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RAGTIME REVIEW

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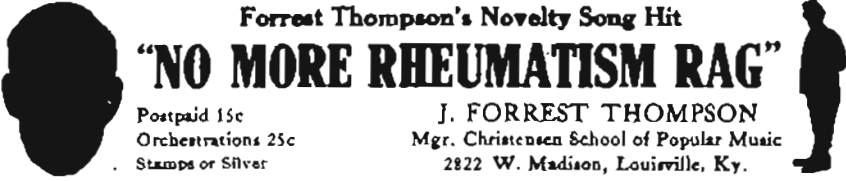
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The Taming of Bad Buck Wendell

By PETER FRANK MEYER

Dealing with a charming young lady who opens a ragtime school in the Arizona town of Dead Man's Gulch

PART II.

Once he remembered that he saw light, and that his neck, head and body pained him so he could have shrieked with agony. On that occasion he saw several people looking at him expectantly, with white faces and pleading eyes. They had spoken to him—he had seen their lips move, but he could not hear nor would his own voice respond. Then he had dozed off again into unconsciousness.

In another period of retrospection Spike dimly recalled that a sharp thing of some nature seemed to pierce his neck, and he vaguely remembered that the pain which followed nearly tore out his heart. Later on he realized in a muddled way that at one time he had opened his eyes. He was in a soft bed, buried beneath thick Indian blankets. He saw a white-bearded man, Pop Lyons, boss of the Silver Star ranch, a tall, dark-haired girl who gazed at him with tear filled eyes of the loveliest blue, and several others. A man with a dark moustache knelt over him, shook his head sadly, and whispered,

"He can't live; no human being could endure it."

Presently, after what seemed an indeterminate space, he slowly opened his eyes. His head ached dully, his neck seemed to be buried in bandages, and every time he took a breath there was a painful twitch in his side.

He discerned that he was in a bed, big and soft, and that the room was in one of the bunk houses of the Silver Star ranch. He tried to turn his head, but a terrible pain shot through his neck, and he groaned and lay quiet.

The man with the black moustache sat next to the bed, and now he leaned over, gently patted Spike's forehead, and cautioned him to lie still. But when McFadden looked out of the corner of his eye, he noted that Mel Sherwood, Roaring Ralph Oakley, Dutch Wayne and good old Pop Lyons were all in the room, gazing at him with eager, anxious eyes.

The man with the black moustache presently gave him something to drink, and ordered the others to leave. Then he removed the bandages from Spike's neck, injected some warm, soothing fluid into the wound which turned refreshingly cool later, and applied fresh bandages. Afterward this man departed, too, leaving McFadden to ponder. He fell asleep shortly, and it was morning when he awoke.

There was nobody in the room, and Spike tried to recall everything. How had it all happened, anyway? Vaguely he remembered having gone to Dead Man's Gulch. He recalled the incidents of that day, and knew that after Bad Buck Wendell had ordered him to leave the crowd, he had started for the Gulch Cafe in a fiery rage. He recollected having consumed glass after glass of burning liquor. But what happened after that?

Yes, now he remembered, rather dimly, that he must have been drunk. He couldn't recall just what occurred, but he next pictured himself staggering up a staircase and bursting into a room. And he saw Buck Wendell and some pretty young woman in that room. Try as he might, he could not think of it all. He only remembered that next he knew he was in the midst of a gun battle with the bandit—recollected that he had plugged the giant—nearly finished him—he, Spike McFadden, who had always feared the man! He realized, of course, that he had been hit, but he was certain that Wendell had not fired the bullet that had brought him down. He couldn't recall what had happened after that. And now he was wondering how he had been taken back to the ranch, who had found him, and how long he had been lying here.

A week later, on the morning of a fine, sunny day, McFadden, on the road to rapid recovery, sat back in a big armchair on the porch of Pop Lyon's quarters of the Silver Star ranch. He gazed thoughtfully at the broad expanse of green and brown prairie land before him, jotted with knolls and

inclines, as it faded away into the azure blue of the skies, miles and miles in the distance. Sitting along side of him, puffing away at a battered old pipe, was bluff and hearty Mel Sherwood, the best singer on the Silver Star, and one of the most daring riders in Arizona.

"Yep," Mel was saying, between puffs, "thuh hull blamed thing happened a month ago—or it'll be o' month tubmorrer. Thuh boys waited an' waited fer you tuh return frum thuh Gulch. (O' course, we wuz all lookin' fer mail an' tubacca.

"Wal, you didn't show up, an' when it got nigh onter eight o'clock, we got ankshus. Thuh boss suspected that Buck Wendell wuz aroun' thuh Gulch, an' he asks Dutch, Red Clarke an' me tuh hop on our nags an' beat it tuh thuh Gulch. We started out an' rid like Hell. It wuz late when we got thar—arter nine-thutty. I guess—an' thar wuz o' gang uv gazabos hangin' roun' in front o' Jake Wilson's buildin'.

"Sam Wheelkins wuz in thuh crowd. He spies me an' remarks, excited like, that you wuz layin' dead in Widder Mulaney's house down tuh thuh corner; that Buck Wendell wuz dyin' up in thuh studios; an' that a gal, a purty kid, wuz also layin' tuh bed down tuh thuh widder's place. He explains that you an' Buck had a gun fight up in thar studios. He went on tuh say that thuh crowd in thuh street heer'd thuh shots, waited till it stopped, an' then rushed up tuh thar studios. They found you layin' in one corner, covered full o' blood an' shot tuh pieces. Buck Wendell in o'nther corner, lookin' like he was croakin' shore an' bloodin' frum four places, an' thuh gal layin' on top o' him, in a dead faint, a gun stickin' in one uv her mitts

"They carried you an' thuh gal down tuh Widder Mulaney's house an' dragged Wendell tew o' corner uv thuh studip, whar they kinda figgered he'd hev sense 'nough tuh croak an' do thuh commoonity a favor. At fust, Dutch, Red an' me wuz goiner climb up thar stairs an' finish Wendell if he weren't dead, but we figgered long as he were croakin' it wouldn't do no good. An' Sam tole us as how some o' thuh men had rid tuh Death Valley tew git Sheriff Kelly an' a posse so they could nab Wendell case he didn't croak an' came tew his senses nex mornin'.

"Wal, we rid tew thar widder's, seen how you an' thuh gal looked, an' figgered that you wuz croakin' shore. Thuh gal wuz tew sick tuh talk. So we borrowed Bill Lennan's carriage, hitched our nags tew it, put you in it, an' drove yuh back hyar. Sam had tole us that thuh boys were gettin' a doctor at Death Valley, an' promised that he would send him rite tew thuh ranch soon as he 'rived in Dead Man's Gulch. Dutch stayed down tuh make shore thuh doctor didn't give Wendell 'tention fust.

"Pop Lyons cried like o' kid when he see'd you, an' we had to put yuh in his

bed while he slept in yore bunk. Thuh doctor got hyar arter midnight, an' tole us that Sheriff Kelly had 'rived at thuh Gulch, figgered Wendell would croak shore, an' that he was layin' in o' bed in thuh Gulch Cafe.

"Nex mornin' we boys gits tergether, rides down tew thuh Gulch with thuh doctor, looks over Wendell, who wuz shore lookin' bad, left thuh doctor with him, an' then gallops over tew Widder Mulaney's place an' see's thuh gal. She wuz up, but lookin' bad. She tells us thuh hull damn bizness, explains that you came rompin' in crazy soused, an' that you pulled on Wendell when hiz back wuz turned. She tells that you had him dead tuh rites, up agin' thuh wall ready tuh flop, an' that you wuz aimin' fer his heart tuh kill him when she went hysterical like, lost her head, an' in desp'ration grabs Wendell's o'nther gun from on top thuh pianer, an' plugs you. We give her hell, tells her that you is dyin' up hyar, an' she breaks down an' cries like o' baby—in fack, she nearly makes us bawl.

"We thought maybe that Wendell had caught thuh gal alone in thuh studios an' wuz insultin' her when you comes in an' protects her, an' that thuh fight started 'counter that. But she cries an' cries an' sez no—that you started it, an' that she couldn't see a man murdered in cole blood thuh way you wuz goiner murder Buck Wendell.

"Wal, we wouldn't let Sheriff Kelly claim that reward till we seen how you came out. We fust cleaned out Wendell's



PETER FRANK MEYER,
Whose breezy stories delight the readers of the
"Ragtime Review" every month.

gang—shot up thuh hull damn gang in o' fight on thuh plains north o' thuh Gulch. Thuh doctor comes hyar every day, an' twice tells us that you can't pull through. In thuh meanwhile, thuh gal haz Buck Wendell moved over tuh her back rooms in thuh studios, whar she nurses him herself. Three times a week she comes up hyar, cryin' an' cryin' an' prayin' that you lives. She won't let the sheriff or anybody touch Buck Wendell. She sez that if you croaks, an' Buck lives, she'll turn Wendell over tew thuh 'thorities an' give herself up, but that if you lives an' Buck croaks, thuh reward goes tuh yew. She claimed that Wendell wuz her prisoner until we seen what happened, an' that if you both lived, she'd turn Wendell over an' claim thuh reward herself.

"When thuh doctor came tew weeks o'go, he tells us that Wendell is up an' in a bad way, but that he'd live. He wuz shore you wuz a goiner. Las' Friday, howsomever, he comes hyar an' tells us yore goiner live by thuh most narrer 'scape frum death he ever saw. We tells thuh gal an' she acts delighted as a child o' ten. That wuz a week o'go tuhday. She wants tuh come rite up an' see yuh, sayin' as how you wuz goiner git thuh reward arter all. An' I'll be damned if on that same day the sheriff, a posse, an' three agents frum thuh railroad don't come an' take 'way Wendell. She had takin' way his guns, o' course, so he couldn't do much, bein' kinda weak. But he puts up a helluva fight.

"How thuh gal ever managed to keep him safe all that time I can't figger tuh same my funny bone, but she DID it! An' she kerlected thuh reward frum the agents an' is goiner bring it up tuh you tuhday. Most people sez she made Wendell fall in love with her, but that big slob couldn't love nobody. He ain't got no heart. She sed that she got him so wrapped up about ragtime, that he fergot everythin' else, which, combined with his wounds, made him a mild sorta cuss. Now, o'course, she's got a lot o' pupils down tuh thuh Gulch, an' all o' we boys is goiner 'gree tuh take lessons when she comes hyar with thuh reward fer you tuhday. An' Spike, even if yuh wuz soused, yore alright, kid—game as a pebble, git me?"

Sherwood so far fergot himself that he slapped McFadden on the back enthusiastically. But to his utter astonishment McFadden's face showed anything but pleasure. His brows were close together in a deep frown, and he stared at the floor of the porch for a long time.

"Yew gazabes needn't take up her ragtime course on my 'count," he stated, still frowning. "An' I don't want no reward fer anythin'—least, not frum her. An' I don't want tuh see her, nurther. Whar is hell an' blazes do yew coyotes come in tuh take up a course in ragtime, huh? An' whar you goiner play?"

Sherwood dropped his pipe and almost glared at him.

"Say, Spike," he finally blurted out, "are yew lettin' yore sickness 'fect yore dome? Do yew knows that gal is thuh purtiest thing I ever see'd in awl my life—do yuh? An' as fer thuh lessons, thuh boss sez we kin play on his pianer, or practiss, an' arter we larn how tuh play, we're goiner chip in an' buy tew pianers frum thuh gal, Miss All'son, on thuh 'stallment plan. We git them at cut rates frum a firm in 'Frisco wot she deals with. O'course, we gotta pay thuh freight."

Spike slowly rolled a cigarette, stuck it in his mouth, struck a match, applied it, and blew out a wreath of smoke. At last he turned and looked at Sherwood. Mel noticed the long, ragged scar that ran from his cheek to his forehead, the jagged cut in his neck—two marks from the guns, or one of the guns, of Buck Wendell.

"Wal, Mel," drawled McFadden, very slowly and deliberately, "I ain't goiner see this Miss Allison. Thuh hell with her—see? I ain't gut no damn use fer females, an' I gut 'special reeson tuh hate her. Do yuh mean tuh say she didn't try tuh plug me fer good so she cud save thuh skin uv a onery dog like Bad Buck Wendell? An' can't yew mutts see that she's a grafter—lookin' fer yore coin?"

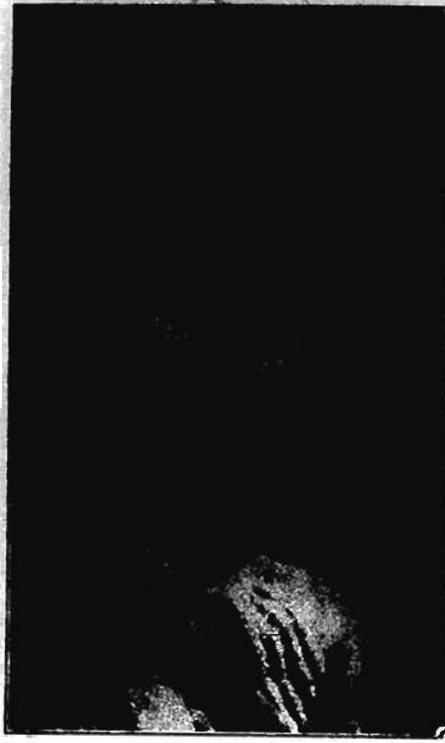
In speechless surprise Sherwood stared at his friend. He eyed McFadden as though the latter were crazy. Then, with curling lips and a contemptuous wave of his hands, he leaped to his feet and snarled,

"Spike, if yew wuzen't recoverin' frum death I'd kill yuh fer that dirty remark. Is that thuh way yew 'preciates what thuh boys done fer yuh? Is that thuh way fer a gent tuh talk 'bout thuh finest, cleanest an' purtiest gal I ever see'd? Like fun it ain't! An' if we half tuh kill yuh, yore goiner see Miss All'son when she gits hyar an' treat her white!"

And having flung this in McFadden's teeth, the broad shouldered cowpuncher snorted fiercely, dug his hands in his pockets, and strode away growling and grumbling to himself.

Spike stared dubiously at the parting figure of Mel Sherwood as the latter turned his steps toward the corral near the corner of the house. In a way, McFadden realized that he had not acted altogether on the square with his friends. He had been told that his escape from death bordered on the miraculous, and that practically every man connected with the Silver Star had taken turns in watching over him night after night.

But Spike felt hurt—hurt and sore at this girl who called herself Miss Allison. Hadn't she shot him, an honest cowpuncher, to defend the measly carcass of a bandit like Buck Wendell? And could any sane man believe that she, a mere woman, could tame a dog like Wendell unless she had made some kind of a sacrifice of her womanhood?



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instruments.

The whole thing was incredulous. McFadden had only the most ephemeral memory of her; in fact, he doubted very much if he would recognize her on a second meeting.

He told himself that there must have been some kind of an intinacy between this girl and the bandit during the period that Wendell had remained in the same quarters with her. No woman could tame Buck Wendell. Spike was absolutely positive of that. And in his own heart he was jealous—insanely jealous because this woman had robbed him of the full glory which would have been his had he killed Buck Wendell. So he was obdurate on one thing. Either this Allison girl was a good woman, foolish and romantic enough to fall in love with a man of Wendell's calibre, or she had been weak enough to succumb to his advances and had —

Spike cursed bitterly at the very thought of it. He never gave thought to his own actions. To him the fact that he had cornered Wendell when that bandit's back was turned did not seem cowardly. Wendell, in his estimation, was a bandit, a horse thief, a dog of a crook, whose list of murders of the most cowardly kind would have filled an almanac. To be sure, McFadden had been intoxicated, but he tried to console himself with the thought that sooner or later he would have shot or killed the outlaw, anyway, or lost his own life.

Footsteps on the veranda aroused him from his meditations, and looking up, he saw a tall, dark-haired girl with soft blue eyes and crimson lips approaching him.

She advanced with hands outstretched, face flushed, and eyes shining.

"Oh, you don't know how happy I am, Mr. McFadden!" she cried. "Had you not recovered, think—just think—I would have been a murderess!" and she knelt before him and took both his hands in her own. Then, to Spike's discomfiture, she burst into tears, and her lovely dark head fell on his knee. McFadden tried desperately to say something, but a catch in his throat prevented speech.

For almost a full minute the slender girlish frame shook violently with great, heaving sobs. A pang of deep regret crept into McFadden's heart. A feeling of shame and loathing for himself overcame him. Here, only a short time before, he had accused this girl of being a voluptuous woman!

"Don't, gal," he choked brokenly, "please don't."

She slowly raised her dark head, the tears streaming down the satiny cheeks, and her wet eyes looked into his own. McFadden couldn't look at her, so he lowered his eyes in shame.

"I—I'm SO sorry," she said pleadingly. "I only w-wish you could know and understand how I suffered. I think, that had you died, I would have killed myself rather than have been haunted by the thought that I had murdered you. I'll ex—"

"It's awright, gal," Spike finally managed to say. "Mel Sherwood explained thuh hull thing tuh me, sez how I wuz loaded full o' gin, an' how I wuz goiner blast Wendell's life out in cole blood when you, desperate an' hysterical like, plugged me. I ain't blamin' yew now. I reckon I gut sense 'nough tuh understand."

"Then you. DO understand?" the girl asked tremulously, her face lighting up and her eyes searching his face eagerly. "Oh, I'm SO glad! You can't realize how terrible the whole thing seemed to me. I—well," and she blushed, "just had Wendell so fascinated with me, so intensely interested in ragtime, that he seemed helpless. And I could not bear to see a man shot down in cold blood. Besides, y-you were in — intoxicated.

"I had only one thought in mind when I offered to nurse Wendell and keep him in a room in my own quarters till he had recovered."

McFadden now looked at her almost eagerly for the first time.

"That was because I wanted to tame him, make him one of my pupils," she went on. "I knew that if I succeeded, I'd win the admiration of everybody in Dead Man's Gulch, and eventually enroll practically every one in the whole county for my course. I knew that I'd be looked upon with awe and wonder by the others, for I was well aware of how Buck Wendell was feared and hated. Mr. Wheelkins told me all about him."

The girl said this with absolute, unaffected

ed sincerity. She made no attempt to elaborate. And McFadden, more ashamed of himself than ever, tried to look her straight in the eye and mumbled.

"Miss Allison, yore a wonder. If I hed haff as much sand as yore gut, an' haff yore decency, I wudden't talk tuh thuh rest o' thuh gazabes 'roun' this dump."

Miss Allison's face turned scarlet at this crude compliment. Then she inserted a white hand within her blouse and drew out a brown envelope.

"This," she said, smiling prettily, "contains a check for one thousand dollars, payable at the First National Bank of Tucson, at Tucson, Arizona. It's the reward for Buck Wendell's capture, and rightfully belongs to you, for you would have killed him and earned it anyway had it not been for my interference. Take it, Mr. McFadden."

Spike looked at her wonderingly, and his face flushed.

"No, no," he muttered, pushing her hand away. "Thet's yore money, Miss Allison. Yew keep it."

"Please?" she begged, looking up at him earnestly.

McFadden couldn't talk, so he just turned his eyes away and shook his head in the negative.

"You must," she pleaded, pushing her dark head up so she could look into his wavering eyes. And it was at that moment that Miss Allison told herself he was a handsome man, in a rough way, with his steely gray eyes, strong, square jaws and wavy brown hair, despite the cruel scars on his neck and forehead. "For MY sake," she requested softly.

McFadden attempted to speak, gulped, swallowed a lump, and nearly choked.

She waited patiently.

Spike fought madly to control himself, to cast aside his overwhelming shame. Something clutched at his heart strings, then, and to the girl's surprise, not to mention his own astonishment, the hot tears of shame and remorse welled to his eyes and coursed down his tanned cheeks. He pushed her away and struggled to his feet, but the girl, understanding, gently yet firmly pressed him back into the chair, for he was still convalescing and far from strong.

Grace Allison realized now that she loved this man. She knew now that her affection had formed and strengthened on each of her visits to the ranch when he had been lying weak, scarred and helpless in the bunk house, tossing between life and death, given up for loss by the doctor on no less than three occasions. And what had caused her definite sorrow, was the thought that she had been the cause of it—the fatal wounds had been inflicted by her hand.

The rough nature of the man had melted now, and he was sobbing convulsively, hiding his brown head in his arm, as if ashamed of his tears.

The mother in her, like the mother instinct in every woman, rose to the surface,

and she placed one soft arm around his neck and gently patted his head with a small white hand.

She pleaded and consoled, her soft voice slowly soothing the self-wrath in McFadden's heart. And before he knew it, his senses crashed. Her lithe body was almost over his now, and the touch of it, the fragrance of her, the womanly softness of her loveliness, all new to his crude nature, robbed him of all reason. His tear-stained face turned to hers, his gray eyes, dim and hazy, almost devoured the beauty of her face, her lips, those blue, sparkling eyes. His arm stole around her waist, both her own went around his neck. Eagerly, hungrily, his lips sought her own. A moment later those tempting, crimson lips, redolent of a delicious fragrance, hovered above his.

"Please t-take the ch-check," she murmured, and then those tantalizing lips met his own in a long, soft, delectable kiss, tremulous with passion.

We did not hear McFadden's answer, for it is difficult to articulate clearly when another pair of lips are pressed against your own.

Five years later—just a year ago last June, to be exact—a gentleman who called himself Major Griffin, of San Francisco, once again landed in Dead Man's Gulch. And the astounding transformation nearly affected his mind.

He was away about a month, and when he came back to 'Frisco, he never tired of telling his friends about the marvellous change in Dead Man's Gulch. He spoke

of a certain Mrs. Frank McFadden, who was running a splendid ragtime school in the very heart of the Gulch, and whose studios occupied a big, three-story, brick building. He stated that seven out of every ten grown-up people in Dead Man's Gulch could play the piano—had mastered the instrument through this clever and beautiful woman's instructions. He stated that he knew a dozen cowpunchers, getting only forty a month, who could rattle the keys like professionals, and that some of them had pianos of their own which they had purchased from Mrs. McFadden.

Major Griffin told his friends of the taming of Bad Buck Wendell, the outcome, and mentioned the fact that Mrs. McFadden was not only the prettiest woman he had ever seen, but that her three year old son was a wonder. And he also informed his friends that Mrs. McFadden's husband, Frank (Spike) McFadden, who had played such a prominent part in the capture of Buck Wendell, was now mayor of Dead Man's Gulch after serving three years as sheriff.

But peculiar to relate, Major Griffin never tells his friends about the way he acted the first time he himself saw Bad Buck Wendell, nor does he ever mention the fact that it took a woman, an instructress of ragtime, if you please, to subdue a giant bandit who had once forced him to leave Dead Man's Gulch.

(THE END.)

AMERICAN RAGTIME.

In every branch of music there is good music, of worth because it is the best of its kind. And any music that is enduringly popular has something good in it. Take our own American ragtime, as a case in point: it is not alone popular in this country, but it has invaded every part of Europe. Not only has it done this, it has also influenced the composers of other countries, affecting all popular music, even in Germany, the most conservative of lands, and where today in popular songs and in military marches played by both bands and orchestras, its characteristics of rhythm and melody appear unceasingly. That which conquers must be good, therefore it has good in it.

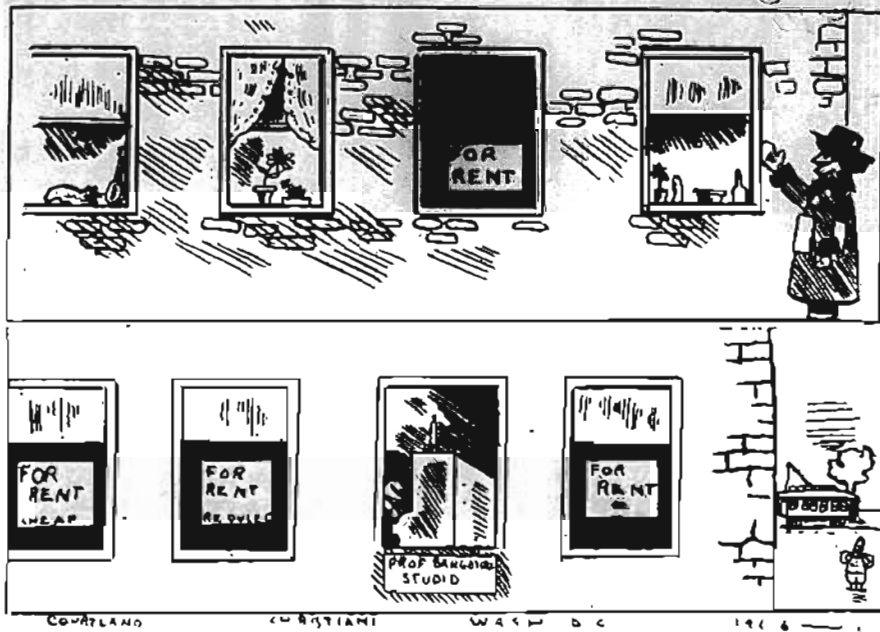
SAYS MOVIE FANS ALL LIKE RAG-TIME.

Ragtime music, with catchy syncopations and throbbing crescendos, was lauded by a jury in Judge Hosmer's court Monday afternoon as exactly the most effective harmony to win patrons to a movie picture show. Counsel for Pearl L. Franck, who is suing to recover an investment in a motion picture theater which failed to net expected returns, made the plea in answer to the defendants' contention that a poor orchestra, without a knowledge of the classic airs was responsible for the decline in receipts.—Detroit Free Press.



R. F. GUNTHER.

Who teaches Ragtime at Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



UPPER PICTURE: "Ha," says the Professor, "just the place for my studio of High Class Music."
 LOWER PICTURE—Thirty days later.

RAGTIME IN A. D. 2017

By COURTLAND CHRISTIANI

It is hard to conceive that as recently as 100 years ago (in 1917) there were well-meaning and otherwise sane persons who occupied prominent positions in life and not only failed to support ragtime but actually decried it! It is indeed fortunate for us that with the passing of the great war of that period there also passed all opposition to the one element that makes life worth living on all sides—the ever popular ragtime music.

In those days any music that had rhythm, swing, melody, and which awakened all the pleasant emotions within one, was frowned upon by the "high brow" element of society—a state of affairs that was a relic of the still more remote Puritan days when it was an offense to kiss your wife on the Sabbath and a mortal sin to indulge in a smile.

What would the members of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's (the president in those days) Congress back in 1917 say if they could come back to their old seats in the Capitol and hear the popular melodies that float over the Halls of Congress, as played by the Senate Syncopated Orchestra at odd times during the session? We can only surmise that there would have been a great many less absent members—and what Congress or Senate would meet with a long day's consideration of serious affairs before them without the relief of soothing and enlivening music?

In those days they called it Ragtime and it was probably the name more than the

actual dislike for the music that caused the opposition among a certain narrow element, who imagined that because their lives had been spent in studying musty, gloomy compositions of the Masters (who lived before the discovery of syncopation and consequently could not avail themselves of it in their writings), that for this reason they should decide which music the world should like.

Now, of course, we have no necessity for the term Ragtime, other than an affectionate reminder of the old days of Father Christensen—the Martin Luther of Ragtime—when the world was slowly emerging from darkness into the light—because since the class of music that this word signified had become universal, we have had no other kind of music and consequently when we say "music"—we mean the glorious rhythm and all that goes with it that they used to denominate "Ragtime."

Back in 1917 there was an institution very much in vogue for one reason or another called "Classical Concerts" and Recitals. It is recorded that these were held at frequent intervals in the large cities and were very dreadful. Persons who chanced to pass on the outside have passed the word down to the present age that solemn, thunderous and mournful sounds emanated from within and while the noises proceeded from musical instruments, no music was recognizable, but simply a jumble of bass, chromatic runs and a haphazard untuneful jargon of sound like a 42 centimeter gun

caressing a canning factory, with no tempo, sequence, melody nor capacity for giving pleasure to the auditor.

It will be well asked by the present generation why the people of that day would enter these temples and on the way in deposit as much as a day's earnings—more than the price of good ragtime even at that period—and we can only surmise that it was some sort of religious penance they performed, somewhat like the ancient custom of the natives of India of resting the body upon sword-points, probably with the idea that suffering purified the soul, and the long-haired hombre who maltreated the piano on these occasions was perchance some high priest who meted out punishment in this terrible manner and was revered and held in awe by the populace because of his connections with the Unseen (though not unheard) powers.

Verily, Eliseo, this was a strange age, but when you consider that the other half of the world was murdering itself on the battlefield it was not out of place that the Americans should torture each other in concert hall. Inflicting punishment must have been a great little indoor sport in those days. We wonder that the "Czar of Ragtime" was not burned for witchcraft!

We should be grateful that we live in an age when classical music of the heavier sort is no longer permitted in public, together with election speeches, the recitation of poetry and other public nuisances. What would our ancestors say if they could know that even our church music has been so revolutionized that the different denominations enter into friendly rivalry in the matter of swaying to salvation with the strains of the latest popular hymns? No more empty pews since syncopation joined forces with the spiritual.

What would they say about the great strike where 3,000 steel workers refused to go to work because the plant was without its regular ragtime orchestra, who performed while the toilers wrestled with the molten metal? And wouldn't they consider it odd that the passengers on the New York Central 5-hour limited between New York and Chicago cancelled their Pullman Reservations, as they did the other day, and waited for a later trip simply because the Hawaiian trio missed connections at Albany, and there would be no more music on board for that trip? No, amigo mio, you can have my right eye, my endowment policy and my gizzard, but don't take away my ragtime.

The great place ragtime music has come to hold in our lives could only be realized in its full measure by the sudden removal of it. While we hope that this great catastrophe will never be visited upon the earth, still it is interesting to note what would be the effect if we were deprived in some way of this greatest necessity of modern life.

Ragtime influences our lives from our
 (Continued on page 25.)

The Ragtime Review

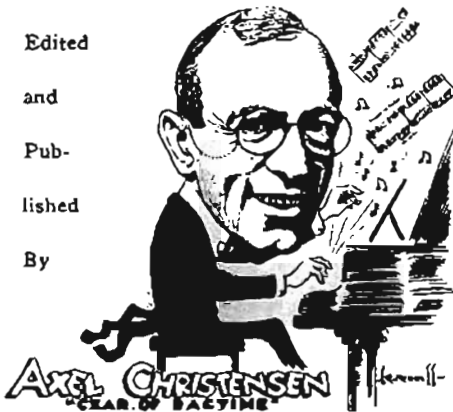
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O. W. PELLAGE.....Advertising Manager
F. G. CORBITT.....Associate Editor

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

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

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

All cuts made for advertisers are charged to their accounts.

Consider the job of the cafe musician!

Consider how he has to sing or play in competition with the rattle of dishes, the banging of doors, the laughter and conversation of guests, clouds of tobacco smoke and the loud orders flung about behind thin partitions!

Then consider how you'd like to be in his place!

You'd hate it, wouldn't you? You don't believe you could do it, could you?

Well, then, just make a polite little resolution, even if the New Year has passed; that the next time you have a chance you will applaud when the musician who accompanies your soup does something particularly well, in spite of his wretched handicap.

It will mean a lot to him—honestly, it will.

There is a surprising amount of real ability being expended in this thankless manner every day. The wonder is that there is so much good, conscientious musical effort on the part of hotel, cafe and theater musicians, and it is always a pleasant little shock to recognize a sincere, artistic performance under such circumstances.—St. Paul News.

REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

By F. G. CORBITT

Editor's Note: All publishers are cordially invited to send us professional copies of new publications. It is the policy of the Ragtime Review to print the exact truth about the songs and instrumental numbers which are reviewed in this column. Money can't buy our opinion, because we want to be fair with our readers. Therefore don't send your numbers for review here if you are afraid to have us tell the truth.

If You Had All the World and Its Gold—
By Albert Piantadosi, Bartley Costello and Harry Edelheit. Published by Al. Piantadosi & Co. Rather pleasing waltz song.

Marry a Girl from the Ten Cent Store—
By Harry Von Tilzer. Lyrics by Garfield Kilgour and Eddie Doerr. Published by Harry Von Tilzer Music Pub. Co. Not up to the Von Tilzer standard.

They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii—
By Halsey K. Mohr and Joe Goodwin. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Comedy number. Probably work up well in the cabarets.

When I Get Back to Home, Sweet Home—
Words and music by Abe Olman. Published by Forster Music Publisher. A very pretty number with good lyrics and should prove popular.

When the Major Plays Those Minor Melodies—
By Wm. A. Wilander and Harry De Costa. Published by Witmark & Sons. A novelty song that is a good fox trot.

Where the Nightingale Wooes the Rose—
Words and music by Jos. H. Hughes. Published by Jos. M. Hughes. I never heard of roses growing in the Arabian desert, nor of nightingales frequenting such territory and taken all in all I don't care for this one.

When I Dream In Dreamland—
By Leo Friedman and Milton Weil. Published by Harold Rossiter Music Co. In my opinion this is below the standard set by Friedman in previous songs.

A Picture of Dear Old Ireland—
By Jack Glogau and Bartley Costello. Published by Al Piantadosi & Co. Nothing to rave over.

The Way To Your Heart—By Fred W. Vanderpool and Louis Weslyn. Published by M. Witmark & Sons. In our opinion this one does not show much originality.

Pra, For the Lights To Go Out—By Will E. Skidmore and Renton Tunnah. Published by Skidmore Music Co. Unless mistaken this number was submitted for review some time ago, and we recommend favorably on same for cabaret work. The popularity of the song in this line verifies our previous prediction.

I'm Going Over the Hills to Virginia—
By Walter and Clyde Hager. Published by Forster Music Publisher. Very pleasing both in melody and lyrics.

When You're Five Times Sweet Sixteen—
By Geo. L. Cobb and Jack Mahoney. Published by Leo Feist. Written in 2-4 time. Does not gladden with originality.

Sweethearts—By Egbert Van Alstyne and Gus Kahn. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. Written in ¾ time. A waltz song better than the average.

I'll Anchor My Ship In Your Harbor of Love—
By Harry Richardson and Jos. H. Hughes. Published by Jos. H. Hughes. Suggest you let this one stay anchored.

Don't Turn the Smiles To Tears—By Richard A. Whiting and Daisy Sullivan. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. We may be mistaken but it seems to bear a close resemblance to "I wonder who's kissing her now."

Moonlight Love—By Chas. L. Johnson. Published by Forster Music Publisher. Written in ¾ time. Quite pretty and a catchy one-step.

My Old Gal—By Robert A. Keiser and Bartley Costello. Music by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Rather a pleasing ballad.

'Twas Only An Irishman's Dream—
By Rennie Cormack, John J. O'Brien and Al Dubin. Published by M. Witmark & Sons. Very pretty and a decided hit wherever it is properly handled.

I'm Down In Honolulu—By Irving Berlin. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. This song has achieved a certain measure of popularity, and while rather pretty, it really does not seem to us to be up to the Berlin standard.

same girl all the time and looked just as good to daddy at 70 as at 17. However, it's a one-step and a good number.

How Would You Like To Have A Loving Boy Like Me?—By Jos. H. Hughes and Harry Richardson. Published by J. H. Hughes. A combination song and dance number that is pretty fair.

When the Girl You Love, Loves You—By Lem Trombley. Published by Geo. L. Trombley Publishing Co. Written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time and a very pretty waltz song we are sure will please you.

Naughty, Naughty, Naughty—By Nat Vincent, Joe Goodwin and Wm. Tracey. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Claimed to be a great success (just like every song ever written), but we can't get excited about it.

It's Not Your Nationality—By Howard Johnson and Joe McCarthy. Published by Leo Feist. The popularity of this number makes comment unnecessary.

What I Owe You—By Halsey K. Mohr and Joe Goodwin. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. We can't see very much in this to recommend.

On the Same Old Road—By Albert Piantadosi, John H. and Allan J. Flynn. Published by Al Piantadosi & Co. Suggest a change in road as it would probably improve the next number.

Everybody Loves a Jaz Band—By Leon Flatow and Coleman and Goetz. Here is a dandy cabaret number that we predict will become very popular.

My Fiji Maid—By Dick Robinson. Published by Edw. L. Ballenger Music Pub. Co. A novelty song that would be improved by less repetition.

Samoa—By John S. Dunham and Homer Tourjee. Published by the Edw. L. Ballenger Music Pub. Co. A fairly good novelty number.

Some Day You'll Call Me On the Phone—By John S. Dunham and Homer Tourjee. Published by the Edw. L. Ballenger Pub. Co. Too much the same thing over and over.

I'm Going Back To Dear Old California—By L. W. Brown and Wm. Morgan Wright. Published by Brown & Wright. This is a pleasing number and exceptionally good when "ragged."

Sweet Baby Blues—By Ralph Williams. Published by the Mellinger Music Pub. Co. This is a "sweet baby" for sure. Believe me it is a dandy, and if played

moderately slow, you will find it an excellent fox trot. I like it as well or better than many of the other "blues" I have heard and I've listened to several.

The New "Jas" Dance—By Harris & Overstreet. Wait 'till you hear this properly sung with a good "Jas" Band accompaniment and you'll say "it's some rag." It is a dandy number that will soon be very popular.

When Your Troubles Will Be Like Mine—By Tony Jackson, the author of "Pretty Baby" and other big hits. When Tony writes anything you just naturally expect it to be good—well you won't be disappointed in this one. You'll hear it pretty soon and be playing, whistling or singing it yourself, as it is bound to be popular.

BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC.

By B. B. B.

- Right across the street * * *
- From my studios * * *
- Is a building * * *
- Devoted to music * * *
- Where people go * * *
- And learn to sing * * *
- And play the piano * * *
- And violin * * *
- And other things * * *
- And the teachers * * *
- Only use their studios * * *
- About two days a week. * * *
- As that seems * * *
- To be their limit. * * *
- I can hear pupils * * *
- Screaming the scales * * *
- Who have aspirations * * *
- To be another Tetrassini * * *
- Or Madam Melba, * * *
- Or Florence Moore, * * *
- Or Helen Low. * * *
- Then again I hear * * *
- Finger exercises and scales * * *

Ampton Glee Club.

War Babies—By James E. Hanley, Edward Madden and Ballard Macdonald. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. A descriptive ballad.

Keep Your Eye On the Girlie You Love—By Ira Schuster, Howard Johnson and Alex Gerber. Published by Leo Feist. The refrain is quite pretty but sounds a little familiar. The lyrics take quite a "slam" at girls in general, insinuating there is but little truth in their pretensions and no constancy in their affections. Don't believe these fellows should say such mean things about the dear girls.

I Lost My Heart In Honolulu—By Gus Edwards and Will D. Cobb. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. A good "raggy" fox trot.

If You Ever Get Lonely—By Henry I. Marshall and Gus Kahn. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. This will surely be another Remick "hit." The melody is very pretty.

Fun On the Levee—By Chas. L. Johnson. Published by Forster Music Publisher. Here is another good Forster number—a cake walk that I'm sure you will like.

The Whole World Comes from Dixie—By James F. Hanley and Ballard Macdonald. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. A good fox trot with very catchy air.

Hawaii and You—By Robert A. Keiser and Robert F. Roden. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. On the order of Aloha and quite pretty.

When You Gave the World To Me—By Jos. H. Hughes. Published by J. H. Hughes. I would be willing to take just a small part of the world and try and struggle along without this one.

At Seven, Seventeen and Seventy—By Abe Olman and Raymond Egan. Published by Forster Music Publisher. It's the

By other pupils
 Who hope to back
 Paderewski
 Or Harold Bauer,
 Or Bernard Nierman
 Off the map.
 They're putting in weeks
 And months
 And years
 Of good hard work
 Of monotony.
 But most of them.
 Because discouraged—
 Or dissatisfied
 With the long routine
 And fall by the wayside
 Giving it up
 As a bad job
 But a few stay with it
 And finally
 Scrape up enough money
 To go to Europe
 And complete their
 Classical education
 And then come back
 To America
 As marvelous finished pianists
 To let it be known
 That they have
 Studied under
 Professor Techniquetzky in Russia
 Von Kaisomberstoff in Berlin
 Senor Compantalia in Milan
 Goofzellavarre in Paris
 And Professor Howdarey'know in London

And will accept
 A limited number
 Of high class engagements
 Doing special concert work
 Or instructing
 Or some other high brow stuff
 But as they continue
 Along these flowery (?) paths
 They soon find
 That these engagements
 Are becoming fewer
 And farther between
 Yea, verily
 The pickings are
 Getting tougher
 And things are breaking worse
 And meals become
 More irregular
 And their very existence
 Is even desperate
 Cause they're on

Their last legs
 And wish they had
 Just one-half the money
 They had spent
 To be educated
 Invariably
 We can always find
 These career-fallen "artists"
 Playing in the MOVIE SHOW
 Around the corner.

I THANK YOU!

ORGAN AND ORGANISTS

A NEW PIPE ORGAN AT THE MET.

Manager Wood, of the Met, at Lawton, Okla., has installed a \$5,000 Wurlitzer Motion Picture Pipe Organ with the latest style Duplex spool box. It can be operated by hand or automatically with all attachments. The organ is really a twelve piece orchestra in itself and there is only one equal to it in Oklahoma City, and very few in the Southwest. It plays cathedral chimes, with mandolin, horns, flutes, violins, cellos and even a human voice effect and does it all perfectly.

Mr. Wood has shown great enterprise in installing this wonderful organ, and has again demonstrated that he is fully abreast of the times and determined to give his patrons the very best entertainment that can be provided. He should and doubtless will be rewarded by even a better patronage than he has already been enjoying.

In St. Louis Maryland Hotel restaurant has an entire change in the cabaret program. The opening number will be "Close to My Heart," by the vaudeville song and dance team, Smith and Young. The ensemble number will be Virginia, by the entire Maryland Company. Other numbers are "Honolulu," sung by the Maryland Quartet; "Love, Here Is My Heart," by Lula Moore, and "Gypsy," by Glen Eastman, basso.

The Grand Motion Picture Theater at Beaver Falls, Pa., recently, purchased by Samuel Goodman, has been completely remodeled and opened to the public.

The pictures will be shown on a new mirror screen, made of solid glass, and music will be rendered by a former organist at the Colonial Theater.

Star and Garter

Ragtime Waltz

AXEL W. CHRISTENSEN.

8va

8va

8va

8

First system of a piano score. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with a trill-like figure and a descending eighth-note pattern. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system. The page number '12' is centered above the system.

Second system of the piano score, continuing the melodic and harmonic development from the first system. It features similar rhythmic and melodic motifs.

Third system of the piano score, showing further progression of the piece. The right hand continues with its characteristic melodic patterns.

Fourth system of the piano score, concluding the piece. It includes first and second endings (marked '1' and '2') and ends with the word 'Fine' in the right hand.

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with a descending eighth-note scale (1 8 5 4 3) and a subsequent eighth-note pattern (1 4 3 2 1). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

Second system of a piano score. The right hand continues with melodic patterns, including a descending eighth-note scale (3 2 1) and another eighth-note pattern (2 1 8 5 4 3). The left hand accompaniment remains consistent. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

Third system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with a descending eighth-note scale (1 2 3) and a subsequent eighth-note pattern (1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8). The left hand accompaniment continues. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

Fourth system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with a descending eighth-note scale (1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8) and a subsequent eighth-note pattern (1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8). The left hand accompaniment continues. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

Fifth system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with a descending eighth-note scale (1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8) and a subsequent eighth-note pattern (1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8). The left hand accompaniment continues. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music features a melodic line in the treble and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present in the final measure of the system.

Second system of musical notation. It includes a first ending bracket in the treble staff, indicated by a dotted line above it with the number 8. A dynamic marking of *p* is located in the middle of the system.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the piece with melodic and harmonic development. A dynamic marking of *f* is visible in the middle of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present in the middle of the system.

Fifth and final system of musical notation on the page. It concludes with a dynamic marking of *f* and the instruction *D.S. al Fine* in the right margin.

THE CAULDRON RAG.

By AXEL CHRISTENSEN

Intro.

Musical notation for the Intro section. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a grand staff bracket. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and a melodic line, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment. There are some markings above the staff, including a 'V' and a '*'.

Slowly.

Musical notation for the Slowly section. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a grand staff bracket. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and a melodic line, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment. There are some markings above the staff, including a 'V' and a '*'.

Musical notation for the first system of the main body. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a grand staff bracket. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and a melodic line, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system of the main body. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a grand staff bracket. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and a melodic line, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment. There are some markings above the staff, including a 'V' and a '*'.

Trio.

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part begins with a series of chords and eighth notes, marked with a 'V' above the first measure. The bass clef part provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

The second system continues the musical piece. The treble clef part has a more melodic line with some slurs, while the bass clef part maintains the rhythmic accompaniment.

The third system shows further development of the melody in the treble clef, with some dynamic markings like 'V' appearing. The bass clef part continues with its accompaniment.

The fourth system includes a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2'). The treble clef part has a melodic line with slurs and a 'gva' marking above the first ending. The bass clef part continues with its accompaniment.

The fifth system features a triplet of eighth notes in the treble clef, marked with a '3' and a bracket. The treble clef part has a melodic line with slurs and a 'gva' marking. The bass clef part continues with its accompaniment.

8va
3

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. It features a series of eighth-note triplets, with the first triplet marked with a '3' and a '3va' dynamic marking. The lower staff uses a bass clef and contains a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

8va
3

This system continues the musical piece with two staves. The upper staff maintains the eighth-note triplet pattern, with multiple triplets marked with a '3' and a '3va' dynamic marking. The lower staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

8va

This system shows the continuation of the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with some notes beamed together. The lower staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

p

3

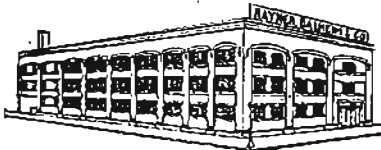
This system is the final one on the page. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and contains several eighth-note triplets, each marked with a '3'. The lower staff continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

The Cauldron rag - 4.

NEW MUSIC PRINTING PLANT.

As Chicago is one of the great musical centers of this country, it seems natural and logical that the various related lines bearing on the music trade should have developed here with marked success. One of the most important of these lines is the engraving and printing of music.

In this connection more than ordinary interest attaches to the announcement that Rayner, Dalheim & Co., 374-76 West Monroe street, have found it necessary to greatly increase their facilities and equipment to meet the requirements of their trade as music engravers and printers. It may be surprising to those not conversant with conditions in this field of activity to learn that this concern is now widely recognized as one of the leaders in its field throughout the country. The business of this firm had its inception in 1908, since which it has enjoyed a steady and substantial growth. We



New plant of Rayner, Dalheim & Co.

understand that orders executed for customers in the western and middle western states have assumed large proportions, while Chicago itself is a source of work for this industry which few markets can equal.

The remarkable success achieved by Rayner, Dalheim & Co. certainly reflects credit upon the management and implies a service that is modern and efficient in all details. For some time past, however, they have keenly felt the need of larger quarters and better facilities to handle their increasing trade to the best advantage. To provide for this situation in the most practical manner, and at the same time lay the foundation for greater achievements in the future, a new plant has been projected, which will be completed and ready for occupancy about May 1, 1917.

The new building is to be a three-story structure of brick and reinforced concrete, located at 2054-60 West Lake street. It is said that the improvement will represent a total investment of upwards of \$60,000. The new plant is to cover an area 60 by 125 feet and will be equipped with the most modern presses and machinery. In fact, when completed it will be the most up-to-date of this kind in the United States. Furthermore, it will afford about three times the capacity of the firm's present plant.

Fred Martin, a veteran in cabaret work and acknowledged to be one of Chicago's best ragtime piano players, is managing a North Side cabaret show and informs your reporter that "Sweet Baby Blues" and "The New 'Jas' Dance" are making big hits with his patrons.



BYRD CROWELL,
Prima Donna.

AMONG THE THEATRES

Axel Christensen appeared at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, the week of January 1.

Other vaudeville appearances of Mr. Christensen are:

- Jan. 14, 15, 16, 17 Empress Theater, Des Moines, Ia.
- Jan. 18, 19, 20 Unique Theater, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Jan. 22, 23, 24 Grand Theater, Fargo, N. D.
- Jan. 25, 26, 27 Hippodrome St. Paul, Minn.
- Jan. 28 only, Broadway Theater, Superior, Wis.
- Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4 Empress Theater, Chicago.

A new opera house is being planned for Bethlehem, Pa., by the Kurtz Brothers. It will have a seating capacity of about 2,000 persons, and the interior decorations will be carried out very handsomely.

It is reported that the Cozy Theater, on Davenport Street, Rhinelander, Wis., has been leased by Herman Zander, proprietor of the Majestic.

Milwaukee's newest motion picture theater the White House, opened Sunday, December 18, to capacity business. The house has a seating capacity of 2,000. The music program is furnished by a seven-piece orchestra and a pipe organ. The theater is under the management of O. L. Meister.

We learn that a new picture house is being erected at Derry, Pa., by G. B. Meyers & Son, owners of the Gem Theater in that city. The estimated cost is \$10,000. The theater is expected to be ready some time in January. It will have a seating capacity of 550, and will be modern in every respect.

On January 19th, the pupils and teachers of Mr. Edward Mellinger's School of Ragtime at St. Louis gave a ragtime recital and dance, which was a splendid success. The Recital Hall at the Odeon Building in St. Louis was filled to overflowing, and all the numbers were encored with great enthusiasm.

The Oakland Theater, of Warwick, N. Y., has been sold to Thomas W. and Clinton W. Wisner. Both the Messrs. Wisner are musicians, and will be able to take a practical hold in conducting the orchestra. In this work they will have the assistance of their brother, Mr. Jeffrey A. Wisner. Miss Ritsert and Theron Smith will remain in the orchestra, and Alonzo A. Smith as mechanical expert.

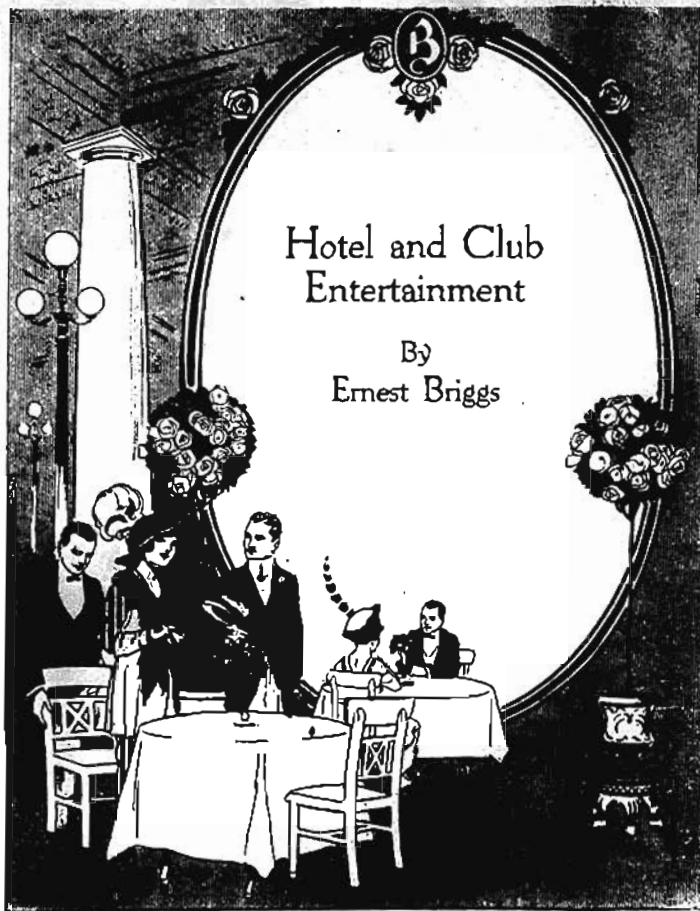
A. T. Campbell, of Menominee, has leased the Strand Theater in Escanaba, Mich., and installed a \$6,000 orchestra organ. Mr. Campbell is the first man to successfully conduct a motion picture house in Menominee. After 17 managers' registered successive failures and had sunk an immense amount of money. Mr. Campbell came to Menominee from New York two years ago and assumed charge of the theater and made it pay.

CHANGES AT THE BELVIDERE.

The Belvidere, one of the popular North Side cabaret points, has made some changes for the better both in their restaurant and entertainment. The stage has been removed to allow of more dancing space and former entertainers replaced with new and better talent, among whom might be mentioned Bob Frank, Buster Lehman, and others. Bernice Wolf, billed as the "Dancing Bug," remains, and properly so as she is not only a clever dancer but puts on a number of ragtime songs in good shape. As Bernice is very pretty as well as talented, consequently she is a good drawing card, and the management makes no mistake in retaining her.

SOME "JAS" BAND.

We have to hand it to Gill's Wildfire Eight as being the best "Jas" band we have ever heard, it is a "sure-fire" bunch of talent. The piano player in this organization is some "rag artist," while Gill at the Drums and Xylophone is simply in a class all by himself. The manner in which they put on the ragtime numbers can't be beat, and that it pays to put on good entertainment of this kind is proven by the great increase in business at this North Side cabaret since the Wildfire Eight have been installed.



Hotel and Club Entertainment

By
Ernest Briggs

CABARET AND HOTEL ENTERTAINMENT.

The success of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Fowler has been something steady and sustained and not in any way meteoric. As ballroom, classical and acrobatic dancers they are second to none and wherever they have appeared they have established a record that has been an additional factor in securing better engagements, and it would be well to watch their career from this time on. The Fowlers first came into the limelight at San Francisco at the time of the exposition, and not only at the exposition but at numerous functions in the city of the Golden Gate were enthusiastically received by the press, public in general, and society in particular. Their work is the essence of refinement, with originality and finesse, distinguishing the dances from those of the excellent teams with whom they have been in competition.

From Salt Lake City they went to Kansas City and followed the Heisens, sustaining the excellent patronage which had been brought to that hotel by the featuring of the Heisens and other first-class dancing teams, and filling the longest engagement of last season of any dancing team that played Kansas City. They have just completed an engagement of over six months at the Tuller Hotel, in Detroit, and are now

featured at the Hotel La Salle, in Chicago. It is reported that their next engagement will be in New York City.

Amphion Glee Club, of Cincinnati, is one of the best amateur organizations in this city. It is composed of Cincinnati business men, who appreciate the best things in music, whether it is the choicest of ragtime or whether the most select and harmonious numbers obtainable from their extensive repertoire of concert and operatic numbers. They are known to Chicago and the Central West through their appearances there and in Cincinnati and because of their successful engagement at the Midway Gardens in Chicago when that institution was in its halcyon days of feature entertainment. Every summer the Amphions make a trip for business and pleasure, chiefly for pleasure, and at the present time they are making their plans for next summer.

Byrd Crowell is easily one of the three best singers appearing before hotels and clubs. She has to recommend her the advantages of a voice that has excited the warmest admiration of the most conservative critics and at the same time a magnetic personality that always wins her audiences wherever she appears. Her home is in St. Paul, and she has made frequent appear-

ances not only at the best hotels in the Twin Cities, but at nearly all of the important clubs and at many social events. She was one of the favorites at the Baltimore Hotel last season, where her exquisite wardrobe created a furor. Miss Crowell has just been at the Tuller, in Detroit, for a long engagement, and plans to return there some time later.

Dorothy Mathies, the harpist who was featured at the Strand theater, in Chicago, last summer, is devoting her entire time to club work this winter. Her popularity has been won by the particular charm of her harp monologues, but in addition she has shown versatility in arranging programs and has used other instruments, readings, and in fact, is one of the few artists who can be depended upon to give a complete entertainment with enough variety to furnish the necessary spice.

Ada Carlton, the petite prima donna, has been devoting the large part of her work to Minneapolis and St. Paul and to local club work in Chicago. She plans to make an extensive tour with a well-known band during the coming summer and will fill in the intervening time with hotel and club work.

Ethel Wenk, the classical dancer, a native of Wisconsin, is filling in the season in New York with numerous club engagements. She has devised many additional features for her repertoire and will make a tour of the Central West during the summer of 1917.

Margaret Ricardi, the singing cellist, after a number of strenuous seasons on the road, has been doing work in Chicago during this season and has found occasion to fill numerous club engagements in addition to her work at the Jefferson theater.

Betty Maddox has been engaged in Columbus and in Cincinnati for the past few months, and is now the feature entertainer at the Hippodrome Inn, in Cleveland.

Mr. Schantz, of the Cadillac Hotel, in Detroit, was in Chicago last week completing his plans for what is probably the most novel feature ever put on by a hotel, and it would be well for all of those interested in the future of hotel entertainment to watch the outcome of this venture, which is in itself the outcome of previous experiments at the Cadillac. Last season the Cadillac featured Japanese programs, country and seashore programs and various others, decorating the dining room to suit the occasion and preparing the programs accordingly. This year, the big novelty is a complete circus and as an indoor feature even the finest details have been worked out most carefully so that the atmosphere of the circus, or at least that

part of it which can be adapted to a high class dining room has been captured in a manner which has excited the admiration of showmen in all parts of the country.

The dining room is high and so lends itself to the tent effect, which has been obtained by putting in a genuine tent canvas to cover the ceilings and the center posts have been decorated after the manner of tent poles in a circus. One entire side of the dining room is devoted to the "menagerie." Separate cages have been built in by the carpenters and decorated with tape in front to simulate the iron bars. Life size lithograph cutouts have been put in these cages, so that the effect is that of a row of cages of different wild animals. At one end of the dining room are the side show banners with the supposed entrances to the side show. In the center is a regulation eighteen foot ring where the performance takes place. All of the waiters are dressed in clown suits and balloons properly inscribed are sold to the guests to add to the gala effect of the occasion. A number of high class circus acts have been engaged, chief of which are the Nezzia brothers, who were featured with Ringlings for a number of years, and who have heretofore appeared with their own show. They are head to head balancers and acrobats, introducing novelty and comic effects in their work which from its clean cut nature is adapted to a dining room exhibit. Japs, singers, and clowns, with boxing dogs, and other interesting novelties, will keep the patrons of the Cadillac in a constant state of surprise and wonder. The different features must be seen to be appreciated. In addition to the regular orchestra there is a circus band in uniform with a super-abundance of brass to furnish the regulation circus music while the acts are in progress. There is a hippodrome track which is used for dancing, and altogether the show is one which is, as the advertising says, "worth going miles to see."



ADA CARLTON, Prima Donna.

MUSICAL MUSINGS.

Brief Bits Gleaned From Here and There In Songdom.

By Treve Collins, Jr.

Though we hate to start a muss in our first batch of 1917 copy, we must take issue with that eminent musician Walter Damrosch, who before a body of lofty minded musical experts announced that ragtime was a "musical pimple." He's wrong, Geraldine, all wrong. To put it in the words of Bill Shake-a-speare, he has "erred grievously." Whoever heard of anyone "catching" pimples? Nobody. And still even Mr. Damrosch must admit that ragtime is contagious. How about it?

Ragtime seems to be a much mooted question in musical circles here of late, and all the "big bugs" are taking a slam at it. Not to be outdone by Herr Damrosch, another prominent exponent of the melodic art who is connected with a symphony orchestra, breaks into the daily prints and announces that "ragtime is poisonous." Zounds! What next?

The "poisonous" ragtime idea has so impressed us that we feel compelled to disturb the tranquil calm with a near-poem on the subject. Gaze:

The villain stroked his flowing beard;
His one good eye was wild and weird;
As at the pretty girl he leered,
He shook with fiendish laughter.

"You are about to die," spake he,
And seized her arm quite gleefully
Then hid her in an apple tree
And straightway followed after.

He took her to a cabaret
And made her dance till break of day
Where ragtime music held full sway
In syncopated jag-time.

And when the girl had disappeared
And coppers to the scene were steered,
The villain chuckled thru his beard,
He'd poisoned her with Ragtime!!!!

At just about this point you are supposed to be overwhelmed with horror and collapse in a dazed and shaking heap upon the floor. At least we judge that some such display of emotion is due—from our perusal of vivid literature left lying about unharnessed by the office boy.

By the way, have you noticed how the popular song writers are flocking around "mother's knee?" About nine out of every ten "mother" songs that have been inflicted upon our long suffering ears during the past few months have contained some reference to mother's well-known knee. What's the big idea, anyway?

People may shake their heads gloomily, say that the popular song lyrics of today

are n. g. and reminiscently dive into ecstasies over the "gems" of "long ago," but our faith in the old timers has been rudely shattered. The other night while we were browsing amid some antique relics of the past, we came across a song book that contained some real old timers. One chorus in particular attracted us. Here's as much of it as we jotted down before we swooned:

"I wait, my love for thee.
I wait for thee. For thee.
I wait, I wait, oh yes, I wait
Wait for thee.
Wait just for thee."

Pretty little thing, isn't it? Sounds like the last lay of some heartsick commuter awaiting the arrival of his morning train.

The other night at a small-town song contest, a classical young man who conformed to the general specifications usually attributed to a slat, arose in all his glory and gave voice thus: "Mr. Hackett will sing 'If It Takes a Thousand Years.'" Some persistent lad is Hackett.

A certain lyric writer of our acquaintance once wrote a song entitled "Excuse Me." It was his first offense. He knew it was good. Therefore he had no scruples about inflicting it on Jerome H. Remick & Co. In due course it came back with a letter containing just two words: "Excuse us." Funny enough.

A couple of years ago when the first of January had just about faded into the murky gloom, some of the publishers of popular music used to stand on their figurative ears in whole-souled frenzy, call a mass meeting of their press agents and foist upon the public, through the papers, weird and wonderful tales of young song writers who had come into the office with "mas-

Don't over-look this high class number?

"Goodbye My Dear Old G.O.P."

Most sensational political song hit ever written.

A BIG FOX-TROT; THE LATEST CRAZE.
Regular Copy for 15 Cts. Add.

OCCIDENTAL MUSIC PUB. CO.
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"GLITTERING STARS"
A Classy Ragtime Waltz.

"WHOGOT THE LEMON"
Buck Dance Rag.

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Special Rate to Teachers.

Address

MARCELLA A. HENRY

4685 Sheridan Road

Chicago, Ill.

terpieces" scrawled on ragged chunks of brown butchers' paper. Ah (sigh) but those were the good old melodramatic days. But they have gone. Yea. But Remick hasn't entirely recovered. His press department announced not so long ago that a certain party had strolled in with a lyric "wrapped up under his arm." May we respectfully inquire whether he wrote it on a brick? The biggest lyrics we ever saw (and we've seen quite a few) only had about six verses and choruses. And they were written on regular 8x12 sheets and could be folded and stuck into one's pocket without giving anybody the false impression that you were trying to hide a suit case under your coat. Then why this "wrapped-up-under-his-arm" stuff? If he had his lunch in the package containing the lyric why not play up the story: Thus: "Starving lyric writer comes into the Remick office with his last ham sandwich wrapped up in the most wonderful lyric ever seen by Mose Gumble." And then go on to add how the before mentioned s. l. w. on the verge of death and with a mortgage to pay and a set of false teeth to get out of hock, received the brilliant song-hit-inspiration and jotted the deathless words down upon the paper holding his lunch.

And come to think of it, what becomes of these wonderful songs? These flashes of inspiration jotted down upon scraps of paper, shirt-cuffs and old socks? We have yet to hear of one making a hit.

The initial publicity is generally the first and last we hear of them.

And probably 'tis just as well.

The tale that Irving Berlin can only play

the piano with one finger is still going the rounds. We are indeed sorry for that one finger! In fact, we hope with much zeal and fervor that Irvie learns to use a couple more of his digits before the much-spoken-of-one gets frayed and worn out.

Some individual with no heart at all has taught the New York cops to sing.

Ye Gods! Can you picture a hardy cop draped gracefully about a lamp post pouring forth into the super-heated ozone huge chunks of melody culled from the standard operas? Or perhaps choice bits of popular ragtime? While a gaping throng stands upon each others' feet and looks up into his open mouth in awe and admiration?

'Tis too much!!!!

So much, too much, in fact, that we have sprouted another little couplet which you may as well peruse if you haven't anything better to do:

A man of much tenacity
And utmost perspicacity
Once had the wild audacity
To teach our cops to sing.

And they with much impunity
Well knowing their immunity
Went forth in the community
To make the welkin ring.

They sang a woeful aria
Of desolate Bulgaria
And Swiss cheese and malaria
In fifteen different keys.

And while together they did roar
And spill grand operas by the score
Some thieves ransacked a jewelry store
With much dispatch and ease.

Pickpockets came and went with glee
Grabbed everything that they could see
While coppers yodeled merrily
About three feet away.

The force is steeped in harmony
Its thoughts are all of melody
But we are hoping fervently
They'll cease the noise some day.

The dear old farm, mainstay of "meller drammers," mortgages, innocent country girls, deep dyed movie villains and hidden treasures, is running the cabarets a close race for melodic honors. Some monumental domed expert announced at great length some time ago that music would make cows give more and better milk. Hence, the up-to-date farmer (who doesn't amble around with a stalk of hay protruding from his mouth any more) has hitched to his cow stalls the latest type of phonograph and feeds the cow melody while he does his milking. The next thing we know somebody will take a notion to plant phonographs along with the string beans, potatoes, etc., and our rest o' nights will be rudely disturbed by the melody that is turned on to aid the rapid growth of friend vegetable. Likewise before many more years have flitted by we are liable to have "syncopated" produce; waltz-dream potatoes; one-step cabbage; fox-trot pumpkins; hesitation squash and many others of like ilk. Truly, science is indeed a wonderful thing.

Bide Dudley, of the New York World, was snooping around town the other day looking for material with which to decorate his column. He ran into a popular song writer at one of the clubs. Said writer was playing his latest sure-fire-bit (they're all sure fire hits here in New York to hear the chaps who write 'em tell it) for Earl Carroll, who by the way, occasionally dabbles in melody himself and garners something over \$200 coin of the realm per week for his humble efforts.

"I wrote that tune in ten minutes," said the composer as he finished punishing the long suffering piano and pushed back the stool to give his chest room for proper expansion.

"Wonderful," replied Earl, as he tapped his chin with one carefully manicured finger, "It took George Blank two days to compose it three years ago." Digheartened silence. A merry gurgle, gulp and exit by Dudley and a general and hasty subsiding of the swelling chest above referred to.

It has become the fashion for song writers to unload on the dear public, via the advertising departments of their respective concerns, emphatic and whole-souled statements that usually run along the following tuneful lines:

"This is without a doubt the greatest song I have ever written."

Do You Get all the Latest and Best Music—First?

Maybe not! But thousands of other musicians, orchestra leaders, movie pianists, teachers and music lovers DO. Perhaps you don't know just how they obtain their copies First. The coupon below tells YOU how to get about \$2 worth of music, or more as soon as it comes from the press—*long before the music stores receive them*, and you get some MUSIC FREE. When both vocal and instrumental are published, or when extra verses are printed (as is the case with the song "Hesitation Blues") you get them FREE. Do it now!

The Billy Smythe Music Co. Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen: Please enroll my name for membership in your club, and send me one copy of each song as soon as printed each month, for (piano) (orchestra). Enclosed find my (check) (money-order) (coin) (or stamps) for my membership.

Membership Fee	
One Year	\$1.00
Six Months	.50
Three Months	.30

Name.....

Address.....

"I would stake my reputation on this song. It is far and above the best thing I have ever turned out."

Which is very illuminating, to be sure, for it's nice to know what a writer thinks of his own work.

But:—

If the fever spreads to our great commercial enterprises—well, take a look and imagine the rest:

Carter: "This is emphatically the best flock of pills that has ever come out of my drug foundry."

Campbell: "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the acme of quality as applied to soup. Rich, ripe tomatoes, combined with spices of rare vintage and wrapped up in the best can that ever came out of a tin plate works. Take it home for a dime."

Ward's Ghost: "Bread is the staff of life. You cannot get better bread than mine. And my rolls are the splinters from the staff. And this last loaf is better than anything ever before attempted in the dough-making line. Even Caruso's salary cannot surpass it."

And so on right down the line. Would it not create a fine bunch of ads? You are right. It would not.

Some people have a vague notion that songs are written in a weird and uncanny way. The popular conception of a song writer is a young man who shuts himself into his den with a piano and about 480 packages of cigarettes for company, and smokes and pounds occasional keys until, finally, a wonderful inspiration hits him and he immediately rattles off a complete melody that makes the neighbors rise from their slumbers, stretch their arms aloft and murmur in awed tones: "Marvelous." We shall not dispel the illusion. Many songs take endless labor and patience to whip into the smooth-flowing score that the public buys. Others are written in a rapid streak that would make a racing auto look as if it were anchored to the ground. Al Piantadosi

wrote the melody for "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier," in thirty minutes, and has already collected over \$4,000 in royalties. And his first song didn't bring him enough to buy a decent cigar. Such is the way of fickle fortune.

The writer considers Jimmie Monaco one of the best song writers that ever pounded a piano. Jimmie seemed to hit the "velvet trail" right off the reel, though, for his first

song, "Oh, Mister Dream Man," netted him \$600. And he wrote it in bed. And now some writers who chance to permit their orbs to flit through these columns will never want to get up for fear of missing an inspiration.

Such is life!

June Roberts, who danced all last season at Churchills in New York, is now in Chicago with the World Dancers.

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Letterheads, Envelopes, Cards, Circulars,
Invitations

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NOTE: Twenty years ago we started printing dance programs for Axel Christensen and we are still doing all his work.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "RAGTIME REVIEW."

The subscription price is only
A DOLLAR A YEAR

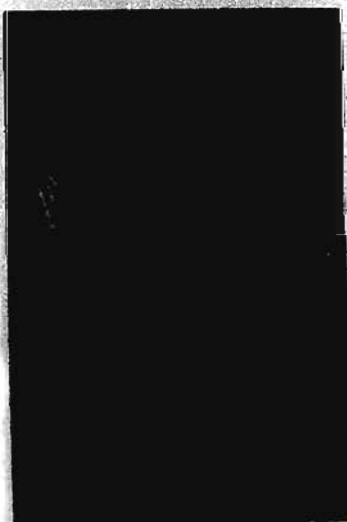
Think of it—Only a fraction over eight cents a copy, and each copy contains ragtime or popular piano numbers, besides lessons in vaudeville playing, review of all new music, valuable articles, pointers, etc. You can't afford to be without the "Ragtime Review," so clip the coupon and send it today with a dollar or a money order, and don't be selfish—tell your friends about it too.

A. W. CHRISTENSEN,
20 E. Jackson Bldg., Chicago

Dear Sir—I enclose a dollar for which send me the "Ragtime Review" for one year.

Yours truly,

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
State _____



Mr. and Mrs. Addison Fowler.

NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Axel Christensen is using the Nightingale Rag, published by John Stark in St. Louis, in his vaudeville act with splendid success.

Courtland Christiani, brother of Fritz Christiani, who is the well-known ragtime teacher of Washington, D. C., has gotten a dance combination of banjoring, piano, and drum traps, and these three clever boys are making a wonderful hit at the big hotels in Washington. It appears that this combination is new to Washington, but they take to it like everything.

Harry Kempton, ragtime teacher of International Falls, Minn., got out an attractive card of greeting the first of the year, which he mailed to all his pupils.

Honolulu, Hawaii, Dec. 22, 1916.

Dear Sir:

About two weeks ago, I received the diploma that you sent to me. I am very proud of it. I take these means to show you my appreciation for the handsome diploma.

Very truly yours,

KIYOSHI HOSOI.

One of the brightest at the Los Angeles Ragtime School of Phil Kaufman is the famous movie star, Mabel Normand.

J. Forrest Thompson, manager of a school for teaching real ragtime piano playing in Louisville, Ky., writes us that in two days he personally enrolled 18 new pupils for his school. This is certainly going some, but is probably due to the fact that J. Forrest is showing the good people of Louisville that he "delivers the goods."

Irving C. Bradway has recently opened a school for the teaching of ragtime in Boston, and writes us that business is booming. As Irving has picked out a good location and is a hustler when it comes to business, consequently we are sure his school will assume large proportions in very short time. In other words, "watch him grow."

Miss Grace Clement, who has been teaching ragtime in Pittsburgh for the past 5 or 6 years, writes us that new pupils are steadily enrolling, and that she will probably teach twice as many pupils in 1917 as any previous year. Good for you, Grace—we know you have the ability and personality necessary to accomplish such results.

Jacob Schwartz, of Buffalo, is doing fine and writes us that the people in his section of the country are becoming more and more interested in learning to play real ragtime. The fact that his business is increasing right along shows that Mr. Schwartz is always on the job.

Miss Bessie Leithmann is so busy teaching ragtime in Philadelphia that she has but little time to write us or anyone else. Miss Leithmann states that her best advertising is the playing of her pupils, being graduated from week to week and their bringing in friends and relatives to take lessons.

Miss Marcelle A. Henry, who has been teaching ragtime in La Salle, Ill., for the past several years, writes us that 1917 will show a great increase in her business. Miss Henry had some skepticism to overcome when starting in, but this did not discourage Miss Henry, who knew she had the ability and was teaching the System that would show results. Gradually she overcame this suspicion and persons living in her vicinity hearing her pupils play, became convinced that she knew what she was doing. Energy and perseverance will accomplish almost anything and Miss Henry deserves great success—good luck to you.

Miss Bessie Kuepferle, one of the teachers of real ragtime at the Seattle School of Music, recently motored to Olympia, Wash., and attended the inaugural ball given in honor of Governor Lister. Bessie writes us that she had a wonderful time—one of her dances being with the Governor, but we don't know whether to compliment Bessie or the Governor on this point. By the way, Bessie, did

you say anything to the Governor about taking up some lessons in real ragtime piano playing?

Mr. E. J. Mellinger, the hustling manager of the school for teaching ragtime in St. Louis, dropped in to see us last week. Ed. is looking fine and says business is excellent and improving right along.

Miss Melissa Hogue, who is teaching ragtime in her school in Denver, advises us that 1917 will show a big increase in her school. As Miss Hogue combines good business ability with her many other accomplishments, consequently we know she is capable of handling an increased business to the satisfaction of her pupils and herself.

The new Southern Theater at Bucyrus, Ohio, has been taken over by Foster, McMurray and Sharpless of Marion, owners of the Marion Theater and has been extensively remodeled. Harland Sharp, former violinist at the Marion will manage the new house. Miss Bessie Dowler, former pianist with the Green orchestra, but who has been playing in a theater in Chicago the past year will preside at the pipe organ.

Fred Wolf, of Galesburg, has been employed at the Grand Theater in Macomb, Ill., as pianist. He is an experienced musician, playing in the theaters at Galesburg, and Monmouth and is an expert picture player.

AN OLD-TIMER STRIKES IT RICH.

The many friends and acquaintances of Gideon Shaw (better known in cabaret circles throughout Chicago as "Pinkie" Shaw) will be glad to learn of his good fortune. It seems that about a year ago Pinkie was induced to take a little "flyer" in oil stock, buying several thousand shares at about the price of a song.

His friends and co-workers, hearing of the matter, proceeded to get busy in the "kidding" line, and for a while Pinkie was solicited personally as well as by phone and mail to buy mining stocks, gold bricks, confederate money, etc., some even going so far as to try and sell him the Masonic Temple and Coliseum at a low figure.

But now the laugh is on the other side. A gusher has been struck and Pinkie has received several offers for his stock that, in case he decides to accept, will put him on easy street for many, many years to come. Pinkie dropped into the Review office to tell us the good news, and we were sure glad to hear it.

Just to get back at his former kidding friends, Pinkie sold a few shares of his stock, bought a big Wainousine and entertained 22 of his associates at an after-theater dinner a few nights ago. Ye Scribe was favored with an

PIANO PLAYERS AND TEACHERS

You can make big money teaching the original Christensen System of Ragtime Piano Playing in your own home. Besides this you will make a large profit on the instruction books and music.

Some of the teachers who are now using the "Christensen" System make as high as \$60 a week and others have assistant teachers making money for them.

Axel Christensen, the "Czar of Ragtime," started alone in 1903 teaching his system in Chicago. Now the Christensen System is being taught and played from coast to coast.

We show you how to make good, help you advertise and furnish you with booklets, circular letters and printed matter and the Ragtime Instruction books.

POSITIVELY NO INVESTMENT REQUIRED

You take no chances, simply follow our directions, which any pianist of intelligence can master in one week time. If there is no "Christensen" School in your city, write for our teacher's proposition.

Christensen School of Popular Music

Room 562, 20 E. Jackson Blvd.

Chicago, Ill.

invitation and believe me it was some spread, lobster, truffles, bubbles, etc., galore.

Needless to say Pink has quit entertaining; in fact, it is rumored that he will soon open a cafe and restaurant of his own in a very central location, and some even hint that "wedding chimes" are not far distant. We can't vouch for the truth of these reports, but he has our best wishes. Incidentally while in the office, Pinkie renewed his subscription to the Review for 5 years—here's hoping more of our subscribers will strike oil and do likewise.

Mr. Shaw became a cabaret favorite through his wonderful rendition several years ago of the then popular ballad entitled "Some Day," which seems now to have had some real significance.

(Continued from page 7)

very birth. In the first place, the modern infant would be forced to pass through early childhood without the soothing, syncopated lullabies to ease over the fretful periods of croup, colic and teething. There would be no rhythmic harmonies to force the baby to smile and develop the sweet temper and gentle disposition that can only be acquired in early childhood from the influences of irresistible ragtime melodies. He would in all probability grow up a cross-grained creature, wanting to go to war, put barb wire fences around his property, work his employees on Saturday afternoon and probably end up by being shot for trying to sell mining stock to the poor Mexicans across the Rio Grande.

Then without ragtime in the school, what a task would the modern child be confronted with? For now, ragtime, like the moving picture has ceased only to amuse and entertain, but has become a great educational factor, the study of its evolution, its technicalities, composition, etc., lead the pupil into the most valuable and interesting work of mental development that our instructors could devise.

Since everyone can at least rag one instrument, it would be indeed an ignorant generation that would rise up deprived of a syncopated schooling. Then, all through life, what a dismal world would we have without Rag. Since mechanical and musical scientists have reduced even the noise made by subway trains, aeroplanes, motors and all other mechanical sounds to rhythmic harmony—with a sneaky melody thrown in—when even our mechanical engineers have designed the city fire engines to pump syncopatedly and a whistle that produces an appropriate minor chord—and even the electric dynamos and motors hum with a rhythmic purr so that sleeping next door to a power house is a delight that calls for higher rent for such locations—we would indeed be in a bad way without our ragtime.

Imagine your great, great—very great grandmother hearing you specify your next season's limousine with a 20-cylinder engine designed to exhaust in fox-trot time on the high! Two verses and three choruses on a gallon of gas. No Lisandro, you might as well imagine Carranza's features on the Mexican currency without the whiskers as to imagine this old ragtime-earth getting along without its syncopation.

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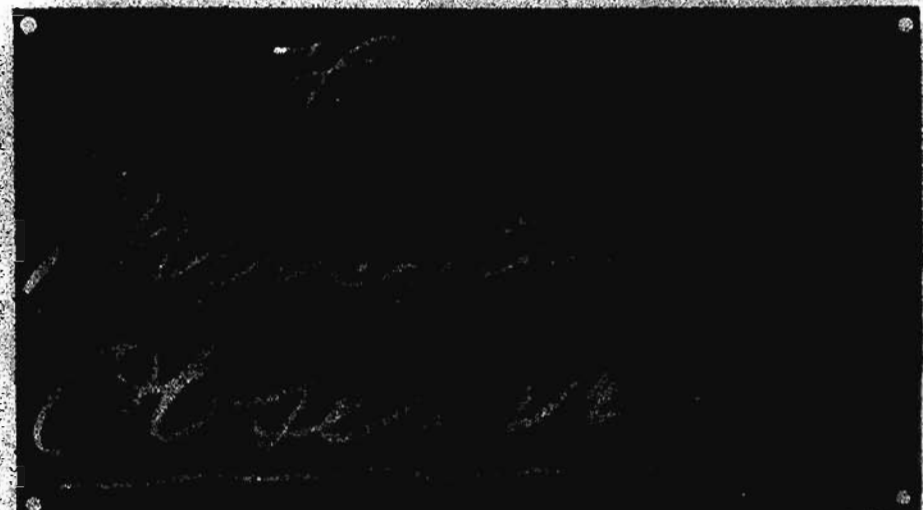
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