

RAE-TIME REVIEW

Edited and Published By **AXEL CHRISTENSEN**, Vaudeville's "Czar of Ragtime"
 MUSICAL CONDUCTOR of the great "COVENT GARDEN" HIPPODROME, CHICAGO

THE ORCHESTRAL ORGAN AT COVENT GARDEN

The Wurlitzer Hope-Jones unit orchestral organ in Covent-Garden, Chicago, Ill., is the most powerful musical instrument in any theatre in the world. It also excels in the number, variety and beauty of the effects produced. This new instrument provides greater majesty and dignity of tone than any of the world's largest pipe organs.

It produces all of the effects of the great symphony orchestras and it adds a wealth of tone color never before heard in orchestra or organ. It has been universally pronounced the most responsive instrument made.

Unlike the organ, the quality and power of its tone are affected by the touch of the performer's fingers on the keys. The instrument, like the violin, is so sensitive as to reveal the feelings of the artist who plays it. Its expression shades are controlled by the fingers of the performer in the act of playing upon the keys.

The main and solo organs are located in specially prepared chambers on the left of the proscenium arch, looking toward the stage, and the tuba and foundation organs on the right.

The main organ is made up of diapasons, flutes, strings, clarionets, piccolos, etc.

The solo organ is a distinctive instrument of specially selected solo stops, such as trumpet, orchestral oboe, oboe horn, tibia, quintadena and kinura.

The tuba organ comprises the bombardeas, tubas and clarions, and is most brilliant and powerful.

The foundation organ has the tremendous diapasons, special strings, tibias and flutes.

The echo organ is located in the rear of the balcony, and is a complete organ in itself with its own pedal department.

Distributed throughout the instrument are numerous percussion effects, such as harps of different shades of strength and quality; large and small cathedral chimes, xylophones, glockenspiel, sleigh bells, vibrating bells, etc.

The traps comprise bass, kettle and snare drums, crash cymbals, tambourines, birds, castanets, triangle, and a host of others.

To one side of the instrument is a piano which is operated from the organ keyboard, and having the expressive touch, gives the performer practically the touch control of the artist's fingers upon the piano keys.

There are also thunder, rain, wind and other effects.

Wind pressures varying from 6 feet to 25 feet are employed.

From the console runs a small cable of fine electric wires, and under each of the

keys operated by hand or feet there is an electric contact made of pure silver.

There are four manual keyboards, and immediately above these will be seen two semi-circular rows of stop keys which control the speech of the various instruments. The heavy bass notes are played on a keyboard operated by the feet of the performer. The manual and pedal keys have two movements each. Upon a light or ordinary touch, the key will descend in the usual manner, but when a firm pressure is exerted the key will fall another sixteenth of an inch, producing a tone of greater im-

tensity or different quality as the performer may elect.

The pedal and two lower keyboards are fitted with the pizzicato touch by means of which the pizzicato or plucking effect is produced, which is a valuable adjunct in orchestral productions.

The response of the pipes and other effects to the touch is instantaneous. The rapidity of the action far exceeds that of the finest piano.

The instrument is played from a movable console or keydesk in full view of the audience, in the position usually occupied by the musical director.

Hundreds of miles of electric wire have been consumed in giving control of the various parts, in addition to which vast quantities of pipe organ and structural wires are used.

The smallest organ pipe employed is the diameter of a straw and but three-fourths of an inch in length. The largest, a diapason, weighs 900 pounds, is 32 feet in length, and contains over 500 feet of lumber.

Three electric motors, aggregating 52-horse power, are required to supply the wind of the instrument.

There are over a million parts in this unit of machinery.

This wonderful instrument is played by Axel Christensen, who at the same time directs the singing company of seventy-five artists.

RAAGTIME MUSICIAN AN INSPIRATIONAL GENIUS.

By Helen C. Warren.

Did you ever interview a celebrity, girls? Perhaps you never had the opportunity. But undoubtedly you have often wondered how many of our modern fiction writers got the inspiration for their stories. I know I did, and my curiosity obsessed me to such an extent that a short time ago I interviewed one of the prominent writers of this city, just to find out the source of his inspiration and literary success.

You have all heard of Peter F. Meyer, author, ad writer, editor, poet, press agent, playwright and ex-all-around athlete. He writes for three or four snappy magazines under the sobriquet of Rocky, and for a half dozen other publications under his own name.

Now everybody knows that Mr. Meyer's success in the literary field was due to his beautiful piece, "My Dream Girl," which he prepared in February of 1915. And naturally, everybody believed (especially we girls) that one of those proverbial "affairs of the heart" had inspired Mr. Meyer to



Three Ragtime Studios
 At top—Mr. Wellinger, St. Louis
 Middle—Mr. Paschstein, Chicago
 Bottom—Mr. Brin, Seattle

write "My Dream Girl." But alas! we poor deluded things were lamentably mistaken. For I interviewed Peter F. Meyer recently for the purpose of seeking information as to the source of his inspiration, and specifically, to find out who the young lady was whom he depicted so fascinatingly in his dream girl conception. Needless to say, I was both surprised and disappointed.

Mr. Meyer lives in a large private house in lower Harlem. When I rang the bell a German maid opened the door, and on my query admitted me and informed me that Mr. Meyer could be found on the top floor front.

Rather tremulously (for I was beyond myself with excitement) I climbed up the stairs and knocked at the door leading to the writer's room. Very distinctly I heard the clicking of a typewriter, denoting that the famous author of "My Dream Girl" was sedulously employed.

"Come in," called a very nice voice.

I opened the door and entered.

There was genius in its shirt sleeves, in the personage of Peter Frank Meyer.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, "won't you be seated?" and he rose and placed a chair for me near his own.

I looked at him closely, his courteous manner easing my excited nerves. He was a big fellow, with long blond curls, aggressive jaws, and attractive, blue-gray eyes—very dreamy eyes, you know, the kind we girls adore.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, smiling, and he displayed two rows of big white teeth. Right away I wondered who his dentist was.

"I came to secure information on two points," I finally told him. "First, I want to know who or what was the cause of your success in the literary field; and second, I want to know who inspired you to write 'My Dream Girl.'" Of course, I know some charming young lady was your inspiration, probably a past sweetheart, but I would like to know her name."

To my surprise, he glared at me and growled like a bear with a sore nose. I was so frightened I nearly jumped out of my chair.

"Why, w-what's the—er—the matter, Mr. Meyer?" I gasped in terror.

"I never had a sweetheart!" he snapped.

"B-but you d-did," I insisted, in spite of my trepidation.

"How the devil do you know?" he demanded.

"Why, no man could write such an exquisite piece as 'My Dream Girl,' unless some charming young woman inspired him. And I know your dream girl has dark hair and eyes, because—"

"E-nough!" he growled.

I subsided and looked at him meekly.

"In the first place," he said, "I never knew I was a success. In the second place, if I am, you can bet your hat no woman had anything to do with it."

I leaned toward him eagerly. "Then what do you attribute your success to?"

"Robert Marine, the expert pianist, and his terpsichorean telepathy process!"

Robert Marine? Terpsichorean telepathy? What was he talking about? I stared at him in bewilderment.

"You see," he explained, smiling, "Robert Marine is a noted pianist, and manager of the New York division of the Christensen Ragtime Schools. His forte is terpsichorean telepathy, a new psychological discovery which was founded on an obsolete theory divulged in the bacchanalian period. With this process Mr. Marine can, by his marvelous skill as an ivory tickler, destroy pain, inculcate inspiration, induce af-

fability, create congeniality, produce genius, and inspire a human soul with any capacity for emotion."

"And did Robert Marine inspire you to write 'My Dream Girl?'" I inquired in amazement.

"Sure he did. Robert Marine's terpsichorean telepathy process is the source of whatever success I have attained in the literary profession. Before I wrote my conception of an ideal woman, Mr. Marine played such beautiful, subtle, dreamy selections for me that I was mesmerized, and consequently, I wrote 'My Dream Girl.'"

I looked at him wonderingly.

"Before I write a story," he went on, "I visit Bob Marine. If I intend to write a love story, I tell Bob, and he sits down and plays dreamy, captivating, entrancing love melodies, and my inspiration is awakened. If I am contemplating a sporting story, he plays red hot, sizzling, snappy rags for me, and I turn out vivid, pulsating, throbbing baseball or boxing sketches. His terpsichorean telepathy method invariably provides me with an inexhaustible fecundity in ideas."

I stared at him, quite fascinated. "He must be a wonder," I said.

The blonde-haired author of "My Dream Girl" regarded me keenly.

"A wonder? My dear woman, Bob Marine could bring a dead man to life with his wonderful playing, and transform a cow into a fish. He has a touch as soft as the liquid cooing of a dove."

When I left the home of the popular writer on 115th street, I was astonished, puzzled, disappointed and chagrined, though I was exceedingly anxious to meet Mr. Marine.

I started directly for Mr. Marine's office, but do you know, girls, I honestly think Peter Frank Meyer was kidding me!

(Next month we will publish an article by Mr. Peter Frank Meyer entitled, "Terpsichorean Telepathy Resuscitates Life.")—Editor.)

RAGTIME ROMANCE.

By Jacob Schwartz.

I never paid any particular attention to her until the day she came to enroll as a pupil. Of course, I had seen her a number of times at the socials given by the Avon Dancing Club, an organization I had furnished with music for three consecutive seasons twice a month. At first we were somewhat reserved toward one another (the musicians and the members) but as time wore on we got rather chummy with the whole crowd, and a more social and appreciative bunch of young folks you couldn't find anywhere; all Irish, and the way they dance the "Ould Country Set" would make any old timer from the Ould Sod think he was again among the shamrocks. There are five changes to this dance—2 reels, 2 jigs, and a hornpipe, and it takes just twenty minutes to play it. An observer once asked me if it wasn't an endurance test to see which got tired first—the dancers or the musicians. During the intermissions someone is always willing to sing a song, dance a jig, recite or play something on the piano. It was during one of these intermissions that my attention was drawn to a young fellow named Mike O'Gorman. While Mike always came with Nora Dugan and always took her home again, there seemed to be a frigid coolness between them.

Mike was always chasin' after Nellie O'Brien, and Nora had to sit on the side and wait for somebody else to ask her to dance. I asked Nora one evening (in a fatherly way, of course) if she was losing

her grip on Mike. "Oh, I guess it's all off after tonight," she said, "He gets just crazy over anyone that can sing or play; Nellie plays nice and that's all he can think or talk about."

"Don't you play?" I asked her.

"Oh, a little," she answered, "Just a few hymns and a little classic music."

I did not have time to talk any more just then, but the next day she received a booklet in her mail telling her about the Christensen System of Ragtime, and the following day a letter telling her some more about it. A few days later she made an appointment by phone to come the following day and talk it over. She became a pupil and a very enthusiastic one, at that. After she had taken twenty lessons she wanted to know if I could not give her twenty more, and say! talk about making good, sometimes during the intermissions she plays a little rag, and other times she takes my place in the orchestra just to get a little extra practice. And I am proud of her. And what about Mike? Oh, yes; he comes to the socials right along, (alone). Now, nobody ever called me a Cupid, seeing that I tip the beams at 195 pounds. When I'm in training, and my studio could hardly be called a Cupid's Bower; a piano, desk, table, typewriter, etc., don't suggest anything quite so mushy, but I am the cause of it, anyhow. Now I suppose, to end this story properly I ought to reunite Mike and Nora. Just because Mike likes ragtime and Nora, besides being able to furnish the said ragtime, likes Mike. But as I cannot tell a lie, I am going to tell the truth. I found it out on last St. Patrick's Day. I played for the ball, following the parade. Mike came, and Nora came with another lad, and to my surprise the other lad was none other than Dan McGraw, another pupil of mine who preceded Nora by a half hour in taking lessons. Here those two had met for the first time in my studio; one going out as the other was coming in, and finally the Ragtime Cupid got in his fine work, and I expect very soon to play Mendelssohn's Wedding March in ragtime on an organ decorated in green.

THE CRIME OF RAGTIME.

"Is ragtime a crime? Does it debase musical taste? Does it keep the public from buying good music? Is it debauching our children and spoiling them as future concert goers? Would symphony fare better in this country if ragtime were suppressed? Would more songs and piano pieces by MacDowell be bought if there were fewer compositions by Irvin Berlin on sale?" These are some of the questions asked by Leonard Liebling, editor of the Musical Courier, and answered as follows:

The facts seem to be that while the great popularity of ragtime began about a dozen years ago and has been growing space ever since—with no present visible sign of cessation—the great uplift in the higher forms of music kept abreast all the time in this country with the onward march of ragtime, writes Mr. Liebling. Never before has ragtime been as much in vogue as now, and never before have symphony concerts and artist recitals been as abundant as now and as well patronized in proportion to their number. All over the land are flourishing music clubs; each day brings new additions to the list of cities where concert clientele are building up, the good American songs and piano works and chamber and symphonic music are being played everywhere in Uncle Sam's domain, and hardly a home is so poor as to be without a music machine or a mechanical piano and a stock of rolls

or discs comprising at least as many standard works as popular melodies of the day. Most musicians who condemn ragtime do so unreservedly and make no distinction between bad ragtime and good ragtime. In fact, we can go a step further and assert that the majority of musicians do not even know what ragtime is. Ask them, and they will reply: "Ragtime is syncopation." It is not, as you will prove very quickly if you invite the musician to play ragtime for you. In nine cases out of ten he is not able to do so.

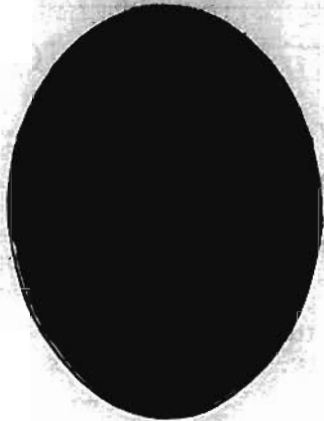
The element of American humor which enters so largely into ragtime does not seem to be understood by foreign critics like Dr. Muck and Mr. Narodny and that we can altogether understand. Some of the latest ragtime numbers in fox trot rhythm are brimful of the slapdash American humor and native animal ebullience. Also, one must be able to dance the one step and the fox trot in order to be able to appreciate the push and the cleverness of those rhythms. Many of the new popular tunes are not at all obvious, but surprise one constantly with unexpected shifts of harmony and rhythm and whimsical repetitions and interpolations of subsidiary themes used contrapuntally. The ragtime tunes have brought into existence a form of orchestration which is full of life, vigor and rhythmic propulsiveness.

In the New Republic, Hiram K. Moderwell takes up the cudgels in defense of ragtime, and does it with extreme skill. He points out that ragtime should not be officially beyond the pale, as it represents the one type of American popular music that has persisted and undergone constant evolution. "It ought to receive," says Mr. Moderwell, "the clammy hand of fellowship from composers and critics." * * * I can't help feeling that a person who doesn't open his heart to ragtime somehow isn't human. * * * You may take it as certain that if many millions of people persist in liking something that has not been recognized by the schools, there is vitality in that thing. The attitude toward folk music at the beginning of the nineteenth century was very similar. A Russian folksong was no less scorned in the court of Catherine the Great than a ragtime song in our music studios today. Yet Russian folksong became the basis of some of the most vigorous art music of the past century, and no musician speaks of it today except in terms of respect. * * * I have not a notion whether ragtime is going to form the basis of an American school of composition. But I am sure that a composer could save his soul if he would open his ears to this folk music of the American city.

Mr. Moderwell agrees with us that ragtime is not merely syncopation, and goes on:

It is a certain sort of syncopation—namely, a persistent syncopation in one part conflicting with exact rhythm in another. But of course this definition is not enough. Ragtime has its flavor that no definition can imprison. No one would take the syncopation of a Haydn symphony to be American ragtime. Certainly not, replies the indignant musician. Nor the syncopation of any recognized composer. But if this is so, then ragtime is new. You can't tell an American composer's art-song from any mediocre art-song the world over. (Permit me to pass over the few notable exceptions.) You can distinguish American ragtime from the popular music of any nation and any age.

The same author cannot understand why musicians overlook the purely technical elements of interest in ragtime. He says that



JACOB SCHWART
Prominent Teacher of Ragtime in Buffalo

it has carried the complexions of rhythmic subdivision of the measure to a point never before reached in the history of music. It has established subtle conflicting rhythms to a degree never before attempted in any popular or folk music, and rarely enough in art music. It has shown a definite and natural evolution—always a proof of vitality in a musical idea. It has gone far beyond most other popular music in the freedom of inner voices and of harmonic modulation. And it has proved its adaptability to the expression of many distinct moods.

Referring to the city quality of ragtime, Mr. Moderwell tells us that as you walk up and down the streets of an American city you feel in its jerk and rattle a personality different from that of any European capital. This is American. It is in our lives, and it helps to form our characters and condition our mode of action. It should have expression in art, simply because any people must express itself if it is to know itself. No European music can or possibly could express this American personality. Ragtime, I believe, does express it. It is today the one true American music.—Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!
By Art Hetzler.

It all depends upon how you lead 'em to expect. Give 'em the idea that you are a combination of the better half of Rickey Caruso, the two best quarters of Rickey Martin with a third of Charley Dalmores thrown in, and when you get through your spiel they'll begin comparing you to a piece of cheese that the rats have refused to associate with. But just start 'em out with the idea that you haven't any more music in you than there is in a fiddle that hasn't any strings and you'll finish up while they're wondering why the opera-going public never offered to pay your carfare. The next time a cynical critic asks you to sing in order that he may get a line on your ability, I advise you to apply that rule. Or, if you play instead of sing, you might work the same stunt on him. It's a poor fool who can't be worked both ways.

Most of the successful compositions have succeeded through the application of that rule. Take, for instance, the old masters—Hans—I mean Dick Wagner, Gns Verdi, Buck Franky C. Gounod and their accomplices. They had the right dope. Those fellows used to manufacture a melody that, played by itself, wouldn't interest a shut-in cripple who had never heard any music except a mouth organ played by a person with a split lip. But did they write down the mel-

ody and let it go at that? Not on your career! The O. M. preceded that melody with about 'steen hours of scale-running and other forms of violent exercise. The people called it a masterpiece. Why? Because it was a piece written by a master? Not far be it from such. Simply because when the people heard it played, and the performer had contorted, marathoned and acrobated his way to the aforesaid melody, the people were so blamed glad that the war was over that any kind of melody that followed would seem like heavenly music. When the performer began on the slow part, a sigh of relief made its rounds; the heart resumed its normal position after a two-month vacation exploring the Caverns of the Mouth, and the audience settled down to really enjoy the rest of the agon—er—composition. And it really was a rest after such a bombardment—especially to the performer. But if listening to that first part had been such torture to the audience, what must it have been to the athlete who had to play and listen to it also?

To be a musician you must understand lots of things. If a certain young lady in brown comes to you and asks you to play "William Fell Over a Chair" you've got to know enough to sit down and pound out the William Tell Overture. Also, you have to learn to differentiate between a Major League and a Major Key, despite the fact that Wagners have played in both. If you are asked to play before company, never play without refusing, unless it be a loan company, in which case you should play as much as possible, appreciating the fact that they will never come to you personally for payment should you find it necessary to resort to, an acceptance of their generous offers. When sitting down to play always remember that it is easier and more dignified to move the stool closer to the piano than it is to move the piano closer to the stool. As I said, to be a musician you must understand these things. Of course, if you know how to play, that will help you along also. If you don't, you can easily conceal the fact by "playing" nothing but classical music. Never start to play until a late hour. Then you can always console yourself with the thought that the guests may be saying "Good-night!" and starting to go home merely because it is "getting so late."

As a remedy for certain ailments, music is infallible. Of course, I don't mean to say that it will cure a headache; fill a tooth, or induce an earache to part company with you, but it is not recommended as a cure-all. As I say, it is great only for certain diseases. You have to know how to administer it. Now you wouldn't play a jig for a man with rheumatism, or a march for a person afflicted with St. Vitus dance, especially if that person liked to "keep time." But it is great for lack of exercise, both for the doctor and the patient. I once knew a man who, whenever he heard a hurdy-gurdy, ran two squares—in the opposite direction. For years I had a disease commonly known as collectoritis. (It affects the pocketbook). Every remedy I used failed. Finally I tried your wonderful medicine. After playing three pages in the presence of my disease, it suddenly left me, returning never no more. Hoping this will be of benefit to others, etc., etc.

Oh my, yes! I remember one time I walked into the kitchen just after mother had had a row with the neighbors on her left side—that is, the left side of mother's house. She was hoppin' angry, but she asked me sweetly if I would mind going into the parlor and playing "that 'Poer' and Peasant Overture"—loud enough for the neighbors next door to hear. Revenge is sweet.

SOME BOOST.

As a musician who has traveled with first-class opera companies and also been on the road in solo piano work giving the entire concert myself, both in foreign countries and America, playing the most difficult music at sight—Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, etc., I finally found I had to take a course in Ragtime, as the American people all want ragtime. I consider that Christensen's Ragtime Course, which I have just completed, is absolutely necessary to anyone



MADAME ERNESTINE

who wishes to understand the minor meaning of Ragtime—both to beginners and professionals, as a person is never too old to learn, and one has to be up to date now to get the money. The Course makes everything perfectly clear and intelligible in the shortest way possible. I am going to teach this method and make a specialty of Ragtime and travel "with the crowd."

MADAME ERNESTINE,

Box 1455,
Goldfield, Nev.

(Home address)

RAGTIME.

Temerarious critics, notably Mr. Moderwell in the New Republic, have asked that there be a little less shamefacedness in our consideration of ragtime. It is no inconsiderable music and it is, whether we like it or not, our music.

It is our contribution to the land of Beethoven, Brahms, and Bach, where they liked it so well that the police had to interfere. Imagine the country of Anthony Comstock, Arthur Burrage Farwell, and W. J. B. corrupting the morals of continental Europe with song and dance. It is stupendous. We are not a negligible nation. We can be dangerous and be suppressed by the Berlin police.

We should hate to think that this was our flowering period and that the one step was our bloom, but if we think merely that the nation has begun to say something, even if in syncopation, we can think of the nation as beginning.

There are subtleties in nationality when it has been acquired. They express themselves astonishingly and mysteriously even in the face of a nation. What causes a group of atoms known as a Frenchman to be so definitely different in appearance from a

group of similar atoms known as an Englishman? It is a wonder, understandable, probably, even as it is understandable that a vine in the soil of a part of France will produce champagne and a vine in the soil of Spain sherry.

Nations express themselves in appearance, in the cut of features and the style of hair and beard, in food and drink, in poetry, song, and dance. The United States, which has had only parochial expression, which has had the parish of the Concord school, the parish of Bret Harte, of Mark Twain, etc., and the instances of Poe, Whistler, James, etc., is beginning to have a national expression. It is ragtime, a negroish thing, as might be expected, inasmuch as the Negroes are our simple, primitive dancing and singing folk.

It is staccato and the question is, can a nation live and develop in staccato? The answer is we do, in nervous movements of sharp emphasis. Baseball is staccato; our fiction is staccato; a lunch counter is staccato. We live by percussion, and ragtime expresses us. It is our folk song, manufactured by gentlemen who can be whistled for in Clark street and produced to write an "I'm On My Way" song in twenty minutes.

Ragtime is mistreated in the land of its origin, but it has done this: It has made the nation sing and dance. A nation that cannot sing and dance will produce no art. This nation now is singing and it is dancing. If an orchestra starts a one-step or a hopping, running waltz the auditors want to arise and shake a foot. Sad-eyed men once were brought like slowly driven cattle to dances. Now it is impossible to keep even the fat old boys off the floor.

We used to sing "Annie Laurie" sadly to the moon and were mournful. Now folk sing of "Gallipoli Girls" or "Potawatomi Pearls" and laugh. Laughter, song, and dance—dance, Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth—are the foundations of art. This nation is singing and dancing. Be-

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low the few expressing much must the many expressing something. The Chicago Tribune.

RIFF-RAFF RHYTHMS OF "RAG" ADDS ZEST TO "POP" CONCERT.

(From St. Louis Dispatch)

If any shades of classical composers were around the Odeon yesterday afternoon, they must have shuddered violently when the Symphony Orchestra proceeded to tear off, rip up and otherwise shear and rend asunder as ragged a bit of ragtime as ever enlivened cabaret.

It was not that refined and gentlemanly syncopation which Schumann and even Beethoven employed on occasion, but the real American article of tattered tempos and riff-raff rhythms. The effect was vivid. Toes began tapping everywhere, and that clatter of conversation arose which is considered the proper accompaniment for the gems of cafe music.

This scandal for the highbrows of harmony occurred in selections from Ivan Caryl's music to the comic opera, "Chin-Chin," one of which was brazenly labeled in the program, "Ragtime Temple Bells." That Director Zach's lapse into "rag" made a hit goes without saying. Even the purists must have confessed that they experienced a singular tingling in the region of the pedal extremities; and as for most of the audience, it applauded the lively music quite shamelessly.

MUSIC IN THIS ISSUE.

We are glad to present to our readers two such splendid numbers as will be found elsewhere in this issue. "Glittering Stars" is a delightful rag waltz, published by Marcella Al Henry at 4655 Sheridan Road, Chicago. "That Easy Rag" from the Mellinger Publishing Company, Odeon Bldg., St. Louis is in a distinct class by itself. Regular piano copies can be procured from the publishers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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5 Glittering Stars.

Rag-time Waltz

MARCELLA A. HENRY

Intro.

The Intro section consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a jagged, syncopated style characteristic of rag-time. The bass line is simple, with some chords marked with a star symbol. The second system continues the melody and bass line, with dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Tempo di Valse.

The main body of the piece is divided into five systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Valse'. The melody is more flowing and melodic than the Intro, with frequent slurs and ties. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and simple rhythmic patterns. The second system continues the piece, featuring a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#) in the third measure. The final system concludes the piece with a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and a final cadence.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (RH) features a complex, multi-measure rest followed by a series of chords. The left hand (LH) plays a simple bass line. The system concludes with a multi-measure rest.

Second system of musical notation. The RH continues with chords and some melodic movement. The LH has a steady bass line. The system ends with a multi-measure rest and the word "Fine." written in the right margin.

Third system of musical notation. The RH has a more active melodic line. The LH continues with a bass line. The system ends with a multi-measure rest.

Fourth system of musical notation. The RH features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The LH has a bass line. The system ends with a multi-measure rest and the instruction "L.H." written in the right margin.

Fifth system of musical notation. The RH continues with a rhythmic pattern. The LH has a bass line. The system ends with a multi-measure rest.

Sixth system of musical notation. The RH has a rhythmic pattern. The LH has a bass line. The system ends with a multi-measure rest and the instruction "D. S. al Fine." written in the right margin.

2.

Musical staff 1: Treble and bass clefs. Treble clef contains a melodic line with slurs and dynamics *mf* and *f*. Bass clef contains a bass line with slurs. A key signature change to one flat is indicated.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Musical staff 2: Treble and bass clefs. Treble clef contains a melodic line with slurs and dynamics *mp*. Bass clef contains a bass line with slurs.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Musical staff 3: Treble and bass clefs. Treble clef contains a melodic line with slurs and dynamics *mf*. Bass clef contains a bass line with slurs. A *rit.* marking is present in the latter half.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Musical staff 4: Treble and bass clefs. Treble clef contains a melodic line with slurs and dynamics *mf*. Bass clef contains a bass line with slurs.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Musical staff 5: Treble and bass clefs. Treble clef contains a melodic line with slurs. Bass clef contains a bass line with slurs.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Musical staff 6: Treble and bass clefs. Treble clef contains a melodic line with slurs and dynamics *mf* and *mp*. Bass clef contains a bass line with slurs.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand (bass clef) plays a bass line with a dynamic marking of *rit.*. The system includes a *Tempo.* marking and a series of fingerings: 5 1 2 1 3 4 1 3 4 2 1 5 1 2 5 1 2 5 3 2 5.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line with a dynamic marking of *mp*. The left hand continues the bass line with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The system includes a *rit.* marking and a series of fingerings: 5 4 3 2 1 5 4 3 2 1 2 5 1 2 5 1 2 5 3 2 5.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a descending melodic line with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The left hand continues the bass line. The system includes a *rit.* marking and a series of fingerings: 5 4 3 2 1 5 4 3 2 1 2 5 1 2 5 1 2 5 3 2 5.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The left hand continues the bass line. The system includes a *rit.* marking and a series of fingerings: 5 1 2 3 1 5 5 4 3 2 1 4 3 1 2 3 4 5 2 1 5 1 2 5 1 2.

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The left hand continues the bass line. The system includes a *rit.* marking and a series of fingerings: 5 2 1 5 9 2 1 3 2 1 2 1 2 3.

* *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand continues the bass line. The system includes a *rit.* marking and a series of fingerings: 5 4 3 2 1 2 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 5.

* *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* * *rit.* *

That Easy Rag.

EDW. J. MELLINGER.

Moderato.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the system. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the system. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the system. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the system. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the upper staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is placed above the upper staff in the third measure.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the upper staff.

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

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the first measure of the upper staff.

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

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The melodic line in the upper staff features more complex rhythmic patterns, while the bass line maintains a steady accompaniment.

TRIO.

The third system marks the beginning of the Trio section. It features two staves. The upper staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a section marked *ff* (fortissimo) with a key signature change to one flat. The lower staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the Trio section with two staves. The melodic line in the upper staff is characterized by eighth-note patterns, and the bass line provides a consistent accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the Trio section with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with some rests, while the lower staff continues the accompaniment.

The sixth system of musical notation concludes the piece with two staves. It includes first and second endings, indicated by the numbers '1' and '2' above the staves. The first ending leads back to an earlier section, while the second ending provides a final resolution.

Someone's Waiting Way Down in Tennessee

By ELMER OLSON

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes in a 2/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with quarter notes and eighth notes.

Vamp

The vamp section is marked with a double bar line. It features a rhythmic pattern of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand, designed to be repeated.

Lis - ten ev - 'ry bod - y I've some news for you, I'm so hap - py
 Look me o - ver can't you see a change in me? I am just as

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

that I don't know what to do, Just re - ceived a tel - e - gram
 hap - py as a boy can be, Soon you'll hear a wed - ding tune

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

CAROLS FROM CARROLL.

To you, my friends and readers of the RAGTIME REVIEW, I extend my thanks for enabling us to see our plans succeed and incorporate at \$75,000. It has been a hard task for us and myself, especially, but you have borne with me and helped things wonderfully. Most of you have subscribed, made your first payments and are now full-fledged co-partners with me. Those who have not subscribed are unfortunate, inasmuch as stock is now \$5.00 per share, but it can't be helped. Plenty of time was allowed all to subscribe at \$2.50 and they cannot blame us if they did not take advantage of it.

I have to thank your editor also for his kindness in allowing me to place our plans before you and appreciate his co-operation more than can be told in mere words. Through this splendid magazine I have been able to accomplish what I sought and can only voice my thanks to you all by saying: "The Review" is the greatest paper of its kind in existence.

To you, my friends—to you, Mr. Christensen, I pledge myself a firm "booster" of your paper always, and to show just how much I think of it, I want to represent you here in New York City—bring it to the attention of all ragtimists and publishers, and aid you in every way I can to make it the greatest paper in existence. For this, I ask nothing—I do it in return for your kindness shown my company in the past, and only ask that all here in the East will aid me in carrying out the Eastern end of the news.

Writers, publishers, teachers, pianists, here in the East, send me your news and "The Review" will have it in an early issue.

Again thanking you, my reader friends, and you, Mr. Editor, I am,

Faithfully,

CARROLL

THE FOURTH ADVENTURE OF GEORGE AND JIMMY.

By Geo. F. Schulte, Cleveland, Ohio.
JIMMY EXPERIENCES A NEW SENSATION.

Say, pard, d'ye know there's something to this music gag' after all? Wot I mean is, there's a lot more to it than just learnin' to play. There's a queer feelin' gets into you, that makes ya rather proud of yourself. Get the drift?

Yer don't? Well, let me explain: y' see it's this way. When I first started to learn to play, from my friend, George, I had only the idea that I wanted to tickle the ivories for the fun of it, but now I gotta bug that it's somepin' bigger than that, sompin' really worth while.

I goes up to the studio and I meets all kinds of people, old and young, some of 'em way up in the seal skin circle, some draggin' down fat salaries for managin' this or that, while others wot has to count the jitneys, dig up their hard earned iron men to get something that they think is worth the coin.

Then again, we're all equal up there, we're all grabbin' for the same thing, and no one can consider himself better than anyone else.

Y' see, George treats me, a ordinary bell-hop, just the same as he does Montmorency Rockabilt, who hails from High-brow Heights, and who hasn't done any hard work since the self-starter was put on to buzz buggies. And by the same token, Monty gets his bawlin' out, just the same as me, when he don't practice his lesson.

And furdere more ya begin to realize that fellers like George and this Christensen

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guy, are handin' ya sumpin' that they had to work hard for, so if what they got with a lot of study and expense is good enough for them to pass onto someone else, why it's a mighty sure bet, that it's a darned good thing for yourself.

I tell ya, that it's a great thing to feel that you are learning somethin' that'll always stick by ya, and as George says, "increasing in value and satisfaction from day to day, them's his very words, and he's got the right dope, believe muh.

Ever since I got kicked outto school, I've been moochin' around, doin' nuttin' worth a kopeck, until I bumps into this game, and now ya see, I'm gettin' somethin' that I have to work for, and when I get it, nuttin' can take it away from me.

This may sound phoney, comin' from a dub like me, but just stick a pin in this—it's on the level.

Well, adios, fifteen minutes late now, and the Lord only knows what the boss will do to me. S'long!

(To be continued.)

Next month Jimmy arrives early and has an attack of heart trouble.

PUPILS' BULLETIN IN ST. LOUIS SCHOOL.

Edw. Mellinger, director of an extensive school of ragtime piano playing in St. Louis, instills enthusiasm into his teachers and pupils by means of bulletins which are posted on his bulletin board at frequent intervals.

Here is one of them:

FOR OUR PUPILS TO READ AND UNDERSTAND.

We hope that you will have been making good progress during the last several weeks and that you are satisfied with the results thus obtained. Only continued practice on your part will bring this result.

Some persons imagine that ragtime is so entirely different from classical music that you do not have to practice at all! This is wrong. While you do not have to practice so much, still it requires at least an hour EACH and every day. More than that would even be better still.

It is the persons who take three or four lessons and find that they cannot learn without practicing an hour each day, that sometimes quit our school and become "knockers" and you have perhaps heard one or two of them. In each such case we would like to prove to you that any such "knocker" is either too lazy or either they did not actually have enough time for the practice.

We have too many friends in this city WHO KNOW what our school and system is, for you to believe these few knockers. Here are some of the best and most well-known musicians in the city, who will tell you some wonderful things concerning our system—they know.

Tony Bafunno, leader and director Park Opera Co. orchestra.

David Silverman, orchestra leader Lyric theater and at McTague's and the Maryland Hotel.

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Prof. Harry Meyers, orchestra leader, Rienzi Cafe, 10th and Olive.

Besides our branch school in South St. Louis, we have just established a branch in Alton, Ill. We are soon to start a school in East St. Louis.

Glad to tell you that we are in receipt of many letters regarding the song "Irish Girl," which goes to show that the RAGTIME REVIEW reaches the right class of people.—Connett Sheet Music Co., Newport, Ky.

MUSIC NOTES.

"Bathing Days," waltz song and "My Little Irish Girl," 1916 march song by the writers of "Why Can't We Be Sweethearts" and other big song hits—"As Long as the Sun Shall Shine," words by J. P. Hinggen and music by H. L. Berry will be placed before the public on June 1st.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Axel Christensen, Editor.

The Ragtime Review,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Allow me to congratulate you on the "get-up" of the latest number of the RAGTIME REVIEW. It's a hummer! And for goodness sakes, give us some more of Peter Frank Meyer's stuff. His articles "Music A Substitute for Cocaine," and "The Potency of Ragtime," were great.

You ought to consider yourself fortunate in securing a writer of his repute on your staff. His terpsichorean telepathy process is a scream. In fact, his article alone in the last number were worth double the price of the magazine.

Hoping to see more of Peter Frank Meyer's stuff in the coming issues I am with best wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely,

ROBERT BERWYN PLATT.

4637 Penn St., Frankford.

Carey Morgan, composer of "Bugle Call Rag," "Valse Confession," "Castles in the Air" and numerous other well-known instrumental numbers has just completed his first song in collaboration with the world famous lyricist L. Wolfe Gilbert.

One night at the Friars' Club, someone offered to wager that Carey could not compose a song melody inside of one hour that would be acceptable to a publisher. Being a Southerner Morgan was game and, the piano being occupied, he sat down at the next best thing, a typewriter, and punched out in ciphers the melody of what is now one of the most popular songs of the day "My Own Iona." Next he called up one of Stern & Co.'s pianists and had him make a lead sheet of what he had jotted down. Within the hour it was played over for Mr. E. B. Marks of the firm who immediately accepted it. Within two days regular piano copies and orchestrations were on the market and now hundreds of performers are singing this hit, the first on record ever composed on a typewriter.

The Connett Sheet Music Co., popular song publishers of Newport, Ky., are rejoicing over the large amount of copies they are mailing out at the present time. "Bathing Days" and "My Little Irish Girl" are there best sellers.

Mr. J. M. Roche, enterprising teacher of ragtime in Springfield, Ill., recently produced and directed the music for a mammoth performance of the "All Girls' Minstrellette," which was a wonderful success due to the work of Mr. Roche.

CARROLL OUR EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE.

Will Carroll, of the Will Carroll Music Co., will hereafter act as representative of the RAGTIME REVIEW for Greater New York. Mr. Carroll has won fame in the music world and we are glad to have him on our staff. His address is 191 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Editor.

Pierrot and Pierrette by Leo Edwards, a waltz which is considered by all leading musicians as the best since "The Blue Danube" has been purchased by Jos. W. Stern & Co. This firm intends to exploit this number extensively, feeling sanguine that it will prove to be another "Nights of Gladness." Stern & Co. know a good instrumental number and when they make a prediction it usually materializes. Another Leo Edwards' number recently purchased by this firm is "Irish Love" now being sung successfully by the talented baritone, Mr. Geo. McFarlane.

WHAT IS "SHADES OF NIGHT?"

Gossip has certainly had a baffling time of it trying to solve the puzzle as to what is "Shades of Night?" Stern & Company, through its professional manager, Wolfe Gilbert, has been advertising this title without any explanation as to what or wherefore. The other night at the United Song Writers' dinner, Wolfe divulged the secret. He sang a high-class ballad-instrumental, and the title was "Shades of Night." Such great musicians and composers as Victor Herbert, George Cohan, Irving Berlin, Lou Hirsh, Gus Kirker, etc., etc., applauded vociferously. Every first-class orchestra in the city has written Messrs. Marks & Stern telling them that as an intermezzo this number eclipses "The Glow Worm" and "In the Shadows." I have personally heard it as a song and instrumental, and I predict that "Shades of Night" will sweep this entire universe. Such artists as May Naudain, Belle Storey, Sophie Bernard, etc., etc., have signified their intention of singing it.

Whitmore Publishing Company have accepted for publication a Betty Bellin song, "Down Among the Pines of Georgia," with words by Chas. Hochberg. Charlie has written "some" lyrics and he and Miss Bellin will have some new ones soon.

White & Newton have three of the Betty Bellin songs to come out this season. Watch for them. They must like Betty's style when they accept three in one season.

The Melodie Shop, Peekskill, N. Y., now have in print Beth Slater Whitson's and Betty Bellin's Irish song, "I'm Glad That Tipperary's Far Across the Sea." The words are great and it ought to be a great encore winner for every professional who uses it.

BILLBOARD BOOSTS MELLINGER.

The Mellinger Music Publishing Company of this city is fast coming to the front in popularity, and is said to have put out more new numbers than any other house in St. Louis. While many of the Mellinger numbers have been very prominent in vaudeville, others have been more along classic lines. More attention will be given, however, in the future to the popular numbers, as the Mellinger house believes in giving the people what they want.—The Billboard.

The White & Newton Music Pub. Co., of Omaha, Neb., have a new number, words by Sidney B. Holcomb, the noted free lance writer; music by Clay D. White, composer of "My Amazon." This number gives in—*Fairest Rose That Grows in Dixie Land.*"

New numbers from the press of the Buckeye Publishing company of Columbus, O., are "Virginia From Virginia, Wait For Me," "Love and Honor Dear Old Dad," "Come in the Garden Dear," "Berenice," "Beneath the Pines I'm Pining."

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WALTER JACOBS

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**NAUDAIN AND FRIEDLAND A REAL
SUCCESS.**

This past week at the Colonial (Kieth's) marked the debut of another operatic star and another song-composer, but it may be truthfully said that both parties reflected nothing but credit to their previous vocations. As was expected, Miss Naudain sang all songs composed by Anatol Friedland with lyrics by Wolfe Gilbert, and never has a debutante in the varieties been supplied with better material. Two numbers that every daily and theatrical paper commented on particularly were "My Own Iona," a Hawaiian rag that will be whistled from one end of this country to the other before many moons pass over us, and the other was promoted as the successor to "The Glow Worm." Miss Naudain introduced "The Glow Worm" in "The Girl Behind the Counter," and here is assigned to her now the duty of introducing the successor "Shades of Night" at its first presentation to the public. Miss Naudain certainly was effusive in her praise of this new song. She honestly be-

lieves that it will exceed its predecessor in popularity and sales, and we agree with her. It is a classic.

GILBERT TO GO WEST.

Wolfe Gilbert, for his firm, makes four or five trips yearly now to the Windy City, Detroit, Buffalo, etc., and after each one of these trips there is an obvious jump in both professional and sales representation. Wolfe starts the tail end of this week, and looks forward to better results than ever, this time, because of the material he has to offer. "I Love You That's One Thing I Know" is already the acknowledged song-ballad hit that was predicted for it. Creeping up slowly but surely, are the two real champion contenders, namely, "My Own Iona" a real rag Hawaiian novelty, and "Shades of Night" a classic song and instrumental that will, in all probabilities, exceed the sales and popularity of "The Glow Worm." Max Stone, the Chicago manager for Stern & Co., is anxiously and eagerly awaiting Wolfe's coming, because these two boys make things hum with their joint efforts.

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