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RAGTIME REVIEW

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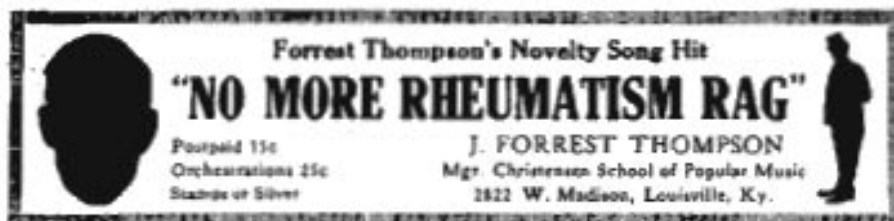
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RAG-TIME REVIEW

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

Vol. 2

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER, 1916

No. 11.

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Kid McCann's Waterloo

(How Ragtime Affected a Prizefighter's Career)

By PETER FRANK MEYER

Kid McCann, lightweight champion of the world, strode into the office of his manager in anything but an affable frame of mind. Under ordinary circumstances the young man, whose fame as a fighter covered two continents, was tolerably good-natured, but on this morning his mood was an exception.

He pushed open a stained glass door marked "Barney Brock, Sporting and Theatrical Promoter," and entered a sumptuous private room. A short, thick-set man, with a fat face and bald head, was comfortably seated in a creaking desk chair. His prodigious feet rested on the edge of a broad mahogany desk, and spread out before him was a newspaper, which he scanned closely through gold-rimmed spectacles.

The Kid banged the door shut. The fat man jerked up his head with a start, permitting his spectacles to fall into his open paper, and scrutinized the young man in amazement.

"Well, what the devil is the matter with you, Kid?" he asked, at last.

McCann frowned darkly and sauntered up to the desk, his hands in his pockets.

"There's nothing wrong with me, except that I'm mad. Why in blazes did you match me to fight with Bailling Larsen on Thanksgiving Day?"

Barney Brock adjusted the spectacles on his nose, tossed the paper on the desk, and leaned back in his chair. For a moment he stared at the other blankly.

"Say, what's wrong with your think tank this morning?" he asked at length. "You know as well as I do that a holiday affair will draw a bigger crowd and make a bigger purse than any ordinary day. Why, man, you're getting sixteen thousand bucks cold cash for the bout, excluding the motion-picture privileges, and a fifteen-hundred-dollar bonus. And I had to work like a dog to get those terms for you. I even soaked Allison for transportation for two, both ways, and full training expenses. Good Lord, Mac, it means twenty-thousand dollars for you clear profit!"

"That isn't the point," put in McCann,

irritably. "As far as the terms are concerned, financially, I'm not worrying. But Larsen is a dead Swede—so easy that I'd fight him for ten cents, or exercise."

Just then the door opened softly, but so engrossed were the two in conversation, that neither heard or saw the figure standing in the doorway.

"Then what are you howling about?" inquired Brock.

McCann thumped his fist on the desk. "The date set for the bout," he exclaimed. "You know that the Empire Ball in Chicago is scheduled for Thanksgiving Day. You know what a 'nut' I am about ragtime. And the Rodgers Ragtime Band, the finest band in the world, is slated to play at the Empire Ball on that night. In addition, I'm crazy for dancing, and swore by all I held sacred that I'd take Miss Philipps to the ball that night. Now how in hell am I going to take in the hall in Chicago when the fight takes place in San Francisco at three o'clock the same afternoon?"

Brock stared at him, opened his mouth to speak, found the effort useless, and flopped back in his chair, utterly dumbfounded. The Kid paced up and down the room nervously, ignoring his manager's astonishment.

At last Brock found his voice. With a great effort he sat up, removed his specs, and struggled to his feet. He placed one pudgy hand on the desk for support and glared at the Kid.

"Say, are you pickled, Mac?" he inquired dubiously.

"No. I'm not pickled!" snapped McCann angrily, whirling around. "You know blame well that I don't touch the stuff. But I'm sore, sore clean through, to think that you arranged this bout without consulting me."

"You blooming lunatic!" expostulated Brock wrathfully. "do you mean to tell me you'd postpone the chance to make a soft twenty thousand for the sake of a damned old ragtime ball, or whatever it is?"

McCann flushed underneath his tan. "Yes, that's just what I mean to say,

Barney. I can't help it. I'm crazy for music—ragtime—dancing, and you know it; everybody knows it. Every sporting editor in the U. S. A. knows my weakness, and they've all panned me for it on various occasions. And you know that boxing isn't a business with me. I'm in the game for the sport of it—I don't need the money."

This statement, startling as it seems, was true. Kid McCann was a college graduate, and had attained a degree of mechanical engineer. His people were very wealthy. And at the time of his graduation, five years ago, his father had willed him a fortune estimated at three-hundred thousand dollars. But McCann's reputation as a boxer at college attracted the attention of the sporting world, and finally, after great persuasion, Barney Brock had induced him to take a pugilistic career, under the sobriquet of Kid McCann, so as to conceal his real identity.

McCann accepted Brock as manager, and in three years the Kid fought his way through a horde of ring celebrities, finally winning the lightweight championship of the world by knocking out Spike McFadden in 18 rounds. Sporting editors throughout the country were unanimous in the opinion that McCann was the greatest defensive boxer the world had ever seen, and no one denied that his popularity as a champion had never been equaled.

And what added to the public's interest in his battles was the fact that a shroud of mystery concealed his early life. The public knew, of course, that Kid McCann was an assumed name, and were aware that he was a college graduate and reputed to be wealthy. But, all efforts to secure further information about him proved futile.

About a year after winning the title McCann became a victim of some peculiar habits. Music and dancing could move him with ease, and he finally contracted the ragtime craze. Every time a brass band paraded along the streets, McCann followed it like a child. Night after night he sought musical entertainment at dances, theatres, concerts and cabarets. Ragtime became an obsession with him, and had it not been for the commendable fact that McCann neither drank nor smoked, his career as a champion would have ended in six months.

Besides, he and Brock were continually squabbling over money matters. It mattered little to McCann whether he received ten thousand or ten hundred for a fight. He had money, lots of it, and would have offered his services time and again at ridiculously low prices, had it not been for Brock. His manager was a shrewd, calculating business man. He realized that McCann was one of the cleverest and most popular fighters in ring history, and he saw to it that the Kid drew big purses. In several instances, McCann had given him entire purses, claiming that he didn't need the cash. But Brock had always banked

the money, refusing to accept more than his share as manager.

"Mac," said Brock, when the Kid had finished, "I know you don't need the money—you've told me that five hundred times in the last five years. But you MAY need it some day. This ragtime craze is childish; and nobody but a simp would think of throwing aside a chance to make twenty-thousand easy bones for the sake of a woman and a ragtime ball."

"Alright, then," declared McCann, "I'm a 'nut.' But I can't help it. Why, Barney, I'm so wild about music that if I heard a band in the midst of a fight, I wouldn't be able to continue. That's a fact!"

The door closed slowly, and the figure at the threshold departed, but the two did not hear the sound.

"Can't you postpone the bout to another date?" asked McCann, his face lighting up. Barney shook his head.

"Impossible!" The Kid flung up his hands in a gesture of despair.

"Very well," he said finally. "I'll have to let that hall go. But, remember, hereafter you don't make any matches without consulting me about it first!"

Nick Allison's big fight arena in San Francisco was massed from top to bottom with moving spectators. They came into the huge pavilion from five different entrances in endless processions. It was nearly three o'clock when an announcer stepped into the ring and addressed the thousands of spectators through a megaphone. McCann was then introduced to the crowd. He climbed through the ropes, sauntered to the center of the ring in a blue bathrobe, bowed and smiled, and then threw off his robe.

Stripped to fighting tights he was a splendid specimen of physical manhood. He had dark, wavy hair, bronze complexion, and the head and nose of an Indian. His waist would have aroused the envy of any woman, and it was in perfect congruity with the expanse of hard, white flesh, that broadened into a lithe, graceful chest and extended into shoulders and arms that were lean and powerful, with muscles of the whipcord type. The muscles of his legs bulged gracefully, and it was easy to discern that endless footwork had developed them.

The Kid posed for the camera men and motion-picture operators, then wrapped himself in his bathrobe and walked to his corner.

The announcer called his opponent next. Battling Larsen did not receive the tremendous ovation which had been accorded the champion, but his introduction was greeted with applause. Larsen, likewise, removed his robe to pose for the cameras. In stature the Battler was the typical prizefighter. He was very short, almost squat, with tremendous shoulders, big, bulging, knotted muscles, a massive, hairy chest, and thick-

set legs. His hair was blonde, almost gold in color, and he had square jaws, a thick neck, and cold gray eyes. Bat's only claim to distinction was that in over a hundred bouts he had never been knocked out—or, for that matter, even knocked down. But a score of capable boxers had outpointed him with ease, and it was a known fact that Bat was a mark for a clever boxer. However, peculiar as it may seem, not a single fighter in the lightweight division, excluding McCann, would consent to meet Larsen in a fight scheduled for over twenty rounds. An though this bout was slated for forty-five rounds—a finish fight—the odds were three to one that McCann would win, and win by knockout!

Both men stepped on the scales, their respective weights were announced—well within the limit—and the referee issued the customary instructions. They shook hands later, and went to their corners.

At the tap of the gong they sprang from their corners and advanced to meet. The vast crowd leaned forward as one, staring breathlessly. With the grace of a dove McCann danced before the Battler, attempting to draw him out. Larsen, flat-footed and bulky, slowly advanced. Zipl went McCann's left hand, and a stinging jab drove back Larsen's head. The Swede merely grinned. Blocking blows with his face was his specialty.

With graceful ease McCann blocked Bat's clumsy efforts to land a telling blow, and in return, countered, cross-countered, ducked away, jabbed and uppercut his opponent at will. The first round was a joke—McCann's round by ten miles.

It was the same old thing in the next six rounds. McCann fainted the little Swede into knots, belted him in the face and body with stiff jolts and jabs, and blocked the return blows with ridiculous and admirable ease. His judge of distance was uncanny. The Kid seemed to pick off Larsen's blows before they were even aimed, and it was apparent to all that he was not even extending himself. Not a clean blow had Larsen landed in the entire seven rounds! McCann dodged, ducked, blocked and side-stepped the Swede's swings with smiling, graceful, sinuous ease.

"Don't play with, Mac, don't play with him," advised Barney, as McCann came to his corner at the end of the seventh round. "Cut out this brotherly love stuff. Soon as you get him dazed plant a haymaker on his chin and drop him for the count."

Nick Allison, promoter of the fight and proprietor of the arena, sauntered by. Barney called to him.

"Say, Nick," he asked, "how is it that every seat in the house is taken except that hatch of about thirty seats at this end of the ringside? Parties fail to show up?"

Allison shrugged his shoulders. "Damned if I know, Barney. Jack Burns bought the whole three rows in that group at twenty bucks a seat. That's all I can



SUCCESSFUL TEACHERS OF RAGTIME PIANO PLAYING

A GROUP OF SUCCESSFUL RAGTIME TEACHERS

We take pleasure in reproducing the photographs of eight enterprising young men and women who have made a success at teaching real ragtime piano playing. Each was a pioneer in his or her city and had in the beginning to contend with much adverse criticism and opposition until they proved the fact that the teaching of ragtime in 20 lessons was no experiment. Each of these teachers is now enjoying prosperity and makes a comfortable income, in addition to being honored and respected in their several localities.

They are: 1. Phil Kaufman of Los Angeles, Cal.; 2. Charles G. Schultz of Chicago; 3. George F. Schulte of Cleveland, O.; 4. A. W. Halgerson of Whitewater, Wis.; 5. Mrs. C. C. Nance of Memphis, Tenn.; 6. Bernard Brin of Seattle, Wash.; 7. Miss Marie Reager of Spokane, Wash.; 8. Miss Armenia Thomas of Toledo, O.

Other successful teachers of ragtime are invited to send their photographs for publication in the "Ragtime Review."

TOWN TALK.

By R. F. Gunther, Director Mount Vernon School of Popular Music.

Well, Well, Well! Just a month ago I opened a ragtime school in Mount Vernon and I have almost forty pupils and prospects of a good many more already. I am just getting started and expect to make things hum around here. It looks as though I'll need an assistant teacher by next season and I also want to get branch schools started in Yonkers and New Rochelle in a few seasons.

I think one of the most essential things necessary for success is good advertising and plenty of it. I find the newspapers are the best advertising mediums, although moving picture slides and attractive signs prominently placed are also excellent. The pupils are getting along fine and I have one girl fourteen years old who is up to page 24 of the first instruction book in three lessons. Going some, eh!

If everybody around here don't know about the system I teach by the time I get through advertising, it won't be my fault. Some of the folks are skeptical yet, but as soon as I turn out the first bunch of pupils, I think they will "sit up and taken notice." The theaters here are doing a good business and the people are showing a decided liking for vaudeville sketches with music, and ragtime is the music they want.

HERE IT IS, PHOEBE.

We are, indeed sorry, for our gross negligence in not having mentioned the fact in a former issue of the "Ragtime Review" that Miss Phoebe Moss is the daughter of Mr. Isaac Moss, the eminent vocalist and ragtime singer. Mr. Moss, after enjoying several years of brilliant success, is no longer performing in public. He is now a junior member of the well-known firm, B. Liphstiz & Co., Seattle.

tell you, except that he paid me cash for them," and Allison strode away.

Barney's face was a puzzle, and he started after the promoter reflectively. Jack Burns had bought thirty seats? What for? And why weren't they occupied? Burns was Larsen's manager, and Barney knew he was as slick as silk. He wondered if Burns was up to some kind—

The gong for the eighth round drew his attention just then. McCann, thoroughly warmed up to the bout by this time, danced in and jabbed the on-coming Larsen repeatedly with nasty lefts, and occasionally varied with vicious right jolts to the body. All around the ring danced the Kid, Larsen stolidly following, only to run into fusilades of left and right handed blows. A stinging left brought blood from the little Swede's nose, just before the round ended.

From then on Larsen endured a terrific beating. McCann smashed his body with terrific jolts and hooks, battered his face to a bleeding mass with furious punches, and pounded, pounded, pounded away like a cyclone round after round. The champion's speed was bewildering, his cleverness astounding (and his perspicacity almost marvelous. In the sixteenth round, bewildered, blinded, reeling unsteadily, the game little Swede retired to his corner, his face and body covered with blood, one eye closed, the red liquid trickling from his nose and mouth.

"Can you stand it, Bat?" Jack Burns asked him, whispering in his ear.

"Sure aye ban stand it," grumbled the little Swede. "Aye banic stand das woss punch dan dese."

"Good!" exclaimed Burns, delightedly. "I fixed it for this round—there's the band coming in now! Now, remember! Follow the instructions I gave you!"

In the other corner, staring in wonder, were McCann and Brock. Thirty musicians had entered the arena and were now taking the empty seats which Barney had spoken to Allison about. Brock was staring in speechless astonishment. What was this?

To be sure, the seats were paid for, but Jack Burns had paid for them, and surely, Burns was not so generous as to hire a brass band for the champion's benefit. Every man in the sporting game knew of McCann's fondness for music, but it was absurd to think that Larsen's manager would cater to that passion out of his own pocket. Oh, no! There was something wrong, and Barney frowned darkly. The Kid, however, smiled in delight, and broke into a wide smile at the sound of the song. He certainly loved music.

Larsen slowly dragged himself out of his corner. It was apparent that he was all in, and his bruised and battered face drew the pity of even McCann's admirers. It was evident that one punch in the right spot would end the fight. But McCann had no desire to end the fight. He was going to hear that band play if he had to let Larsen stay ten rounds more!

The Kid lightly danced before the battered Swede, and then the big band blared forth a popular ragtime air. McCann turned gracefully and waved his gloved hand at the band leader.

"Now!" shouted a stentorian voice in Larsen's corner, and the next instant the little blonde-haired Swede straightened up, brought back his arm in a flash, and a terrific right hand swing landed on McCann's jaw. The champion stiffened, groaned, crumpled up, and pitched to the canvas amid a deafening uproar as the spectators rose to their feet in a mass. Vaguely grop-

(Continued on page 26)

THE UKULELE.

By Albert Cook.

This is *one* instrument that anyone can learn to play. This charming instrument is one that is dearly loved by every Hawaiian.

In their sweetest melodies and Hula (dance) music, the Ukulele plays an important part.

Solos and selections can be played on it, also fascinating obligatos and the like, but the real beauty of the instrument is in the gentle strumming across the strings in such a manner as to bring forth its liquid tones clearly and distinctly.

The Ukulele has within a very short period of time achieved sensational popularity. Comparatively unknown three years ago outside of the Hawaiian Islands, it is now a familiar instrument throughout the Pacific Coast and its fame is rapidly spreading to all parts of the United States.

In California one hears its soft and fascinating tone wherever young people congregate and in one university alone there are over a thousand of these charming little instruments.

The delightful individuality of its tropical tone coloring has gained recognition, for it is a splendid accompanying instrument for the voice in any class of song.

It is as well adaptable to ragtime as to the more sentimental Hawaiian melodies.

Its simplicity is such that anyone can learn to play it in a very short time and it is perhaps to this fact, more than any, that the instrument owes its rapid rise to favor.

If one wishes to give it serious study, the effort will be well repaid, as it possesses considerable possibilities as a musical instrument. Some players acquire a remarkable technique. It is very effective in conjunction with mandolins, guitars and banjos for quartette and club work.

THE SAXOPHONE.

By Albert Cook.

The Saxophone family consists of Bb Soprano, C Soprano, Eb Alto, Bb Tenor, C Melody, Eb Baritone, Eb Contra Bass, and Bb Bass, having a collective compass of about four and a quarter octaves, an extent of sounds sufficient to meet the requirements of composition and to satisfy demands of players.

Concert music requiring expression in the medium range rather than extremely high or low, is always more acceptable and pleasing to the public and in such compositions Saxophones are preferable to other instruments.

Patrick S. Gilmore, the famous bandmaster was responsible for its introduction as a solo instrument, as well as ensemble, into the bands of the United States.

In recent years the Saxophone has become a favorite instrument in the concert and particularly the dance orchestra and is now considered a fixture upon the daily programs of the leading theaters and concert halls of the world.

Saxophones have a quality of tone color peculiar to themselves, blending the tone of

the brass with that of the reeds, also a tendency to the tone of the stringed instrument.

In the hands of an excellent performer the instrument possesses a vague charm that carries the hearer into the region of doubt as to the true nature of the tone, which varies in effect from the clarinet to the English horn and violincello.

The saxophone is constantly and successfully being substituted for many band and orchestra instruments such as clarinet, cor anglais, French horn, cello, bassoon, etc.

It is considered the easiest of all wind instruments to learn and master.

DRUMS.

By Courtland Christiant.

In this onward rush of ragtime to its deserved position as the National American Music, there is one poor mortal who has more than done his share in the great fight and who has up to the present, failed to receive even casual mention in connection with the great Cause. I refer to the guy who, with a couple of seventeen-inch hickory sticks, a half dozen cow bells, a frying pan, a locomotive whistle, various animal imitations and a Claxon Auto horn (incidentally a set of drums) raises more disturbance in a first class dance orchestra than an I W W riot. Just picture yourself dancing to the music of an orchestra in a fairly large sized place without a drummer. Almost any other of the musicians might fail to show up and the thing go on, but without the drums—"It iss nodings." Now, I am one of those creatures, bearing semblance to the well-known human race who makes his living—or at least a great part of it—by totting a young hardware store around to dances, political rallies, and other disturbances and I want Father Christensen to tell us in twenty lessons just how to get the best "rag" effect out of a set of traps. I have been accused of not being a fit drummer to "sit in" at a classical concert and when I have played at movies, whenever the leader decided he had to bore the audience with some high class stuff. I knew it was my cue to sneak around the corner and stir up some of the sawdust in front of Dougherty's Bar, for I will put that rag stuff in—no matter if it's the funeral of the gink in the Pathé Weekly that we're playing to—and with these ragtime proclivities—I yearn for Christensen to show us the light, so that the embryo drummer may hope to accomplish in his one brief lifetime just what the pianist is able to do—thanks to Christensen—in a few short months.

During the Czar's recent visit to the Washington School, which is operated here by my brother, I had the honor and delight of following Mr. Christensen in some of his numbers with the drums, and while naturally somewhat nervous in his royal presence, I can say, as the popular song goes "I was Never Nearer Heaven in My Life"—and I think the incident sug-

gested the possibilities to both of us and to my brother, of what might be done in the way of a system for drums. And by the way, for a drummer who does or does not read music or play bells—the present Christensen Book is applicable to playing Drummers' Bells as well as it is to piano and is worth every minute you can devote to it. Now, I want some other drummer to get after the Boss about this course—and let him see we are in earnest about it, for some enterprising drummers can "clean-up" a little later by establishing "Drumming Departments" in the already established ragtime piano schools.

Specialist in Noises—anything from a sigh to a cyclone.

ALBERT COOK.

Mr. Albert Cook, who has taken the directorship of the band and orchestra department of the Christensen School in Chicago, has had a long and successful musical career.

Besides being a cornet soloist and band conductor of the first rank, Mr. Cook received a thorough training in piano, violin, harmony and composition under the best masters in Germany.

His knowledge has been derived not only from theory and training, but also from experience—long continued experience as a soloist and band leader in all parts of the world.

He was for seven seasons director and soloist of the famous Kitties band, conducting that organization when they made their tour of the world.

Mr. Cook is of that temperament which makes the successful teacher. He possesses enthusiasm, imagination, force, patience and good nature. Under him study becomes a satisfaction and a pleasure.

He knows the general requirements made on every musician playing in bands and orchestras, and how to help them meet these requirements; and he knows also from his own experience as a soloist, just those technical points which every student should learn.

DOES RAGTIME PAY?

By Jacob Schwartz.

I don't think that any other teacher of Ragtime (or any other kind of time for that matter) ever had the same experience or the same kind of a pupil. The first time I saw him "blow" into my studio, he impressed me with the idea that he was a very big man, not only in stature, but also in the business world. At first glance I thought he might be a banker; but then, what would a banker come to see me for? I knew my account wasn't overdrawn, and anyway such matters are attended to by the clerks.

He was about fifty, slightly grey about the temples, tall, and with a face that expressed determination to do things and not waste any time about it either. I motioned him to a chair.

"Are you Mr. Schwartz?" he began.

lesson. It was very much the same as other first lessons were only worse and I thought "It is indeed hard to teach an old dog new tricks." I really didn't think he would show up for a second lesson, but say, he came back and he knew the notes in the Treble Cleff and could read them quick, too.

He said his little affair was going so smoothly that he was just going to learn to play if it was only one piece. At the end of three lessons he was playing "Ragtime Simplicity" with both hands, and he felt so elated over it that I could see that fifty dollar bonus already in my inside pocket.

The tenth lesson had him wrestling with "Old Black Joe" converted into Ragtime, and he was going strong. And say, talk about the path of true love never running smooth, that's all rot. Just try a little ragtime on your ball-bearing and see if the wheels won't pick out a smooth path. I am seriously thinking of advertising to cure all heart troubles with ragtime.

A few weeks later he brought along a popular song and asked if he could have it for a lesson. It was an easy one, and I readily consented to teach him how to play it. He worked at it for two lessons, but he learned it. I was never quite so surprised as I was at that lesson (his 17th).

For a man of his age and the limitations on his time he proved a wonder. But it only proved to me further what can be done with a pupil, if said pupil will only stick to the idea that he or she is at least as capable as the other fellow.

I always impress a pupil who starts, knowing nothing, that the first three or four lessons are the hardest, and that once they have learned to read in both clefs, their greatest troubles are over. I make this point as strong as any part of the first two or three lessons; I know many that have gotten cold feet at the idea of so much to learn. Get them to learn the Treble Cleff and play with right hand, some times it takes two lessons to do this, but I try to make it the first lesson, even if I have to stretch their time ten or fifteen minutes. The second lesson then becomes still harder, for having learned one set of notes, the pupil has to go all over the same lines and call the notes by another name and also to find another place on the keyboard.

Before the end of this lesson the teacher must show the pupil that reading the Bass Cleff is not such a task as it first appeared.

Some times a pupil asks why there are two clefs? In answer to this, I show them a card with eleven lines drawn upon it with a note on each line, the middle line somewhat lighter than the others to illustrate what the staff would be like should their be only one cleff in Piano Music. Of course, some pupils are brighter than others, and then there are some who are still brighter. It isn't every pupil that has such an incentive to learn as my hero had. Oh, yes, I said had.

That seventeenth lesson was his last. For some time, at least. Not because he learned all that he needed or wanted to learn, but just because he has no time owing to the fact that the fascinating widow is a fascinating widow no longer, but has joined forces and agreed to disagree with my pupil in all things, Ragtime included.

Did I get it? I really never expected to—but with the second missed letter sent to him, my stenographer (bless her) sent a gentle reminder of the promise made, and two days later (they just got back from their honeymoon trip and he hadn't come to yet)—well a Fall suit and overcoat can be ordered now as well as any other time.

BIG PICTURE HOUSE OPENS.

The largest motion picture theater on the Pacific Coast, opened in Oakland, November 22. It is the new Turner & Dahlen Theater.

The new house will seat nearly 4,000 people and is said to be the largest exclusive picture theater in the United States. It has been under construction for a little more than a year and embodies the latest innovations in the matter of picture projection, lighting and decorations, heating and ventilating and in mechanical musical devices.

In the general arrangement of the house comfort and safety have been paramount issues with the builders. Unusually wide aisles have been provided, and a unique system of lighting makes the location and direction of the aisles, as well as the ends of the rows of seats, plainly visible at all times, without making any distracting glare to detract from the picture. The chairs are of more than usual width and depth.

More exit space has been provided than is required, according to the seating capacity of the house. In the matter of ventilation a new system has been installed whereby pure air from the roof is drawn through a heating device and forced into the theater. A continuous underdraft takes the impure air from the house and expels it through another shaft. The temperature of the theater is automatically regulated. Another factor in the safety problem is found in the complete system of sprinklers and automatic fire alarms that have been installed. The building is constructed entirely of concrete and metal and is rated as entirely fireproof.

An exceptionally artistic series of decorations, in which the principal motif is the California poppy, coupled with an elaborate system of indirect lighting, combine to make the interior of the house highly pleasing. On the second floor a large rest room for women has been incorporated, with an adjacent dressing room in which are five dressing tables, with well arranged lighting. A men's lounging and smoking room has been installed on the second floor, as well as a Pompeian refreshment room.

ALBERT COOK

"The party who advertises ragtime and popular music taught in twenty lessons?"

"The same one" I confessed rather faintly.

"Well, then, do you think you could teach me to play in twenty lessons?" "Why certainly," I began, my spirits rising.

"Now, see here, Mr. Schwartz?" he broke in, "I don't want anybody trying to fake me into anything or take up my time foolishly. My time is very valuable."

"So is mine," I said, "and if you are ready, I will give you a lesson at once."

"Just a minute; I suppose you will teach me all right and I am willing to put in an hour every day at practicing, but you see I am at a period in life where they say it is hard to teach a dog any new tricks. I have a very good reason for wanting to learn, and as quickly as possible, but I do not wish to be made the laughing stock of any of my friends or business associates. If you can do as you say you can, I will give you a bonus of fifty dollars. You see"—and then he went on and told me that he was a widower and was anxious to get rid of that title by doubling up with a very fascinating widow, with whom he had gotten into the habit of attending entertainments, receptions, etc.—said fascinating widow was also crazy about ragtime.

It was while at a social function where a piano player was entertaining a group of chickens with some very fancy ragtime playing, that she told him (slyly of course) that she could marry a man that could tickle the ivories like that. Hence his determination to play ragtime.

I assured him that if he followed my instructions and practiced every day, that I would guarantee satisfactory results. Of course, I would keep his name a secret.

Well, we finally got started on our first

The Ragtime Review

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and
Pub-
lished
By



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The following letter appeared in the Chicago News:

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

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

REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

SEEN THROUGH THE PUBLISHERS WINDOW.

My Dreamy China Lady—By Gus Kahn and Egbert Van Alstyne; published by Remick. This number needs nothing in the way of review as it has already become popular.

Across the Waving Waters My Sweetheart Calls For Me—By C. O. Gregg; published by Connet. A pleasing number in the key of C. Verse in 4/4 time is played *Moderato* and the chorus is in waltz time.

Shadows of Flame—By Russell Robinson and Marguerite Kendall; published by Stark. Opens with a nice waltz movement full of melody throughout.

Hawaii Calls—Marguerite Kendall and Russell Robinson; published by Williams & Co. Pleasing, but in our opinion will never equal "Hello Hawaii" in popularity.

I Want to Hear a Dixie Tune—Walter Duppert and Charles Lewis; published by Decker and Weissgoff. This number is nothing extra, simple to play however. Has a couple of patriotic strains interwoven into the chorus, which has been a little overdont in other songs before this one.

The Inel Foretell—Instrumental Waltz by J. S. Zamecnick; published by Sam Fox. Starts off with a dreamy waltz melody in B flat and the whole piece has merit. "Aloha" is used in one of the strains, which sounds pretty in 3/4 time.

When its Moonlight on the Board Walk—Holt and Williams. The verse is a little monotonous in its construction and the chorus slightly better.

Mildly—Instrumental Three-step by J. S. Zamecnick; published by Sam Fox. A good number for the purpose it is intended for, namely to dance the three step by Trio has a catchy triplet movement on the first beat of the measure which gives good effect.

False Amorette—Instrumental Waltz by Lionel Baxter; published by Sam Fox. A melodious waltz of the higher class.

All America—By J. S. Zamecnick; published by Sam Fox. An instrumental military march. Good.

In Old Brazil—By Felts Jan Brown and Herbert Spencer; published by Remick. The verse is effectively written for the left hand and this piece will possibly rank with "Underneath the Stars."

Summer Nights—Will J. Howard and Lew Hayes; published by Haviland. Catchy with a syncopated chorus that is a little choppy.

When I Dream of Killynny and You—Jean Calhoun and Harry Scandon; published by Haviland. Has the true Irish atmosphere with nice melody.

It's Lonesome Here—Bliss Milford; published by Haviland.

When I Look Back and Think of You—Richard Howard; published by Haviland. A ballad of merit.

You're All the World to Me—Lester Palmer and James W. Conrad; published by Haviland. This is an excellent number suitable for fox-trot.

At the End of a Beautiful Day—William H. Perrins; published by Haviland. A waltz song and chorus. Good.

Everybody Loves An Irish Song—William J. McKenna; published by Haviland. Will get over on account of having several old time Irish melodies interwoven into the chorus.

Every Corner of the World Holds You—J. N. Varrick; published by Haviland. The chorus, played slow is pretty.

Last Night When the World Was Mine—Arthur W. Kassel and Christian A. Grimm; Lyccum Pub. A ballad with a 12/8 chorus; sounds well but possesses no particular originality.

Let Me See Your Smile for Just a Little While—Edward G. Allanson. Not worth much consideration.

On the South Sea Isle—Harry Von Tilzer. A good number, introducing some "blues" effects with the left hand in the chorus.

There's Someone More Lonesome Than You—Lou Klein and Harry Von Tilzer. From a musical standpoint this is pretty good but not what we would expect of Harry Von Tilzer—he has written so many so much better.

You're Just Made to Order For Me—Jack Mahony and Harry Von Tilzer. A clever song.

All I Want is a Cottage, Some Roses and You—Chas. K. Harris. A ballad of the well-known Harris style, the chorus being in 6/8 time.

Old Virginia—Instrumental One-step by J. S. Zamecnick; published by Sam Fox. Unusual and catchy.

When You Were My Queen of May Time—Halsey K. Mohr; published by Shapiro and Bernstein. Waltz song with a good swing and melodious chorus.

She Sleeps in the Valley By Request—A Mock Ballad by Bernie Grossman and Frank Sitwell; published by Shapiro and Bernstein. This is a corker and the lyrics are funny.

Go Get 'Em—Instrumental One-step by A. Manholz; published by Shapiro and Bernstein. Makes a 'od music for a one-step.

The End of the Trail—Halsey K. Mohr; published by Shapiro and Bernstein. A good number.

I'm "Gone" Before I Go—Ballard MacDonald and Harry Carroll; published by Shapiro and Bernstein. This is one of Bert Williams' songs and the lyrics possess much subtle humor.

For the Sake of a Rose—Addison Burkhardt and Albert Piantadosi; published by Shapiro and Bernstein. 4/4 verse and waltz chorus, which is good.

I Make a Hit Wherever I Go—Arthur L.



MISS MATTIE SMITH
who has had wonderful success teaching "Ragtime"
at Detroit

Thought this was a corking good number until we hit the last line in the chorus, where part of the "Suwanee River" has been borrowed for a couple of measures, but outside of this one feature it will do well. A fox-trot.

You've Got Me Kid—Phil Kaufman; published by Stark. This is from the pen of a Pacific Coast writer and we have to give him credit, because there is some of that Western pep in this song that will bring it to the front. Fox-trot time.

Not So Very Far From Zanzibar—Words by Ed. Rose and Joe McCarthy, music by Abe Olman; published by Leo Feist. Fox-trot tempo. Good.

Ireland Must Be Heaven for My Mother Came From There—Joe McCarthy, Howard Johnson and Fred Fischer; published by Feist. This number is already popular. A splendid Irish ballad.

When the Gates of Heaven Opened—Arthur Lamb and Chas. B. Brown. Another Irish song and exceptionally good.

Pretty Baby—Kahn, Jackson and Egbert Van Alstyne; published by Remick. One of the big popular hits of the season.

There's A Little Bit of Bad In Every Good Little Girl—Grant Clarke and Fred Fischer; published by Feist. Very popular right now in New York and Chicago and no doubt every place else where it has been heard. It's not as naughty as it sounds, but naughty enough to be interesting when properly sung.

The Sweetest Melody of All—Grant Clarke and Jimmy Monaco; published by Feist. Not by any means the best product of these two writers, but has a nice melody with a fox-trot swing. The words don't impress the average listener much until the last two lines of the chorus, which contain a "punch" that gets the song over well.

I'm Satisfied With Uncle Sam—Marvin Lee and Terry Sherman; published by Forster. Excellent March or One-step number

You're A Dangerous Girl—Grant Clarke and Jimmie Monaco; published by Feist. A sure fire number; already popular.

If I Knock the "L" Out of Kelly—Sam Lewis, Joe Young and Bert Grant; published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder. A knockout for a performer with a good Irish brogue. No criticism possible; already popular.

When the Sun Goes Down in Romany—Sam Lewis, Joe Young and Bert Grant; Irving Berlin, Pub. Beautiful waltz song; already popular everywhere, but some readers of the "Ragtime Review" may not have heard it and they have a right to know.

Morning, Noon and Night—Billy Johnson and James White; published by Will Rossiter. Good. "Blues."

Goodbye, Good Luck, God Bless You—J. Keirn Brennan and Ernest Ball; published by Whitmark. Extremely captivating waltz melody with pretty sentiment in the lyrics. Already popular.

I'm Going to Hit the Trail to My Home Town—J. Brandon Walsh and Ernie Erdman; published by Forster. Good.

Murray and Aice M. Harrington; published by Stark. A dandy one-step song.

Shadows of Flame—Marguerite Kendall and J. Russell Robinson; published by Stark. Splendid waltz chorus.

Goodbye Georgia, Goodbye—Marguerite Kendall and Russell Robinson; published by Stark. Another one of those good one-step songs.

When I Die Send Me To My Mow—J. Russell Robinson; published by Warner-Williams. This number is great for fox-trot and possesses that captivating lilt termed "blues" which are now so much in demand and which the saxophone loves to moan. How a good saxophonist could "moan" this number.

Bouncing At the Rubber Ball—Roger Lewis and Ernie Erdman; Forster Pub. Here is a sure fire fox-trot hit although a recommendation at this time is not needed, the number having already become very popular.

Dancing Down in Dixie Land—Abe Olman and Irving Bibb; Forster Pub. A typical one-step number. Good.

Come Along To Caroline—Will J. Harris and Abe Olman. Forster, Pub. This is one of the best "railroad" numbers we have heard this season. The swing makes it a good fox-trot and the song made a tremendous hit at Covent Garden, Chicago, a short time ago, being sung by a chorus of girls dressed up in overalls and engineers' caps, who imitated the puffing of a locomotive by means of dance steps.

Come Back to Wai-kiki—Roger Lewis and Abe Olman; published by Forster.

Back Again To Dear Old Dixie Land—By Wells Gaskill and Fritz Klem; Harmony Pub.

Moonshine Valley—Joe McCarthy and Fred Fischer; published by Feist. A good refreshing ballad.

It's Not Your Nationality, It's Simply You—This song is being sung in the west by Eva Tanguay and in the East by Miss Claire Rochester and other well-known performers and is going over big.

ERRATA.

In our October issue we said that "Every Hour of My Life" is published by the Independent Music Company. We find that it is published by the United Music Company.

RELATION OF POPULAR MUSIC TO NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT.

"It is popular music which keeps a nation good natured," said Silvio Hein, in the Chicago Herald. "If any country had to subsist for its musical diet on symphonies and nocturnes altogether, I am afraid that it would be a sober-minded people. But fortunately there are enough composers who can turn out those jingly tunes which the public likes to whistle—hence the good nature of all of us.

"A good melody will always win out, no matter whether it be grand opera, ragtime or symphony. In order to be a popular writer of popular melodies one must anticipate public opinion.

"Speaking of music publishers brings up a subject which is most vital in the consideration of the popular music business. The publisher is a most important factor. Composers may write tunes and authors may turn out forceful and fine lyrics, but it depends on the publisher to 'put them over.' Popularizing a song means the expenditure of a lot of money. The profits are so great—to the publisher—in the huge sales of music that he can afford to spend big sums like this in making his music sell. It is the music publisher who gets the big profit from the sales of songs. He figures that he makes the numbers and spends the thousands of dollars necessary to be expended in the popularization of tunes and therefore he is entitled to the lion's share of the profits. Of course, the composer and the author do not figure in it at all, according to the publisher. But, nevertheless, publishers are always anxious to get popular composers on their lists, and it is a fact that probably two score of our most prominent composers are on the books of publishers today and are drawing royalties from week to week, even if their products are not selling.

"All in all, writing popular music is not so easy a task as one imagines. Some seem to think that the writer of jingles merely has to sit down at the piano with a set of lyrics before him and put down the first thing that comes into his head. But this is an error. Knowledge of harmony and the finer points of music are just as necessary for the composing of popular music as they are for the classics.

"There is no trick in writing popular music. In most cases it is luck. Take the career of most any of our popular song writers. They generally write in cycles of three or four. The reason for this is that they will write a popular melody, and that it sells well and then will usually twist the score about a little and publish another song almost the same. The public by this time has caught the swing of the first song and when the second comes out is readily attracted to it because of the familiarity of the tune."

AMONG THE THEATRES

VAUDEVILLE NOTES.

Axel Christensen will appear in vaudeville at the Crown Theater, Chicago, December 4, 5 and 6 and at the Victoria Theater, Chicago, December 7, 8, 9 and 10.

The New Rialto Vaudeville Theater at Van Buren and State St., Chicago, will open December 18th.

Miss Imogene Comer made a big hit at the Crystal Theater a short time ago singing "Break the News to Mother," a song that was popular about twenty years ago.

Gene Greene, who has sung his way around the world and whose ragtime and character songs are the delight of his audiences is again touring in vaudeville this season.

Melville Ellis, the well-known New York pianist is appearing in vaudeville with Irene Bordoni, one of the recent additions to the American stage from France.

Mike Bernard is nearing the end of the Pantages' circuit on which he has been headlined for several months past. His wonderful ragtime piano playing always draws large numbers of pianists in every city.

At Terre Haute, Ind., the manager went down into the orchestra pit and played the drums himself, when his drummer took sick.

Pali Lua, who has been heard in the phonograph for some time is playing his Hawaiian guitar in vaudeville now, assisted by Julia Avelika.

Benny and Woods, present a lively piano and violin act, in which their lively syncopation is a big feature.

Messrs. Ulman & Snyderman are to go over the Orpheum circuit in a novel act entitled "A Night on the Barbary Coast." Their imitations are original as well as sensational and their act will, no doubt, be a treat to the public.

ORGAN AND ORGANISTS

A large three-manual Moller pipe organ has just been installed in the Grand Theater, Lancaster, Pa. The instrument is being played by Richard Stockton.

A fifteen-thousand Hope-Jones unit orchestra will be opened at the new Strand Theater, New Orleans, La., on February 15th.

A Hope-Jones orchestral organ is giving satisfaction at the Bell Theater on Milwaukee Avenue in Chicago.

Carmenza Von De Lezz has just returned from Minneapolis where she opened the new big Wurlitzer Hope-Jones organ at the Lake Theater. Her remarkable orchestral interpretation on this new organ won her much in the way of popularity and news notices. She was tendered the engagement permanently at an attractive figure but declined on the ground that she found it more interesting to go from city to city opening new instruments.

The Pastime Theater of Pendleton, Ore., has a new \$5,000 photo player, played by Prof. De Buzz.

J. Arthur Geis, whose photograph appears herewith has won distinction as an organist

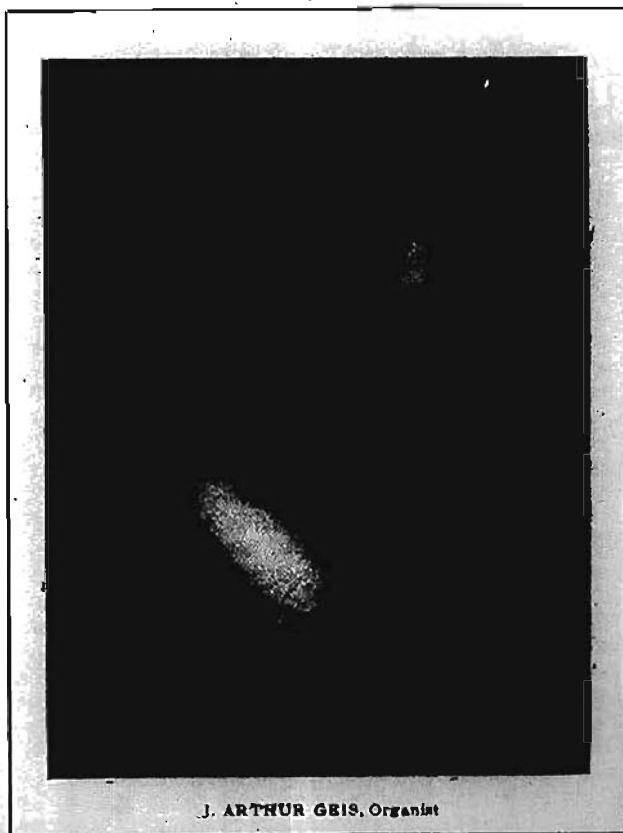
in Cincinnati, where he has played at all the principle theaters. About four years ago he became interested in the Hope-Jones Unit Orchestra, which is an orchestral organ that is finding favor in the large moving picture houses of the country and for about two years was connected with the Rudolph Wurlitzer Company as expert demonstrator of their orchestral organs. At the present time he is under contract with the Mandarin Inn Restaurant of Chicago, where his wonderful interpretation of ragtime as well as the classic on the pipe organ has won him great popularity.

MUSIC VALUE IN "RAGTIME REVIEW."

The music value of the "Ragtime Review" is of the highest, and I must say that one can hardly be without the "Minnesota Rag," which is one of the best rags I have heard in a long time and one of the features of last month's "Review."

One night while I was joyfully playing some of the latest music which I had just bought, two very good friends of mine who were passing by stopped in to see me and asked me to play some of the latest. Immediately I took up the "Ragtime Review" and played the "Minnesota Rag." They were so overjoyed with the rhythm and syncopation of this piece that they enrolled for instruction.

So, I sincerely hope that the reader will stop and realize the great music value Mr. Christensen offers in the "Ragtime Review."
Robt. Van Wyck Platz.



J. ARTHUR GEIS, Organist

"YOU"

GRACE TILDEN BURROWS

Valse lento

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time, marked "Valse lento". The music features a waltz-like melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. A "rit." (ritardando) marking is present at the end of the introduction.

Moderato

First line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, marked "Moderato". The lyrics are: "If I could tell you how I love you — You'd won - der". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

Second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "if my words were true — How ev' - - ry hour that comes to". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

Third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "me Dear be - gins with lov - ing thoughts of you, —". The piano accompaniment concludes with a "rit." (ritardando) marking.

Valse lento

Think - ing Dream - ing Thinking and loving so true —

The first system of the musical score for 'Valse lento' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written for a grand piano, with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and the key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

If you'll come with me in - to Dream - land I'll tell you how

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of chords in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Moderato

I love you — If I could on - ly dare to

The third system is marked 'Moderato'. The tempo and mood change significantly. The piano accompaniment features a prominent, sustained chord in the right hand, marked 'rit.' (ritardando), which creates a sense of tension and longing. The vocal line is more expressive, with a long note on 'love' and a phrase that ends with a fermata.

tell you — My ten - der love, If you but knew — How

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern, and the vocal line ends with a final note on 'How' marked with a fermata. The overall mood is one of tender affection and yearning.

night and day I long for you Dear and dreams are on - ly

Valse lento

dreams of you ——— Think - ing Dream - ing

rit.

Think-ing and lov-ing so true ——— If you'll come with me in-to

Dream - land I'll tell you how I love you. ———

rit.

The Oliver Twist¹⁴

by OTTO FESSLER

All^o grazioso

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with the tempo marking "All^o grazioso". The first system includes dynamics of *mp* and *mf*, followed by *poco rit.* and *mp a tempo*. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has a *mf* dynamic. The second system features a first ending bracket. The third system has a second ending bracket starting at measure 12. The fourth system has a first ending bracket. The fifth system has a first ending bracket. The sixth system has first and second ending brackets. The piece concludes with a final chord.

First system of musical notation for 'The Oliver Twist'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to two flats. The first measure is marked with a dynamic of *mf*. The piece features a complex, rhythmic melody in the treble and a supporting bass line.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef continues with a melodic line, and the bass clef provides harmonic support. The dynamics remain consistent with the first system.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef features a melodic line with some phrasing slurs. The bass clef continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

TRIO *Broad*

Fourth system of musical notation, marking the beginning of the Trio section. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat), and the time signature changes to 2/4. The tempo is marked *Broad*. The music is characterized by wide intervals and a slower pace. The first measure is marked with a dynamic of *f*. The system ends with a dynamic of *mp delicato*.

Fifth system of musical notation. The tempo remains *Broad*. The treble clef features a melodic line with wide intervals, while the bass clef provides a simple accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Sixth system of musical notation. The tempo remains *Broad*. The treble clef features a melodic line with wide intervals. The system concludes with a double bar line, a first ending bracket labeled '1', a second ending bracket labeled '2', and a key signature change to two flats. The piece ends with a dynamic of *mp* and the instruction *D.S.* (Da Capo).

That Potatoe Bug Rag

by AXEL CHRISTENSEN

Slowly



TRIO.



Moonlight Scenes

Andante (Slow)

p dolce

mf

pp

creac.

dim.

The musical score consists of five systems of piano notation. Each system has a treble and bass clef staff. The first system is marked *p dolce* and *mf*. The second system is marked *pp*. The third system has no specific markings. The fourth system is marked *creac.*. The fifth system is marked *dim.*. The music is in a slow, lyrical style with flowing lines and sustained chords.

NEUTRALITY AND OTHER THINGS.
By Comtland Christiani, of Washington, D. C.

As Washington, the nation's capital, is the diplomatic center in which are found the representatives of the many foreign governments, the embassies and legations, etc., it is no more than to be expected that the "Czar of Ragtime" should have his vast realm represented together with Bernstoff, Señor Arredondo, and all the other diplomats.

Altogether fitting it is, then, that one door east of the Mexican Embassy, two squares from the White House and State Department, and in the very diplomatic and social center of this great capital, should be found the Imperial Embassy of the Royal Dominion of Ragtime, listed in the telephone book as "_____ School of Popular Music, 1405 Eye NW." The Czar is represented by his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, Count Fritz Christiani who negotiates all the state affairs pertaining to the Imperial Ragtime Government and at odd times dispenses popular music at 75 cents a throw.

As Washington is now the most important capital in the whole world towards which all eyes are centered in these stirring war times it is natural that the Washington branch of the Czar's ragtime school should be the most important. Grave diplomatic dangers confront the representative of the system at Washington that the ragtime teacher at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Frozen Gulch, Ariz., or Peoria, Ill., would never have to lose sleep over. Suppose, the German Ambassador should want his lesson at 10:30 a. m. Tuesdays and the British Ambassador should call around at just that hour for his—and in the hall they should encounter the Greek Minister to these United States with his "Ragtime-Twenty" tucked under the official arm and the dignity of the Greek nation under his diplomatic bosom? Perish the thought, likewise the suggestion.

Shades of Wm. Jennings Bryan! Understand me, I don't say this happened, or will happen—but I do say that I want to be over in Arlington Cemetery inspecting the memorial monument to the Battleship Maine's dead—or some equally distant point—if it ever does happen. There are many interesting things to be seen at quite a distance from the studio that I would rather take in than to have to smooth over these excited dippy—er, diplomats, and prove to them that if anything on this troubled sphere could be neutral and have a neutralizing influence—it certainly, above all possible things must be our RAGTIME.

I firmly believe that with a first-class rag artist massaging the keys on his favorite "upright" between hostile trenches, no soldier on either side would care to disturb the syncopated strains with the crack of a rifle. And besides, how could a guy get a head on his friend the enemy with his

shoulders swaying to the strains of "Yaakcy Wicky Woola Means She Will in Honolulu," or "When it's Rum Blossom Time in East St. Louis?" I think then that the peace propagandists could accomplish more by sending a squad of rapid fire ragtimers with a battery of 42 centimeter Steinways over to the trenches than by anything else they could do—and incidently book up several thousand of the belligerent soldier boys for the 20 lessons.

It's a cinch they couldn't fight while they were practicing the various movements—the neighbors could probably attend to that feature.

If this gets by the waste basket, you may hear how ragtime influenced the election—how Wilson can owe his presidency to ragtime. We have adopted a motto here—"Whatever you can do at all, you can do it better in ragtime—whether it's taking a bath or putting new stays in a locomotive boiler"—and if the official censor for the "Ragtime Review" doesn't decide that I ought to be poisoned in the interest of humanity—you will hear more from your Washington correspondent.

Editor's Note—Come again Court, old boy, we like your stuff.

THE CAPITAL CORNER

Friday, the Thirteenth—A lucky day! October 13th came on Friday and on that very day I received a letter from the CZAR stating that he would arrive that evening in Washington over the B. & O.

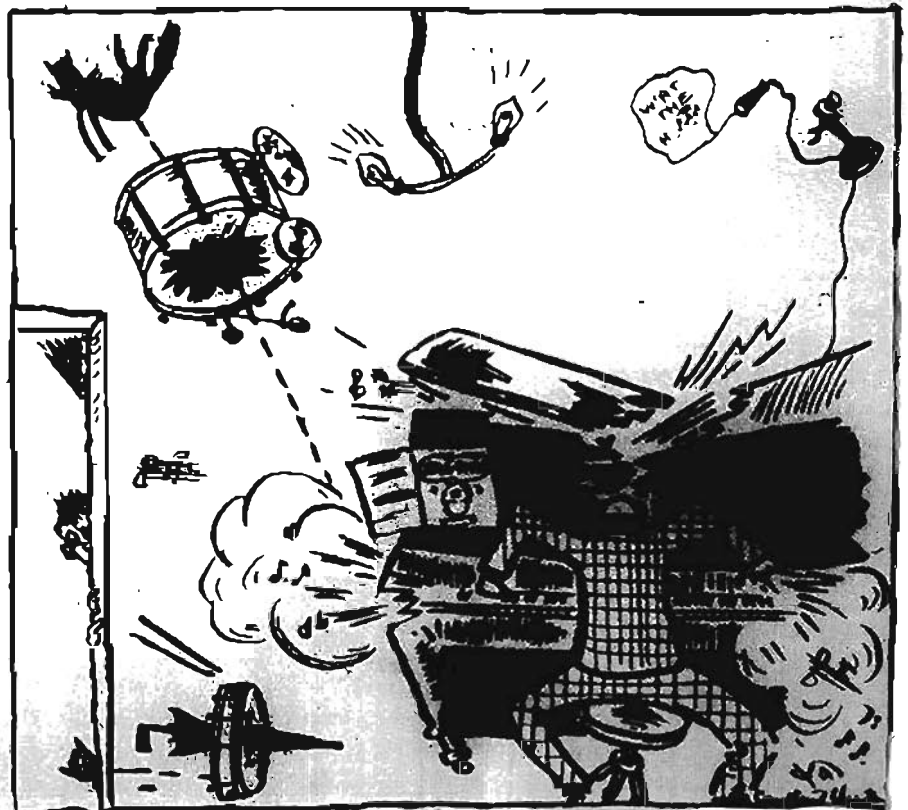
There was great excitement at the Union

Station, not so much due to the arrival of the Czar but the train was on time and it upset everything. Well, we got hold of His Nibs and on the way up the Avenue pointed out the places of interest, the Capitol, Treasury, Post Office, Mike Sullivan's Place and Pat Ryan's, as we thought it best to do this while the acumen was yet alert.

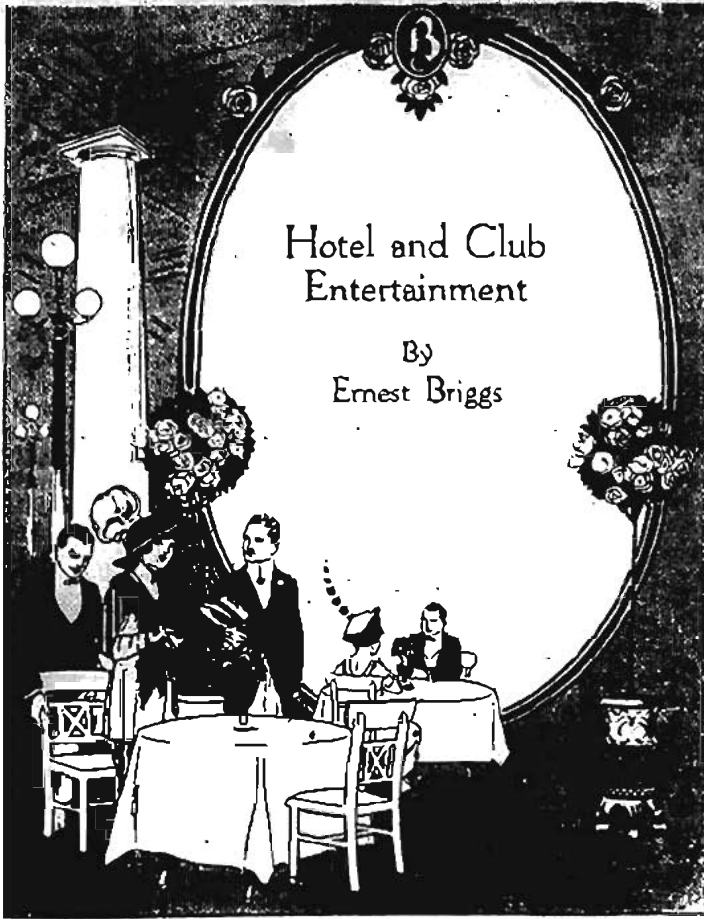
Arriving at the studio we talked business for about five minutes and then the Czar was seated at the "Box." If the editor prints the enclosed cartoon it will give you a fair idea of what happened. My poor little Singer piano sang its last tune on that evening, but it died game and it was not until the Czar really got warmed up before the death struggle began. At one time I thought it was going to be a draw, but a few claps of thunder, followed up with sharp lightning-strokes soon told who was boss and we had the remains buried in the dead of the night.

There was nothing more to kill so we went up to see Prof. Zanzig, the famous mental telepathist, a great friend of the writer. Here was an ideal situation: Mr. Zanzig, the Czar and myself are all Danish, and here were three international travelers of the same country meeting and the evening before us.....I might as well stop right now because at this time things took on a peculiar hue, but suffice to say that I knew the next day that although Friday, October 13th was a lucky day I am glad that they don't come too often.

FRITZ CHRISTIANI.



THE "CZAR" VISITS WASHINGTON, D. C.



leading hotels and clubs. She has filled long engagements in places like the Hotel Sinton in Cincinnati and is a general favorite where a vivacious personality combined with a voice of unusual range and quality, are points to be considered.

The Sebastian Revue at the Sinton Hotel, Cincinnati, was notable in the annals of Revues.

The Milliocki Club, of Milwaukee, is putting on a series of entertainments which began with a Halloween party, closely followed by a smoker which introduced Mamie Gillmore, Robert Sisters, Jack Arnold, Eva Page and Princess Pauline. Every one was well satisfied and arrangements have been made for another entertainment along the same lines.

The Weiss Winter Gardens is leading all of the other loop shows in Chicago presenting dances, featuring Patsy Shelly with the ballet under the direction of Mr. Boilla. Mr. Victor Faye, formerly leading in the Sebastian Revue in Cincinnati has made a success in singing numbers and the Heisen Revue was a decided attraction for two weeks.

The Chicago Lyrics are a new organization under the management of R. E. McConnell. The demand has been trying for orchestras with real singers, owing to the fact that so many of the so called combinations are more like to an anvil chorus than they are to an average orchestra, and it has seemed to be next to impossible to produce the right combination, but McConnell has done it. The first engagement of the Chicago Lyrics was in Racine with J. C. Wagner where they packed the cafe every evening. They are now at Melzheimer's in St. Louis for a four weeks engagement.

Jessica Clement has just finished a long engagement at McTague's, in St. Louis, and is now working at the Sinton in Cincinnati.

Mildred Flodenberg is an artist who is sure to receive attention as she has a voice which has been well trained in light opera with the Bostonians, has personality, and because of her wonderful wardrobe and stage appearance, she is likely to be a prominent figure in hotel work. Speaking

of her work, Will J. Davis, manager of the Illinois Theater quoted, "She has an excellent voice in quality." Those who know of the high standard of Mr. Davis has always set will appreciate this endorsement.

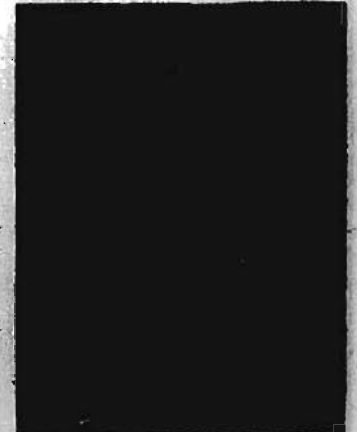
Viola Foote, the Prima Donna Soprano, has filled long engagements in Detroit and Cincinnati, plans later to enter into an operatic career, but will devote one more season to her professional work among the



MILDRED FLODENBERG



ENSEMBLE—SEBASTIAN REVUE, CINCINNATI



VIOLA FOOTE

MOVIE MONOLOGUES

By TREVE COLLINS, JR.

The other night, George, was HOT, notwithstanding the fact that the calendar said it was November. And I went to movies. And the theater I struck

WAS 87.9 DEGREES

cooler than the street. Not that you could notice it particularly, but a sign outside

SAID IT WAS

so it must have been. The pictures were full of pep, action, bandits, old farms, villains, mortgages, beautiful girls and

THE LIKE

And some of the stunts the fair girls did were enough to make your blood

RUN COLD

which was just the thing for a warm night. One two reel drab-ma, written by a lad with a

JULES VERNE IMAGINATION

showed a bunch of safe-blowers in an auto fleeing wildly from a flock of

IRATE SWEDISH COPS

who were chasing them in another car. And the yeggmen passed a street corner at high speed,

ON TWO WHEELS

and I could see from where I sat that the foundations of the building on the corner had just

BEEN LAID

And a couple of seconds later when the limbs of the law

CAVORTED BY

in their asthmatic benzine buggy, three stories of the building were

ALREADY UP

and I thought that was pretty swift work even for the movies. And in another picture a very pretty girl was

DRIVEN FROM HOME

by a stern father because she had staid out until after nine o'clock with the village barber or somebody. And

SHE SOBBED

heart-breakingly. And a woman in back of me was so cut up about it that

SHE SOBBED

And some of the other women present joined in and soon we had a

FULL CHOIR

of sobbists and it was terrible. But anyway, as the poor film-girl departed slowly from her father's habitat, I saw she had on

FANCY SHOES

with white cloth tops. And seven years later, in the second reel her father contracted inflammation of the

EPIGLOTTIS

or something equally as horrible. And knowing that his days were numbered and he had only a

FEW FEET MORE OF FILM

left to live, he sent a friend of the family, who had chin whiskers and

A CARPET BAG

down to the wicked city to find friend daughter and beseech her to return home and

BE FORGIVEN

so the audience could depart in peace. And she came. And got home just in time to see him die. And she had on the same

FANCY SHOES

with white cloth tops that she had worn seven years before. Movies are funny things.

AIN'T THEY, GEORGE?

This month, George, the Motion Picture Department of the "Review" comes forth from a one-desk oasis in a desert of barrels, boxes, unhung pictures, loose furniture, and a ton or two of scrap paper and excelsior. For we have moved, George, from where we were to where we are, and to put it mildly we are very much at sea so to speak. Paper hangers have stepped upon our festive ear. Plumbers have come in and laid waste a stretch of water pipe and an excellent imitation of Niagara Falls greets our one good eye as we write. The Furniture Damagers' Union has sung a final requiem over our badly battered belongings and gone out to dig up the missing legs of what was once our pet table. Taking it all in all, George, we have had, and are having **CONSIDERABLE TIME.**

IN THIS MONTH'S HALL OF FAME:

- VIRGINIA PEARSON
- WILLIAM S. HART.
- WILLIAM FARNUM.
- ROSCOE ARBUCKLE.
- LOUISE GLAUM
- MAE MARSH.

One of our filmdom friends, George, stopped us while we were skidding rapidly up the street the other day and asked us how we picked the names for our monthly Hall of Fame. We don't. The movie fans themselves do it. From the comments we overhear, and the letters we get praising the work of various stars in certain pictures we make a tabulated list and then at press time the screen stars that have made the biggest bid for public favor during the month are dressed up in capitals and stuck upstairs where you can see 'em. See? And by the way, we'd like every reader of this department to become a contributor.—drop us a card once in a while; give us the names of the best photoplays you've seen recently and the names of the players who impressed you most. Write us comments and criticisms on the

various films. Unload anything you have on your mind that has to do with movies,—poems to the stars included,—we'll be glad to print such as are available. Let's get together and have a regular motion picture gab-fest each month,—that's what we're here for. This is YOUR department, fans,—make use of it.

We are about to commit poetry, George. Not that it is anything in your young life, nor an announcement that is calculated to make you exhibit wild and unruly joy, but anyway, Gaze:

SOBFUL SONNETS:

The Shades of Night were falling fast:
As from this earth a soldier passed—
And ere they laid his corpse away
Amid the fields of new-mown hay,
They opened up his tattered coat
And on his breast they found a note
Addressed to _____.

It spoke of steadfast love intense
In words that surely were immense
It longed for her in anguished tones
Was full of tears and stifled groans
And busted hearts and golden dreams
And lots of other stuff it seems
About fair _____.

*For the missing name refer to A N Y movie press agent.

Don't sneer sarcastically at the above George, and remark with a scornful wag of your head: "And they shoot men like Lincoln."

We have just been ruminating deeply, George. We will admit that we do not indulge in this mental pastime over-frequently, but when we DO ruminate we ruminate deeply. And our present ruminations were caused by Director Harry Harvey, of Balboa, who came over to our desk while he was in New York and said solemnly: "Remember, a prune, no matter how youthful, is always wrinkled." Now you can pull that one about Lincoln, if you feel like it.

In addition to ruminating, I have just come out of a swoon, George. Listen: Neil Harden, of Balboa, was sunning himself upon the sands, at Long Beach, Cal., last week. Along tripped a lightsome damsel. "Oh, sir," she gurgled in the tone of voice usually affected by lightsome damsels. "won't you please hold my handbag while I go in for a little swim? Neil did. Soon

the girl came back and claimed her bag. Neil tells us it contained a roll of bills three inches thick, a gold watch, toilet articles and about \$5,000 worth of diamonds and a wonderful pearl necklace. If any press agent can beat that we're willing to swoon again.

Duck, George, duck, we're gonna sprout another poem. Look:

Whenever we have time to kill

We write a poem.

Whenever we have space to fill

W. W. A. P.

For every poem that we write

A few more jitneys leave in sight

That's why each night

We sit and write

Such stuff as this!

Discovered!

We have missed word from Jackie Saunders, Balboa, for quite some time. There's a reason. She has gone to Havana, Cuba, to rest up after a shopping tour of New York City.

The Balboa Studios have a poet, George. He has just inflicted upon me 50 choice lines containing a conglomeration of words about Bills, and the first of the month. I shall not print it because things like that are best forgotten.

Harry Watson, Jr., makes ukelele's in his spare moments! Ye Gods! What he has to answer for in the next world. Harry's recent film success, by the way was "The Mishaps of Musty Suffer" and with all the power of our one good lung we arise and bellow:

HE MUST!

Hark, all ye scenàrio writers! Maxwell Karger, director general of the Rolfe stu-

dios tells us he wants a new screen play for Emily Stevens. It must be in his hands by the time Miss Stevens finishes her road tour, in "The Unchastened Woman."

S. Rankin Drew, formerly of Vitagraph, is the fifth of the famous Barrymore Drew family to sign with Metro-Rolfe pictures. Next?

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are now at work on a fourteen episode 28-rect serial being produced by W. Christy Cabanne. And somebody fell into our office the other day, George, and in sepulchral tones said that the day of the big serial was over. It certainly DOES look like it—we don't think.

Your old friend, Frank McIntyre, the comedian is shortly to make his screen debut, George. He will appear in a picturization of the Traveling Salesman,—Famous Players production.

House Peters, a late acquisition of the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Co. is shortly to star with Myrtle Stedman in "The Happiness of Three Women." Albert Payson Terhune wrote the story.

Juanita Hansen, the pretty star who has been making our life miserable in trying to keep track of her rapid fire changes of position, is, at this writing, with Triangle. She will head a new company, directed by Harry Williams.

Jack Standing unconsciously caused a young girl in a photographer's office a near-attack of brain fever. Her boss instructed her to make "One sitting of Jack Standing standing." Good Night!



THE CHICAGO LYRICS

Now appearing at the high-class Hotels and Cabarets under the direction of the Biggs Musical Bureau.

Stuart Holmes, Fox villain, denies vigorously the rumor that he was born with his famous moustachios. Say, who the dickens started this thing?

The other day, through idle curiosity, we checked up the featured actors and actresses on the regular pay roll of the Fox Film Corporation and find they number 65. Figure out their salaries for yourselves.

Everybody, George, seems to have the poetic fever. Whether it's in the air, or a result of overeating I know not, but anyway, an admirer of Henry B. Walthall sent him a 12-verse invitation to come to Nebraska and shoot ducks.

For anybody who loves picture-detail, we advise a careful scrutiny of Nell Craig's typewriting in "The Breaker," 5-act Essanay feature. She actually typewrites. It took her a month or more to be able to do it right, but she says it was worth it and she ought to know.

Dick Travers, leading man with Essanay has been sending us pictures of big catches of fish he is making in Canada. He claims his biggest is 42 pounds and in the same breath says he's going after moose soon. Not with a hook and line we hope.

A would be actress, George, who knew a girl, who knew a man who knew Florence LaBadie, the Thanhouser star back in the old Biograph days has been making life miserable for everybody around the studios. She is trying to attach herself to a loose job. Loose jobs of any nature being scarce in filmdom, she's having a hard time of it. However, she did manage to get into Flo's dressing room and started to unwind a wild plea for work. "I've dived off a ship," she yelled, dramatically, "I've ridden a horse off a cliff, I've rolled down a flight of stairs. I've ridden a motor cycle into a

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lake, I've been dragged with a rope behind a runaway horse—" "Goodness," gasped sympathetic Flo at this juncture, "You must be tired. My maid will take you out in the hall and give you a place to sit down."

Glady's Huletta wants us to tell her friends the fans that she accents her name on the last syllable. Not that it is anything in your young life, George, but there are SOME people who pride themselves upon their correct pronunciation. And Doris Grey tells us with an innocent smile that she pronounces her name as if it were spelled "Gray." We can hardly believe it!

Somebody sent us a picture of a man. In a straw hat. Holding a camel by the chin. And upon investigating to ascertain why a man in a straw hat, should be holding a camel by the chin we find it is a picture of Henry Ford taken during his recent visit to Universal City. As a picture of Henry it's not so bad. But: Why the camel?

Some fair damsel separated us from our breath the other day by calling up and shrieking in agonized tones, "Ooooh. (sob) I just heard that Jack Pickford has committed (sob-sob) suicide. And ooh, he, (sob) he—he, that is I—er (sob) Oh tell me it isn't (sob) true—" following which came a wild jangle and a disconnection. If she'll call us up again we'll tell her that Jack isn't dead, and the only recent suicide he's committed takes place in "Seventeen" a Famous Players Co. production. If the Hon. maiden interested in Jack's health will furnish the F. P. Co. with her name and address, we'll do our little bit to see she gets regular Pickford health bulletins every few days with an accurate record of his picture demises. Anything to oblige a fan.

Buddy Jones, of Brooklyn, N. Y., side-tracks our swiftly speeding train of thought to tell us that his wife wants to know if Louise Lovely stirs her tea with her right or left hand.
Neither.
She uses a spoon.

Louise Huff, who, with Jack Pickford is featured in "Seventeen" drove a racing roadster up the porch of a rural paragonage, removing one of the pillars and wrecking the car. B. P. Schullberg, who doles out the Famous Players publicity, tells us seriously that she didn't lose control of the car, but did it just to be unconventional. That's what we thought.

After spending a whole morning rehearsing scenes for "The Kiss" in which she is starring with Owne Moore, Margie Courtot sighed, sat down dolefully in a corner and gasped, "Gracious, is there anybody in the studio who has not kissed me?" Whereupon the boob who was with us, George,

thought it was an open invitation and was going to accept it with speed. There were others who thought likewise. Some of 'em were nearly killed in the rush.

Alma Reuben, the fair young actress who played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Half-Breed" is now working with William S. Hart. Funny how Hart seems to be the stepping stone to a regular job for lots of actresses. Others who have become regular members of Triangle after working with Hart are Bessie Love, Louise Glauze and Margery Wilson. It seems to be a sort of adage: "If you can work with Hart you can work with anybody."

Charlie Moyer sends us a photo of Pauline Frederick in jail. Wot d'ya think we're running here, Charlie,—A Rogues Gallery—or sumthin'?

In Selig's Garden of Allah, George, they use a pair of bronze doors that were dug up out of the ruins of Pompeii. The Bedouin guns used in the production were imported from Morocco and cost \$200 ea.—and there are 500 of them. Our office boy insists there are only 498, but what are a couple of guns more or less at \$200 a throw. Nothing at all.

We had a long distance talk with Bessie Eyton of Selig the other day about girls who long to gain a chunk or two of Photoplay fame and here's what she told us: "There was little opportunity four or five years ago for a girl to secure regular employment in the movies. Today there is no opportunity at all. There are thou-

sands of experienced actors and actresses on the waiting lists of all movie concerns—and some of these men and women are known to the stage as artists! So you can perceive that the day when a girl with no stage experience is engaged to enact regular parts in motion picture plays is past. My best advice to movie stricken girls is to forget it. Enjoy the work of your favorites on the screen and remember, when these favorites are trying to please you that they are working hard in their attempt. The life of a motion picture actress is no easy life let me assure you!"

The Boy, stood on the burning deck,
You've heard that stuff before.
We only use it now because
We need
Just
Eight
Lines
More.

(Exeunt—with haste)



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NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Genevieve McAtter has returned to her studio in Toronto, and is again teaching a large class of pupils. Miss McAtter suffered some severe burns on her hands during the summer and was obliged to give up teaching for a time during which period she stayed at her home town which is Guelph. We are glad to know that she has fully recovered now and is on the job every day.

Esther Comberg who teaches ragtime at Duluth with splendid success has a little brother only nine years old, Louis Roos Comberg, who is a phenomenal pianist. According to the reports of the critics, he plays the great masters' compositions with uncanny ease.

Miss Tillie Brauer, a student of Mrs. Henry who has been teaching ragtime for some time at La Salle, Ill., has obtained a position as pianist at the Hays Dancing Academy. She is delighted with her experience at the school of Mrs. Henry and gives her lessons with Miss Henry due credit to helping her advance.

R. F. Gunther, who started a school for teaching ragtime at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., a short time ago, is making the town sit up and take notice at his original ads which are appearing in the local papers. Brother Gunther is not afraid of using a display copy, as we can see from the clippings he sends us. They all measure from 4 to 6 and 8 inches in length and he must make money from this sort of advertising because he keeps right on doing it. He has the fearlessness and courage of his convictions, to make a sure success in the ragtime field.

Earl S. Granger who has for some time past been teaching a large class of pupils at Kalamazoo, Mich., has accepted a position as musical director for the Kell-Brennan Company. He has appointed Miss Ruth Woolley to succeed him in teaching his pupils the art of playing ragtime.

Mr. Koenig at Easthampton, Mass., is enjoying prosperity this fall. He writes that his pupils are coming in fine and that the people in his city are waking up to the fact that there is such a thing as a course of ragtime piano playing.

Lucille Bollman at Rockford, Ill., has started of her fall teaching with a class of thirty-two pupils which is a splendid showing for that sized city.

Rudolph Gruber has finished the preliminary course satisfactorily and is taking the advanced course. Age 16, a bright future is predicted. Pupil of Forrest Thompson, Louisville.

Miss Julia Walter of New Albany, Ind., a pupil of Forrest Thompson, is another Betty Weston of whom Peter Frank Meyer writes about in the October "Review." Miss Walter is to make her debut in a piano recital shortly and as a matter of "Safety First" she has prepared herself by mastering a course in ragtime—and Oh! How that girl can play.

Edw. J. Mellinger's publication "Loveland of Roses and Dreams" a beautiful ballad in 12/8 time is being used in Theodore Schipper's Elnomo Minstrels by Harry Clark. A real ballad singer. Mr. Clark is one of Forrest Thompson's apt ragtime pupils.

Prof. Patrick O'Sullivan a wonderful classic pianist and former instructor in the Chicago Conservatory and concert pianist, when asked by Forrest Thompson what he thought of popular music and ragtime answered: "Ragtime is not to be condemned, it is just a different style of music and when played the Christensen way has merit. Although I love the heavy music—and believe me he knows how to play it) I certainly do not condemn ragtime. Prof. O'Sullivan has appeared before the Kaiser of Germany and all over Europe.

How to get a musician's goat—steal his music.

Forrest Thompson received two Canadian nickels from London, Ontario with the following letter: "Please send me your "No More Rheumatism Rag." If it does me any good I will have my neighbors use it. I have been troubled with Rheumatism for five years and have a stiff knee.

At Menominee, Mich., Joseph Bilodeau's lunch room and ice cream parlor had a grand opening in which an electric piano was used for the dance music. Chance for a teacher of ragtime in Menominee, evidently.

Marie App is another ragtime prodigy of Louisville School, age 14.

Dedicated to J. Forrest Thompson.
Paw the keys, if you please.
Arch the back and bend the knees.
Let it dribble, Ish ga bibble.
Rag along with the tango throng.
Oh you minstrel boy, now is your gag time.
Here's his bait
While you wait.
He will teach you all in twenty lessons.
Hurry to the king of ragtime.

—Louisville Evening Post.

Jacob Schwartz, enterprising ragtime instructor at Buffalo, recently moved his studio into the downtown district in order to accom-

modate his growing business. He is now located at 74 Market Arcade, 617 Main Street. We visited him there a short time ago and believe he has the lightest ragtime studio on the entire circuit as he has a big skylight covering the whole ceiling of his rooms.

Mrs. H. V. Williams of Flint, Mich., has given up her teaching and Mrs. Ferguson will succeed her as the teacher of ragtime for the city of Flint.

The Christensen School of Popular Music Chicago, has added a band and orchestra department where all instruments are taught. The new department is in charge of Albert Cook, the celebrated band and orchestra conductor, formerly famous as the conductor of the renowned Kilties Band.

David Reichstein gave a ragtime recital and dance to his pupils in November which was well attended and through which he made many new enrollments.

Ed. Mellinger, of St. Louis stimulated his fall business by getting out a blotter with his advertisement which he had distributed all over town with good results.

J. Forrest Thompson of Louisville is running an "ad" in the local dailies for subscribers to the "Ragtime Review." This places him in touch with good prospective pupils who would not otherwise be reached, and his commissions on the subscriptions jolly well pay for the advertising, so it appears to be a good proposition.

Hans Metke of Davenport finds that his class is increasing fast since he succeeded in convincing a couple of skeptics who started in with him some time ago, "under pressure" so to speak. They evidently were satisfied and started telling folks they were, which is the logical result.

Grace Clement of Pittsburgh has trained one of her brightest pupils to act as her assistant and will open a branch school at Steubenville, O., another at Wheeling, W. Va., and another at Wellsburg, W. Va.

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

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(Continued from page 5)

ingly, McCann heard the voice of a distant, far-away man say six—heard a deep, grumbling uproar way in the distance, and the faint blare of musical instruments. With a tremendous effort he pulled himself together. Desperately he strove to recall, to remember, to control his benumbed faculties. Slowly he realized that he, champion of the world, was on his back—down—actually being counted out, and with a superhuman effort, he rolled over and struggled up to one knee as the referee's voice rolled off eight. His dazed eyes saw the referee kneeling over him, waving his hand, and detected the crouching figure of Larsen waiting for him to rise.

Instinctively he waited a second, then desperately arose, just as the referee counted nine. The crowd roared out an overwhelming outburst of cheers, applause and hoarse cries. Intelligence had left McCann now. His instinct only told him that he had been hoodwinked, tricked, and within him there was only the insatiable lust to revenge the insult. As Larsen rushed in to finish him, the Kid met him with a furious counter attack. He did not hear the warning voice of Barney Brock—he forgot the attractive appeal of the brass band. He was mad—mad with the furious desire to destroy this man before him, and though his heart pounded wildly and his head ached and throbbled with agony, he tore into the stolid Swede with the fury of a wild beast.

Blow for blow, give and take, pound, pound, pound. Like two infuriated animals they punched and smashed and ripped each other to pieces, swinging, jabbing, uppercutting, jolting, hooking, tearing and smashing each other in a whirlwind mix-up. Back and forth they hammered, bleeding like two struck pigs, panting, battering away like machines of destruction. The hand blared forth its airs, the crowd yelled, stamped, applauded, shrieked, whistled, acted like a horde of maniacs.

A terrible blow crashed into McCann's face and tore open a horrible gash. A terrific uppercut nearly lifted Larsen off his feet. Still they slugged and slugged and slugged, the champion slowly, desperately, furiously giving away, the indomitable Swede tearing, boring, rushing in like a bulldog. A fierce punch under the heart brought a gasp from the Kid's, battered and bleeding lips. Blood streamed from his mouth and nose, both his eyes were puffed, blue and gashed, covered with blood. He ached in every limb, his heart pounded against his breast as though it were going to burst open, his head throbbled—throbbled with excruciating agony, and his breath came in great, heaving, choking gasps. Reeling, staggering, covered with red, he fought, fought with the blind fury of a dying beast. His mental faculties were gone, now—only the animal instinct remained. Every bone in his body seemed

to wilt with pain and agony, and every blow he received nearly tore him asunder. Great, choking sobs came from his bloody lips, a terrible punch crashed on his unprotected jaw, and Kid McCann, the most sensational lightweight champion the ring had ever known, moaned, reeled, and fell to the canvas, defeated for the first time in his glorious career.

A fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, sweet, pleading, motherly, sat on the edge of the arm chair and leaned over the bed in which Kid McCann, ex-lightweight champion of the world, was lying.

"Please, dear," she was saying, "don't box any more. It's brutal, degrading, a rough sport for ill-bred people. Let the world know your true name, your real character, your actual standing. If this man Larsen won the title dishonestly, why deprive him of it? You were made for something better than prize fighting—you have a college diploma and influence, plus wealth and brains. Let the world think that Larsen was your conqueror. And—and B-Billy, dear," the sweet voice faltered, "how would it be if—after we married, and we had any—and c-children, a-and they knew their daddy was a—a prize fighter?"

Two strong arms went around her shapely head, two brown eyes looked into her blue ones, and a husky voice said:

"You're right, toots." Silence. Then, "But please remember this, Olive. Battling Larsen"—silence, and a smack—"did not defeat me. My conqueror"—silence—"was ragtime!" A soft, soothing, delicious silence.

Jack Burns, manager of Battling Larsen, new lightweight champion of the world, laughed scoffingly at the enraged Barney Brock in the latter's office.

"Do you mean to tell me you were in here that day?" roared Brock.

"Sure thing, Barney. I was coming in to talk over some details of the fight with you, and heard you and McCann talking. I stood outside and took it all in. When I heard McCann say that music distracted his mind from everything, I concocted that brass band scheme, arranging it so that the band wouldn't come in till Larsen appeared to be badly beaten. As you know, the trick worked fine. Ragtime, my boy, dear old ragtime, killed Kid McCann and made Bat Larsen champion of the world at 133 pounds!"

"Yah, you bet it was ragtime!" snarled Brock, in fine scorn. "Ragtime and your damned cavesdropping beat the kid, not Larsen. Larsen couldn't beat an egg. And it's a lucky thing for you that McCann has retired, or he'd force you into a return fight and chop that thick-headed Swede pug of your's into mincemeat."

Burns chuckled and winked slyly.

"I know it, Barney, I admit it, but you know the tricks of the game. I was tickled to death when I heard that the Kid married some swell dame and announced his abso-

lute retirement. But say, Barney, by the way what was McCann's real name? The papers never stated a thing about that part of it."

Fat Barney Brock scowled, chewed viciously on his black cigar, made a wry face and then smiled broadly.

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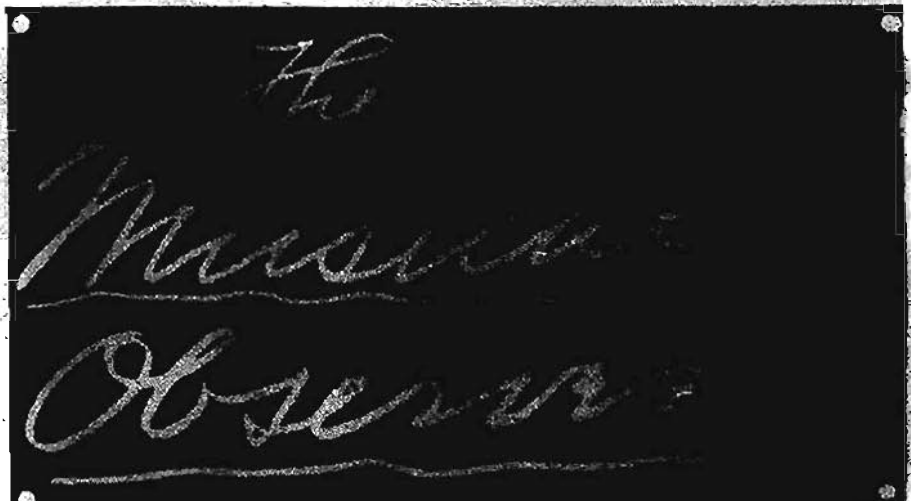
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