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RAGTIME REVIEW

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

THAT HARMONY QUARTETTE

BY PETER FRANK MEYER

(Some More of the Trials, Triumphs and Adventures of Four Musical Mokes.)

"Mr. Randolph!"

The clean cut, well dressed young man whirled before the night clerk's desk.

"A letter for you, sir," said the clerk, handing him an envelope.

He nodded his thanks, held up the envelope, glanced at the handwriting and smiled. Then he mounted the stairs, after bidding the clerk a good night.

That Harmony Quartette was appearing at the Apollonaire Theatre in Atlanta—or, to be exact, had been appearing at this theatre during the week. This was Saturday night and they had made their final "show" at this playhouse only a few hours before. On Monday they were to begin a six day schedule at the Martin Opera House in the same city. During the sojourn in Atlanta the boys were stopping at the Hotel Lorraine.

A little incident which had found its inception after the matinee performance at the Apollonaire the previous Monday, and which at the time, caused the boys much amusement, had grown into proportions of such a character, that it was impossible to regard the affair as other than a source of perpetual annoyance.

On that Monday, just after the initial appearance, the house manager had given Randolph a letter. Chick, for some unaccountable reason, stuffed it in his pocket and forgot all about it until the following night. The boys had just arrived at the dressing room prior to "making up" for their act, when the doorman called, asked for Randolph, and hurriedly stated that a sassy young woman had insisted upon seeing him personally. There was little time to be lost, so Chick told him to inform the lady that he could be seen at 10:15.

"She was awful fresh," declared the doorman. "Said her name was Madge Maguire and that she wrote you a letter yesterday."

It then occurred to Randolph that he had inadvertently placed the letter he received the day before in his pocket and had forgotten about it. That missive, in all probability, was the one the watchman unknowingly referred to.

After the act Randolph hastily dressed and went to the stage door. In the darkness he dimly made out the form of a woman, holding harsh conversation with the doorman.

"That's him now," the doorman exclaimed, and the woman ran up to Chick and seized him by the arm.

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Randolph?" she asked.

"N—no—hanged if I do," muttered Chick, peering at her confusedly. "Come in here," and he led her inside.

In the light he stared at her dubiously.

"Doncha remember Madge Maguire, who

played tough Nell in 'Back to Earth' when you was doin' a monologue stunt on the Miller circuit out West?" asked the girl, looking up at him eagerly.

Randolph gave a start and his face brightened. But it was only for a moment. Then a frown of annoyance crossed his forehead.

"Yes—oh, yes. I remember you now," he said, striving to repress his impatience.

"I 'ought you would," she cried, extending her hand.

Chick took it gingerly. "What's the trouble? You seemed very anxious to see me."

"I am, I am. D'y'e git my letter?"

"Yes, but I didn't know it was yours till the doorman told me tonight. I didn't have time, to read it."

She eyed him reprovingly. It was easy to discern that this woman belonged to the class which, for the sake of dignity, we shall designate as plebians, although the word is far too mild. Her flippant manner of speech, the harsh intonations, her tough swagger, the curt nods of her head to emphasize her words—all this stamped the type she represented in every move she made. Besides, her painted face and blackened eyebrows, the rouger, sensuous lips, the cut and voluptuous fit of her clothing, and the big picture hat pinned jauntily on one side of her head, spoke plainly for themselves.

"You shoulda read that letter, Mr. Randolph. It'll mean a fortune for you an' the boys, see? I'm goiner crash in on your act—make it five-cornered, get me? No, no. Don't

look at me like that! It means big stuff for you. But I can't tell you here. Come over to my stoppin' place, the Merlin. Come over with me now an' bring the rest with ye. It's the biggest thing in years!

Randolph shifted his feet uneasily. He knew Madge Maguire and he knew she was as adhesive as a mustard plaster. A pest was a lovely creature alongside of this person. Presently an idea occurred to him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Maguire," he lied glibly. "I cannot see you tonight, that's final. And I don't care how good or promising your plan or scheme may sound. I wouldn't take anyone else in our act under any circumstances. But I'll call at your apartments at the Merlin tomorrow night at eleven."

"Good stuff!" she exclaimed, delighted. "An' believe me, kid, you'll change your mind after listenin' to me. So long, then, till tomorrow night."

When she had gone Randolph went back to the dressing room. The boys were just preparing to leave. He told them about it, adding that the young lady would have a long wait if she expected him to call the following night. They started to kid him about it, evidently vastly amused.

After the show next night they immediately returned to the hotel for a game of poker and a midnight lunch. Randolph figured that Madge would have sense enough to realize that he had purposely given her "a stand-up," and would cease annoying him. But Chick's calculations were misplaced.

Thursday night he saw Madge Maguire and a party of rough looking fellows in an upper tier box. He would not have seen her perhaps, had it not been for the hisses that came from that direction after the opening song. The lights went up after this, and he immediately spied Madge. The boys had heard the hissing, too, and appeared to be greatly surprised, but they went on with the act as though nothing had happened. Just before the time for the combination dance a roar of coarse laughter, followed by derisive epithets and more hisses, came from the same box. By this time several indignant spectators had risen and were demanding that the miscreants be ejected. An attendant hastened to the box. A heated argument took place. Suddenly one of the rough fellows struck the attendant and knocked him down. Several angry men jumped into the aisles, ran down to the tier section and piled into the party of loafers. In the excitement somebody yelled "fire!"

A panic was the result. Men, women and children leaped to their feet and pushed and fought and struggled to reach the exits. Had it not been for the presence of mind of the



MELROY SISTERS

orchestra leader, who immediately signaled for a lively air, quite a few persons might have been seriously injured. The mob ceased pushing and yelling, the lines broke, those of cooler heads started back for their seats and the others soon did likewise. Two ushers and an officer appeared and marched the four boisterous men, with Madge Maguire in the center, up the aisle and out of the theatre.

Of course, this unfortunate incident knocked the boys off their mettle. Chick hardly came off the stage after the act when an attendant handed him a note. He opened it and read:

"This ain't nothin'. You'll git ten times worse if you don't call at the Moulin tomorrow."

There was not signature, but Chick knew it was Madge. He decided to tell the boys about it. This was getting strong. A few more experiences like the one tonight and the effects would be disastrous. He therefore put it up to the others.

"Why not have her pinched?" suggested Fatty. "So far as I can see, that's the best way out of it."

"I'd do that willingly, but I'd have to appear in court and it will only bring us a lot of cheap notoriety. And on the other hand, I haven't sufficient proof. This note isn't signed and I lost the other one."

"Aw, let her rave. She'll get tired of it," growled Bradshaw.

"Oh, of course," scoffed Fatty. "Nothing bothers you."

"I think the woman is crazy," declared Benson.

"She is obsessed with a whimsical mania that the theatrical world is trying to keep her down," said Chick thoughtfully. "She was a leading figure in burlesque some years

ago, but drink, and I think dope, got the best of her. After awhile she appeared in a one-act vaudeville sketch called 'Back to Earth.' I happened to meet her in Kansas City while this sketch was going strong. I was doing a monologue stunt at the time. Guess we were billed at the same theatres in different cities about twenty times. She's a pest all right. You can't get rid of her. I don't know what she's doing down here in Atlanta."

"I've got an idea Chick," said Benson enthusiastically.

"Keep it—you need them," chuckled Fatty. "There's no need of your going to her place alone," explained Handsome Jack, ignoring the remark. "Why not—"

"That's what I say," interposed Fatty, "I wouldn't trust him."

"You shut up, you little runt," grumbled Lazy Bill. "Nobody asked you for your opinion."

"Write her a note now, get somebody to take it to her hotel. Simply state that you'll see her provided she'll call at our apartments at the Hotel Lorraine on Sunday afternoon. Tell her she must come unescorted. Here's my scheme."

Benson proceeded to unfold his little plan. It sounded good. In fact, it was so good that even Big Bill laughed heartily.

Randolph scribbled off the note, handed it to an attendant, and asked him to see that it was delivered at the Hotel Merlin at once. A generous tip precipitated matters.

That Harmony Quartette went through its acts next day without interruption, and Saturday afternoon passed smoothly. After the night performance Howe, Bradshaw and Benson left for the hotel a little ahead of Randolph, who stayed behind to discuss some business transactions with the manager. So it must have been after twelve when Chick walked into the suite, carrying the letter the night clerk had given him downstairs. Bradshaw had already retired. The long, drawing snores from the bedroom could not have emanated from the nose or mouth of any other human being.

"I've got a letter here from Madge Maguire," said Chick, with a queer smile. "I imagine she got cold feet and has refused to accept our invitation. At least, I hope that's the case."

"No such luck," grunted Fatty, who was comfortably reclined in the rocker, a gorgeous suit of blue and yellow pajamas bedecking his corpulent body. He held a sandwich in his right hand and a half emptied bottle of beer in his left. Benson, stripped of his coat, vest and shirt, sat at the table, a newspaper in front of him.

"You're a fine looking object in those pajamas," declared Randolph.

"Go on. You're only jealous," piped Fatty.

"Read the letter, Chick, go ahead," said Handsome Jack. "I'm anxious to find out what she wrote."

"Wake up Bill and let him hear it," suggested Fatty, nibbling at his sandwich.

"Do you think I want to go to a hospital?" demanded Chick. He tore open the

envelope, extracted a sheet of paper, and read aloud:

"I'll be up to see you guys on Sunday, and as per yore rekwest too cum alone I'll be there alone. You kan expect me at 2 o'clock."

Randolph showed the letter to them when he had finished.

"What a beautiful handwriting!" exclaimed Fatty, sarcastically. "And, goodness me, what exquisite spelling and English!"

"I can't understand how a woman of her limited education ever got by the board of censors," remarked Benson, shaking his head, "even if she did spend most of her time in burlesque."

Randolph laughed. "Madge is a product of the old school. Her kind are as rare today as the uncivilized American Indian. In the test for the survival of the fittest she simply refused to go down."

The boys had an early dinner at one o'clock on Sunday, and immediately returned to the suite. Bradshaw rapidly stripped, got into his pajamas, flung a bathrobe around his big body and stretched himself out on the couch. Jack and Fatty tied him to the lounge with a clothesline. Then Fatty mussed up his hair, poured sweet oil over his face and rubbed it in, and finally tried the same operation on his own face and on Jack's. They both looked as if they had been through a terrific mixup and were covered with dripping sweat. Fatty sat on top of Bradshaw and Benson seated himself in the rocker along side of the lounge.

They had hardly completed the setting when the bell rang.

"That's alright," whispered Chick, going to the door. "I guess this is Madge."

"Good afternoon," said Madge Maguire, swaggering into the room with an unnatural totter.

Randolph looked at her quickly and his lips curled. She was disgustingly drunk.

"How do you do, Miss Maguire," he replied, fighting down his repugnance. "Won't you be seated?"

She walked to a chair and was about to seat herself when her eyes fell upon the other three.

"Good afternoon," she repeated, hesitating.

Not a sound came from any of them. Fatty perched on top of Bradshaw, stared dolefully at the opposite wall. He looked as if he were the sole occupant of the room. Benson was engrossed in a book. Bradshaw's eyes were closed and he seemed to be sleeping.

"Wot's de matter wid dese mutts?" she asked, looking at Randolph and falling into the chair unsteadily.

"Oh, they're victims of gunnamocopolis," replied Randolph airily, closing the door.

She stared at him, her eyes blinking.

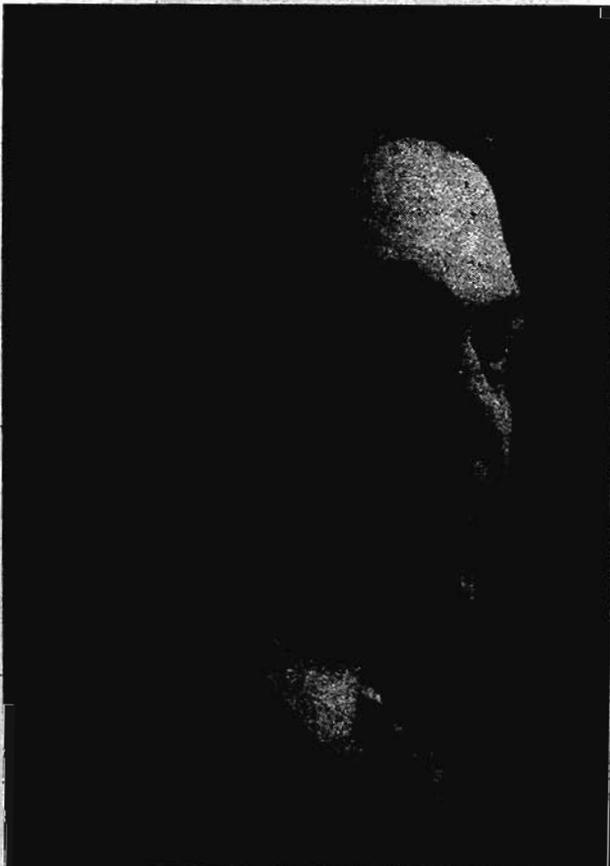
"Victims o' wot?"

Chick returned her stare, pretending to be very much surprised.

"Have you never heard of gunnamocopolis?"

"No, I ain't."

"It's a virulent disease and its effects are extremely pernicious. The four of us were down in Mexico with the troops a year ago last summer. They contracted the ailment, but I was fortunate and managed to escape. In its early stages the disease renders the victim practically dumb at irregular intervals, unless somebody near is talking, when the victim will repeat or offer comment like a poll parrot. In its final stages the ailment obsesses the victim with an insatiable passion for blood at least once every two or three months. Mr. Bradshaw, whom you observe lying on the couch there, took a fit this morning. He is in the last stages. He tore the bed apart and nearly killed the clerk and two attendants. We dragged him in here (it took the combined strength of three of us) and tied him to that lounge. Unfortunately, just as we had him



ZELAYA
Remarkable Pianist now in vaudeville.

partially subdued, both Mr. Howe, who is sitting on him, and Mr. Benson in yonder rocker, were rendered dumb and inarticulate. They are in the early stages. Therefore, Miss Maguire, I beg you, do not feel slighted if they repeat or comment upon anything you may say. Now, would you mind enlightening me as to your proposition?"

Madge Maguire was dumbfounded. Her startled, blinking eyes rested first upon one, then the other, at last turning to Randolph. "I—I ain't in any danger, am I?" she faltered.

"If you come near me you will be," came from Benson, in a hollow, solemn voice. He did not look up; it seemed just as if he had spoken to himself.

"No—no—not in the least," Chick reassured her. "Pay no attention to their comments. Go right ahead."

The young woman hesitated. It was evident that she felt far from safe and secure.

"Dere all members of Dat Harmony Quartette?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Maguire."

"Can't we go somewhere else an' talk dis over?"

"I am sorry, but I dare not leave them. Should that big fellow fly off in another fit during my absence and kill somebody, I should

be the blame. It would be a severe case of culpable neglect."

"It's awful funny," she said, shaking her head in bewilderment and swaying from side to side. "I never heard o' such a thing. You must have a awful lotta nerve to stay wid ginks like dem."

"Beautiful, beautiful," murmured Fatty, as if in a daze.

"Huh," grunted Bradshaw.

"Verily," quoted Jack, as if to himself, "thou art a most detestable creature."

Madge gazed at them, utterly incapable of comprehending.

"Come, come, Miss Maguire," begged Randolph, feigning impatience, "kindly proceed." He repressed a laugh, however, only with a superb effort.

She faced him uneasily, but every once in a while she darted a quick glance at the silent three. "You knows wotta streak o' tough luck come my way, Mister Randolph. I was one of de greatest burlesque actresses wot ever was. Dey accused me of bein' drunk, when so help me Patrick I was never stewed in me life."

"Beautiful, beautiful," murmured Fatty, solemnly.

Madge frowned and looked at him in annoyance.

"Pay no attention to their comments, Miss Maguire," put in Chick suavely. "I told you that they were not accountable for what they said."

"Well, de last show I was wid, in burlesque, was de Moonlight Maids. I comes in feelin' happy about an hour late one Saturday night, an' asks de manager for a match to light me butt wid. Widout any kinda warnin' wot-soever he hauls off an' smacks me square in de puss. Kin ye beat it?"

"Oh, repeat dem bootiful woids," murmured Fatty, sorrowfully.

"What eloquence, what elegant language, what fervor," mimicked Benson, without the ghost of a smile.

"Too bad he didn't hit her in the head with an axe," snorted Bradshaw.

"Say, are you blokes makin' fun o' me?" shouted Madge angrily, struggling to her feet. "I don't care wot—"

"Come, come, Miss Maguire," interposed Randolph, taking her arm and gently pushing her back into the chair. "Do be reasonable. I told you these men were not responsible for their words or actions."

"I don't care," she retorted, with a sickening attempt at indignation. "Dese dummies ain't goiner kid me."

"Beautiful beautiful," murmured Fatty, dolefully.

"Huh," grunted Bradshaw.

"Verily," softly declared Jack, "thou art a most detestable creature."

She gave them a glance of bitter scorn, but did not reply to the comments. Randolph had all he could do to repress his mirth.

"Life was hard for me," she went on, turning to Chick. "I couldn't git on wid any odder show, until I landed de part o' tough Nell in that vawville skit, 'Back to Earth.' Den dey toined against me and said I was boozin, too, when Lawd knows how I hate de stuff!"

"We know it, too; we know it, too," asserted Fatty, almost tearfully.

"'Tis sad, 'tis sad," murmured Benson, shaking his head.

"Tough luck," grumbled Bradshaw.

Madge ignored them this time.

"You know the feelins of a star. Mister Randolph," she continued. "You kin understand. Dere was me, a—a genius—"

"You mean a genius," corrected Randolph.

"Y—yeah a geenyus, er—er down in de depps of ocksecurity, undepreciated, iglored—"

"Methinks she talket a foreign language," interrupted Benson coldly.

"Hush—hush," admonished Fatty. "She sings grand."

"Aw, shut up!" screamed Madge, turning upon them furiously. "If ye don't I'll—I'll—"

"Miss Maguire!" came from Chick, sharply.

"I told you several times not to pay any attention to them. If you lose your temper again I shall refuse to listen to your proposition."

When she faced Randolph again her eyes were burning with hatred. She waited a moment, struggling to recover her composure, then went on:

"Er—er as I was sayin', life was hard on me. Dere I was, de queen of dem all, frown down cold, listenin' to de praises dey was handin' out to a lotta hash-singers like Theda Bara, Sarah Burnhard, Engineer Caruso,—"

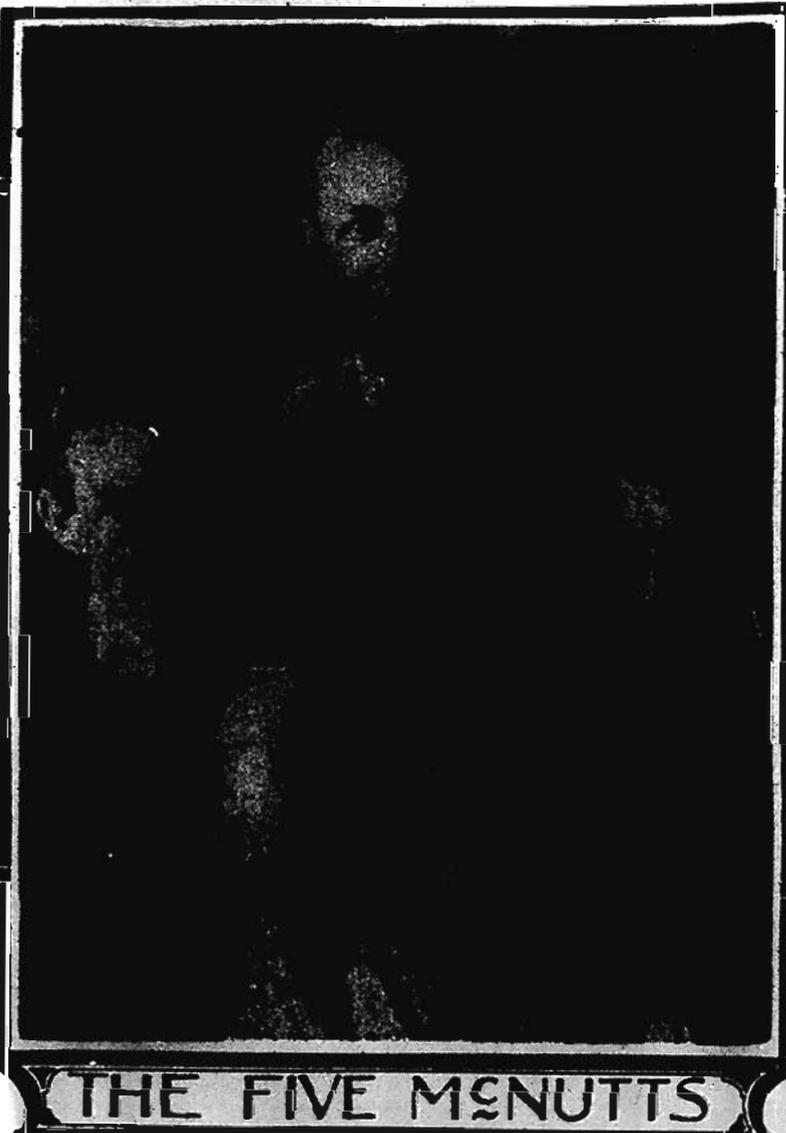
"You mean Enrice Caruso," interrupted Chick gracefully.

"Haw, haw, haw—WOW!" roared Bradshaw, shaking until Fatty was bouncing up and down like a cowpuncher on a balky broncho.

Miss Maguire darted a scornful glance at him.

"I wouldn't say nothin' if dose mopes was good," she said indignantly, "but wot kin dey

(Continued on page 13)

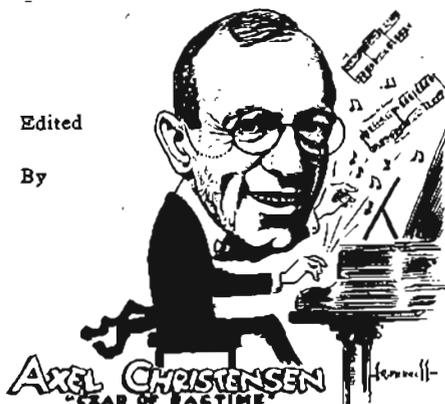


THE FIVE McNUTTS

The Ragtime Review

Edited

By



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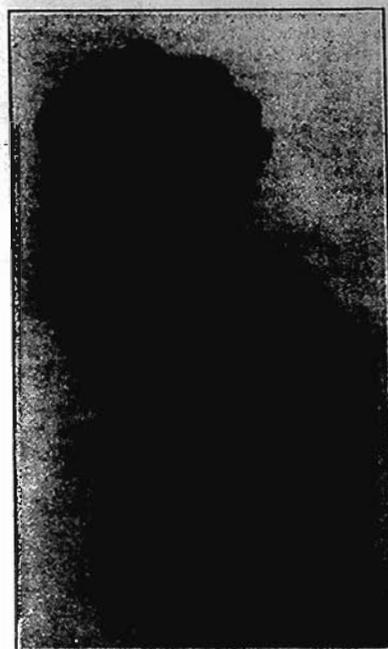
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JANE LAMOUREUX

Associate Editor "Ragtime Review"

lished by Remick Co. Another irresistible "Harry Carroll" number, with clean, clever lyrics. A good all around number, will please most everybody.

You're the Sweetest Baby of Them All—By Bobby Heath and Billy James. Published by M. Witmark & Sons. Snappy, pretty lyrics, good music support, a clever "Baby" song, would make great number for song and dance team.

Shadows—By Jack Frost and Clinton Keithley. Published by McKinley Music Co. High-class popular ballad, beautiful words and music. Will prove very popular.

Cherry Blossoms—By Gus Kahn and Harry H. Raymond. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. One of the prettiest numbers of its class ever written. Quaint lyrics and distinctive music. Would make great "Revue" number.

Girls, I Got Some Daddy Now

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The Ghost of the Saxophone—By Jack Frost and F. Henri Klickmann. Unusually good lyrics and music. Fast, with plenty of "pep." Should make great black face comedy number. Some jazz.

Darlin'—By Jack Frost. Published by McKinley Music Co. Popular ballad with pretty sentiment, music only fair. Too much repetition.

I've Got the Nicest Little Home In Dixie—By Walter Donaldson. Here is a number about which one hears the remark: "A clever novelty number, but almost impossible to 'put over.'" Might be a good seller to the "peepul" for a parlor song, where the constant repetition of spelling out one word after another could be understood. The composer had a good idea for the song, but worked it to death.

Saxophone Sam—By Jack Frost, Paul Biese and F. Henri Klickmann. Just right, now that the Saxophone plays so important a part in the popular "Jazz" music of the day. A dandy up-to-the-minute number.

There's Always An "If" In My Dreams Of You—By Caleb Enix and Arthur L. Sizemore. Published by the Buck & Lowney Music Co. A "different" dreaming song; this pretty ballad is sure to catch the popular fancy.

Jester Rag—By W. R. McKanlass. Published by Buck & Lowney Music Co. A good piano and dance number, full of pep and dash as its snappy cover poster. Will please professionals, and anybody not able to play piano would want to learn "ragtime" right away after hearing this snappy number.

You're the Fairest Flower in the Garden of the World—By Raymond Goldman and Maxwell Goldman. Published by the Buck & Lowney Music Co. Another "Buck & Lowney" song hit. An unforgettable melody, beautiful lyrics, good music, this



JACK BURCH

number is a paradox in music. "A high class popular ballad."

Just Like a Poor Butterfly—By J. Brandon Walsh and Goda N. Maxwell. Published by Buck & Lowney Music Co. A fanciful number, pretty lyrics and music; should prove popular.

Bring Back Those Days To Me—By Will J. Harris. Published by Buck & Lowney Music Co. Composed by an old hand at the game, this clever number, with catchy lyrics and music is bound to be a good seller. Would make a great number for sourette or kid character.

A Vision of Hawaii—by Andrew Steed Day. Published by Buck & Lowney Music Co. An unusual number, original, picturesque, rather an improvement on native Hawaiian music, whose rather bare means not always pleasing. For the moment one forgets the all pervading "jazz" while listening to this charming composition.

RAG SONG MAKES HIT WITH SOLDIERS.

Charles L. Winston of New York, army pay clerk attached to headquarters, claims to be the first composer of the American expeditionary force. Winston has written a clever rag entitled "When I'm Through With the Arms of the Army I'll Come Back to the Arms of You."

1-2-3-4, FOX TROT! THAT'S THE "JAZZ."

Can you jazz? Well, if you can't, you'd better learn and right soon, too.

It's all the rage in lil' ol' New York. The jazz has crept or jumped into vogue. The history of the jazz is the history of an orchestra. The players came from New Orleans. Their orchestra was of five pieces—traps and drum, clarinet, cornet, trombone and piano.

The combination—"took."—And now every hotel and cabaret on Broadway has a jazz orchestra as well as a regular orchestra. But it's the jazz band that does all the work. For two encores that the other musicians get, the jazz people are fairly bombed with demands for more, more, on the part of the crowd. So the dance was created to keep up with the orchestra.

Here is Mr. Glick's recipe for doing a jazz:

Count 1-2-3-4. Do a slow fox trot.



BILBERRY & ROBIN

Count 5-6-7-8 and do two jazz steps which cover four measures of music. Repeat. Turn. The gentleman does four jazz steps forward and four backward. Count 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 and do a trombone slide. Repeat. Do a waltz turn to the left. A waltz turn to the right, counting eight for each turn. Step back on right foot on 1-2. Pivot on left heel on 3-4 and waltz at end. Right turn. Waltz step to side and do a half waltz turn to the right.

The jazz step proper is a kind of lingering on the balls of the feet, ending in a slight stoop with feet far apart.

ORIGIN OF JAZZ.

Prof. Patterson in the Literary Digest tells us that for years "jazz" has ruled in the underworld resorts of New Orleans. It flourished for hundreds of years in Cuba and Haiti, whence it was brought from the west coast of Africa. Of course it came to New Orleans in the earliest plantation days and was introduced at once into the rendezvous of the underworld habitues. Continuing to draw from Prof. Patterson's knowledge:

"There in those wonderful refuges of basic folk lore and primeval passion wild men and wild women have danced to jazz for gladsome generations. Ragtime and the new dances came from there and long after jazz crept slowly up the Mississippi from resort to resort."

Renew your subscription to the Ragtime Review.

A WEE WIDOW WANDERS IN CABARET LAND

BY JANE LAMOUREUX

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

(The Adventure of the Spinning Dime)

"Nobody gives me diamonds," plaintively stated the tiny singer in her inimitable way. "Oh, excepting once! excepting once!" she reiterated, looking at the properly attentive "us" to see if "we" were sufficiently interested. Having decided that we were, she continued. "It was coming to me—I'm the real cause of that man's becoming rich and almost famous."

She paused provokingly. We were listening intently and respectfully. She jumped up from the ornate Chaize lounge on which she had been sitting, and going to a desk at the other side of the room, she unlocked one of the small drawers and took from it an object which she held up.

Dangling before our eyes was a bracelet of silver dimes, the links of filagree silver and the clasp a fine, large diamond. It was an unusual trinket.

"Thereby hangs a tale, and I had to hang

awhile to get it," she laughed. "It's a sort of trophy," she explained.

"Reward for bravery, saved someone from a watery grave, eh?" interposed her youthful uncle, who was listening tolerantly.

"Not exactly, but I accomplished an unheard-of feat and was properly rewarded," she retorted.

"So far, so good, now on with the story please," teased her uncle.

"When I was singing at Racine, Wis.," she resumed, "I noticed one of the guests, a good looking man, who had a habit of constantly spinning a dime on the table where he was seated. He occupied the same table night after night at the dinner hour, and later when the "Musical Rag Time Revue" was on.

"Always he sat there alone, conspicuously dressed, and forever spinning a dime between his fingers. My curiosity aroused, it

was with a slight thrill of interest that I saw the hotel manager introduce him to one of the singers. The manager looked around as I passed through the lobby on my way to the elevator, and beckoned to me to join them. He introduced us, saying jovially, 'You girls have a rival in the music line. Mr. Anthrop is quite a musical bug. Why, he loves music so much that he has a zenophone attached to his big touring car and plays tunes on it as he rides around to advertise his business.'

"Oh, let's see it, where is it it?" exclaimed the other singer. 'My car is right outside,' said Mr. Anthrop. 'Want to see it, girls?' Needless to say we answered 'Yes,' and in less time than it takes to tell we were seated in the big white touring car, listening to the pretty tune Mr. Anthrop was playing.

"Some advertising for your business," I said enthusiastically. 'You have a music store?' 'Oh, no,' he laughed, 'guess what my business is,' he challenged.

"Not being a clairvoyant, and judging solely by your appearance you might be anything from a well-known millionaire or a

famous actor or possibly a Chicago Loop Hound' suggested the other singer.

"Wrong, girlie, all wrong."

"Well, why don't you tell us what your business is?"

"I'm a Barber," he announced.

"A Barber! Do you gamble a little on the side or what pays for this big car of yours, etc.?"

"Advertising does it," he explained. 'I own several Barber Shops and take every means I can think of to advertise my specialty Dime Shops. One of my slogans is Shave at the sign of the spinning dime, but I've about played out all the advertising schemes there are. Perhaps one of you girls could scheme up something for me.'

"If you'd just play some snappy, happy ragtime tunes on your fang dangle musical auto attachment, it would attract more attention," I suggested.

"That's a pretty good idea, girlie, he said in a pleased manner.

"Aha!" I suddenly shook violently.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Another idea has seized me! Sh-sh, don't break the spell," I cautioned.

"Is it possible you possess brains?" Mr. Anthrop inquired quizzically.

"Listen a moment and your question will be answered, Sir," said I. 'Yesterday at the Racine Country Club I was introduced to a real live steeple jack, a handsome youth whose daring exploits, such as shinning up the slippery swaying flag poles on tall buildings, painting the largest smoke stacks in the world, have gained him a unique reputation. He is to climb up the largest smokestack in Racine tomorrow.'

"Now how about having him spin one of your famous dimes on the top of the smokestack to advertise your Dime Barber Shops or better still, I'll climb up there—my own little self and spin the dime for you."

"Fine," he said. 'Have you got the nerve to do it?'

"Seeing that I have no nerves at all, I guess I can manage said feat," I boasted.

"Very well, we'll advertise in the papers that all persons witnessing this remarkable feat are entitled to a shave, haircut or shampoo for one dime, women and children included, at my Milwaukee barber shops, and the person who catches the spinning dime which you will throw from the top of the smoke stack will get free shaves for six months," he spoke quickly.

"He certainly was a man of action. That very afternoon a band wagon paraded the streets of Racine, decorated with a glaring poster, 'Get a shave at my Dime Barber Shops in Milwaukee. Listen to those tantalizing ragtime tunes which they play every day at my ragtime barber shops. Watch the 88 lb. song bird spin one of my dimes on the top of the tallest smokestack in Racine. Tomorrow at 2 p. m.'

"The band blared loudly, to the great delight of the small boys who were gleefully following the slowly moving band wagon."

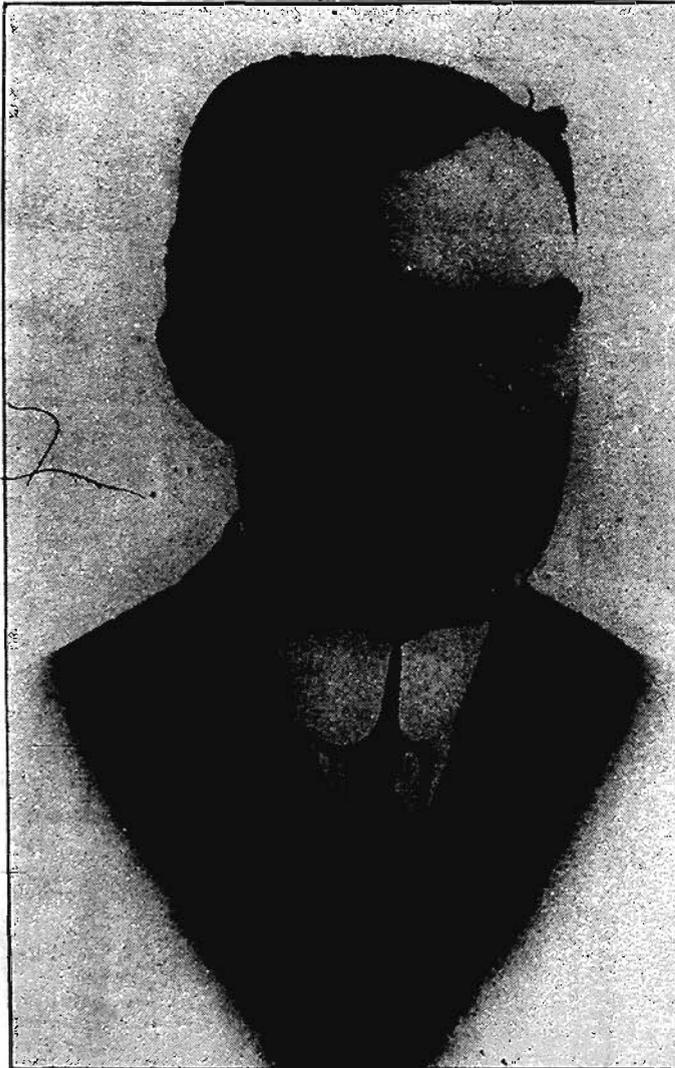
"Did you actually do that fool-hardy stunt?" inquired her uncle in an awe stricken tone.

"Here's the proof," she triumphantly jingled the bracelet of silver dimes and regarded the large diamond clasp with approval. "It makes me shudder to think of it now," she went on. "The steeple jack had rigged up a small basket for me to sit in, and, hanging on to the rigging ropes my tiny self was hoisted quickly above the heads of the assembled multitude."

"A strong gale was blowing in from Lake Michigan. I braced my legs and when a vicious gust of wind would suddenly bang me against the side of the dirty smokestack, I'd hold out my infinitesimal feet to save my precious hide from getting scraped."

"Gee, you hate yourself, don't you," teased

(Continued on page 19)



JOHN NASH

Broadway Rag

by MARCELLO A HENRY

Tempo di Rag

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system begins with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the word "Fine" written in the right margin. The fourth system continues the piece. The fifth system features a first ending (marked "1") and a second ending (marked "2") that concludes with the instruction "D.C. al Fine".

First system of musical notation. Treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The right hand features a complex, rhythmic melody with many sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A first ending bracket with a double bar line and repeat sign is placed over the final two measures of the system.

Second system of musical notation. It begins with a first ending bracket. The right hand continues with intricate sixteenth-note patterns. The left hand has a consistent accompaniment. The system concludes with the word "Fino" written in the right hand.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with some slurs. The left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. The word "sva" is written above the final measure of the right hand and below the final measure of the left hand.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The word "sva" is written above the final measure of the right hand.

Fifth system of musical notation. It starts with a first ending bracket. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. The system ends with the instruction "D.S. al Fine" in the right hand.

The Covent Garden

Ragtime Waltz

by MARCELLO A. HENRI

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure is marked with a 'C' time signature and an '8' above it. The piece starts with a piano (*f*) dynamic. The melody in the treble clef features eighth-note patterns, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment of chords.

The second system continues the piece. The treble clef staff shows a continuation of the eighth-note melody with some grace notes. The bass clef staff maintains the chordal accompaniment. The music flows smoothly through several measures.

The third system features a change in the treble clef staff, with a more complex eighth-note pattern. The bass clef staff continues with the accompaniment. An '8' is written above the treble staff in the fourth measure, indicating an eighth-note rhythm. The dynamic remains piano.

The fourth system shows a melodic shift in the treble clef. The bass clef staff has a flat sign in the second measure. The dynamic is marked as mezzo-forte (*mf*) in the third measure. The piece continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The fifth system concludes with a melodic flourish in the treble clef. The bass clef staff continues with the accompaniment. The word 'Fine' is written at the end of the system. The dynamic remains piano.

The sixth system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and some grace notes. The bass clef staff provides a consistent accompaniment. The piece ends with a final chord in the treble clef.

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. Both staves are in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music features a complex texture with many beamed notes and chords. A fermata is placed over a measure in the upper staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a fermata over a measure, followed by a measure with a dotted line and the number '8' above it, indicating an 8-measure rest. The lower staff continues with the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the lower staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues with the melodic line, and the lower staff provides the harmonic support. A dynamic marking of *p* is visible in the lower staff.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with many beamed notes. The lower staff continues with the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* is present in the lower staff.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues with the melodic line, and the lower staff provides the harmonic support. A dynamic marking of *p* is present in the lower staff.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The system concludes with a fermata over a measure, with the number '8' above it, indicating an 8-measure rest. The text *D.S. al Fine* is written at the end of the system.

(Continued from page 5)

do? Caruso's got a voice like a nannygoat wid a bellyache in de head; Theda Bara can't do nothin' else but make faces; Burnhard is always blubberin' 'bout somethin', Mary Pickford is a pink-faced baby, an'—aw, dey make me sick! I b'lieve in given' de public a run for dere dough. Wid my talent, mister Randolph, I oughta be de most fameyus actress wot ever stood—"

"You ought to be shot!" snorted Bradshaw. "What modesty, what maidenly shyness, what purity," snickered Benson.

"'Twas ever thus," declared Fatty, softly. Madge glared at them and was about to speak, but she remembered Randolph's warning and checked herself.

"And Shakespeare," she continued, "why, man, I eat his stuff!"

"Try Heinz's fifty-seven varieties," suggested Fatty.

"Nay—nay," objected Benson. "Forsooth, my friends, would ye overlook poison?"

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" grunted Lazy Bill.

"A horse would be too slow for me," protested Fatty. "I'd want a flying machine."

"Mutts!" sneered Madge, shaking with anger.

Randolph had to cram a handkerchief in his mouth to choke back his merriment.

"D'ye wanna hear me recite Degnon's passages in Othello?" inquired Madge of Randolph, struggling desperately to fight down her rage.

"Oh, spare us, spare us," prayed Fatty lugubriously.

Madge sprang to her feet wrathfully.

"You good-for-nothin' fat piece of blubber gum," she screamed, hot tears welling to her eyes, "jist account o' that you guys ain't goin' hear me. De hull bunch o' you sick looking ginks outha be in de morgue. Let me alone," she cried turning upon Chick, who had tried to quiet her, "or I'll jab a hatpin clean t'rough ye hide. I'm goin', now, an' you'll lose de chanst of ye life to make a fortune."

The angry woman rushed to the door.

"But what about your proposition—you forgot to mention that?" protested Randolph, choking back his laughter.

"I wouldn't tell ye now for a million dollars. You kin go to blazes!" wailed Madge, and she turned and rushed out of the room.

"Ha, ha, ha," gurgled Fatty, who had fallen to the floor, convulsed with laughter.

Bradshaw roared like a lion, Benson laughed till the tears streamed down his face and Randolph doubled up and sank back into a chair, shrieking, guffawing and gulping. To be sure, it was a cruel prank to play upon a woman, even if it was an intoxicated woman of low moral character, but the scheme was an unquestionable success. They never saw Madge Maguire again.

BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC.

By Bernard B. Brin.

After anticipating * * *
 A month's vacation * * *
 For several months * * *
 Summer rolled around * * *
 And so did the draft * * *
 So I stalled around * * *
 Until I found out * * *
 The government * * *

Didn't want me * * *
 Then the best vacation * * *
 I could get * * *
 Was just a few days * * *
 So I decided * * *
 That a summer resort * * *
 Situated in the * * *
 Beautiful Cascade Mountains * * *
 Would be the ideal place * * *
 For yours truly * * *
 So I meandered thither * * *
 After a nice boat ride * * *
 And beautiful auto trip * * *
 I found myself * * *
 In the heart of the * * *
 Wonderful Cascades * * *
 Wherein this lone hotel * * *
 Is so prettily situated * * *
 But I was told * * *
 That all rooms were taken * * *
 The best I could get * * *
 Was sleeping in the parlor * * *
 Or the woods * * *
 So me for the parlor * * *
 Right next to the couch * * *
 I slept on * * *
 Was a piano * * *
 (It's always pianos * * *
 Pianos, pianos * * *
 Wherever I go) * * *
 And I got peeved * * *
 'Cause I vowed * * *
 I wouldn't touch one * * *
 On my vacation * * *
 But in the wee hours * * *
 I turned over * * *

In my cot * * *
 And my head * * *
 Bumped the piano * * *
 Then a brilliant idea * * *
 Struck me as well * * *
 Next morning * * *
 At the breakfast table * * *
 No one was very talkative * * *
 Until one guy * * *
 Finally blurted out * * *
 'You people might * * *
 Think I'm crazy * * *
 But during the night * * *
 I heard church chimes * * *
 In the woods some place * * *
 And I wasn't dreaming either" * * *
 "I heard it too" * * *
 Said another * * *

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"And so did I"
 Said another
 "And I" said another
 "Nonsense," said the landlady
 "There isn't a chime
 Within 150 miles
 And that's in Seattle"
 "Did you hear them?"
 I was finally asked
 "Why er-no"
 I glibly answered
 And I sided in
 With the landlady

And told the guests
 They had 'em bad
 Aga'n night came and went
 Followed by breakfast
 And once again
 The guests all swore
 They heard the chimes playing
 "Nearer My God To Thee"
 And excitement prevailed
 'Cause the landlady
 Heard them also
 And so the chimes
 Were the main topic

Another night came
 And all went to bed
 But two fellows
 Who were to spend
 The whole night
 In the woods
 Vowing they'd find out
 From whence the chimes came
 But in the wee hours
 When they heard the chimes
 They were astonished
 To hear the chimes
 Come from within the hotel
 At the breakfast table
 Everybody said they'd heard
 "America" in chimes
 And all the guests
 Were eyed with suspicion
 Especially me
 As I talked little
 So the chimes
 Were soon known as
 "The Mystery of the Cascades"
 Then one more night
 And believe me
 Only ONE more night
 About three A. M.
 When in the midst of
 Auld Lang Syne
 The two fellows
 Rushed into the parlor
 And found me at the piano
 Playing the piece in chimes
 They only gave me
 Just two seconds to
 Slip on a robe
 And then grabbed me
 And woke up the whole hotel
 To show them who
 The impostor was
 Then when the clamor subsided
 I had to demonstrate
 And show them all
 How I did it

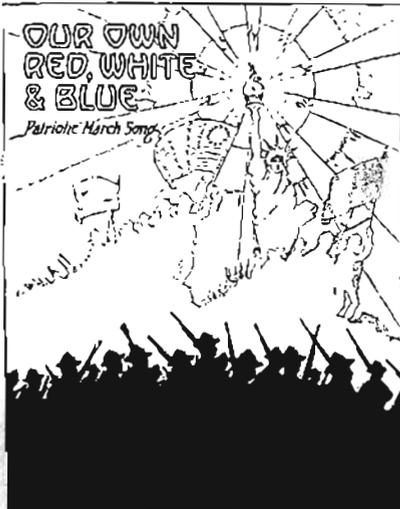
RED BLOODED—

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

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

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

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Any time anyone * * *
 Goes to the hotel * * *
 He will be told * * *
 How all the guests * * *
 Were made the victims * * *
 Of a practical joker * * *
 Who "slipped one over" * * *
 In a novel way. * * *
 I THANK YOU.

GINK GOSSIP AND STUDIO STUFF.

By Robert Marine.

(Part Two.)

It was after nine P. M. and business in the studios was done for the day. Sal Laurie sat on the window sill, smoking contentedly and gazing down at the pedestrians in the street below. Rockey was perched on top of a piano, sucking on a lollypop with relish. I had just closed my desk when Doc D'Onofrio strolled into the office, grinning from ear to ear.

"Look what the cat brought in?" snickered Rockey.

"What are you grinning about, Doc?" I asked. "I don't see anything funny."

"Don't you? Look at yourself in that glass."

"Hello, Alec," saluted Sal, spying Doc.

"Listen, now," said Doc, his face getting serious. "I want to tell you guys something. The next one that calls me Alec is going to get hurt."

"That's the way to talk, Alec," I chuckled.

"All right, Alec," smiled Rockey.

"Don't let them kid you, Alec," shouted Laurie.

Doc looked at each one of us with a peculiar expression on his handsome face.

"Do you guys know what Alec means?"

"Sure," kidded Sal. "It means ginks like you."

"No, all joking aside," said Doc.

"Well, what does it mean?" I questioned.

"Alec is Chinese for the Latin pronoun Allickezam, meaning bugs in Greek and 'in the face' in German. Therefore it means 'bugs in the face.'"

"You're crazy," interpolated Rockey. "It means bugs in the head. I ought to know—didn't I study Russian?"

"What's that got to do with the subject?" I asked.

"Rockey knows," laughed Sal. "He's buggy himself."

"I can prove that I'm right," insisted Doc.

"How?" came from Sal.

"My old man said so."

"What's that got to do with neckties?" snapped Rockey, sucking at his lollypop.

"We ain't talkin' about neckties," I protested angrily.

"I know we ain't," answered Rockey, "but Sal and I were just going to talk about neckties when Doc came in."

"Listen," said Doc, brightening. "I've got a good idea."

"Impossible," murmured Rockey.

"Keep it, Doc, you need them," grinned Sal.

"I mean it," asserted the dentist.

"Go on, spring it, Doc," I urged him.

"Well, let's open a hosiery shop—an exclusive shop for ladies' silk hosiery, with fitting rooms and everything else."

"You poor rum," snorted Sal, "they don't have fitting rooms in ladies' hosiery shops."

"Of course not," asserted Rockey, still

sucking at the lollypop. "It isn't customary. They have fitters, women fitters, in ladies' corset shops, though."

"Rockey knows—he wears corsets," chuckled Sal.

"Hey, cut that," I warned them. "How will it look when this article is published in the Ragtime Review?"

"What article?" queried Doc dubiously.

"This article."

"I don't see any article—OUCH!" cried Doc, hopping around and rubbing his head, for Rockey had hit him with the lollypop.

"Didn't I tell you the other day not to say that you didn't see any article?" demanded Rockey.

"But you crazy fool!" expostulated Doc, in a rage. "I DON'T see any article and that's all there is to it."

"I'll show you an article in two seconds," declared Rockey, jumping off the piano and advancing toward Doc, at the same time spitting in his left hand.

"Don't you touch him, Rockey!" warned Sal. "If you do, I'm goiner pitch in. Don't rile me, now, don't rile me—I'm a bad guy, I am."

"Stop this, stop it," I interfered.

"Let him come," said Doc, quietly. "I can lick any big stiff that sucks on a lollypop."

By this time I was mad myself. "Now look here, Rockey," I said, "this must cease right now. If you can't behave like a gentleman when you're among gentlemen, you can get out. This ain't no dump. If you wanta go to a dump, why don't you go home?"

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed Rockey, doubling up. "Ha, ha, ha."

"What's he doing—laughing or crying?" asked Sal.

"Let him alone. He's got a bellyache," advised Doc.

"When I'm among gentlemen," howled Rockey, laughing till the tears rolled down his face. "Oh, ha-ha-ha—WOW!"

"Give him a pill, Doc—he's sick," suggested Sal.

"I think we oughta stick a pin in him," said Doc, solemnly. "He's full of laughing gas and he'll bust."

"There ain't no gas in that guy," growled Sal. "It's just plain bull."

Finally Rockey stopped laughing, wiped his face, pulled out another lollypop, removed the wrapping and stuck it in his mouth. Then he jumped on top of the piano again.

"Where'd you get all those lollypops?" I asked.

"His old man's in the business," said Sal ironically.

"I ain't got no old man," retorted Rockey. "I got a father."

"Well," said Doc, "we were talkin' about this ladies' hosiery shop. Now I don't care anything about customs or precedents. I am going to have fitting rooms in this shop, one for elderly ladies, one for young women and girls, where they can try on the hosiery they buy. We four guys will form a company—call it the Parisian Silk Hosiery Shop—and I'll hire two professional fitters and—"

"Hey, wait a minute," broke in Sal. "Don't throw your money away like that. You'll only need one fitter and he can fit the elderly ladies. I'll be fitter for the girls and young women."

"You won't need any professional fitter, Doc," said Rockey. "I'll be fitter for the elderly ladies and Sal and I can change off."

"Nothin' doing," grumbled Sal, flipping his hand. "No changin' off."

"Hey, listen," I butted in, "where do I come in on this? I wanta be fitter."

"You ain't in it—you can be janitor," retorted Rockey. "Sal and me are the fitters and we'll change off."

"Nix on that stuff," protested Sal. "We don't change off. I'm goiner fit the girls and young women—you take the old ladies."

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"Go wan," snarled Rocky, "you don't own this company. What do you know about ladies' hosiery? We'll take turns fitting, you and me."

"Wait a minute, you guys," exclaimed Doc. "Bob and I want to be fitters."

"Sure," I added. "I know how to fit."

"Shut up, you're got a fit now," declared Rocky.

"I'm goiner be fitter—we'll only have one fitter and that will be me," cried Sal joyously.

"What do you know about fitting girls' legs?" snorted Rocky disgustedly.

"Hey, cut that out, Rocky," I ejaculated in annoyance. "How will that look when this article is printed?"

"What article?" asked Doc.

"This article."

"I don't—"

"Don't you say it, Doc, don't say it!" shouted Rocky, interrupting. "If you say that you don't see any article I'm goiner kick you plumb through the wall."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Rocky."

soothed Sal. "Maybe in forty-five years from now he'll wake up and see the article. He can't help it if he's dumb—he was born that way."

"You guys can't fit, anyway," I changed the subject. "Doc and I will do the fitting."

"Like fun you will," cried Rocky. "I'm fitter."

"What's that?" exclaimed Sal. "Didn't you hear me say that I was fitter?"

"I'm goiner be fitter."

"You're crazy—me and Bob."

"Cut it out, now, I'm goiner be fitter."

"Nothing doing—Doc and I are fitters."

"What have you got to say—you don't own the company."

"I'm going to be fitter."

"Aw, hell," suddenly mumbled Rocky, diplomatically, "we'll all be fitters."

"But somebody must be president," asserted Doc.

"I don't wanta be president."

"Not me."

"Me neither."

"All right," said Doc, grinning. "I'll be

president. But, remember, the president can chase the fitters out if he's dissatisfied and fit the ladies himself."

"How nice," I sneered.

"Ain't he got an awful crust?" mocked Rocky.

"Ain't it a go?" inquired Doc, looking at each of us.

"Go fish," spluttered Sal. "We'll start a company of our own. 'How much you got, Rocky?"

Rocky dug into his pockets and drew out some coins. He counted them.

"Twenty-two cents."

"You're a cheap skate," scoffed Sal.

"What's your capital, Bob?"

"One dollar and fifteen cents," I answered.

"You're a bum," exclaimed Laurie.

"Well, how much have YOU got?" asked Rocky and I.

"Never mind, now," replied Sal. "I ain't boastin' about all my money."

"Come on, come on," I insisted. "How much have you got?"

"Well," mumbled Sal, uneasily, his face turning red, "I'm busted tonight."

"You're a mutt" cried Rocky and I together.

"Ho, ho, ho," roared Doc, dancing around like a Turk, holding his stomach. "Three bankrupts, all busted, going to start a company—WOW—ho, ho, ho—oh, ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"What's the matter with him?" sniffed Rocky contemptuously. "The average dog takes a fit once a year, but that dog has a fit every day."

"He was eatin' hot tamales," explained Sal sarcastically. "It makes him feel silly."

"Hey, listen," I butted in again. "I'll bet George Schulte will get jealous as the deuce when he sees this article. It puts it all over his Jimmy stories."

"What article?" asked Doc, puzzled.

"This article."

"I don't see any article—oh, OWI—hey cut it out!" cried Doc, angrily, for Rocky had leaped right off the piano, landed on Doc's neck, and they both crashed to the floor, Rocky on top.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Now, honestly, gentle readers, have you ever read such soft, pure, sweetly tempered literature as this. We know these sketches have appealed to your taste of refinement and culture. Part IV will appear next month.)

JAZZ IN COURT.

Just before going to press, an interesting trial has taken place in the Chicago Court about who discovered "Jazz" and the subject was so interesting that all the Chicago papers devoted much space and comment to it.

"You see," said Alcide Nunez, a cynical clarinetist, "nobody wrote 'The Livery Stable Blues.' Naw. Nobody writes any of that stuff. I invented the pony cry in the 'Blues,' and LaRocca, he puts in the horse neigh. We was in the Schiller cafe, rehearsin', see? and I suggests that we take the 'More Power Blues,' and hash 'em up a bit. My friend, Ray Lopez, he wrote the 'More Power Blues.' All blues is alike. They come from a sor: of song that all the colored folks sings when they gets lonely."

That's all. And Alcide ought to know. He's one of them. He's one of the noisy babies that blow the big musical blasts in the Casino Garden, in the Blue Goose and all the other jazz joints. And what Alcide spilled can be taken as the real illuminating foot note to the nation's music.

"That's what," continued he. "We hashed up the 'More Power Blues' and put in the pony cry and the mule cry and the horse neigh, see? Then we rehearsed it for ten days, steaming it up and getting it brown and

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snappy. Then we had the piece all finished. "No, I don't read music. I'm a born musician. Yes, sir. I plays by ear exclusively. I've played in all the swell places with Kelly's band—in the Sherman hotel and all over. I'm entitled to the authorship of 'The Livery Stable Blues,' me and Lopez, as much as La-Rocca, that's why I went to Roger Graham and had him publish it. La Rocca done me dirt, so I says to myself, He's done me dirt and I'll let him out. He goes and has our 'Livery Stable Blues' put on a phonograph record as his'n. Well, aint that dirt?"

"When you say you've played in the Casino, do you mean, Mr. Nunez, the Casino club at Chestnut street and Lake Shore drive?" quired his honor.

"Naw," said Nunez. "I mean the reg'lar Casino Gardens."

To cinch the matter Attorney Fred Lowenthal summoned Miss May Hill to the stand after the cynical clarinetist had said his say. Miss Hill, if possible, was more cynical than Alcide. She flaunted a flock of blues before the judge. "The Chicago Blues," "The Alabama Blues," "The New Orleans Blues," "The Memphis Blues," and "The Livery Stable Blues," and allowed with a great show of technical palaver that they were all alike.

"Could they all be played at once?" inquired his honor.

"They could, and produce perfect harmony," said Miss Hill—a popular song booster and composer of blues and jazzes.

You see, the Jazz Kid wasn't always what he is now. Not always did the two carat piece of ice illuminate the right forefinger. There was a time when he worked in a factory in New Orleans, and coming home in the evening coaxed casual melody out of the family cornet. That was in 1914.

"I was great on imitatin'," admitted the Kid. "I was swell on imitating animals. So you see, I got the idea in 1914, the idea for the Blues."

"May I ask?" inquired the judge, "what are the blues?"

The Kid answered, "The blues," said he, "is jazz. The jazz is blues. The blues means to the jazz what the rag means to ragtime, see?"

"Proceed," said the jurist.

"Well," the kid launched forth, "I came to Chicago with de original Dixie jazz band and we played in the Schiller' cafe. See? Well, one night after the regular piece had been played der was a goil skylarkin' on the floor, see? So I picks up the cornet and lets go a horse neigh at her."

"Did she answer?" inquired the jurist.

"No," said the Kid, "she only smiled. Then Stein, who was the trombone, he says, 'Great stuff, kid, put that in a number.' I have, I says, 'I got one already and I give them the parts. The drums was to imitate a storm, the trombone was to imitate a jackass or a cow moo, the clarinet was to imitate a rooster and me with the cornet was to be there with the big horse neigh."

"Where did the music come in?" inquired the jurist.

"Them was merely the interplitations," said the Kid, "the music was right along and the interplitations follow within."

"I see," said the judge.

Highlanders, is the writer of the letter, which appears in the Chicago Herald as follows:

Eighth Seaforth Highlanders, B. E. F., France—Dear Dancing Girl: Thank you for your letter—we are always glad of letters in France; but this wasn't an ordinary letter.

I do wish you had sent me your picture. It was an inspiration to send me the "Smile" verses—just what I wanted to be reminded. But oh, Dancing Girl, there's a smile I pray you may never see, though it's the most splendid smile of all. You see it on blanched blood stained faces to hide an agony of soul and body, and you see it so often here. Since last I wrote we have been through the most terrible fighting of the war, and while we have brought victory, guns and prisoners back from battle, we have paid the price.

I'm longing with all my soul for the days I used to live—days that contained life, work and happiness, nights of light, music and dancing. Why is youth so ready to sacrifice these things for misery, discomfort and a death, with only romance, as Kipling

says, "to gild the cross thereby?"

Please forgive my introspection—these things are not of your world—and rightly so—you who have walked with youth as "first love;" "on retoujours a son premier amour."

But let's hope the show is over before the leaves turn brown again, and for my own sake I'm hoping to see the lights of New York City heave out of the skyline again.

MUSIC SOOTHES NOISY PETS.

P. B. Dechesne has had a big idea. He runs a pet store in Evanston, Ill., and people going away leave their pets there for him to take care of. Sometimes the Fidos and cats and parrots get very sassy and the racket becomes almost profane, so the other day Dechesne got a graphophone which plays "The Pretty Puss Rag" and "The Barnyard Rag" and other appropriate selections and turned it loose. All the animals began to behave and listen, and he has no more trouble with their carrying on.

THE TUNEFUL YANKEE

A Monthly Magazine devoted to the interests of POPULAR MUSIC

VOCAL
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CONTENTS—JANUARY, 1917

TEXT	
Sam Wilson's Cheese—Milk in France	8
The Trench's Lashed Penetration	9
The Tuneful Yankee Magazine	9
"Regatta"—A Medical Mystery: What It Is and Its Origin	7
To Smoke & Comment	10
At Bay's Single Philippe	10
Believer of Popular Music	11
The Message of the Popular Song	12
By Victor Lerner	12
The Tuneful Yankee Divertissement	13
Funny Incidents in the Ranks of Mount Zion	14
Edible and Quinine Correspondence	14
The Story of a Song	15
By the Author	15
Hidden Songs	16
The Tuneful Yankee Girl's Divertissement	16
America's Best Writers and Composers	27, 28, 41
The Art of Arranging Lines	28
By the Author	28
Regatta: Final Chapter	28
Music and Lyrics	28
Men and Terms of Prominence in the Music Field	46
MUSIC	
Set This Pace (Vocal)	17
Music by Paul Whiteman	17
Hidden Jubilee: November (Piano)	26
The Echo of My Heart (Vocal)	33
Music by Paul Whiteman	33
There's Something You've Forgotten: The Old Man from Havana (Vocal)	36
Music by Paul Whiteman	36
Crystal Chimes: White (Piano)	38
Music by Paul Whiteman	38
Lower Land: Christmas (Piano)	39
Music by Paul Whiteman	39

AMERICAN RAGTIME FAVORITES SPUR ON FRANCE'S DEFENDERS.

The soul of a soldier, shining out from the mud and the blood of battle in France, sings of pride and of memory and of longing—and of the spirit of fun that is of youth, whether he be at war or at play—is told in a letter to Miss Marilyn Miller, the dancer and soubrette of the show recently at the Palace music hall in Chicago.

Second Lieut. MacKenzie of the Seaforth

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NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Mr. Frithjof Larson, the well known pianist of Chicago, has recently connected with the Christensen School of Popular Music at 20 E. Jackson Blvd. His many friends and admirers congratulate him in his new field of endeavor. He has already enrolled a large class which is certainly "going some." Just watch us grow.

It is alleged that one of Mr. Van Meter's fair pupils is composing a song entitled "Oh Teacher With the Smiling Eyes." Should this rumor prove correct, we shall deal as gently with the new "Song Hit" as possible. Van gets all the pretty pupils. I've only got three good looking young lady pupils, the rest are all men, doggone it, 'tain't fair," mutters Larson, who has some "rep" as a heart smasher.

The above mentioned heart smasher, Mr. Frithjof Larson, is a very busy young man, nowadays. Combining keen business ability with an almost romantic fondness for modern "Rag Time," he keeps on the jump all the time, and his pupils kind a speed up in their ragtime playing after a few strenuous lessons with him.

Looking at Miss Rogers, our versatile teacher of stringed instruments, formerly soloist with the celebrated Royal Hungarian Gypsy Band, one remarks her large dark eyes, the traditional fascinating gypsy eyes. Be that as it may, she has a large number of pupils, who are making good progress under her able tuition.

Miss Lambert is experiencing some of the feelings of the rookie soldiers, who sometimes are on their feet for long hours at a stretch, walking what seems untold miles. She has been kept so busy lately in her dancing department, gliding miles and miles and miles over the polished floor, with scarcely time to stop for meals. Popularity is a great thing, if you don't get too much of it.

In addition to his other activities, Mr. Christensen is superintending the installation of a new five thousand dollar Kimball organ in the west side school.

Mr. Ray Worley, former manager of our busy Belmont avenue school, is now manager of our main school. Mr. Worley was absent for a few days, so the other teachers at our Jackson boulevard school had to burn the midnight oil in order to accommodate all his pupils.

Mr. Thomas, a former teacher at our main school, is now managing our Belmont avenue school, and reports that business is fine.

Mr. Charles Schultz, of our Milwaukee school, is waiting to get his last notice to join the army and fight for Uncle Sam. If he is as good a fighter as he is a ragtime player, he will lead them "Over the Top," sure.

Mr. George Schulte, who conducts the prosperous school in Cleveland, reports that business is improving. This surely is going some, as business has been exceptionally good all summer.

Mr. Ed. Mellinger, of the St. Louis school, has been supervising the installation of some new office fixtures, and having the windows lettered. These are busy days for Mr. Mellinger.

Mr. Christensen visited Bessie Yeager at the Minneapolis School, and found so many pupils there that he almost thought he was in the Chicago office.

Mr. Edw. Frievagel, former manager of the branch school in St. Louis, has gone to his home in Mascoutah, Ill., where he has opened a school.

Mr. George Weber is now manager of one of the St. Louis schools, which is located in the Odeon Building.

DANCING, THAT EVER IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

By Alice Lambert.

Although we are at war, there will be no real war dances this season—a rather unusual feature, as social conditions have at all times influenced music and the arts, especially dancing.

At the Association of Dancing Master's Convention held in New York recently, where the last word in dancing is law, no hint of war has been introduced in the 1917 dances. Mr. Oscar Duryea, creator of modern dances, introduced the "Jazz" at this last convention, and this dance is composed of slow fox trot and glide steps, done to the wailing measures of jazzy music.

The jazz dance, like the jazz music, has its peculiarities. At the end of the slow fox trot comes the crazy crescendo and the jazz, as the dancing teachers term it, will be a comedy of the ball room, owing to this "crescendo."

Among other dances the "Chinese Toddle" and the "Ramble," for instance, are feature dances—especially adaptable to good dancers. Can you picture yourself starting out for a stroll? You walk briskly, then pause, then continue, waltz, etc., featuring phases of a stroll in Chinatown.

The 1918 Tango or 4-4 has a cross step. It will become popular, but it remains to be seen which of all these proves the most popular. The convention gathers at its meet hundreds of teachers from all over the country, and each individual will probably introduce the dance steps which appeals to him or her.

However, we think that the real novelty of the season will be the "Jazz" with its peculiar rhythm, set to syncopated music, so excellent to dance to, for in our restaurants, cabarets, tea halls, etc., we already notice what resistless fascination the jazz has for the dancing public.

ALICE LAMBERT.

A MODERN VIKING.

By Jane Lamoureux.

Of Norse ancestry, a striking figure of distinguished appearance looming on the dim horizon of traditional Musical Art, Mr. Axel Christensen, called the "Modern Genius of the Piano," lately gave a supreme demonstration of his powers.

He was playing "Ragtime" as only he can play it. Could this be a piano I was listening to? I shut my eyes and heard instead the roar of a wild sea, dashing against a rocky coast, the barbaric clash of arms, terrific detonations; compelling, triumphant.

The Viking of old was aboard his conquering ship, one heard the awe-inspiring clash of steel, saw the flashing of ancient kingly armor, my nostrils seemed to breathe the sharp, biting tang of the free salt air, and (through all this, as an undercurrent, one seemed to feel the rhythm of wild ocean waves, the matchless rhythm of Nature; a marvelous orchestration of sound which swelled and rose higher and still higher.

I stood there dazed, scarcely realizing that the music had ceased. I rubbed my eyes. Where now was the Ancient Viking? Before me stood a faultlessly clothed, suavely smiling man of the world, the keen eyed "Lion" of the "Press Club," Mr. Axel Christensen, founder of the famous School of Popular Music which bears his name.

Only by invoking the magic gift of memory was I able to write this tribute to Musical Genius.

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(Continued from page 8)

the unappreciative uncle.

Deciding that an attitude registering lofty scorn was the most dignified thing, she elevated her tip tilted nose a trifle higher and proceeded.

"The basket in which I sat had been lifted more than half way up the side of the rough smokestack, when it suddenly stopped with a jerk and there I hung, stretching out my above mentioned legs in order to keep my above described hide from getting scraped against the mean old smokestack."

Her uncle groaned ludicrously, but she ignored it.

"A roar of cheers went up from the crowd as they madly waved innumerable handkerchiefs at me. Someone was waving an American Flag, though what that flag had to do with the occasion was a mystery. Nowadays if an old war veteran sneezes, somebody starts waving a flag, any excuse will do," she laughed.

"Well, there I hung, thinking of my past omissions, and wondering what commissions I'd get on this advertising stunt. Luckily they had strapped me into the basket, so it was impossible to fall out.

"The steeple jack kept pulling at the rigging, and after a few minutes the basket with its valuable occupant, meaning me," she said, glancing at the long suffering uncle, "was lifted

ed quickly to the top of the smoke stack.

"In my pretty pink palm," she continued, with a tantalizing glance at her uncle, "was reposing the wonderful spinning dime, and, holding out my cute little feet to prevent being banged against the top of the smokestack and barking the skin off the dainty arms of the Tiny Twinkling Star of Songdom—the world's smallest coloratura artist.

"Listen to it," groaned her uncle in comical dismay. "and you'll understand why I keep bachelor apartments."

"As I was saying" she went on firmly, "the naughty wind would have hurt poor little me, but I just would not let it. I clutched the dime and with trembling fingers, managed to steady myself long enough to spin it on the very top of the immense smokestack, then tossed it far out. But, strange to say, it was never found.

"I gave the signal and was lowered to the ground. The steeple jack lifted me up in his strong arms and carried me through a short lane the police had made through the crowd. The cameras clicked, and in a moment he had placed me in the big white car, where Mr. Anthrop was playing a rollicking rag on his zenophone. Escorted by the band, who also were playing a smashing rag, we drove up main street to the hotel, where Mr. Anthrop presented me with this unique bracelet," she concluded.

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