far—from the wilds of Chicago!

"Hello, America, Hello"—By George Fairman. Published by McCarthy & Fisher Music Co. Good march melody, should make good number for type of vaudeville acts who use that invaluable instrument, the telephone, as one of their indispensable props. This number won't fail to go over. It would make a pretty revue number, but we don't agree with what the publishers say, that it is a brand new idea in a novelty song. To us it is reminiscent of "Hello, Hawaii, How Are You." An old idea in a brand

new up to the minute patriotic musical dress, bright and pleasing, nevertheless.

"When You Find There's Someone Missing"—By Joe McCarthy and George Fairman. Published by McCarthy & Fisher Music Co. A light sentimental ballad, with pleasing, plaintive lyrics, with simple, practical, almost elemental arrangement of music.

"When the Yanks Come Marching Home"—By William Jerome and Seymour Furth. Published by William Jerome. A patriotic march ballad, in stirring style, the latest creation of a versatile writer, whose vivacious, successful songs have echoed from coast to coast. Now he has presented us with a number whose stirring strains will echo in far off lands, emphasizing the wonderful, optimistic conquering American spirit of the day. The music is worthy of the title, and the title worthy of the song. The super song of this type has not yet been written, but this one comes very near.

"It Was a Wild Night"—By Kendis and Brockman. Published by Ken-

dis & Brockman. Low comedy song, suitable for burlesque, or certain class of cabaret, where the risque lines would be understood by enthusiastic patrons.

"There's One More River that We're Going to Cross (and That's the River Rhine)"—By Ole Olsen and Isham Jones. Published by Tell Taylor. A regular do or die, doggone it, number. A modern patriotic version of the "Pike's Peak or Bust" sentiment. Will be a good seller. Fine for quartette.

"Give Me the Right to Love You"—By Ben Bard and Abe Glatt. Published by Harry Von Tilzer. Big hit in vaudeville, a good all around number. Could be used by juvenile singers. It is a pretty light ballad.

"Keep the Home Fires Burning"—By Lena G. Ford and Ivor Novello. Published by Chappell & Co. Wonderful marching song, could be sung anywhere, which is more than one can say about certain so-called popular patriotic songs crowding the market.

SONG REVIEW.
By Ray Worley.

"Tell the Last Rose of Summer, Good-bye"—By Bartley Castello and Al Piantadosi. Published by Al Piantadosi & Co. This is a waltz song, having a good verse and fair refrain. The music is easy.

"Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight"—Published by Waterton, Berlin & Snyder Co. Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young. Music by M. K. Jerome. The music in this piece is moderately hard, but is a delightful contrast to the average war song. A song of beauty—words rather pathetic and melody plaintive.

"Chin, Chin, Chinaman"—By Goodwin, Ballard, McDonald and James F. Handley. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. A good Chinese melody song. The chorus has lots of "pep," with a good amount of melody.

"Don't Try to Steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier"—By Alfred Bryan and Van and Schenck. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. This song has fair music, but the lyric is especially fine, with a good moral, and the song should prove a help in restraining some of our "heart breakers" while the soldier boys are away.

"Somebody's Done Me Wrong"—By Marshall Walker and Will E. Skidmore. Published by Joseph W. Strand Co. A coon song with comedy words. Not very musical, being more of a talking piece and similar in many respects to previous compositions of the same writers.

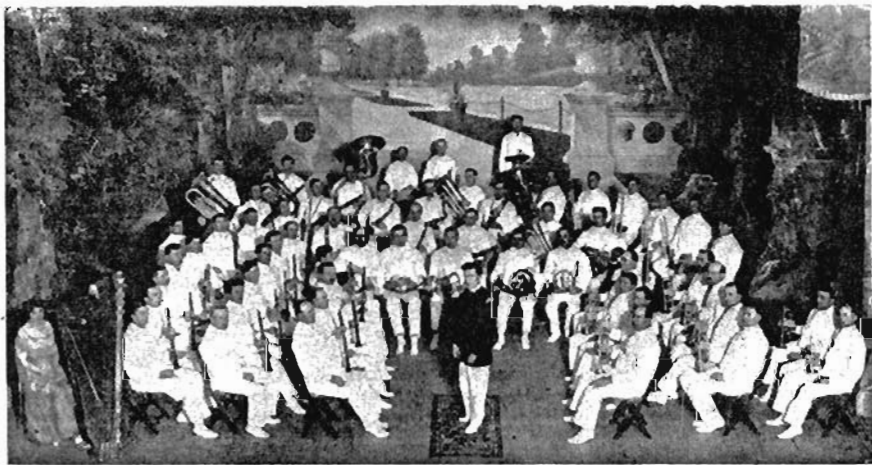
"One Day in June"—By Joe Goodwin and James F. Handley. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. This is different from the ordinary song, the words being good and the music especially good, in fact, rather artistic. The pianist of medium ability will have to practice a trifle more than usual on this song.

"Sweet Little Buttercup"—By Alfred Bryan and Herman Paley. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. This is a rhythmical composition with an excellent lyric and a splendid melody, but we believe this to be too conservative to become very popular. Cultured musicians will appreciate this number, however.

"Sammy"—By Richard Weston and Arthur Anderson. Published by the Music Press. This is a marching song, and might pass as a march, but is devoid of melody as a song. The market is flooded with many songs of this kind.

"The Missouri Waltz"—By Frederic Knight Logan. Published by Forster Music Pub., Inc., Chicago. This is unquestionably the most popular waltz ever written. When it was first published in an unassuming way by the composer, to look at the cover design one would not expect to find much inside. However, after playing the melody over once, I never forgot it, and I don't think I ever will. I have heard it sung in theaters and cabarets from coast to coast, and it never fails to bring applause. I believe Fred Forster got himself a gold mine when he obtained this wonderful waltz for his catalogue.

At Pasadena, Cal., a new theater is being completed on East Colorado street, to be known as the Florence Theater.



THE SHERBOGAN CONCERT BAND—See page 22.

BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC.

By Bernard B. Brin.

Eight years ago
 Before I came out West
 I lived in
 That dear old
 Windy city of Chicago
 Where I had numerous friends
 There was one in particular
 Whom I chummed with
 His name was Gus Kahn
 We went to shows together.
 Played tennis together
 Both liked the same girl
 And everything.
 Gus was a hound
 For writing songs
 And his first one was
 "I Wish I Had a Girl"
 (And between you and me
 He never was troubled
 For lack of girls since)
 Then he would write other songs
 And bring them over
 To my house
 And I would write them
 On the typewriter for him
 And just think!
 He was only eighteen when
 He wrote his first hit
 One night he phoned me
 To come over and hear
 A brand new song
 He had just written
 And when I rushed over
 He admitted that he wrote it
 While I was en route
 To his house
 Can you beat it?
 Then came our farewell
 As I was going West
 And when I arrived there
 Or rather here
 We naturally corresponded
 Then one letter he wrote
 Read thusly:
 "Dear Bernie
 Was mighty glad
 To get your letter
 Things are progressing nicely
 And Bernie
 When you come
 Back to Chicago
 I want you to

Come and see me
 In my new 16-story building
 Make yourself at home
 In my private office
 Recline in my swivel chair
 Put both your feet
 On my mahogany desk
 And throw cigar ashes
 All over my beautiful
 Oriental rugs
 Your old pal, Gus."
 Then I'm blessed
 If he didn't set out
 To make perfectly good
 What he had told me
 And he sure got busy
 He then wrote
 The following sensational hits:
 Sunshine and Roses
 Love Comes a Stealing
 Good Ship Mary Ann
 Memories
 Kangaroo Hop
 Dreamy China Lady
 Everybody Rag With Me
 Just a Word of Sympathy
 Pretty Baby
 Whose Pretty Baby Are You Now?
 Sailing Away on the Henry Clay
 Along the Way to Waikiki
 So Long, Mother
 Some Sunday Morning
 Where the Morning Glories Glow
 China Dreams
 Cherry Blossom
 Maybe Sometime
 Rock-a-bye Land
 And a flock of others
 After having written
 All these phenomenal song hits
 I am thoroughly convinced
 That when I
 Pay a visit to Chicago
 Which will be soon
 I will visit Gus
 In his 16-story building
 Go in his private office
 Recline in his swivel chair
 Put both my feet
 On his mahogany desk
 And throw my cigar ashes
 All over his beautiful rugs.
 I thank you.

VIVE LA VAUDEVILLE.

By Jane Lamoureux.

Sarah Bernhardt, the super woman, is now appearing in vaudeville. What a triumph for vaudeville! The illustrious Bernhardt, Sarah, the incomparable, the most remarkable living actress, artistic, appearing in "Jean D'Arc," played to an almost all American audience at the Palace Theatre, New York, lately, accusing them to a truly Latin frenzy of appreciation.

What a triumph for our sex! The most exalted personage in all the history of art, whose resplendent fame will echo through the vast and limitless corridors of time, is still, above all, a woman and true mother. Genius, the divine spark, in her glow, a sacred flame, an undying beacon light to all those lesser artistic spirits who faithfully and humbly struggle onward and upward.

ECHOES FROM THE HAMLET OF ST. LOUIS.

By Ed. Mellinger.

Misses Vilo Hassett and Edith Gilchrist, both ladies who have been successfully teaching rag with our St. Louis school, have asked the writer to be remembered in the way of a line or two in the next issue of the Review. All we can say is that all through their two and three years respectively, with our school, never were they so busy and so important as during these busy days in January.

Madam Connelly a new member of our faculty, is attending to the building up of our new voice department with good success. Madam Connelly has had training and experience with some of the largest and best colleges and schools of music in the middle west.

The old "bunch," including Ed. Harris, with us about six years and myself going on my ninth year, are finding it absolutely necessary to eat our lunches right in the studios, business being so big.

We wish to introduce Edwin Stevenson, a new member of the piano staff, and Ira Wasson, of the Ukulele, Banjo and Guitar department. Professor Wasson is noted for many things, among which particularly is his chief point, that of talking a prospect into taking lessons at this school.

Our branches—Odeon (west end) branch is well being taken care of by Geo. Weber, who promises to be the most successful piano and violin-mandolin instructor we have ever had.

Our Alton, (Illinois) Branch is being well taken care of by the Misses L. Mae Ohsorsy and Roma Reilly, who have been with us for the last two years, teaching most successfully.

Our Belleville and Muscatiah (Illinois) schools are both being boosted by our former St. Louis "laddie" E. C. Freivoegel—the boy composer—Now then, what school on earth can tell of such a REMARKABLE faculty?

**Renew Your Subscription
 to the
 Ragtime Review**

FROM BUFFALO.

Wife: "You were taking lessons and Hubby didn't know it."

At the breakfast table Hubby: "That musta been a funny dream you had last night."

Wife: "What makes you think so?"

Hubby: "You were dreaming out loud, musta been awful."

Wife: "Why? What did I say?"

Hubby: "Why you was talking about good boys doing fine with the third finger and all rows eating grass with the left hand; better not eat so much mince pie for dinner, s'all I gotta say. If that was me, you would want to know what I'd been drinking."

My idea of the worst dacker is the wop who, to escape service, marries one of my brightest pupils, taking her from a home of luxury to one that could not boast of a piano and then has the unobliterated gall unheard of to ask me to loan him the money that she had paid for her course. What I told him wouldn't pass the censors, but I hope he sees this item

A request for a booklet came from a lady in Lockport. It was addressed to the "Christendom School" of Buffalo; I didn't think anyone in that jealous little burg thought so well of us.

JACOB W. SCHWARTZ.

Miss Bessie Yeager, the Minneapolis teacher of Ragtime, came very close to being burned out recently, when the building next door was destroyed by fire. As it was it only interrupted her teaching for one day, after which things went on merrily as usual.

AMUSEMENT SERVICE.

The accompanying half tone is a picture of Harry Petteyer, well known in amusement and club circles.

Mr. Petteyer is opening a new booking office at 29 E. Jackson Blvd., for the purpose of furnishing high class talent to hotels, clubs, societies, lodges, etc.

His five years' experience as amusement manager and selling agent for the Benson Amusement Exchange of Chicago, combined with his many years of professional experience on the road on both sides of the footlights, make him well fitted for this work.

Harry deserves success, and we certainly wish him all the success in the world.



HARRY PETTEYER.

Mother's Old Rocking Chair

Words by
PATRIC J. HAND

Music by
CHARLES B. BROWN

Andante espressivo

mf *rall*

p

'Tis sweet to re-mem-ber the days long a-go, When at eve-ning I sat in the sun's fad-ing glow, And
How well I re-mem-ber the sweet days of yore, When be-neath the old mul-ber-ry tree by the door, I

play'd as a child near the old cot-tage door, Where I spent the bright hours so oft-en be-fore, The
told the old sto-ry to her I loved best, Where the rob-in was sink-ing to sleep in it's nest, That

scenes of my child-hood ap-pear to me now, I see my dear moth-er with care-wrink-led brow. I
scene a-bove all I shall nev-er for get, It is fresh as the morn-ing in mem-o-ry yet A

ten *rall*

see her sweet face and her sil-ver gray hair, As she moved to and fro in her old-rock-ing chair.
long-ing comes o'er me once more to be there, Where my dear moth-er sat in her old rock-ing chair

REFRAIN *Slowly, with expression*

p

Man-y years have gone by, yet in slum-ber it seems The home of my child-hood I see in my dreams, Where the

p *rit* *ten* *dim* *pp*

birds sweet-ly sang in the mild sum-mer air, As my dear moth-er sat in her old rock-ing chair.

Ragtime Rings The Bell

Words & Music by
AXEL CHRISTENSEN

Lively

Moderato

She went a - way to learn to play The kind of mus - ic Wag - ner
She got a seat for - got to cat Those rag - gy strains were so de -

made Not the kind that A - lex - ander played Nor the kind to which the dancers swayed up - on her scales, As hard as
vine She just had them playing all the time "No more clas - sic tunes" she said "for mine!" I want to learn, I sim - ply

mills, she practiced many hours each day, Till she wandered in a cab - a - ret, where she heard them play - ing rag they say -
years to play those rag - time strains some day Tho' I learned to play the other way this is all I ev - er want to say -

CHORUS *Lively*

Syn - co - pate it, hes - i - tate it. Rag it thro' and thro' Har - mon - ize it hyp - no -

tize it, I am strong for you Get that tin - glo, get that jin - gle, Get that swing as

well Warm and hap - py, bright and snap - py Rag time rings the bell.

Simplified Ragtime Arrangement Of Chorus

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a simple bass line with quarter and eighth notes, primarily in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the treble clef melody with eighth-note patterns. The lower staff continues the bass clef accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the treble clef melody with eighth-note patterns. The lower staff continues the bass clef accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the treble clef melody with eighth-note patterns. The lower staff continues the bass clef accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the treble clef melody with eighth-note patterns. The lower staff continues the bass clef accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the treble clef melody with eighth-note patterns, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the bass clef accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes, also ending with a double bar line. Fingering numbers (1, 2, 3, 4) are visible under some notes in the upper staff.

Happy Sam

One Step or Two Step

By OSCAR CHILTON

Moderato

The first system of music is written for piano in 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first measure has a forte 'f' dynamic. The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns in both hands. The treble clef features more complex rhythmic figures, including some beamed sixteenth notes.

The third system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The bass clef has a more active role with some eighth-note runs.

The fourth system introduces first and second endings. The first ending is marked with a '1' and a repeat sign, leading to a different section. The second ending is marked with a '2' and a repeat sign. The piece ends with a final cadence.

The fifth system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns in both hands. The treble clef features more complex rhythmic figures, including some beamed sixteenth notes.

The sixth system introduces first and second endings. The first ending is marked with a '1' and a repeat sign, leading to a different section. The second ending is marked with a '2' and a repeat sign. The piece ends with a final cadence.

The seventh system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns in both hands. The treble clef features more complex rhythmic figures, including some beamed sixteenth notes.

This page of sheet music, titled "Happy Sum 2", contains seven systems of grand staff notation. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and articulation marks. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the fifth system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs in the final system.

The Cactus Rag

LUCIAN PORTER GIBSON
Composer of Jina Rag.

Moderato

The musical score for "The Cactus Rag" is presented in five systems. Each system contains a treble and bass staff. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat major), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked "Moderato". The score includes various musical notations such as chords, eighth notes, and rests. The fifth system ends with a double bar line, first and second endings, and the word "Fine".

First system of musical notation for piano, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The music consists of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with more complex chordal textures and a steady bass line.

Third system of musical notation, showing a continuation of the harmonic and rhythmic patterns established in the previous systems.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a more active right hand with moving lines and sustained chords.

Fifth system of musical notation, characterized by dense chordal blocks in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

Sixth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2'). The second ending leads to the instruction 'D. S. al Fine'.

The Cactus Rag B.

D. S. al Fine

TRIO

The first system of musical notation for 'The Cactus Rag 3'. It consists of two staves: a piano part on the left and a left hand (L.H.) part on the right. The piano part features a complex, rhythmic melody with many beamed notes. The L.H. part provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has three flats, and the time signature is 2/4. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present above the L.H. part.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the piano and L.H. parts. The piano part continues with its intricate melody, and the L.H. part maintains its accompaniment. An 8-measure rest is indicated above the piano part in the final measure of the system.

The third system of musical notation. The piano part continues with its complex melody, and the L.H. part continues with its accompaniment. An 8-measure rest is indicated above the piano part in the first measure of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation. The piano part continues with its complex melody, and the L.H. part continues with its accompaniment. An 8-measure rest is indicated above the piano part in the first measure of the system.

The fifth and final system of musical notation. The piano part continues with its complex melody, and the L.H. part continues with its accompaniment. An 8-measure rest is indicated above the piano part in the first measure of the system. The system concludes with two endings, labeled '1' and '2', for the piano part.

The Cactus Rag 3.

From the ragtime house of the world
"There's only one classic rag house"

(Continued from page 5)

away by a gentleman, and since a gentleman will always insist upon fair play, Pussy Grey Mow's sense of domesticity vanished in the flash of a primitive lust which now assailed him. He was mad—mad as a trained cat can be, and he didn't give a darn whether he spoiled his coat, his ribbon or his collar. He was going to help Yellow Tom against those two mean cats regardless of what the result of it might be.

By crawling through on his belly Pussy Grey Mow managed to squeeze his body in and out of the rough, jagged hole. Then, once in the yard, he shot over the top like a streak. When he was about three feet away from the struggling, howling cats he leaped up and forward with a tremendous hurl, his velvet sheaths drawn back from his long sharp claws; his lips parted in a snarl that revealed his pink mouth; his eyes blazing. Zip! He landed on top of Snowball, his teeth sank deep in Snowball's neck, his claws dug into fur and flesh then, his claws working like an automatic machine of destruction, he ripped open skin, flesh and fur with beastly ferocity, at the same time shaking Snowball by the neck until that cat, dazed, dizzy and astounded, howled with agony.

Hopfoot, who was giving the exhausted Tom a fearful licking in the corner, loosed his grip at the strange sounds, and whirled around and faced the newcomer. At the same time Snowball, wailing his fear and pain, twisted himself out of Pussy Grey Mow's clutches and with a desperate effort and went flying out of the yard, his face and body covered with blood, lites and scratches. Pussy Grey Mow looked after the fleeing figure as if about to give chase, while Hopfoot stared at the big Persian cat in great surprise. Yellow Tom, awed and astonished at the size of his strange ally, but immensely pleased, was just about to renew the fight and spring at his opponent when Pussy Grey Mow acted for him. With a wild snarl and a mighty jump the big Persian cat pounced upon Hopfoot. For the next twenty seconds all that Yellow Tom could see was a snarling, whirling ball of fur, heads, tails and paws. Next he saw Hopfoot on his back, Pussy Grey Mow's teeth in his neck, shaking him with livid fury, amid Hopfoot's mad screams and struggles. Finally Pussy Grey Mow released him, and Hopfoot, wild with pain and terror, followed his departed friend with all the speed that was left in limping, exhausted limbs.

Pussy Grey Mow slowly turned and regarded the cat he had so nobly assisted. Yellow Tom was gazing at him with big, admiring eyes, still quite awed at the size of the big Persian.

"Purr-r-r-mew-u-r-r-r," said Pussy Grey Mow, making a strange, low sound way down in his throat. "Are you seriously injured?"

Yellow Tom stared, not understanding.

"Am I what?"

"Er—I mean, are you hurt?" repeated Pussy Grey Mow, surprised that the other could not understand his choice cat language, and therefore adopting a plainer tone.

"Oh er, no course, I got a awful trimmin'—in fact, I guess I would, got licked if you didn't come in just then—but I ain't hurt bad. It was awfully white of you to help me, an' I won't forget it, neither. I wanna thank yuh very much."

Now Pussy Grey Mow was exceedingly proud and, being a male of the species, his conceit was only natural. What few cats he had seen from the enclosed garden had shown only envy and dislike, it was nice therefore, to be praised for a change. With a fine simulation of modesty he languidly lay flat on his belly, stretched out full length, so that the other could see his great size and rippling, graceful muscles to the best advantage.

"Don't mention it," he said carelessly. "What I did is really nothing to boast about."

"It ain't?" Yellow Tom almost gasped. "Holy smoke, if I could scrap like you kin I'd have all the dogs, even bulldogs and those human boys whar throw stones at me, runnin' like the dickens soon as they seen me! Why, I'm supposed to be the best fighter in this neighborhood, I am. I was never licked in a single-handed fight, biggerin' it out that way, what must you be! Hopfoot an' Snowball were sure lickin' me together when you come along and beat them both without any trouble at all."

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Although Yellow Tom spoke the commonest kind of cat language, and was obviously not in his class, Pussy Grey Mow was beginning to enjoy this. It was nice to have human folks stroke and pet you, but to be praised by his own kind well, that was nicer. He had always wanted other cats to make a fuss over him.

"My name's Yellow Tom; what's yours?"

"Pussy Grey Mow."

Now we suppose the reader will hunch up disdainfully and tell us that cats cannot laugh, but we assure, on our honor, that Yellow Tom nearly had a fit from laughing. He fell over on his side, his red tongue hanging out of his mouth, and fairly shook with mirth.

Pussy Grey Mow was quite puzzled. He could not understand what the joke was.

"Aw, excuse me fer laffin' at you like this," apologized Yellow Tom finally, the tears in his eyes, "but honestly, that's a awful name for a regular feller like you to be carrin' around. You ain't mad, are yuh?"

"I can't see anything to be angry about," said Pussy Grey Mow, ruefully and still puzzled. "I was just wonder-

ing why my name should strike you so funny."

"Well, it's a regular sissy's name—you know what I mean. It would be all right for a cat what's stuck on himself, but it's too high-toned for a good feller like you, see? Then again, it takes a month to pronounce it—it's so long. Do yuh mind if I call yuh just Grey? You call me Tom."

"Certainly; that will suit the purpose satisfactorily."

They both stood up, approached each other, snuffed, then rubbed their soft noses in each other's shoulders. This was a token of good faith in cat-land, and it sealed their friendship.

"Do yuh know, Grey," said Yellow Tom after awhile, "you speak the swellest cat language I ever heard? Anyone could tell that you was a—er, a—what you call em?"

"An aristocrat?"

"Yeh, that's what I mean!" exclaimed Tom. "Gee, wait'll the gang sees you! You're so big an' strong an' swell an' clean. The fellers will all be 'fraid an' jealous, an' the she-cats will all wanna marry yuh. You kin have any one of my wives, Grey—all of 'em if yuh want."

Though Pussy Grey Mow appreciated his friend's kindness, he was deeply shocked

"Do you mean to say you have more than one wife?" he demanded.

"Sure, that's nothin'. I've got a wife an' kittens in nearly every house on this block. All the fellers has from two to six wives."

"Humph," was all Pussy Grey Mow could say.

"Why, don't they do the same thing where you come from?"

"I was too young when I was taken from Persia to remember. However, I have always regarded that as bigamy."

"Huh," snorted Tom "whatever that means!"

"A crime," explained the other.

"Tell me something about your heritage, Tom," said Pussy Grey Mow, changing the subject adroitly.

"Oh, I'm an American cat, jist like you an' all the other cats aroun' here."

"I know that," the other assured him "for when a cat adopts this country, regardless of his family tree, he becomes an American by adoption. But I was alluding to birth and ancestry. By birth I am a full-blooded Persian cat. My father was a flawless Persian Ramond and my mother the same. They both won many prizes, and I myself took the blue ribbon twice at the dog and cat show at Madison Square Garden."

"Gee!" exclaimed Yellow Tom, in breathless awe, "you certainly are a swell guy! Nothin' like that fer me, kid; I'm jist a bum, I guess."

"I never heard of that breed," said Pussy Grey Mow, frowning thoughtfully. "What is its origin?"

"That ain't no breed," growled Yellow Tom. "It's a disease! A bum is a cat what ain't got no regular home— you know, a ordinary fence cat, jist like me. I don't know nothin' 'bout aristocrats. All I know is that I have to do some tall hustlin' to git one square meal a day, an' that lots of people—the humans—in this neighborhood is after me with poison, stones and air rifles, jist cause me an' my gang gives a foist-class concert every night an' it ain't appreciated a bit. Then, of course, they're after us cause we swipe everythin' we kin git hold of in kitchens or in the yard boxes. Fer the last three weeks I've been eatin' nothin' but dry bones, stale meat, rats an' mice."

"But how do you ever manage to support your numerous wives?" asked the astonished Persian.

"I don't support 'em," replied Tom. "That's where I'm wise see? None of my wives is fence cats. They're all got regular homes, good grub, an' all that. I jist marry 'em an' let them go. I have all I kin do to support myself, without supportin' a she-cat."

"I could never eat a mouse or a rat," said Pussy Grey Mow, with a little shudder. "It must be horrible."

"Aw, I don't know 'bout that, Grey. You've never been hungry, that's why you say that. But when a guy is really good an' hungry, like I've been at times, believe me, he kin eat dirt an' he glad to git it."

"I wish I could share all my future meals with you," declared the big Persian cat generously.

At this Yellow Tom's eyes filled with tears. He had never met anybody whom he liked as well as this big, handsome cat, in spite of the fact that he had al-

ways hated aristocratic or domesticated cats.

"You certainly are a fine feller, Grey," he said earnestly, rubbing his nose against the other's shoulder. "You may be an aristocrat, but, believe me, you're a regular guy clean through. I want yuh to meet the rest of the gang; they'd be tickled to see a guy like you. How'd yuh like to go with me now to our hang-out and meet some of 'em? We have heaps of fun every night. A feller what's a professor of some kind—classical music, I think they call it—has a studio in the end of the block. Every night till ten him an' his pupils hang-out a lotta grave yard sounds. As me an' the gang was practisin' in his back yard for a concert we're goin' to give, his grave-yard stuff spoiled our sign, so we git square now by gadderin' in his yard every night between eight an' ten, an' howlin' our heads off. It's risky, 'course human people throws down all kinds of stuff at us, but it's lots of fun. How'd yuh like to go with us tonight?"

Pussy Grey Mow hesitated. He expected to hear the maid call for him any moment now, and he knew that if he responded to the summons his best opportunity to realize freedom would be lost. He had never before rebelled openly, probably because he had never had the chance or the proper incentive. But now, even if he was a *reformed* cat, he could not resist Yellow Tom's invitation. *Reformed* meant confinement, and in spite of the fact that he loved his pretty mistress dearly; in spite of all the luxuries which he knew a life of freedom would force him to abandon, in spite of this and more, his vanity reigned supreme and he finally decided to revolt.

"Very well, Tom," he said thoughtfully. "I'll go, but you'll have to get me away from here now. If I go back to our garden and the maid should call for me, I doubt if I could get away to night."

"Good!" exclaimed Yellow Tom joyfully. "You're a real stoker. Jist follow me, Grey, an' I'll show yuh what a good time is."

Editor's Note: Part Two will appear next month.

VAUDEVILLE LIGHTS.

George White and Emma Haig, appearing at the Chicago Palace recently, delighted a huge audience. They are headliners deservedly. White does more kinds of dancing, each one a masterpiece of technical skill than any dancer we have seen for a long time. His work is snappy and precise. The imitations of Pat Rooney (Irish reels), Fred Stone (acrobatics), Edlie Leonard (sand jig), Bert Williams (coon shuffle), and Bernard Grand were wonderfully done. Miss Haig a slender fairy, and fitting partner to the gifted elegant George, does a Spanish rag number with him which was a revelation, danced to Bizet's fiery music in Carmen. One might easily imagine the composer had seen these dancers before writing that music, and received his inspiration therefrom.

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and character comedians on same bill, did some fast work, singing "Long Boy," "There's a Little Bit of Scotch in Mary, but Not Too Much for Me, Eric," closing with a do or die imitation of Charlie Chaplin with the assistance of a "Ficket" light making the imitation ever so realistic, as they walked, danced, swung their canes, tipped the funny, small Chaplin derby hats, and sang that everybody was doing the Charlie Chaplin walk. While this is not strictly an up-to-date number by any means, these boys got away with a fair haul.

The Four Haley Sisters, lady quartette. The act bolstered up by the quiet, artistic, but still by the sister with the decidedly masculine voice, all the while they vigorously sang popular songs, the funny sister keeping the audience laughing, getting generous applause for their act.

Cons Edwards Band Box Revue, at the Majestic Theatre, Chicago, made a big hit, with catchy songs, clever specialties, nutty dancing, classy romances, dainty chorus girls, and neat work by the principals, George and Cuddles, Vincent "O'Donnell." A bomb proof act, would stand out on any bill, and at the Majestic it took several curtains.

Blossora Seelye, Orpheum circuit, is working with a male quartette, and popular as ever. She sure can put pep into a number, both singing and dancing in her own way, which is a very "taking" way, by the way.

Bob Brown, doing a single on the Cornell time, has a good line of patter, and presents a novelty, or rather sings one of the popular songs in a novel way. He changes from full dress to negro roustabout costume in a twinkling, and dances a coon shuffle while singing "Sweet Emma! My Gal," all the time dextrously and efficiently applying a blackface make-up, to face, arms, neck and hands in the most thorough manner, while his wheel spoke steps keep one thinking he surely will topple over backwards. He recovers his equilibrium in time to catch his bows.

Irving, playing a bass viol, opens with a lively rag, then switches to classical, but the best thing he does is to play ragtime on a cheap box with only one string. But oh, what a string! He's got that string trained, alright. It imitates birds, fish, chickens, but keeps playing ragtime all the time. So, of course, he makes a hit.

- Jane Lamoureux.

THE CALL OF THE CABARET.
By Jane Lamoureux.

"Twas a cold winter night, so the story teller said, years and years ago. The nights in winter are cold now also, but not always dark and dreary. Oh! what a difference in the nights nowadays. The all pervading, festive cabaret is partly responsible for this.

During the Civil War, sentinels on duty had naught to sustain them through long and weary vigils, but patriotic fever, but then there was

no rigid rule against taking a cheering glass now and then, and many were the refreshing draughts proffered by the admiring damsels of those days.

The other night, in the year 1918, during one of the worst blizzards of the season, a night whose bitter cold might well terrorize the bravest hearts, one lone sentinel stood faithfully at a railway bridge in a large middle west city, sometimes stalking silently, anon pausing motionless, musing, amid the dead, drear solitude of the deserted street. He might well have resented the relentless discipline which demanded that he remain at his chill post, with the cold creeping, creeping around, while the blithe blizzard demons hurled handfuls of light snow, stinging his tormented face, which had assumed a purplish hue.

Surely no one, not even enemies or dare devil spies would venture forth on a night like this. But hist!

who goes there? Struggling through the slithering snow drifts, half slipping, barely able to stagger on, a strange party were approaching. Dauntless souls! They surely must be lashed, spurred onward by the scourging fires of hatred or revenge. No ordinary errand would bring the dainty, costily garbed women, with their fur clad male escorts out on such a night as this—when even the bold taxis were not running, and the railroads were tied up, nor could the most high powered auto have been able to plow through the storm.

The suddenly alert sentinel peered through the blinding, fitful snowfall at the plodding pilgrims, who must surely be on an errand of mercy, perhaps, to rescue some starving family from freezing. Without warning, before the stupefied sentinel realized, they lung themselves against him, the strong arms of the four men gathered him up, they bore him, struggling, rushing along, half drag-

ging him pell mell headlong up the dark street, around the corner and diving with them captive into the subterranean depths of a ratskeller.

An enormous, winking electric eye seemed to blink approval of their impulsive deed. Once inside, the dextrous, trained waiters removed their outer garments and bowed low before the dazed sentinel. A flock of cute, cunning cabaret sirens were careening along the mirror lined runway, carefully catching the toes of their satin slippers in the wooden cleats laid between the sections of mirrors.

The brilliant lights gleamed on the fairy clothes of these bewitching creatures, here in the delightful depths of a ratskeller, were warmth, passion, delicious hot food, colorful sights, care dispelling, joyful, enchanting, invigorating ragtime music, light laughter and still lighter heads. Champagne frothed in crystal goblets, the giddy strains of a snappy popular song issued from the white

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Georgia Rubeaux (Fox Trot for Piano) —By Leo Gordon
Interpretative Movie Music for Piano. —By Harry Norton. No. 3 "Plaintive" No. 4 "Mysterious."

- TEXT**
The Spell of Song Writing. By R. L.
Ragtime as an Introduction and Aid to Better Music. By Zarah Myron Blekford
Opportunity — Circumstance. — Can Music be Circulated without Destroying a Great Opportunity?
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Ragtime Piano Playing.—By Edward H. Wynn. A practical course of Study for Pianists.
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throats of the invincible chorus of dancing girls

Notwithstanding all these allurements, the poor sentinel ordered a "soldier's soda," and with a martyr-like fortitude returned immediately to his post.

Who says patriotism is dead?

THE SHEBOYGAN CONCERT BAND.

With a roster of sixty-four members, under the able leadership of Henry M. Johnson, director, the Sheboygan Concert Band, a full orchestration concert band, largest in the state of Wisconsin, has played at the State Fair at Milwaukee, Wis., for three years.

Each season they make a tour of the state. Mr. Johnson, director, had good training for his chosen work years ago in the Spanish American War, when he was leader of the famous Second Regiment band. The

Sheboygan band present ragtime and popular numbers in a way reminding one of the Sousa style of responding to an encore with a crashing crescendo of popular airs, while the ensemble and solo work in their classical selections shows that these men have a true love for, and appreciation of the best in band music.

SOPHIE TUCKER.

Sophie Tucker is one of the best known entertainers in Orpheum vaudeville. She has made a name and has amassed a fortune—she admits it by tactics on the variety stage that bordered on the "rough house." She has abandoned those old comedy methods, and in a minute she shall explain why and how, but, frankly, Sophie Tucker was inclined to be rough in the old days. But her methods made folks who saw her laugh, and Sophie herself laughs most of the time, excepting when

she is restoring her spiritual balance by crying over a sad film. Sophie Tucker was one of the first successful vaudeville entertainers to utilize the now practically extinct form of singing, if you may call it such, known as "coon shouting." It was ragtime raised to the nth power.

"I never liked it," she said, "but I stumbled into the discovery that I could do it, and that people liked it. I also found that managers would pay for it. It was pretty bad, and I guess all my stuff was rough. I tried and tried to get away from it, but managers were insistent, and, between you and me, I couldn't help going out on the stage and doing the work. Call it natural, if you wish. Maybe, it was.

"The first thing I dropped was coon shouting. My reason for that was that everybody imitated it and killed it. My departure from that method was sheerly good business. I had used it until it was no longer

distinctively Sophie Tucker's. But it remained for a tragedy in my life, the first and only great one, to cure me entirely of the old rough-and-tumble ways of doing things. That was the death of my father.

"I was playing in Chicago only a few months ago, when I got a wire that he was dead," she explained quite simply. "I did not try to finish it, engagement. I went straight home. When I started to work as a singer—and I started by singing around in picture houses or any kind of a theater that would have me—I had one great aim in life. It was to take the best care of the old folks that I was capable of doing. It was my one great pleasure in life to think that my father could retire from business, and that Sophie could give him more than he could ever be able to do for himself.

"I built them a house, and just as they were beginning really to enjoy life, my father died. It embittered me for a while. It made me almost forget my work, what I did, or how I did it. I was tougher, if you may call it so, in my work than ever. I simply didn't care. My one great joy in life had vanished. Eventually, my father's death had the effect of softening me and softening my work. The professional goal that I had long sought by hard work and study had been gained by my first taste of sorrow. The result was better work and more money, and all that, but—

"It was a tremendous price to pay. I would rather go back to my old methods of work and my old salaries if I could have my father back again, but I can't."

Sophie Tucker has the reputation of an indefatigable searcher and seeker for new songs. She is also known as an actress who does her level best to "sew up" new songs so that the vast multitudes of vaudeville and cabaret performers cannot "lift" them. She averages three to four new songs every week, and is constantly in the market for song products.

"Do you wonder then," she said, "why I do my best to keep my songs for myself? I do hard work and the others get the benefit. Here is the way I work it. I do all I can to do a song for myself, and then when I can no longer do so, I cheerfully give it up and let the others have it. Punish them? Never. They have to live, too, and Sophie Tucker is big and strong, and a hard worker, so that she can always have a good supply for everybody. I know that the practice angers many vaudeville performers, but I lose no sleep over it.

"Frustrating? Very much so. Why, before I rehearse at the Orpheum every Monday morning, I have to find out what songs have been sung the week before, lest somebody has sung one or two of mine. When I find that they have I don't get angry. I just drop out the song from my repertoire and let it go at that." —Los Angeles Times.

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ST. PAUL NOTES.

Miss Caroline Olson, pupil of Mrs. Webster's St. Paul school has been called to Washington, D. C., to fill a government position.

Wedding bells have been ringing. Miss Anna Edstrom, a pupil, was married the first of the month. But Anna is not going to be a back number, her music will be kept up just the same.

Mrs. Rasmussen, another pupil has been confined to her home the last couple of weeks on account of sickness.

PHILADELPHIA.

We Philadelphia folks are just as much interested in the RAGTIME REVIEW and just as proud of it as you folks out there, only we have been so busy, that it was impossible to say so before.

You would be greatly pleased if you could see just how thoroughly every copy is enjoyed by our pupils, and hear all the nice remarks made, in fact, one of our boys, Gus Sillman (who is by the way a wonderful little scholar), took his copy to church with him last Sunday to keep him awake, for he said, "It was the most interesting thing he had struck yet, and went way ahead of the sermon."

Another nice thing, Mr. MacDevitt, who was formerly a student and still receives the Review praised the "Review of the New Music," and complimented Miss Lamoureux very highly on her work. He also enjoys the entire book very much.

Am very sorry to state that Miss Menns is ill, has been for several days with a severe cold.—Bessie I. Luthmann

Charles G. Schultz of Milwaukee announces his new assistant teacher, Miss Helen Doucett, a former graduate of his ragtime school. Charlie writes that not only is Miss Doucett a real ragtime piano player, but a very good dancer. Helen was awarded the second prize at the fox trot state championship of Wisconsin,

given by a dancing professor of Chicago at Riverview rink, July, 1917.

NOTES FROM MINNEAPOLIS.

One of my pupils, Mr. Long, is very interested in his lessons. He practically does nothing besides his practice except to eat and drink and sleep.

Another of my pupils left for the navy a short time ago, and at the fort where he is stationed at the present time, he entertains his mates with real ragtime piano playing. He says that his piano playing, which he learned at my school, has meant more to him than he ever expected it would. He is always in demand for the entertainments given at the fort, and has become popular beyond his wildest expectations.

Another one of my pupils (Mr. H), is getting along nicely, although he has to practice a little more than some of my other pupils. He makes it a point to practice not less than 10 hours every week, and he certainly is getting splendid results.

Dr. F. Nelson of this city paid a compliment not only to teaching but to the system I am using, claiming it is the shortest and quickest method for any person to comprehend that he has studied ragtime with other schools but likes mine the best. Consequently I feel elated.—Bessie Yeager.

PERSONAL.

If Board Williams, alias Dr. Bing, of Cranberry Center, Me., will send his address, I will write him a letter.—A. C., care of RAGTIME REVIEW.

Mrs. Van Tress, at Houston, Tex., writes us the interesting information that a world-renowned pianist from Europe, who is also the composer of several operas, takes most kindly to our American ragtime, and he is paying the highest indorsement to syncopated music by taking special instruction from Mrs. Van Tress, in spite of the fact that he is a finished and artistic musician in the classical field.

CURIOSITY, 'TIS A DANGEROUS THING.

By Jane Lamoureux.

One bitter cold
Winther Aftersnoon
Being half parrylized
Wid th' appallin' cold,
Mind me,
I stepped into the
Alhambra Building.
Where betimes,
Warm hearted
Musically inclined
Folks
Hang out
Now, as Heaven is
Me witness
Nobody has ever
Accused me of
Bein' musically inclined
But they do say
I'm almost too sociable
At times
Well, hark to this,

As I, guilelessly
And unsuspecting like
Appeared in th' doorway,
Room 310, mind me
Unforchunate divil
That I am
I heard the most
Amazin' sounds
I ever hope to hear
'This side of Heaven
Or Hades, whichever
'Tis I'm going' to, I Junno
Glory be ta God!
Says I, phwats that?
Begorra, it sounds as if
The Irish Brigade
Was in training
Around hereabouts.
Hurray fer Ireland!
Ireland Forevermore!
The Charge of the Light Brigade!
Had nothing on this
Sure, is it a pianny someone is
Aftir playin'
Who th' divil have ye
Got up here annyway
Says I
Oh, that's only th' Boss,
Charlie Schultz
Playing the last of the
Twinty lessons
in Rag Time

S vs a young woman
You could learn to do it tog
Oh, "Himsilf" is here is he
Says I
W'd that, some one opens
Th' door,
And there foreinst the pianny,
Was the feller that had been playin'
The cunning duck,
Phwat does he do
But staart improvin' or improvisein'
Or somethin' like that,
An' deliberately, with malice afore-
thought
Aftir given' me the ouest over
Out of th' corner of his eye,
Bad Cess to him,
He staarts singin' an' playin' away,
Careless like—like not
Sorta describin' me to meself,
My clothes an' all,
But before he got through,
He had me laughin' too
Well, that's pretty good stuff,
I'd play rag time meself
If I could buy clothes like yours
Be so doin' says I.
But I've no talent at all at all
Why a mere child can learn to play
Rag Time
Why can't a big strappin' guy like
yerself

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Name _____
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Learn, says he.
 I dunno, I dunno, says I
 Maybe now, if you could show
 Me a fingering exercise
 or two, jist to see
 What it's like
 Well, I could at that
 Says he, only our piannys
 Are all busy,
 However, writing is very good
 Exercisc for the fingers
 Here sign here
 For our twinty complete
 lessons in Rag Time
 You'll be a different man
 When you get through taking
 Our course, says he,
 Quick like
 With a most business like
 Gleanin' of his eyes.
 I thin left the office,
 A sadder an' a wiser man
 But jist wait, I'll show this laddie buck
 Up yet, I'm working on lesson three
 already,
 An' believe me, 'Tis the strong fingers
 I have, many's th' brick I've handled.

RAGTIME THE GENERAL FAVORITE IN CAMP.

Edward P. Waller, of Halifax, Canada, writes us that while in the army he learned in England and France that "music has its charms," and the jolly ragtimer was the general favorite in camp and hospital.

Mrs. Marie Reager, of Spokane, who has been out of the ragtime "game" for some time, owing to illness, has re-opened her studio, and reports a splendid business for December, which is usually a dull month.

Miss Mabel Rogers, who operates a profitable school in Kansas City celebrated a birthday recently (just which milestone this happened to be is not revealed), but an enormous bouquet of roses was presented to her by her admiring pupils, which kept her studio a place of delight for several days.

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 Answer—A questionnaire is a reminder that you should have enlisted before too late

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Valse Eternal—Most Beautiful Waltz

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Just An Air Castle That
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