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# RAGTIME REVIEW

Entered as second class matter, August 8, 1916, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 20 EAST JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO  
BY THE CHRISTENSEN SCHOOL OF POPULAR MUSIC OF CHICAGO



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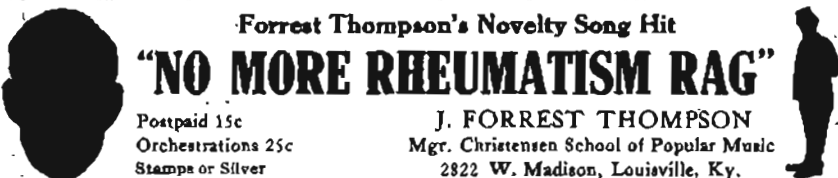
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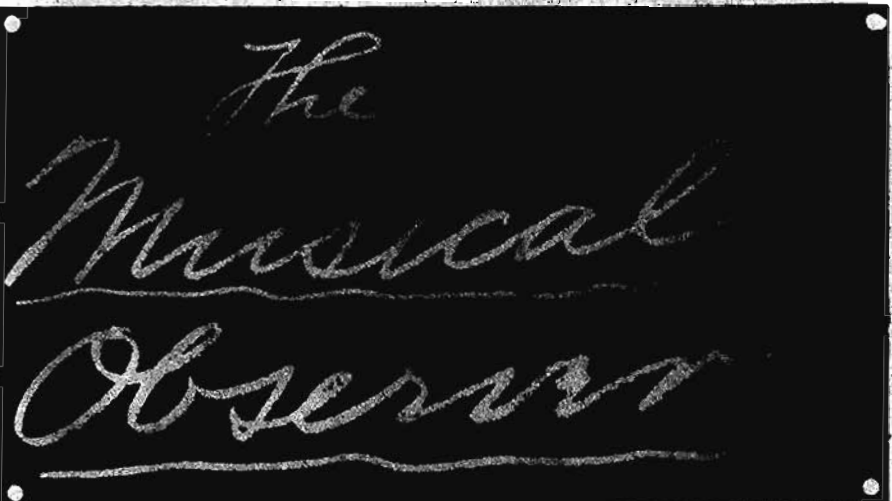
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# RAG-TIME REVIEW

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Vol. 3

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL, 1917

No. 4.

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## THAT HARMONY QUARTETTE

By PETER FRANK MEYER

### The trials, tribulations and adventures of four musical "mokes"

(Part Two.)

"I know six cats on our back fence that can sing better than this gang," irritably exclaimed Chick Randolph, the popular first tenor, mandolinist and leader of the famous four known as That Harmony Quartette. He pushed open the dressing room door and entered, Jack Benson close behind him. Fatty Howe, flushed and disconsolate, followed, and Big Bill Bradshaw was the last to enter.

Randolph recklessly flung his mandolin on the dressing table, placed his hands on his hips, spread his feet wide apart, and glared fiercely at Howe.

"Mind you," he said, with biting sarcasm, "I'm not mentioning any names, but there's a certain party in this quartette whose singing isn't bad at all. It's rotten!"

"That's right, you're wrong," drawled Bradshaw lazily. Benson, dark and gloomy said nothing, but he glanced at Howe from the corner of his eye. Fatty's face, always a rosy hue, turned a deeper scarlet, if possible. His eyes were lowered, and they would not meet the gazes of his companions.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" inquired Chick, not unkindly. "I know I've asked you that same question about fifty times without receiving an answer."

The stout young man said nothing, however, and appeared to be busily engaged with his disrobing.

"Everything was going smooth as silk until we hit Chicago," continued Chick, as he took off his stage spats, "then the trouble began. You were all right Monday and Tuesday, but ever since Wednesday afternoon your mind appears to be wandering, your singing is so bad it knocks us all out of harmony, and tonight you made eight missteps in the combination dance. The stage manager is having fits, and it's a lucky thing this is Saturday night and our last appearance in this theatre, or we'd be fired out. We've still got three more theatres to appear in while we're here, and I'll bet we get a cold reception in every one.

The news will travel all over Chicago. Why don't you tell us the trouble, Fatty? Maybe we can help you. There must be some reason for it."

Though Chick's tone had been kindly, it was evident that Fatty Howe was in a grouch—a grouch that seemed strangely incongruous with his usual sunny smile, beaming nature and keen wit. Therefore, it was the way he spoke, not what he said, that caused the whole trouble.

"My personal affairs do not concern you," was the cold retort, and that statement was responsible for it all.

Randolph whirled like a flash, his face red with anger.

"Not my concern, eh? What's eating you? I'm not bothering about your personal affairs, but I am concerned about the way you've been carrying on for the last four days. All of us are directly concerned, too, because we don't intend to lose the prestige we worked so hard to secure on your account. If there's a shirker in this party we fellows have a right to know it, and when we find him we'll gladly inform him his services are not desired!"

Fatty, fully dressed, had been leaning over his stuffed valise. But no sooner had Randolph finished when Howe stood erect, his hands clenched, his lips quivering, his eyes flashing with anger. Bradshaw and Benson, too astonished to interfere, looked on.

"A shirker, eh?" the stout chap almost shrieked. "Why, you imitation of a singer, I've worked harder during the last two years than you ever worked in your whole blame life! Don't you hint that I'm a shirker, or you'll get the finest trimming you ever suffered in your life. You and the whole damn quartette can go to blazes—I'm through!" and to the inexpressible astonishment of the three he waved his valise aloof, slapped his hat on his head, and tore out of the room.

Too angry to speak, Randolph gazed at the open door with blazing eyes. Benson had flung himself in a chair, a mingled ex-

pression of amazement, sorrow and hopelessness on his handsome face, while big Bradshaw, who had always been Fatty's staunchest friend despite their banterings, placed his hands in his pockets and stared at Randolph in a manner that indicated his absolute disapproval of the latter's actions. Verily, it seemed as if the meteoric career of That Harmony Quartette had reached a sudden, sorrowful and unexpected end.

"You were too quick, Randolph," said Bradshaw, quietly. "Every man should be master of his emotions, not subservient to them. You know that unless we induce Fatty to return, the Harmony Quartette will be a thing of the past. In the first place, there isn't another bass singer or guitar manipulator in the vaudeville game who could take Howe's place; secondly, Fatty's the best friend I ever had, and I wouldn't remain without him."

Big Bill had been dressing with amazing rapidity while speaking, a thing almost irrelevant with his usually sluggish disposition. Randolph was staring dolefully at the floor, his hands clasped nervously.

"Where the dickens are you going?" inquired Benson, eyeing the giant in surprise.

"I'm going after Fatty, and I'm going to bring him back dead or alive," was the big man's grim response. "That Harmony Quartette isn't going to disrupt if I know it first."

"Wait a minute," called Benson, rising.

"Can't wait a second," flung back Bradshaw over his shoulder. "See that my stuff gets to the hotel. I'll return soon as I find Howe" and the next moment he disappeared.

"Did a short, fat man go out this way?" Bradshaw inquired of the man at the stage door.

"Yep—just left."

"Which way did he go?"

"Right up the street toward Hayward Avenue, and he was going like the dickens, too."

Without commenting about it the giant started up the block at a stiff pace. On reaching the thoroughfare designated as Hayward Avenue he halted and glanced on both sides of the avenue from right to left. Though the streets were brilliantly lighted, he saw no sign of Fatty Howe.

"Looking for somebody?" came from a voice at his shoulder. Bradshaw turned around, and looked into the inquiring eyes of a policeman who was almost as tall as himself.

"Yes," he answered. "Have you seen a short, stout fellow wearing a grey felt hat hitting it up at a lively pace?"

"Was he carrying a valise?" the cop asked.

The giant nodded.

"Straight up the avenue to your right," said the cop, waving his hand. "He can't be more than a minute ahead of you. If I

remember right, he was moving mighty fast for a fat man."

Bradshaw hurried off, and he walked so fast that it is doubtful if his friends would have believed their eyes had they seen him. The big fellow was naturally lazy, good-natured to the point of fault, and about as emotional, under ordinary circumstances, as a stone wall. He accepted life in a matter-of-fact manner, slept long and soundly, performed his work without any apparent exertion, and very rarely permitted anything to disturb his equilibrium. But a peculiar thing about the giant, who stood about six feet three, was that in spite of the fact that nobody had ever seen him exercise or indulge in athletic stunts, there was very little superfluous flesh on his body. From neck to ankles he was a mass of solid, flexible muscle, and as he tipped the scales at more than 200 pounds, it was quite natural that few persons had ever attempted to

anger him. Those who were intimately acquainted with Big Bill Bradshaw, however, if insistently questioned, might have informed the inquirer that the giant, several years ago, had cleaned out a den of ten counterfeiters single-handed and with his bare fists, knocking half of them senseless. We say several years ago, but the event in question had occurred about eight years before while Bradshaw was serving as a secret service agent for the United States government in Kentucky.

Big Bill was every bit of thirty-two. Nobody knew why or how he had taken to the stage, with the possible exception of Fatty Howe, but stage people, theatrical managers and public alike acknowledged that Bradshaw possessed the finest baritone voice on the vaudeville stage. And had he only put more vim into his banjo playing, the big chap might have surpassed all rivals with little difficulty. Whenever anyone had



THE STAPLETON TRIO

A ladies' combination of three artists, has been playing engagements in Chicago during the winter, but will appear in summer hotel work next summer.

asked Bradshaw what had induced him to enter a theatrical career, the invariable answer was: "It's easy money, more than I could make in any other line."

And this was probably true—or, at least, a part of the truth. The members of That Harmony Quartette were said to receive \$250.00 apiece per week. Many people doubted this, called it press agent gossip, but no one attempted to deny the fact that they were the highest salaried quartette that had ever appeared on the variety programs. And none of Bradshaw's stage companions would believe that money alone had been the only factor in luring him to the stage.

Suddenly the big fellow halted. He was standing before a cafe that fairly blazed and sparkled with a dazzling combination of colored lights. The spot was about six blocks from the street on which he had met the policeman.

"I won't ever forget this place," he muttered. For a brief time he gazed silently at the gilded doors, his eyes vacantly searching the faces of the number of people entering and emerging despite the lateness of the hour.

It occurred to Bradshaw that Fatty, in his anger, might have stopped here for a drink or two. For certain reasons Bill was not any too anxious to enter the place. Recollections of past years had not faded from his mind. But he finally decided to try his luck.

The Imperial Cafe, as it was called, was not exactly an abode for thoroughly respectable persons. It catered almost exclusively to stage people of small means and smaller principle, sporting enthusiasts, prizefighters and minor celebrities of the race track. Its name did not indicate its proper class by any means, for it was really a second-class restaurant for both sexes, and it was noted more for the drinks sold on the premises than the cuisine.

Bradshaw pushed open a swinging door and walked in. Without halting he permitted his eyes to wander along the line of riotous bystanders at the bar, and finally searched the nearby tables, but he was certain that Fatty Howe was not in the bar-room. Presently he entered the restaurant.

Almost at the same time a flashily dressed individual who had been sitting at one of the tables in the barroom arose, stared after the powerful figure of the giant, and strode over to a group lounging against the bar.

"Did you see that guy, Jim?" he asked in a whisper, tapping one of them on the shoulder.

The one he addressed as Jim turned. He was a tall, lean fellow with snappy black eyes partly concealed by shaggy eyebrows. His nose was conspicuously aquiline, and there was something about him that suggested the cheap gambler.

"Which one?" he asked. "That big guy who just went in the back?"



WILL F. NEWLAN,  
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"Yeh," replied the other as the group surrounded him. "Do you know him?"

The lean chap frowned and shook his head in the negative.

"Who was he, Ed?" the others inquired.

"That was Bradshaw, the big baritone of That Harmony Quartette. And he's in here looking for the fat guy. Better put Mabel wise; she met him before and he might kick up an awful fuss."

Unaware of the disturbance his presence had started, Bradshaw slowly worked his way through the mass of crowded tables, his eyes searching every group or couple in the place. Many people stared at him, and some of the women brazenly winked, but the giant ignored them. Suddenly he stopped, his eyes blinking. At the last table in the room, seated with three stunningly gowned women and two men, calmly smoking a cigarette, was Fatty Howe.

Bradshaw vaguely remembered having seen one of those three women before, but he was sure it couldn't be—

Without further conjecture he brushed past several groups and stopped abruptly alongside of Fatty Howe's chair. But though Howe looked up wonderingly, Bill's eyes were not cast in his direction. Instead, they were gazing with open insolence on the painted face of Howe's companion just across the table. The woman slowly raised her eyes, and as they fell upon the giant, her face turned a ghastly pallor.

"So it's you?" drawled Bradshaw lazily, though there was something in his voice that caused Fatty Howe to stand up and grasp his arm.

"Come, Bill, I'll introduce you," exclaimed Fatty, not comprehending.

Bradshaw gave him a look of contempt and pity.

"Shut up, you fool," he growled, and with a thrust of his powerful arm he pushed him back in his chair. "Do you know what this woman is?"

"What's that?" cried Howe, in rage and astonishment. "Why, you lunatic, that woman is to become my wife!" and he jumped to his feet threateningly. The woman in question and the other two men had risen, also, and were glaring at the giant.

Bradshaw laughed, laughed loudly, but that laugh was as devoid of mirth as a desert is empty of water.

"You poor fool," he finally growled, "that woman is a dirty street-walker, the most notorious and voluptuous woman in this city. I met her—"

"Why, I never saw you in my life, you scoundrel!" cried the woman, who, despite the sensuous figure and painted face, was still amazingly attractive. "Are you men going to stand here and see me insulted like—"

The other two men came around the table looking ready for business, while Howe, dazed and speechless, leaned against the chair for support.

"Wait a minute, you two," warned the giant. "I don't want to start a rumpus—I don't like it. If you're not wise to this fine lady, take my tip and let her alone, and get the other women away from her. I came here to find my friend, and now that I've located him I'd like to leave in peace."

Those seated at adjoining tables, sensing something unusual, had turned and were staring curiously at the group, and several waiters watched them with apprehension.

"You can't come in here and insult a lady in my company," blustered one of the men, making an ominous move toward his hip pocket.

"Don't do it!" rang out Bradshaw's voice, his jaws protruding in a manner that meant business. "If you pull a weapon on me I'll pick you off that floor and break every bone in your body."

Then he stepped forward and seized the arm of the painted beauty. She struggled, but the futility of it was obvious.

"Let me go!" she shrieked. "You big —"

"Stop that, stop, now," growled Bradshaw. "If you make another sound, or make the least attempt to create a disturbance in this place, by God I'll put you over my knee and thrash you—"

"Look out, Bill!" came the warning voice of Howe, but it was a trifle too late. The group of men that had followed the giant into the restaurant suddenly attacked him in force. A stinging blow on the head sent the giant reeling up against the wall, stunned and dazed. Then bedlam broke loose. Chairs were overturned, men jumped to their feet, women screamed, and waiters and attendants ran to the scene.



Fatty came to his senses in a jiffy. He forgot all about the voluptuous beauty. He threw aside all efforts to reason things out. He only remembered that one of the ruffians had struck his friend with something short and heavy. He counted seven of them, tore off his coat, and plunged in, striking out right and left. The entire place was in an uproar.

One of Fatty's wild swings caught the flashily-attired chap on the jaw and knocked him clean over the adjoining table, carrying the table and its contents with him to the floor. The whole gang pounced on him at once, striking out viciously.

At that moment Bradshaw recovered his senses. In one stride he reached the fighting mob. His powerful arms reached out, his big hands seized two of the ruffians by their coat collars, and the next second two heads cracked, two moans rent the air, and two bodies sank to the floor limp. A terrific swing smashed into the midsection of another chap and he crumpled up and dropped. Fatty had fallen to the floor, bloody and half senseless. Smashing the ruffians right and left the giant suddenly seized one around the waist, lifted him bodily, and threw him into the fighting mob as they charged, bowling over the whole gang.

Amid the deafening roar of shrieks, curses and breaking dishes the lights suddenly went out, and in the darkness a shot rang out and a bullet whizzed close to the giant's head. Stooping low, Bradshaw picked up Howe, lifted him as if he were a child, and stumbling over tables, chairs and broken fragments, finally managed to reach the side entrance. He called to a taxi standing at the curb, and the chauffeur leaped down from his perch, opened the door, and Bradshaw gently placed Fatty on the soft cushioned seat within. Then they drove off.

"That's why I couldn't work. Bill. I could have sworn that she loved me, and I did everything I could to raise a thousand bucks and help her out. I never dreamed she was a—a"

"Never mind, Fatty," drawled Bradshaw kindly. "She's fooled smarter men than you and I. She's tried that heart-broken stunt about needing a thousand dollars for her sister's operation on every sucker that ever met her. She roped me in on that trick when I was here several years ago with the Singing Comedy Four. Of course, you can't blame Chick for hawling you out. Had he known the trouble, things might have been different. I suspected that you had either fallen in love and were afraid to tell us, or that something had happened at home."

The two men were seated in their room, adjoining the one occupied by Randolph and Benson. Fatty had recovered his senses in the taxi, and after both men had received some slight medical attention at a drug store they returned to the hotel.

"Come on," said Bill, rising, "we'll wake up the other two." They'll be glad to see you back. I'll bet Randolph feels worse than you do about it."

Note.—Part Three of That Harmony Quartette will appear in next month's issue of the Ragtime Review.—Editor.)

(To Our Readers—How do you like "That Harmony Quartette"? Do you find it as interesting as "The Taming of Bad Buck Wendell" by the same author? We certainly would appreciate an expression of your opinion, as it has always been our endeavor to make the contents of the RAGTIME REVIEW both interesting and valuable to our readers, and consequently any suggestions, criticisms or opinions on the part of our subscribers are solicited and welcomed.—Editor.)

## LIFE IN A RAGTIME STUDIO.

(Some Singer!)

By Young Rocky.

Saturday afternoon was always a busy period in the New York division of the Empire School of Popular Music, and this Saturday was no exception.

Bob Marine, general manager, was demonstrating the course at one end of the office; Sal Laurie, his secretary, was pounding away at his typewriter, composing letters by the score in answer to inquiries; Miss Warren, feature writer for The Musical World, "Ragtime Review" and several fashion papers, was having a hurried conversation over the phone; Eddie Murray, our theatrical coach, was buried in one of the studios, instructing three girls the technique of dramatic art; and the jangling of pianos from three other studios indicated that our teachers were hard at work.

I was seated at my desk, revising the love scene of a new story, which my secretary had jumbled into an indescribable mess. Frank O'Donnell, our crack outside representative, made his way over to my desk with a pile of fresh manuscript, and we paused for a moment in the heat of labor to exchange a few words.

In the midst of all the bustle and hustle the door was flung open with a resounding bang, and a wild-eyed freak with a face like the last rose of summer burst in upon us.

"Ha, ha," it cried, "ha, ha! I am a singer!" and it waved one hand in the air dramatically.

Bob stopped playing. "Who let that in?" he asked.

"Excuse me, lady," I said, looking at it, "but haven't you made a mistake? We give piano lessons here, not vocal instruction."

She turned upon me furiously. Ooh—what a face! Her eyes were pink and purple, her neck looked like a flagpole, her mouth resembled a subway entrance, and she wore a dress that George Washington's old lady discarded in the good old colonial days.

"Shut up, ingrate," she piped at the top of her shrill voice. "I am a singer—a REAL singer!"

"You're a crazy," somebody in the nearest studio shouted. A roar of laughter followed the remark.

Then, the human wishbone waved her hands wildly, danced about with the grace of a truck horse, and began to shriek at the top of her lungs, "Oh, It's Tulip Time In Holland, Oh, My—"

"Shut up!" shouted Bob.

"Whose sick?" inquired Miss Warren.

"Somebody call the police!" cried Sal Laurie.

The freak paused abruptly and angrily faced us. "See here," she exclaimed, "I'm a singer, and I intend to sing right here, even if it's the last thing I ever do."

"My dear woman," I warned her, "if you start to sing in here it will certainly be the last thing you'll ever do. If you're so blamed anxious to sing, hire a hall."

She gesticulated wildly and started off again.

"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary, It's a—oh, ouch!"

A dripping sponge landed square on her mouth, and a roar of unrestrained laughter came from all parts of the studio. In a fury she turned upon us.

"You cowardly ruffians!" she screamed, her face scarlet with rage, "how dare you strike a woman whose voice is as sweet as honey?"

Sal Laurie keeled over in a dead faint.

"Just for that," she went on, "I shall sing forever."

Marine arose. "If you start off again you'll die forever."

"Somebody give her a dose of poison," suggested Ed Murray, who had emerged from the theatrical studio followed by three pupils.

"Auf wieder sehen, ach—" was her next outbreak.

"Auf wieder sehen, nothing," growled Frank O'Donnell. "She'll never see us again."

The human pipe organ spluttered and howled, and then shook her fists in our faces.

"Oh, what barbarians!" she shrieked, "oh, what wretches! May the curse of the seven devils fall upon you!"

"Thanks, have one on us," piped O'Donnell.

"I am a pious woman!" she screamed, dancing about.

"Yeah, she's full o' pie," exclaimed Murray.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed O'Donnell. "I am a studios guy; I'm full o' stew."

"Go wan," cried Bob, "you're a bullious guy. You're full of bull."

"This is tedious work," cried one of the girls laughingly. "I'm full of tea."

At a given signal Bob and I rushed forward, tenderly seized the living corkscrew, and gently tossed her out of the studio. She was still singing when we closed and locked the doors. "Gee, but she had SOME face!" declared Bob, shaking his head.

"She looked like the missing link between man and monkey," put in Sal Laurie.

"And a voice?" chirped Miss Warren, mischievously.

"SOME SINGER!" the whole bunch of us chanted together.

(THE END.)

**THE MINNESOTA RAG.**

By Jacob Schwartz

No I did not compose it. As everybody knows, it was Axel himself who did the composing and he claims that it was an inspiration of the Great Lakes. In looking over my stock of sheet music I found that I was in need of some more copies of a rag that brings back a funny little incident in the course of my associations with the Czar of Ragtime. It must have been an inspiration all right but I think that I took a larger part in the inspiring. It was in 1913 that the Czar and his Czarina also the Czaravitch (I am not quite sure about the titles, so you can correct them if they need correcting) took a trip from the Czars domain (Chicago) to Buffalo via the Great Lakes on the steamer Minnesota. It took a week to make the trip and during the week besides entertaining the crew with ragtime he (The Czar) was exposed to the inspiration; and it took: all but the last strain. It needed me to furnish that, not that I knew anything about the rag he was writing, nor did I know that he was afflicted with an inspiration.

Here's how it happened. I received a wire from the Palace stating that his Royal Nibs en suite were to arrive at this port at 10:30 a. m. and instructing me to be on hand and pilot the cortege (whatever that is) to Niagara Falls, etc. Well I got all dolled up and put on a clean collar although it was hot enough to bake on the streets, told the wife to kill a hen and prepare a feast, and proceeded to the dock, where the iron-clad was to anchor. On arriving I was informed that the steamer was several hours late and would not arrive until late in the afternoon. After tipping the office boy to a cigar (5c) he promised to call me on 'phone as soon as she (the steamer) hove in sight which he did NOT. As a result his majesty had to do his own piloting and after doing the scenic Gorge Route and incidentally getting done himself returned to Buffalo and stopped at a way-side Inn to refresh the inner man. I was in the midst of a quiet discussion (i. e., if such discussions can be called quiet) on the art of teaching the young idea how to shoot ragtime when my telephone rang. Upon answering I was agreeably surprised to hear the voice of my friend and benefactor urging me to make all haste to meet him at the Inn as the steamer was due to start on the home trip the same evening. Needless to say I beat it to the cars. I got to the hotel in time to escort him to the boat where I had the pleasure to meet several of his friends. Suddenly and without warning the whistle blew two shrill blasts. Now I have been around steam-



OLGA SEIBERT.

boats long enough to know that those two blasts meant "let go." Here I was on board a steamer that would not land before reaching Milwaukee. In my haste to get away I had neglected to leave a note telling where I was going. Immediately visions of big head lines in the papers announcing the mysterious disappearance of one of Buffalo's prominent citizens with my name in large type began to loom before me and I could see myself advertised as kidnapped, decoyed from home; a frenzied family keeping the police wires hot urging them on, etc. Axel must have been thinking about the same thing or else he probably was horrified at the prospect of having me along with him for a week. You see I wasn't dolled up any more. My collar wasn't even clean and in a day or two without having any change (of linen) I would only look fit to appear in the stoker's company. However, what he was thinking of I never knew but I do know that we both started for the stairway (we were up three flights) and after knocking down several people in our mad rush we finally got hold of an officer in a gaudy uniform who almost died of fright as we both got to talking at once "stop the boat" yelled Axel "I have got a friend here who is not a passenger." "What do you mean by pulling out without giving any warning?" I asked in a voice as gentle as a mad bull. "Just a minute gentlemen" he hastened to say "we are only going over to the other side to get on supplies." Sure enough, the boat which was now about mid-stream was heading for the other side of the river which was even nearer to my home. Well in about five minutes we were on the other side and after being assured that the boat would not leave for an hour or so, we all enjoyed a good laugh and had a smile together. "Say Jake" said Axel, "that run

down three flights of stairs just gave me the idea I needed for my new rag." I did not know what he meant at the time but after having played the last strain in the Minnesota Rag which was published soon after, I knew where the inspiration came from. Of course he got all the credit for writing the rag and I had a few grey hairs the next morning. Such is fame. Stung.

Anyone, doubting the above story will please get a copy of Minnesota Rag and see if that last strain wouldn't remind you of two guys falling down stairs.

**OLGA SEIBERT.**

Olga Seibert, a very charming young lady and well known among cabaret patrons of the North Side, is making a host of friends at the Windsor. Olga has a way of putting on her songs that is very pleasing, and this, in connection with her dancing, makes her a big drawing card.

**STUDENTS WANT RAGTIME.**

We learn that "highbrow" music will hereafter be under the ban in the San Jose evening school at San Jose, Cal. The Glee Club and orchestra, which have been steadily decreasing in size and enthusiasm, have received "new blood" during the past few days with the announcement that the music hereafter is going to be the kind that is fun. The music problem was solved by the explanation of one of the students of the school that the boys and girls after working all day and then attending evening classes didn't feel at the end of those classes like settling down for hard practice of difficult music. In promising a change in methods Mrs. Daisy Fox Desmond, the head of the evening school, said that the plan for giving students the kind of music they wanted carried out the educational principle that educators can get results only through "getting down from their pedestals and helping their pupils up."

**ARTIST AND POET WRITES "RAG."**

Miss Queenie Bailey, artist and poet, of Kansas City, Mo., has added another art to her list of accomplishments. Although she cannot read a note of music, Miss Bailey has just completed the composition of a piece of music entitled "El Cosmopolita Rag."

The composition was transcribed by Clarence E. Wheeler as Miss Bailey played it.

Miss Bailey soon will have a book of poems off the press and is also a painter in oils.

Frances Walker has been re-engaged at the Perfecto in Chicago, and is now filling an indefinite engagement. She is a popular singer and has long engagements at all times during her comparatively brief career.

## The Ragtime Review

Edited

By



Published every month at 20 S. Jackson Blvd., Chicago  
By the Christensen School of Popular Music,  
at Chicago

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1917

Single copies.....10 cents  
United States, per year, postpaid.....\$1.00  
Canada.....1.10  
Foreien, per year, postpaid.....1.25

ADVERTISING RATES: \$1 per inch, single col.  
Liberal Time and Space Discounts.  
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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.

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### COMMON SENSE REGARDING MUSIC

Mrs. J. M. Clark, president of the Mothers' Club at Muskegon, Mich., replying to a criticism as to the kind and quality of music given at their entertainment on St. Valentine's Day, writes:

"We did not want a Sunday school hymn or a wedding march or a funeral dirge. We wanted catchy melodies. After a boy or girl has crept past the ages of 10 or over what strict mother or father can deprive them of popular music? You may stay with your right hand up and face the pupil for ages while all the while your children are at the neighbor's playing and singing popular airs. We will take our children at home, let them play, sing and dance and when away from home they will not be as some we have known. The 'keep away' will surely steal away sooner or later—make a curiosity and see how quick your children and ours will see it or hear it regardless of what it costs. We don't want our children raised as 'jokes or sticks.' Give us active, bright, intelligent boys and girls, and give them music with life, and songs and youth will predominate. We must be as children sometimes.

Don't let us choke on a goat and think we have swallowed a camel."

## 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.

**Angel of Dreams—**By A. E. Williams. Published by A. E. Williams Music Co. An instrumental waltz number that is very pretty indeed.

**My Hula Hula Lou—**By Buster Santos. Published by Will Rossier. A fox trot with rather a catchy melody. Should make a good orchestra number.

**He Likes Their Jukulele—**By James Kendis. Published by Kendis. If he likes them he can have my interest, as I don't care much for this one.

**When We Build Our Cottage of Love—**By Jack Glogau. Published by A. J. Stasny Music Co. A sentimental song that I consider just fair.

**How's Every Little Thing In Dixie—**By Jack Vellen and Albert Gumble. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. A very catchy fox trot that is bound to make a big hit.

**Hawaiian Butterfly—**By Billy Baskette, Joseph Santly and Geo. A. Little. Published by Leo Feist. Very pretty. Good swinging melody. A good fox trot and quite popular.

**Come Out of the Kitchen—**By James Kendis and Chas. Bayha. Published by Kendis. Properly handled this could be worked into a good character number. It is claimed that Louise Dresser scored a big hit with this one, but of course everybody can't "put over" a song like Louise.

**America Needs You Like a Mother—**By Jean Schwartz and Grant Clark. Published by Kalmar, Puck & Abrahams. I can't see much in this to recommend.

**I Brought Red Roses in December To You—**By Anna Held, Alfred Bryan and Harry Tierney. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. In my opinion, you showed good judgment in taking her roses instead of a copy of this song.

**Put the Cork Out of Erin—**By Addison Burkhardt and Fred Fisher. Published by McCarthy & Fisher Music Pub. Co. Here is another Irish song by those writers of Irish hits. Being sung by Nora Bayes with splendid success.

**Hawaiian Dreams—**By Herbert B. Marple. Published by Daniels & Wilson. Here is a dreamy waltz that is very pretty indeed. The grace notes throughout the chorus when properly played combine a splendid imitation of the Hawaiian guitar with the melody of the piece.

**I'm the Man That Wrote Tipperary—**By A. E. Williams. Published by A. E. Williams Music Co. A rather catchy melody and should go good if properly put on.

**Trotting Fox—**By Percy Trepanier. Published by Louis Payette. If you enjoy a good "raggy" fox trot, then this will please you sure. The time is very catchy, especially in the trio. Will make a great Jazs Band number.

**Everybody Loves An Irish Song—**By Wm. J. McKenna. Published by F. B. Haviland Pub. Co. A pleasing song with medley of old Irish airs running through chorus.

**Beside the Sea at Waikiki—**By Arthur Lange and Bernice Grossman. Published by Joe Morris Music Co. Rather a good number.

**Just the Kind of a Girl—**By Harry Von Tilzer and Lou Klein. Published by Harry Von Tilzer. A good slow fox trot.

**Indiana—**By Ballard MacDonald and James F. Hanley. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. In my opinion this would make a better quartette number and when so handled will prove a hit.

**Meet Me at Twilight—**By Sydney P. Harris. Published by Sydney P. Harris Co. Rather a pleasing waltz song with chorus arranged for male or mixed quartette.

**When You Dream of Old New Hampshire, I Dream of Tennessee—**By Jack Mahoney and Geo. L. Cobb. Published by Walter Jacobs. Written in "A" flat. A good, lively march song.

**Philadelphia—**By Chas. E. Hochberg, Geo. H. Carey and Will Carroll. Published by Will Carroll Co. Although she came from Philadelphia, she had the ways of a New York girl. Lyrics are clever—will probably work up well in the cabarets.

**America, Here's My Boy—**By Arthur Lange and Andrew B. Sterling. Published by Joe Morris Music Co. A patriotic march song that is fairly good.

**In the Old Red School—**By Joe Goodwin and Ted Snyder. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. A pleasing song, with good melody in chorus.

**Someone Else May Be There While I'm Gone—**By Irving Berlin. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. This is rather different from the usual Berlin type. Being used in the cabarets here with good success.



**My Country 'Tis of Thee**—By Milton H. Kohn and Chas. Jacobs. Published by Jos. W. Stern & Co. In my opinion this one does not "bubble over" with originality.

**When the Sun Goes Down In Dixie**—By Chas. McCarron and Albert Von Tilzer. Published by Broadway Music Corporation. Could be improved by less repetition.

**If I Could Call You Mine**—By Chas. E. Hochberg and Leo Halpern. Published by Will Carroll Co. A ballad with pretty waltz rhythm.

**There's Only One Little Girl**—By Geo. M. Cohan. Published by Wm. Jerome. A good number in both words and music.

**Let's All Be Americans Now**—By Irving Berlin, Edgar Leslie and Geo. W. Meyer. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. Here is a patriotic number that is proving popular, but I do not think it glistens with originality, especially in chorus.

**A Study in Black and White**—By Chas. K. Harris and Leo Wood. Published by Chas. K. Harris. Quite a pretty song written in "A" flat.

**The Cute Little Wigglin' Dance**—By Henry Creamer and J. Turner Layton. Published by Broadway Music Corporation. Rather a catchy fox trot that in my opinion is much better in chorus than verse. Will probably work up good in the cabarets.

**Nephews of Uncle Sam**—By Bert Grant and Geo. Graff, Jr. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. Another very patriotic number that is quite catchy. Has a dandy swing when "ragged."

**MUSIC VS. MEALS.**

Dr. Harry D. Kitson of the Chicago University is credited with the statement that music with meals solves the high cost of living problem, especially if it is the right kind of music with the right kind of meals.

"You eat a T-bone steak while the orchestra plays a waltz," said Dr. Kitson. "And next day you hear that waltz and you want another T-bone."

"You'd want it just as bad if it was liver and bacon the waltz had been played to, or hash. So there you have it. Develop your taste for moderate priced food by playing the appetite into yourself with any kind of musical instrument handy."

"Play a banjo for chicken a la Maryland, a jaz band for chop suey and a saxophone for succotash."

Now to go a step further we presume that the playing of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" would call for a Welsh rarebit with plenty of paprika and when the orchestra strikes up "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," it seems to us that an order of Spaghetti dressed with garlic and a side order of Limburger would be very appropriate.

**AN EXPERIENCE.**

By Marcella A. Henry.

That was SOME article by "Dap,"—would like to see more along the same line.

I agree with Mr. Dappert, as I have had a little experience in that line myself, and it is GREAT to play a program with those professional (?) country musicians. I SERVED TIME on a few jobs myself and at rehearsals (with the accent on hearse) we certainly did murder some of the standard works, without a conscience; when there was an engagement we had to meet, to RUN OVER some of the overtures, and we didn't have a twin six to help us either.

The violinist had but three lessons, and was proud of the fact, that he was smart enough to master the fiddle in so short a time. Oh, joy! What sweet melody would gush forth when he would try to slide for high C! Open strings were at a premium, and I often wondered, what in the world he would do, if such a thing would happen, there would be no open strings to saw on.

He was Classic mad, and it would be nothing to have such highbrow stuff as "Jolly Robbers," "William Tell," etc., on the program, and we would get by, with just a four or five piece orchestra, too. One overture we were trying over and we come to a measure's rest, and the initials G. P. were printed there. He being a German, what more natural (when asked what that meant) to say it stood for German Pause.

He had heard Pryor's Band play a march number, and the trombones played the trio as a solo, and of course he thought it would make a hit to put something over, like that—so his brother and cousin who had been playing (?) trombone for a few months, decided to try the march "Thomas Cat." Well, talk about noise! You couldn't hear yourself think! If the Jaz bands of today had heard us, they would have laid their instruments away with envy. That job was enough for me. I was busily engaged elsewhere, when called upon the next time.



DORIS OLIVER.

**WANTS A RAGTIME NATIONAL AIR.**

The Hoquiam Washingtonian finds the high notes of "The Star-Spangled" very difficult, and other patriotic songs unsuitable, and calls for some ambitious composer to write a national anthem that will fit the national temperament; one that everybody can sing. Syncopated music, it is suggested, is about what is needed. Says the Hoquiam newspaper:

"The song best fitting our national temperament, from the musical viewpoint, is 'Dixie,' which will stir enthusiasm even in a Northern audience. It has a rhythmic swing that makes one want to sing or dance.

"A song will need something of that tingling, contagious enthusiasm before an American crowd will sing it with any 'pep.' Ragtime is really the expression of American feeling. The musicians see that there is value in even this despised type of musical notation. Their scientific name for it is syncopation, and the great modern composers make large use of it. It is up to some song writer with a genius for expressing the temperament of a people to produce a patriotic song having a touch of ragtime tingle about it, yet dignified with strong, virile harmony, and with a melody having some animation and impetuous quality."

**FOX TROT AIDS PENMANSHIP.**

It has been discovered that music may be employed successfully as an aid to the teaching of penmanship. Prof. L. M. Rand of the English High School, told the New England Penmanship Association that "teaching penmanship has been very successful under this method."

Professor Rand admits that writing is tedious, and says that music "takes off the fatigue and drudgery of writing letters." He also tells of how he uses "the fox trot, for certain letters," and that "the triple time waltz furnishes an excellent rhythmic guide."

**RAGTIME PREVENTS PANIC.**

When fire broke out in the Hauption factory at Lambeth, Ont., Can., the 180 girl employes were hurriedly assembled on the three floors and before there was a chance of becoming hysterical, one cool headed young lady struck up a popular "rag" song and the others caught up the refrain and marched from the building in good order and without accident.

Word comes from Los Angeles that T. Lawrence Seibert who wrote "Casey Jones" recently died in that city.

**DORIS OLIVER.**

One of the cleverest of rag singers is Doris Oliver, who has recently worked the Tuller, at Detroit; the Hippodrome, in Cleveland, and the Kaiserhof, in Columbus. Miss Oliver is one of the artists who can put over the rag numbers with the right life and action, and yet keeping them so that even the most cultured audiences are continually asking for more.

### PROPER PHOTO-PLAYING.

By M. E. Gregory.

As a suggestion of appropriate music to be played in conjunction with pictures, the following Music Cues are submitted for the special 5 reel Blue Bird feature picture, "The Eagle's Wings."

- 1.—"La Midinette" by Emerich Günsberger (Hamilton S. Gordon) until title "Senator Roger Wright," etc., then,
- 2.—"Frivolity" by Geo. L. Spaulding (Presser) until title "White Plotters Worked" then,
- 3.—"Pathetic Rag" by Christensen (Christensen) until title "Mona. Senator Wright's Daughter," etc., then.
- 4.—"Golden Tresses" by Engelmann (Fischer) until title "A Letter from Senator Wright's Son, etc., then,
- 5.—"Honey Moon Rag" by James Scott (Stark) until title "A Week Later," then,
- 6.—"New York Life" by Ascher (Ascher) until title "Maynard Loses the Support," etc., then,
- 7.—"Lola" by Ascher (Ascher) until Man Tacks Sign, then.
- 8.—"On the Mill Dam" by Bobb (Jacobs) until title "We've Got One of Maynard's," etc., then.
- 9.—"The Persian Patrol" by Frank Sheridan (Franklin) until title "My Firm Has Bought," etc., then,
- 10.—"Behind the Scenes" by Engelmann (Presser) until—Sick-room Scene, then,
- 11.—"A La ben Nimce" by Schuett (McKinley) until title "And Father Has Told Me," etc., then.
- 12.—"National Emblem" by Bagley (Jacobs) until title "Maynard Champions," etc., then,
- 13.—"Valse d'Azure" by Alfred Margis (Schirmer) until Man Opens Letter," then,
- 14.—"The Latin Quarter" by Nathaniel D. Mann (Stern) until title "Brent Takes Richard to the," etc., then,
- 15.—"The Monitor March" by John Unger (United Music Co.) until title "The Senator Reaches Mexico," then,
- 16.—"Cadets' Drill" by Drummheller (Ascher) until "Two Horsemen are Seen," then,
- 17.—"Amazon" by Michaelis (McKinley) until title "I Tell You Mona," etc., then,
- 18.—Repeat "Lola" until title "Suddenly the Silence is Broken," etc., then,
- 19.—"Agitato" (raiding) until "Telegram is Seen, then,
- 20.—Repeat "Lola" until title "Back from the Border," then,
- 21.—"Bella Bocca" by Waldteufel (Jacobs) until title "Let the Light," etc., then,
- 22.—"Mon Soldat" by Louis Payette (Chappell) until title "It Will Take 5 Yrs.," then.
- 23.—"Whispering Waves" Harry J. Lincoln (Vandersloot) until title "The Large Industrial Plants, etc., then,
- 24.—"Our Boys and Girls of California" by

Emil Ascher (Ascher) until title "— And Bored," then,

- 25.—"Boys' Brigade" by Wenrich (Ascher) until title "Our Coast Defense," etc., then,
- 26.—"Palace of Peace" by Vandersloot (Vandersloot) until title "Our Troops Will be Leaving," etc., then,
- 27.—"The Rifle Range" by Lincoln (Vandersloot) until title "The Giant Ships of the Navy," etc., then,
- 28.—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" until title "While Milkcan Factories," etc., then,
- 29.—"The Masked Marvel" by Luban (Luban) until title "Wallace's Industrial Munitions," etc., then,
- 30.—Repeat "Pathetic Rag" until title "The Foreign Agents Realize," etc., then,
- 31.—"Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You" by Morgan (Feist) until title "What the Newspaper Revealed," etc., then,
- 32.—"It's Not Your Nationality" by McCarthy & Johnson (Feist) until "Eagle is Seen," then "Star Spangled Banner" until End.

At Lansing, Mich., the new Empress Theater costing over \$50,000 has just opened. J. M. Neal, the manager announces this new theater will play five acts of vaudeville in addition to the pictures. The vaudeville booking will be the Loew time, —the first invasion of central Michigan territory by the Loew interests. A five piece orchestra has been engaged for the vaudeville numbers while a Hope-Jones pipe organ costing \$11,000 will be used in playing the pictures. The interior decorations are in old ivory and gold making a beautiful effect.

### WILL NEWLAN'S ALL-AMERICANS.

There is at least one hyphen that everyone will stand back of, and that is the title chosen by Will Newlan for his organization of players and singers—Newlan's All-American Entertainers. This company has been playing in Louisville at the Seelbach Hotel, and more recently at Melsheimer's, in St. Louis, with great success. Will F. Newlan was for several years director of the Kilties Band, and had charge of entertainment at the Schlitz Palm Garden for twenty-six weeks, and for nearly that long at the Café Frontenac, in Detroit. The All-American Entertainers present the attractive novelty of a complete show from beginning to end without one bit of trouble to the hotel management.

### TAME MULES BY MUSIC.

The Colorado farmer who gets more milk from his cows by giving them a dash of grand opera and a bit of ragtime on his phonograph is not a pioneer in this novel field of farm efficiency because a G. A. Gage claims to be the first "musical farmer." Gage raises mules and horses. He has a big music box on his farm and he plays band pieces, preferably soothing melodies and waltzes, when he is breaking his mule colts.

"Mules love music," said Gage. "I discovered that ten years ago when I drove Benjamin Harrison—the oneriest old mule you ever saw—to Yuba City, when a brass band was playing.

"The mule had one of his balky, contrary spells that day, and I could hardly do a thing with Benjamin until we got to Yuba City. You'd never believe it if I told you the change just a few band selections made to that animal. From that day until Benjamin's death he was the gentlest, loveliest old mule you ever would want to see.

"That gave me an idea. When I break my mule colts now I always have the phonograph play. It seems to attract the mule's attention from the harness and wagon.

"Horses don't seem to be affected much. But mules are nearer human than horses, anyway."

Gage also avers his chickens like phonograph music, but would not go on record as saying ragtime made the hens lay any more eggs.

On with the drum. Let the dance be unrefined!

University of Chicago students can have a drum, or two or three of them, in orchestras which play for their dances, if they want them. Mariann Talbot, dean of women at the university, said so today.

"I never said that," exclaimed Dean Talbot indignantly. "What I did say is that a drum makes too much noise. The students can have all the drums they want in their orchestras, for all I care."—Chicago American.

# Nothing to do but Love You

Words by  
BESSIE A. MOORE.

Music by  
PAUL NIXON.

Moderato

*mf* *rall.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics range from mezzo-forte (*mf*) to a slight *rallentando* (*rall.*) towards the end.

TILL VOICE

VOICE

Why act so lone-ly, dear - ie? What makes you feel so  
Soon will the bells be ring - ing, Ring-ing for you and

The first vocal line is split into two parts: 'TILL VOICE' and 'VOICE'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

blue? May - be the day's been drear - y,  
me Love-birds will soon be sing - ing,

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a consistent bass line.

May-be I'm lone-ly too,                      Now comes the ev'ning sweet-heart,  
Sing-ing for you and me,                      Each ev'ning by the fire-side,

Let's stroll be-neath the moon,                      Day's work is done a  
With room e-nough for two,                      I'll tell you love's sweet

now dear,                      I've got the time to spoon,  
stor-y,                      That's all I have to do,

## CHORUS.

Noth-ing to do but love you                      There's noth-ing to want but



you, — And there's noth\_ing to care for, noth\_ing to do, — There's

noth\_ing to think of but you you you, There's noth\_ing to do but

wor\_ry, There's nothing to be but blue, — And there's nothing I miss like

you, dear, There's noth\_ing to love but you. —

# The Tantalizer Rag

FRANK S. BUTLER  
*Composer of Thunderbolt Rag*

Moderato

The musical score for "The Tantalizer Rag" is presented in four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked "Moderato".

- System 1:** The first system shows the initial chords and melodic lines. The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.
- System 2:** The second system begins with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody in the treble clef becomes more active with eighth-note patterns, while the bass line continues with chords.
- System 3:** The third system continues the melodic development in the treble clef, featuring some grace notes and slurs. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and occasional eighth notes.
- System 4:** The final system on the page shows the conclusion of the piece, with the treble clef ending on a final chord and the bass line providing a concluding accompaniment.

First system of a piano score. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats. The music includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2' with an '8-measure rest' indicated by a dashed line.

Second system of the piano score, starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The notation continues with various rhythmic patterns and chordal textures.

Third system of the piano score, showing further development of the musical themes with complex rhythmic figures.

Fourth system of the piano score, continuing the melodic and harmonic progression.

Fifth system of the piano score, concluding with a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2' with an '8-measure rest' indicated by a dashed line.

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 key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music features a complex melodic line in the treble with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar melodic complexity in the treble and a more active bass line with some slurs and ties.

Third system of musical notation, showing a shift in texture with more block chords and sustained notes in the treble, while the bass line continues with rhythmic patterns.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a dense texture with many chords and moving lines in both staves. A fermata is present over a note in the treble staff.

TRIO

Fifth system of musical notation, marked 'TRIO'. The texture is lighter, with fewer notes per measure. The bass line has a prominent melodic line with slurs, and the treble staff has chords and some melodic fragments.



First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in 3/4 time and includes a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the first measure. The right hand plays a complex melodic line with many beamed notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The right hand features intricate melodic patterns and the left hand maintains a consistent accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, showing further development of the musical themes. The right hand continues with its complex melodic line, and the left hand provides harmonic support.

Fourth system of musical notation, concluding with a first and second ending. The first ending leads back to an earlier section, and the second ending concludes the system with a final chord and a fermata.

CODA *Brilliantly*  
*ad lib.*

Coda section of musical notation, marked *f* (forte). The right hand plays a series of chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand features a prominent, sustained bass line with long, flowing notes.

# It's a Little Bit of Heaven Far Across the Sea

Words and Music by  
JAMES MCKEE

Arranged by  
N. A. HUMMER

Slow and with expression

I al ways sigh sure when I think of my dear old home sweet home  
The o - cean roars up - on the shores of this lit - tle spot of green

When the sun sinks to its rest it's then my thoughts will  
In my fan - cies I can see the wait - ing sweet col -

roam \_\_\_\_\_ Back to a lit - tle girl who's wait - ing  
leen \_\_\_\_\_ Wait - ing with dear old moth - er on that

## AMONG THE THEATRES

Maurice Cohn, a prominent Chicago violinist has recently taken the leadership of the orchestra at the Princess Theater in Springfield, Ill.

The Empress Theater at Kearney, Neb., have lately installed a large pipe organ. Prof. Chase, formerly with the Muse Theater in Omaha, has been engaged to play the new organ.

The Elko is the name of a new theater recently opened at Bemidji, Minn., and said to be one of the most modern and attractive picture houses in the entire state. The Elko will be managed by Oliver Whaley.

At Sacramento, Cal., Goddard's J Street Theater, said to be the most beautiful photo-play house on the Pacific Coast, has just been opened to the public. A Wurlitzer Unit Organ costing about \$25,000 has been installed. This new theater is not only beautiful in its furnishings but complete in its appointments and will no doubt prove very successful.

E. C. Bostick formerly of Pekin, Ill., is now manager of the largest moving picture theater in Milwaukee, Wis. A pipe organ costing \$25,000 with male quartette attachment has been installed and under the able management of Mr. Bostick the theater has become a splendid success.

E. G. Newman, former manager of the La Salle Theater for three years, and Majestic Theater for six years, at La Salle, Ill., has leased the Orpheum Theater at Clinton, Iowa, and will run feature pictures the first half, and high class vaudeville and productions the last half of the week. Mr. Newman is an old time performer and understands the show business from A to Z.

Dainty Dale Winter who sings at Colosimo's and was recently the storm center in Rev. J. P. Brushingham's church, entertained about 600 members of the Hobo fraternity a few nights ago. Miss Winter appeared at the headquarters of the 'Bos at 917 W. Washington St. and sang several selections in her usual charming manner and to the great appreciation of her audience as shown by the rising vote of thanks tendered her on conclusion of recital.

Miss Nora Bayes, always a great favorite among Chicago audiences is making a big hit at the La Salle in her original entertainment, "Songs As Is and Songs As Was."



— FERNE MEDLEY.

Ferne Medley has finished a long engagement in Columbus and is now in Chicago, after a trip that included a good engagement as the feature soprano at Cicardi's Gardens and engagements in Cincinnati, Detroit and elsewhere. Miss Medley is easily one of the head liners in hotel work and has a voice of prima donna quality. She is one who will be heard from within the next few years in the better class of work, concert and opera, as her voice is one of the best, and in training there is no criticism. Her work has come to the point where she is fitted for the big things, and as she also carries the personality that pleases a great future is sure to be the reward for this petite artist.

The Princess Theater at Sioux City, Iowa, has been opened as a photo-play house under the management of Mr. J. Schlank, formerly of Kansas City and Omaha. The Princess has been entirely re-decorated and a new \$10,000 pipe organ installed. In addition there is a 7-piece orchestra under the direction of Joe Ryan.

At St. Johns, Mich., the Vaudette Theater has been purchased by E. G. Wilson and Carl Atkinson. New scenery, curtains, drops, etc., have been put in and many other improvements are contemplated.

The Princess Theater at Macomb, Ill., has been purchased by Miss Esther Pennington and Fred Miller. It is stated that Miss Pennington will continue to play the organ as well as participate in the management.

Edwin A. Saether and James Dwan have taken over the management of the Caldwell Theater at St. Joseph, Mich. A new pipe organ is to be installed as soon as other improvements now under way are completed.

## "THE UKULELE" GUITAR AND MANDOLIN.

By Ada Rogers.

It has been eight years since the Hawaiian entertainers made their first American tour and introduced the Ukulele to the American music lovers, and as the Hawaiians are a good tempered, music loving race this nature is truly expressed with the happy little ukulele.

No instrument has come into popularity more rapidly, and the Americans are appreciating the possibilities of this instrument.

In the Hawaiian orchestra the ukulele takes the place of the drums, while it has a perfect scale and much can be accomplished in the study of melody.

The guitar being originally a Spanish instrument, was introduced to the Hawaiians by Spanish traders in historical days.

The Hawaiians have originated a style of playing by the use of a steel bar.

The beauty of the Spanish guitar is the Spanish tuning with which a scale of beautiful harmonics can be produced.

The mandolin has its characteristics in the tremolo, and a similar tone which is produced on the Hawaiian guitar by the use of the steel bar can be produced with the fingers on the mandolin.

A new Wurlitzer orchestra organ has been installed in the Imp. Theater at Uniontown, Pa. The organ has mandolin attachment and plays flutes, violins, drums, triangle, electric bells and other instruments. It is about the most complete musical instrument in the city.

Mr. C. Vance has assumed the management of the Grand Theater at Taylorville, Ill., and announces the engagement of Miss Hazel Holston of Streator as pianist while Mr. Will Stemler will handle the drums. It is safe to say that the present popularity of the Grand will increase under the able management of Mr. Vance.

From O'Keene, Okla., comes word that F. M. Guild, manager of the Majestic Theater, has just installed a fine up-to-date Wurlitzer electric orchestra and now furnishes the best and most up-to-date music for his patrons along with the high class pictures he is showing. The management certainly deserves a good patronage as an appreciation of his efforts to give the people of O'Keene the best to be had in the way of a picture show.

While playing the Orpheum Theater at Omaha some time ago, Hirschel Hendlar, styled as the "poet of the piano" let the audience decide whether he should play popular or classical music and the vote stood over three to one for ragtime.



The Winter Garden is taxing its capacity nightly, and patrons contend that "Sherri's Revue" is the best restaurant show ever staged in the loop.

At the Edelweiss Gardens, Mlle. V. Franchelli has scored one of the hits of the season with her new and striking dances including the "Moorish Slave Dance," "Dream Dance," "Minute Waltz" and others.

At the Bismarck Hotel and Bismarck Gardens there is some change in the program. In the Berlin room, Mr. and Mrs. Hume are seen in a whirlwind singing and dancing act. At the Gardens, Joy Gardner and A. Patton Gibbs continue to thrill the crowds. Miss Grace Humphrey in Hawaiian dances, leads the list of entertainers. Program is under direction of Edward Beck, whose revue has placed him well up in the front ranks of Chicago amusement producers.

At the Maryland, in St. Louis, the Musical Revue Company will offer most tuneful numbers from "The Tenderfoot." Arlie Appler and Vallerie Beck will appear in "Where the Brown-Eyed Susans Grow." Appler will also appear with Miss Merle Hartwell in the song and dance duet, "Have a Heart," from the Ziegfeld Follies. Other numbers will be "What's In the Air To-

day?" "Tamo" and the usual solo, duet and quartet numbers.

At McTague's there are some changes. New faces to be seen with the company are Madge Rush, premier danseuse, and Helen Lynn, soprano. Miss Rush returns to McTague's from a season's tour of the vaudeville theaters, and Miss Lynn comes from Chicago, where she has been appearing in her song specialties. The concerted number for the week will be "Cowboy," which will be offered in cowboy costume. Arthur Klein, baritone, will be heard in operatic and popular numbers, and other members of the McTague company will appear in solo, duet, trio and quartette song and song and dance numbers.

At Melsheimer's, in St. Louis, the Chicago Lyrics give way to Newlan's All-American entertainers coming direct from a long engagement at the Seelbach Hotel, in Louisville. The personnel of the company is William Newlan, saxophone soloist; Miss Edna Werner, soprano; Miss Essie Waverly, pianiste and flute soloist; H. J. Geiss, violinist, and George Egner, drums and xylophone soloist. The program will consist of instrumental and vocal numbers. There are five other acts on Melsheimer's bill.

We learn that cabaret entertainment in Minneapolis is to be "toned down." Some

complaints are said to have been made regarding the extent of the elaborate entertainment features and "big shows" employed by certain establishments for the purpose of increasing patronage. Just how much of this will be allowed to continue is said to be the object of the police department's investigation. Cabarets were limited to an orchestra and four singers for each cafe about a year ago, when the "lid" was clamped down by former Mayor W. G. Nye.

Fay Templeton, of "So Long Mary" fame, recently appeared at the Palace and scored a decided hit. Miss Templeton has added a blackface turn to her repertoire which is a scream.

H. J. Tremaine, manager of the Dyckman Hotel, in Minneapolis, has been in town recently "looking them over." He is still on the outlook for feature attractions and manages to keep a live show that is the biggest in Minneapolis, at the same time keeping up the standard of elegance for which the Dyckman is becoming famous.

The Chicago Lyrics, under the direction of Earl McConnell, now playing at the Magnolia Gardens, Louisville, is one of the top notchers among the so-called combinations of playing and singing artists. They present the orchestra numbers better than the average high class hotel orchestra and put on solos, duos, trios, quartets and quintets, vocal and instrumental. This new organization had a record breaking run at Melsheimer's, in St. Louis, where they played for months.

At the Frontenac in Detroit, the Collins European wonders, are on as a dancing feature. In their line of work this team is fully entitled to the hackneyed title "incomparable," for where can you find their like? Lately they have added costume dances to their repertoire, and at present are making their Hawaiian dance go, without either the "Hula Hula" or "Shredded" wheat effects.

Fern Medley, soprano, a belle from South Dakota, has charmed the public in Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit and now in Minneapolis. She is making a record hit wherever she appears and, although a beginner in the hotel work, has yet to have her engagement limited to the time of its original contract.

One of the main features of the New Isis theater at Lynchburg, Va., is a pipe organ that the management has installed.

A motor on the stage in the rear of the screen will both operate the pipe organ and the new ventilating system that has been constructed in the theater.

Mr. C. A. Goebel, the manager, announced that his program will consist of the leading feature plays of the day.

Buhl, Idaho, is to have a new motion picture house to be known as the Fox Theater and to be managed by Mr. N. Neilson.



**BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC.**

By Bernard B. Brin.

On of my assistants \* \* \* \*  
 Is a young lady \* \* \* \*  
 Who in the mornings \* \* \* \*  
 Is a fair co-ed \* \* \* \*  
 And in the afternoons \* \* \* \*  
 And evenings \* \* \* \*  
 A very busy \* \* \* \*  
 Ragtime teacher \* \* \* \*  
 Her musical accomplishments \* \* \* \*  
 Along with her. \* \* \* \*  
 Charming personality \* \* \* \*  
 And other things \* \* \* \*  
 Have naturally made her \* \* \* \*  
 Very popular \* \* \* \*  
 Now to continue— \* \* \* \*  
 Numerous university dances \* \* \* \*  
 And other social functions \* \* \* \*  
 Are being given \* \* \* \*  
 Very often \* \* \* \*  
 And every time \* \* \* \*  
 One of these affairs \* \* \* \*  
 Come along \* \* \* \*  
 The telephone \* \* \* \*  
 Starts ringing \* \* \* \*  
 And she gets \* \* \* \*  
 Bids galore \* \* \* \*  
 For each \* \* \* \*  
 And every affair \* \* \* \*  
 And I don't \* \* \* \*  
 Like the idea \* \* \* \*  
 Of mixing \* \* \* \*  
 Business with pleasure \* \* \* \*  
 As the phone rings \* \* \* \*  
 Enough anyway; \* \* \* \*  
 However I couldn't



RUTH NOBLE,  
 Contralto.

Ruth Noble is a contralto of wonderful attainments who has recently made her appearance in hotel and club work. Her personality is pleasing and when she is presenting the lightest of ballads the charm is quite as evident as when she is putting over the big operatic arias.

Help but noticing \* \* \* \*  
 That usually \* \* \* \*  
 The day following \* \* \* \*  
 Each affair \* \* \* \*  
 Two or three fellows \* \* \* \*  
 Drop in \* \* \* \*  
 And ask for \* \* \* \*  
 Miss Kuepferle \* \* \* \*  
 (I didn't mean \* \* \* \*  
 To mention her name) \* \* \* \*  
 And want to \* \* \* \*  
 Start in \* \* \* \*  
 Taking ragtime lessons \* \* \* \*  
 This has been \* \* \* \*  
 Keeping up \* \* \* \*  
 For some time past. \* \* \* \*  
 Funny isn't it \* \* \* \*  
 How our ideas change? \* \* \* \*  
 As I said before \* \* \* \*  
 I was quite averse

To mixing pleasure \* \* \* \*  
 With business \* \* \* \*  
 And getting peeved \* \* \* \*  
 At those telephone \* \* \* \*  
 Interruptions \* \* \* \*  
 By young men \* \* \* \*  
 Who wish to \* \* \* \*  
 Honor themselves \* \* \* \*  
 With the \* \* \* \*  
 Young lady's company \* \* \* \*  
 But who eventually \* \* \* \*  
 Take ragtime lessons. \* \* \* \*  
 So I have \* \* \* \*  
 Fully resolved \* \* \* \*  
 That in the future \* \* \* \*  
 When these young men \* \* \* \*  
 Call up \* \* \* \*  
 To extend invitations \* \* \* \*  
 To dances and parties \* \* \* \*  
 It is no longer pleasure \* \* \* \*  
 It's BUSINESS! \* \* \* \*  
 I THANK YOU.

Don't over-look this high class number?  
**"Goodbye My Dear Old G.O.P."**  
 Most sensational political song hit  
 ever written.

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 Buck Dance Rag.

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 4655 Sheridan Road Chicago, Ill

## SOME SIDELIGHTS.

By Dap.

Benny Davis, the tuba player, tells me this one:

"I went over to the village of Buckeye to examine a second-hand tuba, intending to buy the instrument if it was in as good condition as the owner had said it was.

"The fellow showed me the horn. I took it and tried to run a little chromatic to get an idea of the tone of the instrument, but I found one of the valves completely to the bad. 'What's the matter with this third valve,' I asked, 'why won't it work?'"

"'Oh, somebody plugged it with chewing gum. It really doesn't matter though, a guy never uses it much, anyway,' the owner replied."

I stepped into a piano store the other day, and while waiting for the manager, I happened to overhear the conversation between one of the salesmen and a prospective customer. The lady was examining a second hand piano, and presently she turned around and asked the salesman, "What makes these piano keys so pink? Ivory should be white, not pink. These keys are surely nothing but a celluloid imitation."

Salesman replied carelessly, "Oh, don't let that worry you. Those are genuine ivory keys. You see, these ivory hunters, after they kill the elephants, saw off the tusks. Now in this case, they must have cut too close to the quick. That's why this ivory is colored, it's a little bloody! But it's genuine 18-carat ivory, nevertheless."

Heard in a movie theater—

"I got Charlie Chaplin's walk the other night."

"How did you get it?"

"Went over in front of his house and took it."

Edgar Adams, the well-known violinist, told me this one:

"An old seedy looking backwoodsman was in town shopping. Under his arm he proudly lugged a violin case. He stepped into 'Ikey's' Clothing Store and informed them that he was considering the purchase of a rubber collar and a patent adjustable necktie. Ikey made the sale, and inquired, 'Fiddler?'"

"'You can just bet your life,' the hick answered.

"'Fiddle much?'"

"'Tolerable.'"

"'Nice case you got.'"

"'Darn right! I us'ter carry my fiddle any ole way, but I calculated as to how I oughter have a nice case for such a valubul fiddle, so 'bout three weeks ago I bought this 'un. I us'ter have to tune up the strings 'bout once a week—they'd get so gol-danged loose and 'ud rattle 'gainst the finger board,—but since I got this 'ere case, I haven't had to tune the strings at all, no not nary a time. And those air strings are just as tight as they were when I bought the case three weeks ago,' and he took the fiddle and sawed away on 'Irish Washerwoman.'"

When I first made my debut in the music world, I was the proud possessor of a little eight-keyed wooden flute. A bunch of old time musicians gave me the glad hand sign of welcome, and made me a member of their orchestra. This orchestra consisted of five "never-was-ses" of which I was the juvenile member.

Those rehearsals we had! Those weird blue chords we used to play! Those discordant crashes! It's a wonder the gentle (?) public didn't tar and feather us and exile us from the city.

One day we were practicing on a "double

number," that is, a piece of music with one composition on one side, and another one on the opposite side of the sheet.

We finished the piece, and the leader remarked, "Boys, we sure are getting along fine. Now that piece 'Dragon Fly March' we played better than the opera house orchestra could hope to play it. If we just keep on practicing, we will soon—"

"Oh," the trombonist interrupted, "were you fellows playing 'Dragon Fly March?' I was playing the piece on the other side—'Frolics of Fancy!'"

Another time the same orchestra was struggling with a classical selection, which for convenience of the players, was stationed off in four sections, A, B, C and D, respectively.

The cornet player tuned his horn in "A" when we started the piece. When we reached station "B," he made a quick change to the key of B-flat. Pretty soon we reached station "C" and the cornetist grabbed his C-shank and tuned to the key of C. Finally we reached station "D," but the cornetist was nonplussed: "Well I'll be d—d," he cried, "I've heard of cornets being tuned to "A," to "B" and to "C," but who the h—l ever heard of a cornet being tuned to "D."

None of the musicians had ever heard of a cornet in "D," so they promptly ditched the composition, with some very caustic remarks relating to the ability of the arranger.

If I don't receive an infernal dynamite bomb by parcel post, I will probably be with you again next month.

Wish that some of you other musicians would send in some anecdotes like the one Prof. Hans Mettke sent last month.

I believe it is a good thing to consider the humorous side of the music game as well as the serious and practical side.

Get busy, ye faithful scribes!

## AND STILL THEY FALL!

By a Fellow Who Knows the "Game."

A fellow wrote a song, one day,  
About the bright lights of Broadway,  
(His friends all told him it would make a hit)

"A Fool There Was."

So, to a publisher he went  
And met a nice old smiling gent,  
Who told him he would sure look over it:  
"The same old tale."

Next week the song came back to him,  
(But this chap was a "Sunny Jim"  
And very optimistic, I declare);

"Most of them are."

So to another pub. went he  
And said "I think that you'll agree  
That this song I have here is sure some  
bear;

"SOME song was this."

The pub. looked at him—icy like,  
And said, "young man, when you can strike  
A publisher with small time talk like that,  
You'll find a man who doesn't know

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One Year	\$1.00
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Name.....

Address.....

A thing about a song and so,  
You're losing time here—Johnny, get his hat!

"That's what he said."  
Now this song writer, he was young,  
And so for many days he hung  
Around the publishers to "place" his song;  
"They couldn't kill him."

Each one of them gave him advice,  
Which should have made this chap think twice,

But then—HE thought that they all had him wrong:

"They all think that."  
In ev'ry place they turned him down,  
When o'er his manuscript they'd frown,  
Until, discouraged, to his home he turned,  
"With 'hit' in hand,"

And to his friends—to them sez he:  
"There's no chance for a chap like me."  
And then and there—his manuscript he burned!!

"And paper high."  
To honest toil once more he bent,  
On writing songs, no time he spent,  
For many months he toiled and saved his dough;

"Two hundred bucks."  
Until—one day he changed to see  
An ad, which read, "On ROYALTY  
We'll PUBLISH, and give all your songs  
a show"

"T'was clever, eh?"  
"Aha!" he said—"Ho ho" laughed he,  
Here is my opportunity,  
To have my songs around the country rage,  
"They'll rage all right,"

At last I'll get them into print  
And then I'll drop my friends the hint  
To go and hear them sung upon the stage."  
"Too bad! Too bad!!"

Poor fellow! Little did he guess  
What lay in store for him! O' yes,  
He wrote a song and mailed it that same night,

"By special, too!"  
Back came their letter—it was great,  
They said they wouldn't hesitate  
To publish it because it was all right!  
"Some Bull! eh boy?"

But—(gentle reader, here's the rub,  
The chap I speak of was a dub  
And didn't know a fakir from a horse)  
"None of 'em do."

Although they thought the song immense,  
They asked that he pay the expense  
Of just the first edition—then, of course,  
On every copy sold they'd pay  
Him royalties quite high—and say,  
He fell for it, just like a poor boob would,  
"There's one born ev'ry minute."

And sent them all the coin he had,  
And so, they caught another sucker, good.  
"They've caught a lot."

Some time elapsed—and then, one day,  
His song came out—he felt quite gay,  
His name in letters bold on title page:  
"In two inch type."

With pride he showed it to each friend  
Of glory, he received no end,

And for a while, he was the home town  
rage,

"At times, they are."  
A year or so passed quickly by,  
No royalties to him came nigh,  
He wrote his publishers to send a check,  
"And send it quick."

Their answer came: "You're song we've  
quit,

Because it hasn't made a hit"  
And then he knew HE GOT IT IN THE  
NECK!!!

"That's all—good-bye."

Dear Ed. I. Tor:  
Submitted at your regular rates. What'll  
I get? Ten years?

"Keep Smiling 1916" the musical revue, at  
the New Morrison Hotel, Chicago, is proving  
a strong attraction. The "Good-night" num-  
ber, sung by Miss Leslie and a chorus of six  
pretty girls, is one of the hits of the show.

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Dear Sir—I enclose a dollar for which send me the  
"Ragtime Review" for one year.  
Yours truly,  
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# NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Hello, Bunch,—please understand  
I'm holding out a welcome hand  
Of greeting to you all.  
This ragtime business sure is great,  
I'm sorry I got started late;  
But watch me when it comes along to Fall.

The effete East it sure does seem  
(From articles by Bob Marine  
And Bessie Leithmann, too),  
Have not allowed their polished ways  
To interfere with "ragtime craze" (?)  
They're human,—strange, but true.

Now Jackson in the Sunny Clime  
And J. For Rest, who writes in rhyme,  
Are busy as can be  
A' teaching ragtime all the while,  
The music that brings out the smile  
And fills the heart with glee.

The Golden West is right in line,  
What they want there is real ragtime,  
States breezy Bernard Brin,  
Jess Parker testifies it's true,  
So does Kaufmann and Gleason, too,  
So let the statement in.

Marcella Henry and Charlotte Light  
Are teaching ragtime day and night,  
And Schulte,—he's a bear,  
Miss Clement and Miss Yeager, too,  
Are members of this teaching crew;  
Also J. Schwartz, who's East somewhere.

There may be other teachers, too,  
That I've not met, because I'm new,  
But whether near or far,  
Here's good luck in this little ditty,  
Best wishes from Oklahoma City,  
And this includes the "Czar."

NELLIE CHAPMAN.

"Last month the Studio man asked the members of the Studio Bunch to 'push over a little' and let me in, and then suggested I make a little speech. Presuming I have been elected to membership and that a speech is now in order, let me say that I am sure that I am a

better ragtime teacher than I am a speech-maker. I am glad to be a member of the Studio Bunch, and will be glad to show my appreciation and let you know how I am getting along through little articles to appear in this department from time to time. I have a nice class of pupils now, and they certainly must be satisfied with the way they are getting along, as they are bringing in their friends and relatives to take up a course of lessons. If a new member is allowed to make a suggestion then I would like to ask those who have been long established in the teaching of ragtime to contribute articles to Studio Notes dealing with their experiences and methods, and which I believe would be of great benefit to new members. Especially would I like to see a long article from Marcella Henry, Hattie Smith, J. For-Rest Thompson, as well as others. Again thanking you for the privilege accorded me and with best wishes for the continued success of you all. I am,

IZZORA WEBSTER.

(Very good suggestion: Probably we will have an article from Miss Henry as well as J. For-Rest next month, but Hattie Smith—it is like pulling teeth to get an article from Hattie, and just to think I bought that charming young lady a big 35 cent meal just a short time ago,—some people don't appreciate anything.—Ed.)

"I wish to make the second ragtime movement that J. For-Rest Thompson be nominated as Poet Laureate, as it seems he can put over more poetic art than any of the other members of our Studio Bunch.

"I want to congratulate you on the improvement shown in the Review, as it seems to be getting better each month, and if all of the teachers would send in a few lines for each issue, detailing their experiences, plans, ideas, etc., our Studio corner would be of great benefit to us all, and especially to our new members, as they came into the fold. (As usual, Miss Henry, you are correct—Ed.) I also think it would be a great help to all concerned if the different teachers of ragtime

could arrange to meet each year,—in other words hold a 'Ragtime Convention.'

"Another one of my pupils (Miss Marie Hyler) has taken a position in a movie theatre at Depue, Ill. In fact, I have been quite successful in my pupils securing good positions shortly after finishing the Course.

"Next Fall will be my third Season teaching this system of ragtime piano playing, and it is as great a pleasure to me as to my pupils. I expect the coming term to be the best yet, and have my eye on several nearby towns for branches a little later on."

MARCELLA A. HENRY.

Miss Florence Moore, the well-known prima donna and featured as a headliner over the Pantages circuit, has just finished her tour and returned to her home in Seattle, and is now taking lessons in real ragtime at the School of Bernard Brin.

Miss Babe Ross enjoys the honor of having received the greatest ovation ever given any high-school student at the Kent High School, Kent, Wash., when on Washington's birthday she was called on for a piano solo. To be in keeping with the occasion, Miss Ross played *Marching Through Georgia* with the melody in the left hand, using a ragtime variation with the right. Miss Ross, who is both charming and popular, plays in one of the local moving picture theatres in the evenings, and last, but not least, is taking ragtime lessons from Bernard Brin.

The many friends and acquaintances of Chas. Schultz will be glad to learn of his advancement.—Charlie having been placed in charge of a school for teaching real ragtime in Milwaukee, Wis. We look to see Charlie make a big success, as he has plenty of ability and energy combined with courtesy. Good luck Charlie.

"I am very much pleased with the little notice given me in Studio Notes last month, and thank you for the kind reception which makes me feel at home again and friends with all the other teachers of real ragtime. My old scholars seem glad to see me and from the enthusiasm shown by new pupils being enrolled every day I am sure it will only be a short time until we have a large class in Kansas City. I want to extend the glad hand of fellowship to all of the teachers of ragtime—I want to tell them what pleasure it gives me to read their articles in the Review from month to month and to assure them that they can expect to hear from me regularly in this department."

MABEL ROGERS.

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Catch on to the picture the camera caught,  
Now whether it's in the weather or not  
We really don't know, that's a fact;  
But he rags in rhythm and rages in rhyme,  
Surely signifying a syncopated mind.  
And an intellect, intellectually intact.

Below is the verse of this versatile cuss  
Printed exactly as it reached us;  
Decide for yourself which is better.  
The signature reads from "J. For-Rest  
The guy without any sleeves in his vest"  
"I'll leave it to you," says the editor.

**"THE INNOCENT LITTLE WISE GIRL."**

By J. Forrest Thompson.

She had a cute little foot  
And she knew how to dress it.  
But the mean old boys looked,  
Then wouldn't confess it.

She says to herself, to fool those galoots  
I know what I'll do,  
I'll wear short skirts and high boots  
Then see what they'll do.

The first day she wore 'em,  
I'm tellin' you it's a fact,  
She got candy and flowers  
And proposals by the stack.

I remember one instance in my student days  
I think is worth mentioning. During my lesson  
I persisted in striking the wrong key—  
I was striking A flat instead of A.

My professor, thoroughly disgusted with my  
carelessness, said to me "A half tone lower  
than A may be A flat, but that's no reason  
you should want to dwell there forever.

**"CRUEL WORDS."**

A friend of mine asked me when and where  
I found time to write for the Review.  
I replied very politely: "My good friend,  
I write most of my stuff in bed."  
He said: "Well' you should be in jail."

Dear Editor:—

The Honor you bestow as  
Poet Laureate is immense,  
But I trust at my writings  
You will not take offense.

Here's luck to our New Members  
Mentioned in March Review,  
Miss Webster, Miss Yeager,  
And Miss Chapman, You, too.

J. FORREST THOMPSON.

Well, what shall I say in acknowledging my  
introduction to the Studio Bunch? Probably  
I should first thank the Editor (which I do)  
and then I want to say to all of you collec-

tively that I am glad to be one of your number, and in the future I will endeavor to show this by writing little articles from time to time dealing with little experiences that come up in my work. From the number of calls and inquiries I am receiving day by day, I am sure that ragtime in Minneapolis is as popular and as much desired as in other sections of the country. My pupils are surprised at the progress they are making after a few lessons, and it is a real pleasure to teach this method. I intend to be a close reader of Studio Notes, as I am sure that I can profit by reading the experiences of longer established teachers. With best wishes for the splendid success of you all, I am,

BESSIE YEAGER.

**(FIRST APPEARANCE.)**

*"Dear Club Members and Readers of the Review:*

"As you know new members haven't been in the habit of appearing in public, so at this time do not expect too much from me. However, our school in St. Paul, which is only six weeks old, is doing very nicely. Our membership at this time is very good. Owing to the fact that our school was opened during the 'St. Paul Sports Carnival' week, prospective pupils at that time were either broke or badly bent, but since then they have recovered and are coming fine. The pupils seem to be delighted with their work, many of them taking two lessons each week. Our school must be making an impression on the public, as only yesterday a committee from a dancing club called at our studio, inquiring if we could furnish a good ragtime piano player. Sorry to say we could not, but by the advancement that some of our pupils are making, in a few months, we can furnish for most any occasion a real ragtime pianist.

"Thanking you for your kind attention I'll bid you all adieu and leave space for the other new members of our club."

IZZORA WEBSTER.

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The Christensen System of teaching ragtime was established in 1903, and the first instruction book published and copyrighted in 1904. We have never seen or heard of any ragtime instruction book that was in existence or copyrighted previous to 1903.  
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