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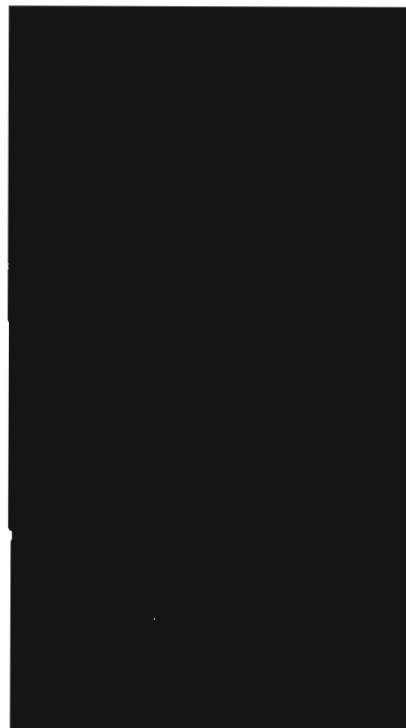
THE

A DOLLAR A YEAR

# RAGTIME REVIEW

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BY THE CHRISTENSEN SCHOOL OF POPULAR MUSIC OF CHICAGO



LUXANNE  
Lyric Dancer  
(See page 8)

Great Stories, New Music  
Review, News of Theaters,  
Studios, Organs and Or-  
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# RAG-TIME REVIEW

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

Vol. 3

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 9

## WANTED—A MODEL

By PETER FRANK MEYER

Author of "The Taming of Bad Buck Wendell," "The Sex Problem," "My Dream Girl," "Fires of Hell," "Mr. Martha Coleby, Press Agent," Etc.

(How a lovely popular Music teacher in Gay Paris supplied the missing want)

Jean Bertrol, painter, illustrator and sketch artist, stood at the open window of the little office room that adjoined his handsome studio and gazed plaintively at the scurrying throngs in the street below.

To begin with, he was not accustomed to inactivity, and even before his marriage to pretty Leloise De Artsan, his career, if it could be called that, had been a perpetual whirl of boundless action. To the nervous, high-spirited nature of Jean Bertrol unceasing labor of the most exhausting kind was an efficacious tonic, and recreation was unspeakably incompatible. Therefore it was not surprising that he had plunged into a half dozen branches of art work within three years and emerged with commendable results; nor was it considered extraordinary that he had married the daughter of a financially potent wine dealer, and finally established himself in a luxurious studio that was located in the heart of a select corner of Paris.

Though Jean possessed versatility to a degree which was above reproach, he decided (when he had opened his studio the previous week) to specialize on commercial work. But since the day his name appeared in gilded letters on the studio office door his sole specialty consisted of dolefully staring at the passing crowds from the window, bitterly lamenting his inability to secure even promising replies from the prospective customers his opening announcements had been mailed to.

Every morning for the past week Jean had walked into the office at nine o'clock sharp, his heart pounding expectantly, and each morning he had been confronted with the same heart-rending aspects; not a single caller and no replies to his circulars. Really, had it not been for Leloise he might have gone mad. Goodness knows, his adorable Leloise had been an inexhaustible source of consolation to him this detestable week.

Each evening he came from the studio, a pitiful figure of depression, and poured out his misery to his wife. She never failed to caress and cajole him until his despondency was temporarily banished, but invariably the process would have to be repeated next day.

"Ah, Jean," she would say, cuddling on his knee and running her little white fingers through his hair, "do not allow yourself to sink into such an unreasonable state of woe. You have nothing to worry about, my own. You have a generous competence from the estate your father willed to you, and papa has provided amply for me. Why waste your time in needless worry, you foolish boy?"

"But that is not the point, my dear," would

be his protesting reply. "It is not a monetary question, Leloise, it is a matter of pride and ambition. I shall be regarded as an object of ridicule; an artist with a studio and nothing to paint!" and he would throw up his hands in horror.

Leloise knew it would be useless to suggest that he abandon the commercial work temporarily and take up art painting instead, for she had proposed that several times and on each occasion had been sternly rebuked. So with admirable patience she would alleviate his fears, and usually, when Jean started for his studio the next morning, his spirits were somewhat hopeful. But he would always return at the close of the day, gloomy, morose and irritable.

On this morning Jean pondered over his predicament almost despairingly as he watched the busy pedestrians from the window. To be sure, as a last resort he could procure a model and devote his time to the more artistic painting, but his heart and soul were wrapped up in commercial work, and he felt that such a step would be an acknowledgment of incompetency on his part. The Bertrols were a proud family and his sensitiveness was hereditary. The numerous specimens of his work, he reasoned, which had been sent out earlier, were worthy of the attention of at

least a half dozen reputable concerns. Then why had their been no responses? What was the difficulty? Why was it that—

A knock at the door startled him. He was certain that his ears had deceived him. For a moment he hesitated, as if to make sure, and when the tap was repeated he strode to the door and opened it.

A tall, white bearded man, of aristocratic bearing and stately dignity, stood before him. One glance would have assured the most captious observer that he was a person of importance. Jean noted that as he faced the stranger with an inquiring look.

"Monsieur Bertrol?"

The tone was one of extreme refinement.

"At your service, Monsieur," replied Jean, bowing obsequiously.

The stranger drew a small card from his waistcoat pocket and extended it. Jean took the neatly engraved pasteboard, and as he read the name it bore an expression of blank amazement crept into his patrician face. Was it possible? Was he dreaming? He blinked and rubbed his eyes, for his visitor was none other than Philippe Carvallis, the eminent managing director of the Dalais Empoir, the most palatial lingerie and corset shop in Paris! Tremulously he ushered his distinguished visitor into the office and placed a chair for him. Why in the world had a man of such importance honored him with a visit? He seated himself before the other, and it was only by a supreme effort that he managed to control his excitement.

Monsieur Carvallis gracefully removed his gloves, placed them in an outer coat pocket and leaned forward in his chair, his hands clasped over the head of an elegant walking stick. His manner was a compatible blending of courtesy, dignity and authority. He regarded Bertrol curiously and cleared his throat.

"Monsieur Bertrol," he began, in a deep, commanding voice, "you were recommended to me by our mutual friend, Louis Fontaine, of the Salon Des Beaux-Arts. Louis is a very intimate friend of mine and the commendation he bestowed upon your work was the incentive for my visit here this morning."

Nervously, but with a feeling of elation he could not repress, Jean stuck his hands in his pockets and shifted his feet.

"You are undoubtedly familiar with the advertisements of the Dalais Empoir, and the means employed in producing our publicity campaigns."

Though there was not the least trace of an



MARIE LE CLAIRE  
The Melba of Vaudeville

interrogative inflection in Carvallis' voice, he looked at Jean inquiringly.

"Well, er-y-yes, from the standpoint of an outsider."

"Then you probably know," continued Carvallis, "that each and every advertising campaign is planned and prepared, down to the smallest detail, by myself, and is produced under my personal supervision. In coming to the point, it might be well to add that the advertising literature of the Dalais Empoir is beyond criticism—that is, so far as copy alone is concerned."

To Jean, who had long been an ardent admirer of the advertising campaigns of the Dalais Empoir, the literature seemed worthy of the highest approbation, and he had never noticed anything in the advertisements that might have drawn criticism from the public. But he did not give expression to his opinion. He felt that it would be very indiscreet to do so at this time.

"Perhaps you have perceived, Monsieur Bertrol," went on Carvallis, "a salient defect in our illustrative displays. Even casual observers, unfamiliar with the intricacies of advertising, have detected weaknesses in our illustrated booklets and announcements, and have commented upon them. A month ago we decided to look into the matter and prepare plans to remedy the imperfections. We felt that it was a matter to which the most serious consideration had to be given."

This was something of a revelation to Jean. He had never imagined that the illustrated publicity of the Dalais Empoir had been subject to unfavorable comment. In his natural love for the artistic, potential defects in the public announcements of the famous lingerie shop had escaped his usually keen discernment. Monsieur Carvallis continued:

"There is nothing wrong with the printing and the work of all the other departments is up to the standard we require. Our analysis of the problem convinced us that the weaknesses were, entirely due to an inefficient staff of artists, or commercial illustrators. It divulged that the artists in our employ were either deplorably incapable, or unfeasibly devoted to art for art's sake, instead of salesmanship art. Most of our illustrators permitted their vivid imaginations to run away

with their practical senses, and as a result, they produced work which did not depict our commodities as they should be pictured. They were striving for artistic effect; we desired work which was true to form. Monsieur Bertrol, we want the lingerie and corsets we sell to be portrayed vividly, true to life, as they really are! We are not seeking the type of illustrating that merely draws artistic admiration. That sort of work entertains, but does not sell. You, Monsieur Bertrol, were recommended to me as the man who could plan, prepare and produce illustrated publicity that sells. Do you think you would care to assume charge of our illustrating department?"

Had Carvallis asked Jean if he would be reluctant about accepting the office of president the latter could not have displayed greater excitement. Jean almost jumped out of his chair in his wild emotion.

"Monsieur Carvallis!" he cried ecstatically. "try me! Just try me and see if I would care to."

"Then," said Carvallis, with a complacent smile, "listen to me. We have complete plans for the printing of a magnificent booklet, which is to be sent to a select list of the most fashionable women in Paris and Havre. I want you to prepare the cover painting, which will depict a beautiful woman of culture and means in her boudoir, attired in the exquisite lingerie we are offering to women of the upper classes. You may call at my office tomorrow morning for the details regarding the model, the lingerie and the setting. The effects, which we shall expect you to work up yourself must be in perfect congruity with the subject, and the treatment must be delicate, yet potent. In conclusion, Monsieur Bertrol, let me add that if you succeed, all the illustrating pertaining to the Dalais Empoir publicity shall be placed in your hands."

Carvallis arose and extended his hand to the delighted Jean.

"Then, till tomorrow, au revoir," he said, and when the door had closed Jean gave vent to his joy in a dance that would have done credit to a ballet pony.

If he was jubilant at his good fortune, it would be hard to describe the almost childish delight of Leloise when he informed her of it. Gleeefully she capered and skipped about, and together they danced upon the parlor floor in reckless abandon.

"Jean," she cried, panting, as they came to an abrupt halt in the middle of a lightning waltz, "I am so proud of you I could just—just—" and she flung her arms around his neck and hugged him.

"Will it be necessary for you to secure your own model?" she asked a few minutes later, as she perched herself on his knee and stroked his hair contentedly.

"I presume so," replied Jean thoughtfully. "It is not improbable though, that Monsieur Carvallis may send me a prominent model when I am ready to begin work. But that is of minor importance. There are scores of prominent models in Paris to select from."

"I should think that it must be very—well, I might say embarrassing, too—to pose in mere lingerie," ventured Leloise, looking up at her husband shyly.

"Why so? It should not be any more embarrassing for a professional model to pose in undergarments than it is to pose undraped. They never consider the conventional side of it Leloise. The attitude of an artist toward his model is simply one of artistic and monetary interest; it is a matter of business."

"Jean, dear," she said mischievously, "I do hope your model will not be too pretty or I shall feel horribly jealous," and she regarded him in pretended seriousness.

"I shall undoubtedly have a very beautiful model," remarked Jean, laughing, "but that will only add to my conviction that you are the prettiest little woman in the world."



EARL YOUNG  
Ragtime and Popular Songster

"Flatterer!" she cried, kissing him in recognition of the compliment and jumping from his knee as the maid announced luncheon.

When Jean left the magnificently appointed offices of Philippe Carvallis next morning his joy knew no bounds. The astute commander of the Dalais Empoir forces had not only provided him with a comprehensive description of his part of the work, but had also informed him that several experts would call at his studio in the afternoon and arrange the setting for the painting. And to add to Jean's delight, the eminent Carvallis had approached Elsare Montrey, the most celebrated model in Paris, with alluring inducements, and had obtained her consent to appear at Jean's studio the following morning for a general consultation with Bertrol in connection with the nature of the work and the details.

Under one arm Jean carried several long boxes that contained delicate feminine undergarments and pink flesh-tights in various sizes, and stuck in the hollow of his other arm were crude layouts of the booklet, data and a number of sketches. Before evening Jean and the two experts Carvallis had sent down completed the setting and back-ground effects on the raised platform of the studio. The finished work revealed a luxurious boudoir of exquisite, feminine loveliness, enhanced by the harmonious blending of soft green carpets and velvet curtains.

Early next morning Jean entered the studio, alternately whistling and humming. Never had he felt so happy. As he placed the boxes containing the apparel for the model in the little dressing room that was separated from the studio by heavy curtains, a knock at the door aroused him from his meditations.

Elsare Montrey daintily followed him into the studio after a hasty introduction that needed no third party and seated herself directly beneath the huge skylights. She was ravishingly beautiful, with large dark eyes, heavily lashed, a rosy, alluring mouth, and a complexion of rose, olive and cream. The supple contours of her splendid figure caused even the observing Jean to gasp in admiration. But he thought he detected something hard and irreconcilable in her voice. The unwavering glint in her eyes, too, conveyed the impression that she viewed her services from a pecuniary standpoint only.

He explained the details to her carefully, and each moment his uneasiness increased. Her attitude was one of bored, lofty interest. When he concluded she regarded him artfully under long, silken lashes that partially obscured the covetous brown eyes.



MARIE SUMMERS  
Character Monologues



"I was not informed that the posing was to be done in lingerie, Monsieur Bertrol," she declared unabashedly. "But lingerie covers a multitude of sins, to adapt a vernacular mode of speech. Just how much, or how little, lingerie do you wish your model to appear in?"

The unmitigated crudity of her question startled Bertrol for the moment. This woman seemed utterly devoid not only of an esteem for feminine and ethical delicacy, but also of the slightest regard for accepted conventionality. His face reddened involuntarily.

"Why, why—just in—er, minus, of course, the customary garments worn—worn by women outside their b-boudoirs."

Elsare smiled coldly.

"But Monsieur, that does not convey the slightest idea to me. Just what—?"

In desperation Jean rudely turned his back to her, hastened over to his filing cabinet and returned with a portfolio of the rough sketches which were to be utilized for the setting.

"H—here. Mademoiselle Montrey," he exclaimed nervously, placing one of the sketches in her shapely hands. "This will enlighten you."

She looked at the rough working drawing silently. Then her cold glance rested upon him.

"I see, Monsieur," she acknowledged, with a curt nod. "The model is to pose in the most intimate lingerie—that is, minus petticoat?"

"Y—yes," murmured Bertrol.

"Unfortunately, Monsieur, I was not informed of this. Had I been consulted previously about it, I should not have advised Monsieur Carvallis' representative that I would pose for the puny sum he offered me. I regret to mention it, exceedingly, but if you wish me to accept, I shall have to charge you—," and she mentioned a stipend that left Bertrol staring at her in astoundment.

"But Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed blankly, "Monsieur Carvallis would not pay you such an exorbitant price. It is preposterous. I shall call him up immediately and inform him of your demand!"

"By all means, do so," she urged, not in the least abashed. "And you may also tell him that I would not consider him for one penny less."

Jean nervously explained the situation to Carvallis over the phone and when he returned to the studio he made a little hopeless gesture. "It is useless, Mademoiselle," he said, his voice betraying his keen disappointment. "Monsieur Carvallis will not pay you one franc more than he originally offered."

With a cold bow she arose. She was not in the least perturbed, for indeed, had she not brought scores of men to terms, her list including many notables?

"As you say, Monsieur. I bid you a good morning," and she swept out of the studio.

Jean was in a quandary. What would Carvallis do now? To be sure Paris was replete with models, but he doubted if there was one in the entire city who was more suitable to the subject than the mercenary Elsare. And certainly, none were so famous.

Again he called up Carvallis. This time he nearly lost his command of speech, for the managing director of the Dalais Empoir curiously informed him that he would have to procure another model immediately and start to work. Carvallis explained that the company had decided to rush matters and get out the booklet as soon as all the copy had been turned in.

At first, in his wild despair, Jean intended to protest, but he checked himself in time. He realized that such a course would only tend to destroy the confidence which he felt Carvallis placed in him. Feverishly he hung up the receiver. He had lists in his possession bearing the names and addresses of a dozen models, and he told himself that he would not experience any trouble in procuring one who was suitable to the subject. But how could Carvallis be so unreasonable as to expect him to produce excellent work if it had to be prepared hastily? It was irrational, impossible! In the end he donned his coat, secured his lists and made for the addresses they bore.

Never had Jean indulged freely in profanity, but the results of his search for a model that morning would have drawn blasphemy from the lips of a saint. One young lady haughtily refused to pose in lingerie, though she admitted that she had "stood" for the "altogether" on several past occasions. Two of them were not at home when he called, several others declared they were engaged; while

one was not of the type he desired and another, of some reputation, decided that the remuneration was insufficient.

He finally returned to the studio, almost tearing his hair in a blind rage. He paced the floor wildly, storming, wailing and cursing. What should he do? If he phoned Carvallis again that distinguished gentleman would be furious. And he had wasted the whole morning! In his anger he was deaf and blind to everything, so he was startled out of his senses when the door leading to the outer office opened and somebody walked in.

Jean paused and looked around. A modishly attired young woman, obviously American, stood before him. Even in his anger Jean observed that her carriage was superb, and he mentally decided that she wore her clothes with an "air" and a smart chicness that was far more attractive than the Parisian modes.

"Mr. Bertrol?" she queried, her soft, clear brown eyes gazing into his curiously. He noticed that her nose and chin were exquisitely chiseled; that her crimson lips slightly parted, displayed two rows of creamy white teeth. A strand of golden hair that peeped from under her stylish hat also caught his attention.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I am Miss Phillips, Mr. Bertrol," she said, with an infectious smile as she handed him a card. "Perhaps you saw my advertisement in the Temps a few days ago? No? Well, I'm an American, and have posed for some of the best known artists in the United States. Less than two hours ago I heard that you were sorely in need of a model, and I hastened here to find out if it were true."

Jean's heart pounded exultantly. The girl was charming, to say the least. But—

"Would you mind removing your coat and hat?" he asked, sticking the card in his pocket without glancing at it.

She flushed a little, and for a brief moment her eyes sparkled strangely. Then she silently complied with his request.

Bertrol was given another shock. Minus her hat she was even prettier than he had first realized, and a critical surveyal convinced him that unless her body was overburdened with clothing, her figure was flawless—that is, so far as the subject was concerned. Courteously but briskly he called for her measurements, and though she answered quickly and the responses caused his heart to palpitate joyfully, he failed to note that there was a nervous catch in her voice and she was flushing uneasily.

"Now," he said, with an anxiety he could not repress, "comes the obstacle—or rather, what has been an obstacle to every model I came into contact with this morning. Do you know the nature of the posing?"

To his surprise the girl blushed furiously.

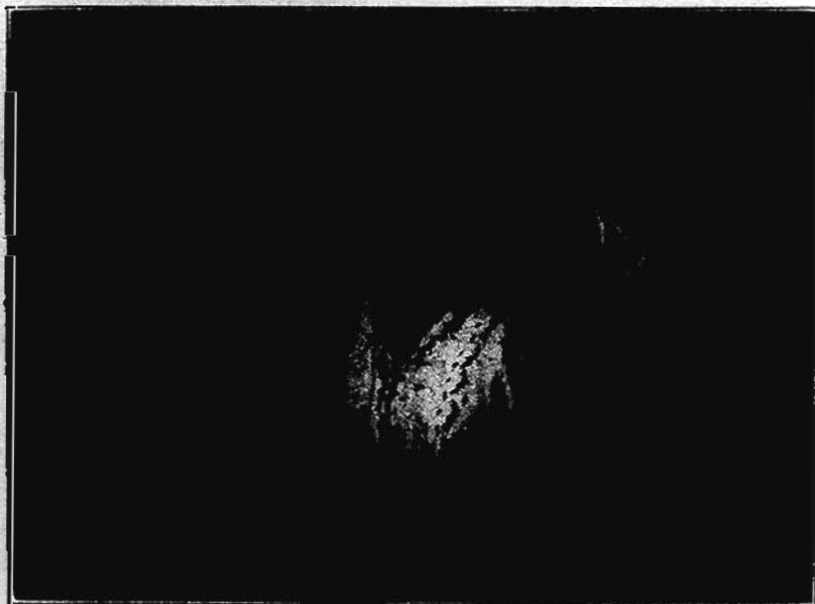
"Y—ye—n—no, er, that is, not—not exactly," she stammered nervously.

He stared. What a singular answer! Then he bade her be seated, gathered together the rough dummy, layouts and sketches, placed a chair next to her's, sat down and proceeded to explain the object of the painting. She listened attentively, quite frequently twitching her fingers nervously.

"Er—er, I presume that—that the model is to wear flesh—flesh-tights beneath the—the lingerie?" she inquired tremulously, when he had finished. In astonishment Jean looked up at her. But she shyly averted his gaze and lowered her eyes. Her face was suffused with blushes. What an incredible way for a professional model to act, he thought. It actually seemed as if she were modest to the point of delicacy! He wondered if the young woman was pretending. Then, recalling her question, he said,

"Why, of course, Mademoiselle. Will you

(Continued on page 13)

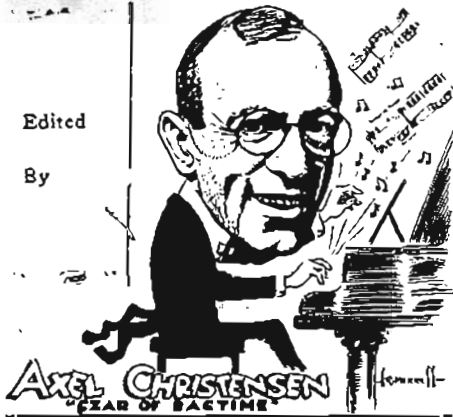


G. U. S. COMIC OPERA TRIO

# The Ragtime Review

Edited

By



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at Chicago

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ADVERTISING RATES: \$1 per inch, single col.  
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On failure to receive the RAGTIME REVIEW regularly subscribers should notify the office promptly.

Copy and changes in advertisements should be ordered by the 20th of the preceding month. Last forms positively close on the 25th of the preceding month.

All cuts made for advertisers are charged to their accounts.

## REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

**Hark! Hear the Bugle Calling**—By Mrs. Joseph Anderson and Rea Wallace Anderson. Published by Universal Service Bureau. This appears to be better than the average war song, of which there are thousands, of course. Has a snappy 2-4 chorus.

**We're Going Over**—By C. Arthur Pfeiffer. Published by C. Arthur Pfeiffer. Believe this will be heard a great deal this coming season, as it has corking good lyrics and a 6-8 chorus that is a pleasure to sing. No question but what this has the average war song "backed off the board."

**Oh! You Wonderful Girls**—By Wm. B. Friedlander. Published by Jos. W. Stern. A conventional story, well told, however, with good music:

**Why Keep Me Waiting So Long**—By Tony Jackson. Published by Will Rossiter. The music in this number is not very extraordinary and the lyrics are stronger in the chorus than in the verse. More or less suggestive.

**Mother, Dixie and You**—By Howard Johnson and Jos. H. Santly. Published by Leo. Feist. A good Southern song.

**If I Could Call You Mine**—Published by Will Carroll Co. A good ballad.

**America**—Published by Will Carroll Co. The publishers feel justified in calling this the new American National Anthem. This remains of course for the public to decide, and we withhold our opinion. It is, however, well suited for quartettes, choral societies, etc.

**Just As Your Mother Was**—By Von Tilzer and Sterling. Published by H. Von Tilzer. This song is a success and is being heard everywhere in vaudeville.

**Night Time in Little Italy**—By McCarthy & Fisher. Published by McCarthy & Fisher. This song is being used a great deal in the East with good success. A ballad.

**I'll See You Later, Yankee Land**—By Charles Harris. Published by Chas. Harris Co. Another patriotic song of merit.

**Says I To Myself, Says I**—By H. Von Tilzer. Published by H. Von Tilzer Co. A comedy song set to good rag.

**Constantinople**—By Bert Holmes and H. Von Tilzer. Published by H. Von Tilzer Co. This is a good comedy song for kid characters.

**You Brought Ireland Right Over to Me**—By J. Keirn Brennan and Ernest Ball. Published by M. Witmark & Sons. This number has a very effective climax and is a splendid Irish song.

**If You Saw All That I Saw in Arkansas**—By Will J. Harris and Milton Ager. Published by Broadway Music Corporation. A clever story with a good support in the way of music.

**Steppin' on the Puppy's Tail**—By Spencer Williams. Published by the McKinley Music Co. Can't say much for this one—along the line of "Walkin' the Dog."

**Over In Erin**—By Gilbert Dodge and Harry Pease. Published by Bernard Granville Pub. Co. Rollicking Irish song with a good punch.

**My Broken Rosary**—By William J. McKenna. Published by F. B. Haviland Pub. Co. A ballad of merit with beautiful lyrics and appropriate music.

**Oh, God Set Old Ireland Free**—A good Irish ballad containing music that is appealing.

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SEVENTH & OVERTON NEWPORT, KY.  
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## GINK GOSSIP AND STUDIO STUFF.

By Robert Marine.

(Part One)

Did you ever meet one of those guys who are never happy unless they're unhappy? Don't they get your goat? You said it. And that's just the kind of a gink Rockey is.

Now Sal Laurie is a quiet sort of a cuss. He never says much and he seldom bothers anybody. But Sal and Rockey love each other—love each other like a bulldog loves a cat, only worse. Soon as Sal sees Rockey he gets mad; soon as Rockey spies Sal he probes around for trouble.

Doc D'Onofrio strolled into the studios the other day and he and Sal started off on a conversation about pianos. I was busy, so I kept my face out of the gab. Rockey walks in after awhile with a bunch of manuscripts under his arm.

"I got a peach of a story here," says Rockey to me, loud enough for Sal and Doc to get it. "It's even better than 'The Sex Problem' and my Bad-Buck Wendell stories."

"Huh," grunted Sal contemptuously.

"Some more bull," snickers Doc.

"It's SOME story, all right," Rockey went on, ignoring the remarks.

"What's the title of it?" I asked.

"Kiss Me," answered Rockey.

"Haw, haw," laughs Doc. "Can you imagine anybody kissing that?"

"What's a matter—going crazy?" inquired Sal, looking at Rockey in a funny way.

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"Why should I kiss you?" I put in, seeing a chance to get his goat, for Rockey goes up like a balloon.

"You poor fish," he sneers, "I didn't ask you to kiss me."

"No?"

"You did so," interrupted Laurie. "You just said kiss me."

"That's right, Sal—I heard it," declared Doc.

"Three simps," scoffs Rockey. "'Kiss Me' is the title of this story."

"What story?"

"Kiss Me."

"Ha, ha."

"He said it again—some boob."

Rockey banged the manuscript on the desk. "I said that 'Kiss Me' is the title of my latest story and that's the manuscript. Do you think I'd ask any of you slob to kiss me? I'd rather kiss a mush melon."

"Ain't he got a funny neck?" piped Doc curiously.

"If I ever hit you you'll have a funny face," snapped Rockey.

"Listen, Rockey," interrupted Laurie, "don't a drink of water taste good to you?"

"Sure—why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering. Your neck is so long, that—"

"Umph," panted Rockey, making an awful swing with his left.

Sal ducked and Rockey's fist landed square on the mouth of a young lady who had just walked in. She staggered back against the wall, blood oozing from her lips.

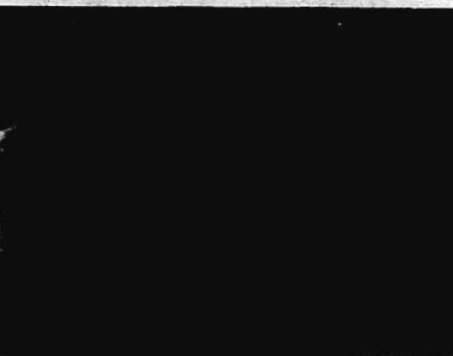
"Ter, I beg your pardon, Miss," exclaimed Rockey, his face turning white as he drew out a handkerchief, stepped forward and put it to her bruised lips. "Forgive me, I beg you. I wanted to hit—"

"Don't you DARE touch me!" cried the girl, half in anger and half in fright as she stamped her foot indignantly. "I should care about whom you intended to hit after you hit me. The very idea! I came in here for the express purpose of enrolling for the ragtime course you advertise and before I'm even halfway in a big brute hands me a 'bust' in the snoot. The idea!"

"But, lady," protested Rockey, in remorse, just as I got up.

"You ruffians!" she expostulated, and before I could offer any apologies or explanations she walked out.

I was so mad I couldn't see straight. "What's the matter with you guys? Are you trying to make a rough-house out of this rough-house? That girl was going to enroll and now I lost a pupil. That's a dirty trick. People walk in here to take up our course and you hand them a punch in the nose. That ain't no way to do business. This must be stopped, that's all there is to it. I won't stand for it any longer."



The DIXIE GIRLS  
A New Singing Combination

"It ain't my fault," grumbled Sal. "Rockey hit her, didn't he?"

"You ducked, didn't you?" demanded Rockey threateningly.

"Ho, ho, ho," roared Doc.

For the first time we noticed him. He was rolling all over the floor, his hands pressed to his sides, laughing till the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"What's the matter with the fathead?" snapped Rockey. "He's got a fit like every dog has."

"What are you laughing at, Doc?" I inquired, in anger and surprise.

He sat up, still laughing.

"You just said that people walk in here and Rockey slams them in the nose. Ha, ha, ha."

Sal, Rockey and I looked at each other.

"Well, what's the joke?" the three of us asked.

"Haw, haw," howled Doc. "Funniest—ha, ha—funniest thing I ever heard. Ho, ho, ho."

"What's funny, you idiot?" I exploded.

"Ha, ha, ha—er, you said—ha, ha—that people walk in here and Rockey slams them in the nose—ho, ho. Well, Rockey didn't slam her in the nose—haw, haw—he hit her in the mouth. Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha," and he rolled all over the floor again, unable to stop laughing.

"Call an ambulance—he's drunk," said Sal disdainfully.

"I always knew that guy was nutty," growled Rockey, walking over to a piano and starting to play. I said nothing—what was the use? It's such a long time since a sensible person came in to see us that we don't expect to hear anything sensible in the studios anymore. J. Forrest Thompson, I guess, is the only sensible guy that we've seen in—oh, yes; that reminded me.

"Hey, Rockey," I said, "J. Forrest Thompson was here to see us the other day. He was on a vaudeville tour."

"Yeah?" grunted Rockey, as he stopped playing and turned around. "What kind of a bum is he?"

"He's a fine fellow, a regular guy."

"A fine player, too," put in Sal. "Too bad you didn't meet him."

"Aw, rats. How big is he?"

"Way bigger than you are—looks like a strong guy," replied Sal.

"Guess I won't say anything against him, then," murmured Rockey. "He might come flying back to New York and beat me up."

"He remarked that he liked New York and our studios because this was the first place he came to where nobody threw any hot air about all the business they were doing and all the money they were making," I told Rockey. "So when he had gone I said, to Sal, 'Gee, it's a good thing he didn't meet Rockey, or he'd change his opinion in a hurry.'"

Rockey jumped to his feet. "Whaddavamean, change his opinion? The way YOU guys talk one would think that I throw out nothing but hot air."

"Throw it?" chuckled Doc. "Did you say throw it? My dear boy, you don't throw it—you shoot it like a forty-two centimeter gun on the European battlefields. It comes as natural to you as eating or sleeping or walking. Bull to you is like life to a human being. It's an essential part of your nature—yay, your very existence."

Rockey turned his back to Doc and began to play. He sang while he played and his words were like this:

"There are but two bums known to me. They are Doc and Salvador Laurie."

Sal clapped his hands. "You've got a lovely voice, Rockey. It sounds like a foghorn forty miles away."

"It ain't my voice that's bad—it's this piano."

"For the love o' Mike, take that piano away from the kid before he breaks it," admonished Doc.



BLANCHE BAXTER  
The Popular Contralto

"Hey, listen, Pete," I said, "why don't you get married? You make a nice living from your stories. Of course, you've got an awful lookin' face, but even a monkey can find a mate."

"Ha, ha," laughed Sal. "That's a good one. Even a monkey can find a mate—oh, ha, ha, ho, ho."

"I suppose you think you're a helluva funny guy," sneered Rockey. "You remind me of a donkey. A donkey's sense, at least exists somewhat dormant, but you haven't any sense at all. You're insensibly senseless."

"Ha, ha, ha," chuckled Laurie, dancing around with mirth.

"Inspid has another fit," scoffed Rockey. "Let him alone and he'll drop dead. I don't believe in marrying girls. I—"

Doc and I laughed heartily.

"As I was saying," went on Rockey, "I don't believe in marrying girls. They don't like me, anyway. But there are a few girls, just a very, very few, whom I should like to kiss."

"Oh, dear me," mocked Sal.

"Who are they?" inquired Doc.

"Hattie Smith, Marcella Henry, Frances Moe, Gertrude McCall, Capitola Davis, Mabel Rogers, Bessie Yeager, Bessie Leithmann, Theda Bara, Mary Pickford, Lizzie—"

"Whoa, there—hold on a minute," I begged, putting up my hands. "You said there were just a few you'd like to kiss. For the love of O. Henry, what do you call a few? You must be anxious to kiss every dame on earth. You've mentioned nearly every girl in the studio crowd."

"Better lay off on that stuff," warned Laurie. "Christensen may not like the idea of you wanting to kiss all his teachers, and then he won't publish this article."

"What article?" asked Doc.

"This article."

"I don't see any article."

"Let him alone, sal," exclaimed Rockey solemnly. "Doc can't see any farther than his nose. He's naturally thick—it's a gift. Everybody can't be like him."

At this moment a tall, stately, dignified looking gentleman walked in.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, "and I hope you will pardon me also for calling you gentlemen, but could you tell me where Washington Square is?"

"Kick him in the slats," grumbled Rockey.

"Cut it out, Pete," I whispered, grabbing him. "No more rough-house in this studio."

"Sure, I can tell you where Washington



Square is," said Doc, walking up to the newcomer. "Do you know where Fort Washington Avenue is?"

"Er—why yes, I do, sir."

"Well," said Doc, shaking his head, "it ain't near there."

"No?"

"No."

"Then where in blazes is it?"

"Do you know where 181st street is?" asked Sal, stepping up.

"Why, of course I do," indignantly replied the sedate man.

"Well, it ain't near there, either."

"Here—here. Cut that out, you ruffians,"

Rockey butted in, approaching the newcomer.

"Don't pay any attention to these proletariats, my dear sir. You see, they were born backwards. They can tell you where things ain't, but they can't tell you where things are."

"Oh, I see," acknowledged the dignified man, bowing. "Perhaps you can tell me."

"Certainly. Did you know General Grant?"

"Er—why, er, no, but I know OF him."

"Well, he's dead," said Rockey seriously.

"Is THAT so?" exclaimed the dignified stranger, and his left hand shot out like a flash. Rockey ducked under the swing and Sal, who was standing right behind him, gave a cry and leaped back, his hand over his right eye. Before Doc and I could make a move the stranger ran out of the studio.

"Oh, what a smack," moaned Sal, bending over and rubbing his eye. "Gee, I can see five million stars."

"Let's see, Sal," palpitated Rockey eagerly. "Did he really hit you in the eye?"

"Sure he did, you bonehead," snapped Laurie. He removed his hand. His eye was blue and swollen. "What did you duck for, you stmp?"

"Why I figured that he'd hit you in the head and break his hand. I figured wrong, didn't I?"

"I'll figure you some day, and you won't be figured when I get through—you'll be disfigured."

"Cut it out, now, go light on the rough stuff," I interfered, Doc helping me push them apart.

"Excuse me, gents, but kin I borrow a glass?" came from a rough voice at the door. It was the janitor. He had a big pail in his one hand and it seemed to be full of what looked like soap suds.

"Sure you can have a glass," I said. "Give him one, Rockey."

"What's the matter with your eye?" asked the janitor, looking at Sal closely.

"The light went out," said Doc.

"What have you got in that pail?" inquired

Rockey frowning, as he walked over with a glass.

"Beer," said the janitor, grinning.

An expression of horror crossed Rockey's face and he seemed to be terribly shocked.

"Beer?" he cried scornfully. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? A big, handsome, able-bodied man like you to drink such filthy stuff. I am mortified! Don't you realize that it's a crime to make copious use of intoxicants? Here, give me that pail."

"Don't—go way, now," spluttered the janitor, as Rockey tried to take the pail from him.

"Give me that pail."

"No, I won't—look out, you'll spill it."

Rockey finally got the beer away from him.

"Go on and get out of here. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—a common beer hound."

"Alright," started the janitor, "I'll fix you some day," and he walked out in a rage.

"Hurry up," said Rockey, turning to us, "get the glasses."

I got three more glasses while Doc closed the door. Then we all sat down and Rockey filled our glasses with the foaming beverage.

"That's right, Pete," said Sal, "that's the first intelligent thing you ever did. I don't believe in drinking beer, either."

"Prost," I said, and we all drank heartily.

"There's only one thing more I wanta say to you ginks," said Rockey, wiping his mouth with his hand.

"What?" we asked.

"I don't want you fellows to call me Rockey or Pete. It sounds as if I were a plebeian. In the future kindly address me as Your Royal Highness, Peter Frank Meyer."

"I hope you choke," grinned Laurie.

"Who do you think you are, anyway?" I demanded to know.

"There's only one thing I'd ever call you," declared Doc, nodding his head.

"What's that?" Rockey asked quickly.

"A human wishbone."

"Is that so? Well, just account of that you don't get any more beer, see?"

"I got money—I can buy it."

"Then why don't you buy a couple of pints?"

You're so stingy that if a guy asked you for the loan of a nickel, you'd ask him to pay ten cents interest."

"Drop that kind of talk," I interjected. "How do you suppose it will look when the article's published?"

"What article?" queried Doc.

"This article."

"I don't see any article."

"Listen, senseless," said Rockey, waving a warning finger under Doc's nose, "the next time you say you don't see any article, I'm goiner haul off without any kind of warning and smack you in the puss."

"Come on, pour out the beer," urged Sal.

"Nix," retorted Rockey, with a deprecating gesture. "You slobd don't get any more."

"Who don't get any more?" demanded Sal and I in one breath.

"You guys don't. Didn't I risk my life by taking it away from the janitor?"

"How can a dead man risk his life?" snorted Doc.

"Who said a dead man COULD risk his life?"

"Ain't you dead from the neck up?"

"Ha-ha-ha—WOW," laughed Sal and I.

Rockey filled our glasses again, not forgetting his own. We drained them in no time.

"If Axel W. Christensen knew we were doing this I'll bet he'd raise the devil," said Sal, looking at his glass wistfully.

"Doing what?" interrogated Doc.

"This."

"I don't know what you're talking about. What do you mean by this?"

"Oh, don't mind him, Sal," ejaculated Rockey. "A boob is an awful thing. Come on, we'll finish the suds—I'm thirsty."

(Editor's Note—We wish to call your

attention to these splendid, instructive articles, kind readers. We want you to observe the gentle humor in them, the refined language, the utter lack of anything rude or uncouth. We hope you agree with us—that the four gentlemen in the story ought to be hanged! Part 2 will appear next month.)

### LUXANNE, LYRIC DANCER.

Hail Luxanne! Triumphant in the Dance! You of the wondrous eyes and glittering red gold hair!

Ten years ago I first saw her, a slender wisp of a woman child, and, looking at her as she listlessly reclined in a hammock slung on our front porch; I marveled at the phenomenal color of her large eyes, admired the sheen of her hair, a beautiful cascade of curls falling over her thin shoulders.

Wondered also, what mysterious thoughts caused the peculiar glints of gold lights in her slumberous eyes.

Ah! She appeared about to speak. I listened breathlessly. She did speak: "Would you believe it, Jane, our maid ate a whole half loaf of bread with her lunch."

The child-like simplicity of this made me laugh.

The bud had not yet begun to open and blossom, still there was an intangible something about the child which suggested this thought: "She will undoubtedly be successful in life."

Now that she has "arrived," a child-like naiveness characterizes her dancing. She is now at the most charming time of her life, half child, half woman.

Her dancing has the precious attribute of lyric simplicity, at times surpassing in rhythm the classic accompaniment and reminding me (dare I write it?) of the light, joyous ragtime arrangements of classic music by that modern genius of the piano keys, Mr. Axel Christensen.

Oh immortal shades of Mendelssohn, Strauss, Wagner, Chopin, Mozart, Massenet, and all ye other illustrious musicians! Behold the man who has literally achieved the impossible and made an imperishable art of the once lowly "ragtime."

As Luxanne has emerged, a gorgeous butterfly, from the cocoon of adolescence, so, in a manner, has Mr. Christensen taken the gray cocoon of the once mediocre "ragtime" and by the warmth of his genius, changed it into a veritable butterfly of musical art, bringing joyousness and brightness into countless homes.

As in the case of Luxanne, the thunders of popular applause in their ears cannot drown out the melody of "Home, Sweet Home," which will ever mean more to true artists than worldly triumphs. JANE LAMOUREUX.

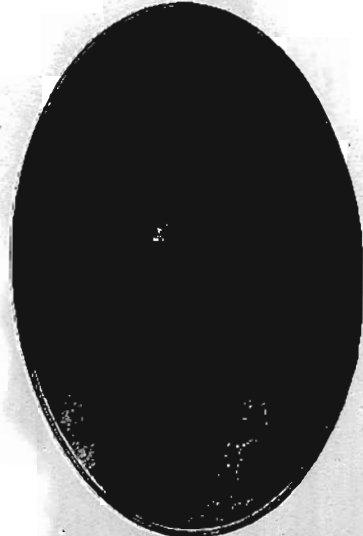
### CABARET SINGER KNITS WAR SOCKS AT PLANTERS.

Miss Florence Kennedy, at the Planters Hotel, Chicago, shows the effect the war is having on cabarets. Instead of dancing between numbers she brings her knitting to the cafe and turns out bright red woolen socks for the soldiers.

This favorite singer is the mother of two children and finds, aside from her domestic and professional duties, the only time she has to knit is at the cabaret.

"Talk about long playing," said the Yankee to Pat. "Why, your countrymen wouldn't get a look in with us. I know a fellow citizen who played 'Beautiful Stars and Stripes' on the piano for several hours."

"Arrah, close your mouth," said Pat. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be talking about nothing. Sure, I know an Irishman that played 'Ireland for Ever' on a fute."



BEULAH SKALLERUP  
Oriental Dancer



# REINETTE RAG

By DAVID REICHSTEIN

Tempo di Rag

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first two measures show a rhythmic pattern in the treble and a bass line in the bass. The third measure has a fermata over the treble staff. The fourth measure continues the bass line.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system. The treble staff has a complex melodic line with many beamed notes. The bass staff has a steady bass line. Above the treble staff, there are fingerings: 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 2.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues. Above the treble staff, there are fingerings: 1 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 3 4 3 2 1 2.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues. Above the treble staff, there are fingerings: 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 2.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music concludes with a double bar line. Above the treble staff, there are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' in boxes.

First system of musical notation for piano. It features a treble and bass clef. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several slurs and fingerings (4, 2, 2, 1, 2, 4, 2, 2, 1, 2). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line with a series of eighth-note patterns. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a steady rhythmic pattern.

Third system of musical notation. Similar to the first system, it features a melodic line in the treble with slurs and fingerings (4, 2, 2, 1, 2, 4, 2, 3, 1, 2) and a corresponding bass accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. This system includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 2). The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (2, 2, 1, 2, 2, 2, 1, 2). The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings (2, 2, 2, 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 2). The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The first system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with various accidentals and fingerings (e.g., 2, 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 2). The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of piano accompaniment continues the melodic and harmonic lines from the first system. The upper staff features a sequence of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff maintains a steady accompaniment.

The third system of piano accompaniment shows further development of the piano part. The upper staff includes some longer note values and rests, and the lower staff continues with its accompaniment.

The TRIO section begins with a key signature change to two flats and a time signature change to 3/4. The word "TRIO" is written on the left. The upper staff has a melodic line with a "gva" (grace note) marking over a dotted line. The lower staff features a bass line with chords and single notes.

The fourth system of piano accompaniment continues the TRIO section. The upper staff has a more active melodic line with many sixteenth notes, and the lower staff provides a complex accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The fifth system of piano accompaniment concludes the TRIO section. The upper staff features a melodic line with some rests and longer note values, while the lower staff continues with its accompaniment.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. There are several slurs and accents throughout the system.

The second system continues the piece. It includes two first endings, labeled '1' and '2', which lead to different conclusions of the phrase. The notation is dense with chords and rapid passages.

The third system features several measures with fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 4 above the notes. There are also slurs and accents used to guide the performer.

The fourth system shows a continuation of the intricate rhythmic patterns. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment to the more active treble line.

The fifth system includes more fingerings and slurs, maintaining the fast-paced character of the rag. The notation is clear and detailed.

The sixth system concludes the piece with a final series of chords and melodic lines. The notation is consistent with the rest of the score.





THE ROBERTS SISTERS

(Continued from page 5)

accept? You are of the right proportion, so far as I can discern now, and your bearing is in perfect congruity with the subject."

For a time she did not answer, evidently deep in thought. Presently, without looking up, she said:

"What shall I receive for my services?"

He told her, and she elevated her eyebrows a trifle.

"Very well, Mr. Bertrol. I accept. But my acceptance is incumbent upon one condition."

Again Jean stared at her in astonishment. She steadfastly refused to look at him, and her lovely face was crimson.

"Name the condition, Mademoiselle."

"Your solemn oath your word of honor as a man, that under no circumstances are you to touch or approach me while I am in the model's apparel; and that any explanations you have to offer regarding my posture during the settings must be strictly verbal; and that I am to study the settings and posture from the sketches, unaided by you. Under no other circumstances will I consider the matter."

If her previous actions had astonished Jean he was now positively speechless. At first he was tempted to ask her if she was playing him for an idiot. In all his experiences with models, in all the tales told him artists of experiences with their various models, he had never heard of such a condition as this. Why, the whole thing seemed incredulous, ridiculous! It was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in regaining his composure.

"Very good, Mademoiselle," he finally gulped. "Your request is very strange, but I grant it willingly."

They both arose.

"You will find four or five boxes in there," he stated, pointing to the heavily curtained dressing room, "containing sets of pink flesh-tights and the lingerie in various sizes. Select those which fit you best and don them. When you are ready to emerge, simply call to me. Are you certain that my explanations were perfectly clear?"

She nodded.

He handed her the sketches and, after taking up her hat and coat, she hastily strode to the dressing room and disappeared behind the curtains.

Her attitude had perplexed Jean, but he brushed the thoughts from his mind and romped about the studio merrily. First he gathered his materials from their storing places and arrayed them on his table in proper

order. He whistled lively airs from popular French operettes as he bustled about, arranging the variety of color-containers within easy access and dusting off the infinitesimal flecks from the carpets and furniture of the model boudoir on the platform. One would have never imagined that he had been a pitiful figure of distress and anger a few minutes before. After completing the arrangement of his materials he closed and locked the doors that led to the office and the hallway. He had hardly returned to his table when he heard a soft step behind him, and then, in a soft, tremulous voice, "I am ready, Mr. Bertrol."

He turned on his heel, and as his eyes fell upon the lovely apparition before him his smile of complacency changed to one of ecstatic delight.

There stood the American girl, his model, her beautiful hair hanging over her shoulders in golden brown ripples, her cheeks hot with flaming blushes, an adorable figure in the exquisite French lingerie, which clung to her lithe, graceful body in a delectable manner. She was a mass of lace and silk and ribbon, enhanced by bewitching little bows of pink and blue. The delicate slashes of the lovely combination revealed the shapely marble-white arms, throat and swelling bosom, the dainty, silk hosed limbs, and gave startling glimpses of the charming curves and contours of her magnificent figure. In his exultation Jean did not notice her shyness, nor did he perceive the agitated, almost frightened expression in her soft brown eyes.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, stepping forward in his admiration, "you are magnificent!"

"Don't!" she gasped, recoiling with a little cry of dismay. "You-you are for-forgetting yourself—your promise!" Her eyes had widened with fright.

"Excuse—a thousand pardons. Mademoiselle," he begged, bowing and retracing his steps. "Your loveliness so surprised me that I forgot myself. Again, if you please, your pardon."

"It-it is granted, Monsieur," she murmured shyly.

Without further comment she turned, advanced to the model platform and daintily ascended the steps. Back at his table, fully a dozen feet away, he patiently instructed her as to correct posture, expression, position and all the complicated terms that the setting required. She seemed to master things rapidly, and soon found it unnecessary to consult the sketches and layouts.

Jean's business-like instructions evidently reassured her. She listened to his criticisms attentively and contrived to follow the instructions. Thus, it was apparent within a short time, when she was in appropriate poise, that she was sanguinely interested in the work.

"So," he remarked at last, with a little sigh of relief. "Keep that pose and let me know when you are tired."

He surveyed her posture approvingly. She would undoubtedly make a charming picture of a fashionable woman looking at her reflection in the dressing table mirror of an elegantly appointed boudoir. The model was poised so as to give the impression that she was doing up her hair and had evidently just donned the bewitching combination she wore. The rounded curves of her lithe, supple body were displayed to the best advantage in the fluffy, lacy undergarments, and her posture was graceful beyond Bertrol's most ardent expectations.

He was about to pick up his brush when the sound of three faint raps on the outer office door came to his ears. With a little cry of horror the girl jumped to her feet.

"Mr. Bertrol!" she palpitated, "who can that be?"

"Just a moment," he muttered, a frown of annoyance crossing his face. They both stood still and listened, the girl taking a silken wrap from the back of her chair and throwing it

about her shoulders. An expression of horror had crept into her pretty face.

"Calm yourself, Mademoiselle Phillips," he soothed, with a gentle wave of his hand. "No one can come in upon us; all doors are locked. We will proceed with the work and pretend that the studio is vacant. Whoever it is cannot hear us from the outside. Will you take the correct position, please?"

She looked at him, still hesitant. Then she removed the wrap, flung it over the chair and took the position she had assumed prior to the interruption.

And Jean, his whole heart and soul enthralled in the task before him, slowly began the masterpiece which he never dreamed would culminate in universal renown for himself and his model.

For the hundredth time Jean Bertrol gazed fondly at the exquisite painting before him, his heart throbbing with excitement, his pulses surging. For the thousandth time a taint, suppressed ejaculation of delight escaped his lips. His elation on the previous occasions might have been rather premature, but now he was almost stunned with the realization that his masterpiece (and who else had ever painted a masterpiece with the first attempt?) was finished; completed, awaiting the critical inspection of Philippe Carvallis.

For days he had labored, labored until his fingers ached and his body almost cried out with agony; worked and struggled until it seemed as if the strain would result only in the inevitable—a complete exhaustion of the energies of both himself and his model. But

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they had come through valiantly, and both were of the perspicacity to realize that untold reward lay in front of them.

Carvallis himself had called Jean on the telephone in the afternoon of the first day, when the latter had been interrupted by the knocks at the office door and had ignored them. He explained that it was he who had visited the studio in anticipation of learning who Jean had secured for a model. Bertrol told him that he had a surprise for him, and at the trembling request of Pauline Philips begged him not to call again until the painting was finished. She made Jean promise her that he would not divulge her name to anyone, not even Carvallis, until the painting was done.

Today the managing director was to call and inspect the picture personally. Even Pauline, as she emerged from the dressing room fully attired, neat and trim, exhibited irrepressible signs of excitement. Jean turned and smiled as she entered. Before either could speak the bell rang (the bell was a recent improvement) and the artist placed a finger to his lips.

"That is Monsieur Carvallis," he whispered. "We will play a little prank on him. Would your mind concealing yourself in the dressing room until I call?"

With a little laugh and a cute toss of her head she skipped behind the curtains. Jean walked into the office and a moment later returned, Philipe Carvallis at his side. The states gentleman adjusted the horn-rimmed glasses on his nose.

"There, Monsieur Carvallis, is the result of my labors," said Jean. His finger pointed to the magnificent painting that rested against a chair of the model boudoir.

Carvallis took another step forward, and as his gaze fell upon the painting he uttered an exclamation of startled delight. For the time being he seemed incapable of speech, so engrossed was he in the examination. But Jean's heart pounded wildly as he saw the mingled expression of joy, amazement and adoration that had crept into his face. At last Carvallis turned and faced him.

"Monsieur Bertrol," he said, his voice quivering with suppressed emotion, "my congratu-

lations. You have created a masterpiece. It is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. And whom, if I may ask, is your beautiful model? What is her name?"

"One moment, I beg you," replied Jean, bowing. "Pauline! Pauline!"

Smiling a little timidly, the girl came from the dressing room and stood before them.

"Miss Pauline Philips, Monsieur Carvallis," said Jean.

Pauline acknowledged the introduction with a charming bow, but Carvallis, his eyes fastened on the girl in a gaze that indicated both doubt and admiration, merely nodded. Bertrol stared at him wonderingly.

"Pauline Philips, Pauline Philips," muttered Carvallis, as if to himself. His eyes looked into hers searchingly. Then his handsome face brightened.

"Mademoiselle," he asked, bowing low, "are you by any chance the Pauline Philips whose offices and studios for the teaching of the American popular music—what you call it?—er ragtime, are situated in the Armande Building at 14 Rue La Morgue Boulevards?"

Pauline blushed vividly and nodded. Bertrol gave a start.

"Yes," she said, "I am the same Pauline Philips. I came to Paris several months ago to proselytize, or convert the French people to the cause of America's dashing music—popular music or, as you termed it, ragtime. To me the possibilities seemed tremendous. I was greeted rather coldly at first, but within a month your brilliant people displayed at least some symptoms of interest and curiosity, if not enthusiasm.

"Quite by accident one of my pupils, Nannette Lozier, came to me one morning in tears. When I questioned her as to the cause of her grief she stated that Monsieur Bertrol had called at her home less than an hour before in regard to a posing and had refused to accept her for some reason or other, after having first displayed an interest. When Nannette told me that the posing was to be in, er lingerie, I was somewhat nonplussed.

"I love Nannette, and though I am not charitably disposed I suddenly decided to apply for a model's position at Monsieur Bertrol's studios myself. My object? It was threefold. First was the desire to divide the compensation with Nannette; second was the publicity which the finished painting would give me, and the material assistance to my school it would eventually lend; third" and the girl's brown eyes suddenly flashed defiance "a daring, venturesome whim of which I did not think myself susceptible, that, if successful, it would mean to me both fame and fortune. It was for that reason that I refused to permit Monsieur Bertrol to divulge my name until I had seen the finished painting."

"Mademoiselle," declared Carvallis, his eyes sparkling, "you are the most remarkable woman it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Allow me, my felicitations."

"And now," added Pauline, with a smile that revealed her pretty teeth. "I have but one more request. You, Monsieur Carvallis, are a prominent figure in Paris commercial life. You, Monsieur Bertrol, have influence plus a wide acquaintance in wealthy circles. May I ask if you will both do your utmost in urging your fellow-men, your business associates, your club-mates and their families, friends and children, to come to my music school to learn the chic and dash, to master thoroughly within a short time, of our American popular music? To me, this is of paramount importance."

"You shall not find a more zealous worker in your behalf," cried Jean.

"Mademoiselle Philips," asserted Carvallis, "I shall deem it an honor, a duty, to do this. And you may rest assured that everlasting fame in commercial art sections will be yours." The prediction of Philipe Carvallis was not

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unfounded. When the finished booklet had been circulated the cover painting created a widespread sensation. Within two weeks the executive offices of the Dalais Empoir were literally deluged with requests for reprint privileges, over half of them accompanied by offers of huge amounts. Hundreds of letters from both sexes begged for the name of the model.

With his ingenious skill as a press agent, Carvallis executed a clever scheme and the Paris newspapers "fell" for it. As a result the Sunday edition of the Temps printed a full page story of breathless interest in its magazine section, depicting graphically the experience of Pauline Phillips, an American girl who had come to Paris but a few months before, as an artist's model. The story gloriously portrayed her leap to fame. To all Paris she became known, just verbally, as "The American Boudoir Girl" and "The Lady of the Cover." Fashion houses, post card publishers and calendar printing concerns paid exorbitant prices for the permission of reprinting the cover painting in thousands of copies. Pupils, visitors and curiosity seekers flocked to Pauline's school in swarms. She staunchly rejected all offers from importunious artists, many of them world famous; but she did accept a six weeks' engagement at the Marquette Royal Theatre in Paris, her assistant, Lettie Carlston, assuming charge of the school during her absence.

American newspapers gave first page mention of her success, many of them running double column stories about it. Pictures of her, nearly all but the select few that found their way into fashionable homes being reprints, soon swarmed the United States markets. But in all Pauline steadfastly refused to pose for any artist again regardless of price or conditions, and Carvallis finally gave up hope of persuading her. Her American School of Popular Music in Paris is a work of art; her income is—well, we would like to have it—and it is said that she received ten thousand francs cash outright for her posing, in addition to a royalty percentage that netted her twice as much.

Very few men in America have seen the booklet cover painting that brought her fame and independence. The booklet was for the eyes of women only. The picture was too intimate, too enticing, too alluring for the greedy gaze of mere man. But one day the husband of one of New York's most distinguished society matrons happened to find the booklet on the table in his library. My goodness! That man got so excited that he promptly had two hundred reprints of the cover made, which he distributed among his associates of the elite, the four hundred. Fifth Avenue woke up with crashing detonations, New York enjoyed a rare treat, a daring company got hold of the picture and brazenly reprinted thousands of postcard reproductions, the unhappy matron secured a divorce, the news traveled to France and the equally unfortunate husband became involved in further court proceedings when the Dalais Empoir, through its New York agency, sued for a stipend that would enable a spend-thrift to die happy! And to add to the serene tranquility of the case a noted society for the suppression of vice rudely jumped upon the millionaire, his wife, the postcard printers and the New York agency of the Dalais Empoir for carelessly distributing matter containing an illustration of licentious and obscene character.

As previously stated, the booklet (and obviously, the cover painting) was intended solely and exclusively for the envious or admiring gaze of the woman who can alaciously fork out a cold five hundred plunks for exquisite lingerie and—and—you know what we mean, and the intention was good. And no doubt the millionaire's intention was just as good when he first walked into his library and spied the booklet. It wasn't his fault if

he wanted a model, too. Maybe his wife was pigeon-toed!

If you are a member, an adherent or an exponent of the eminent class that recognizes and utilizes such words as debutante, connoisseur, dilettante, blase, "chawned," social tea, ultra-magnificent, pre-eminent and other varied and flexible forms of speech; if you have a valet, a wife that is not a wife, poie ponies, cars galore and a yacht; if you cat ice cream with a fork, sip liquors through a straw and go to Palm Beach and Atlantic City twice a year; and if you like to be called a linguist or a sophisticated rhetorician or a philologist—if you like all this—BEWARE! Keep out of your wife's boudoir, for you can bet she's got a copy of that booklet on her dressing table! It is an indubitable fact that every woman in France and the United States belonging to the aristocracy, if you please, has a copy of that booklet in her possession.

But the funniest part of the whole thing is that a regiment of American popular music teachers—the female of the species—started for Paris a few months ago shouting defiance to the Dutch submarines. They had heard all about "The Lady of the Cover" and when they reached France the whole crowd began applying for jobs as artists' models. About half of them came back. The rest? Oh, they're teachers under Miss Pauline Philips, principal of the American School of Popular Music, 14 Rue La Morgue Boulevardes, Paris, France.

(THE END.)

LIFE IN A RAGTIME STUDIO.

(Some Song Writer.)

By Young Rocky.

It was an hour before midnight and for the first time in my life I was sober. I wish you irreverent people would stop laughing! Perhaps my state of sobriety was the incentive for my pausing before a building bearing the inscription "The North, South

and Central American School of Popular Music."

Having been born without manners I walked in without knocking, and my entrance was greeted with vociferous cries of "Hello, yuh bum," "Good evening, yuh big slob," and "Who let her in?"

Of course, it being after business hours, all this was permissible. In the studios were three persons—handsome Bob Mariner, who was seated on a piano stool puffing like a steam engine on a cigarette; Doc D'Onofrio, the eminent Harlem dentist, whose offices adjoined the studios, and who was now perched on the top of a piano singing, "My Wife Is In the Country—Hurrah, Hurrah!" and last, but not least, Sal Laurie, Bob's secretary, who sat on the window sill, chewing on a lolly-pop with evident relish.

"You're just in time, Pete," said Doc D'Onofrio, swinging his legs to and fro. "Bob is going to write a new song and we're trying to think of a good title."

I gazed at the three of them. They were all sober, to my unspeakable astonishment.

"What kind of a song is it?" I finally asked.

"You fathead," exclaimed Laurie, hopping off the window sill and taking a chair, "it ain't a song yet. It will be!"

"That's right, Oswald," said Doc, "hand it to him."

"Don't call me Oswald, please," protested Laurie.

"All right, Cuthbert."

"Don't call me Cuthbert!" shouted Laurie angrily.

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"Here, here," cried Bob, jumping to his feet, "you guys quit scrapping. What do you think this dump is—a dump?"

When the racket had subsided I turned to Bob.

"How does the song go?" I asked.

"It goes like this," he said, and he turned around and started to tickle the ivories. Then he began to hum. "Tra-la de-dee, oh, tra-la de-dee, oh tra-la-la-la de-dum, or tra-la tra—"

"He's got a voice like a frog with a belly-ache," interposed Laurie sarcastically.

"That's right, Ferdinand," put in Doc.

"Don't call me Ferdinand," growled Laurie.

"All right, Popcorn," grinned Doc.

"DON'T call me Popcorn!"

Bob stopped playing and turned to them pleadingly.

"Hey, will you guys stop that noise? I'm

trying to compose a new song. What do you think this is—a menagerie?"

"This is worse than a zoological garden," I ventured to remark.

"Listen, fellows," said Bob, "can't you think of a good title? Come on, be sensible."

"How's this?" asked Doc. "'Heart of My Heart, I Love You.'"

"Listen to me," I suggested. "I've got a better title. How's this? 'Kiss Me, Kid, I'm Chocolate Candy?'"

"You two guys oughta be shot," interrupted Laurie, gazing at us in disgust.

"Well, if you're so blamed smart why don't you suggest a good title?" asked Bob.

Laurie thought a moment, then he said, "She Sleeps By the Erie, Splash, Splash."

"Somebody hit him, quick," I suggested.

"Good boy, Alexander," cried Doc D'Onofrio, clapping his hands.

"Don't call me Alexander."

"All right, Bernard."

"DON'T call me Bernard!" roared Laurie wrathfully.

"Cut out the comedy," demanded Bob.

"Come on, now, give me a good title."

"You're a bum—that's your title," declared Doc.

"Ha, ha," laughed Laurie and I together.

"Who's a bum?" cried Bob, jumping to his feet.

Just then there came a loud knock at the door.

"Come in, you rummy!" the four of us shouted in one breath.

The door was thrust open and a chap with glaring red hair poked his head in.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "I hope you will pardon me for calling you gentlemen, but is this the Harlem Lunatic Asylum?"

"Do you wanna get shot?" asked Bob, angrily.

"No sir, I'm half shot now."

"Go wan, beat it," shouted Laurie. "You've got the wrong number."

"Gee, but that gink had an awful crust," declared Bob, when the door had closed.

"Say, Bob, I've got a fine title for your song," said Laurie, "Dear Little Doggie, You Look So Sweet."

Bob looked at him contemptuously. "You ain't as dumb as you look," he said. "You're dumber!"

"Good boy, Oliver," exclaimed Doc D'Onofrio, smiling at Laurie.

"Don't call me Oliver," snapped Laurie.

"All right, Vincent."

"DON'T call me Vincent!" roared Laurie at the top of his lungs, "I won't stand for it!"

Bob Marine placed his hands on his hips and glared at them. "Say," he growled, "how do you two fools expect me to compose a song in all this racket. No wonder that man took this place for a lunatic asylum. You simply cannot expect me to dope out a new creation amid such obstreperous disturbances."

"Aw, talk United States English," scoffed Laurie.

"You wouldn't understand me if I did," sneered Bob.

The janitor interrupted by poking his head through the open doorway. "Good evening, yuh bums," he grinned. "Do yuh wanna drink?"

"DO we?" shouted Doc, Laurie and I simultaneously, and we made a grab for our hats, yelled a good-night to Bob, and followed the janitor to the nearest "ice cream?" saloon.

At ten o'clock the following morning I met Bob. He looked as affable and genial as a man going to the funeral of his best friend.

"Good morning, you shrimp," I said. "How did you make out last night? Did you finish the song?"

"Yes, I finished the song," he snapped bitterly. "like hell, I did!"

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# NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Peter F. Meyer, who has been responsible for the snappy stories in the Ragtime Review, visited the Chicago office of this publication a short time ago—Great fellow, Pete.

Mr. Mellinger, operating a prosperous school of ragtime in St. Louis, has a novel system for keeping the interest of his teachers and pupils. On his bulletin board he lists every week the names of the two pupils of each teacher who had the best prepared lessons for the week. He closes the bulletining by saying: "May we place your name on this list next week?" A clever idea. Ed.

## A VACATION.

Among the questions asked on an application blank which was given to a Ragtime teacher who was a prospective member of a local club were the following: Name, .....; Age, .....; Residence, .....; Business, ..... This is the way it was filled out: Name, Jacob Schwartz; Age, I respectfully decline to answer; Residence, 505 Masten Ave.; Business, Rotten.

It would seem that business IS rotten when a full grown man can spend time writing such rot as the above, but as I am writing it on my vacation it cannot be said that I am neglecting my work or spending the bosses time idling. Anyhow, it makes this story a few inches longer, and that's what counts most just now. Just how I came to take this vacation I don't quite remember; I haven't had one (a vacation) in a long time, and did not think I could afford one this summer, as the resorts that are desirable are too far away, and therefore too expensive, and those nearby are on the Canadian shores and Bone Dry. Can you imagine that? Canada might be all right, but—

I went to Lodge one night a few weeks ago (I had to pay my dues or be fired), and after the meeting was over and the later session was started and everybody was becoming patriotic, it was put up to yours truly that I could do my BIT very easily by acting as clerk to the exemption board in my district. That was my vacation, a very odd one you will say, but I got the recreation all right, and that is all people go on a vacation for. I put in three days of fourteen hours each, shoving a fountain pen over the examination papers of 501 future heroes, that is, those whom we passed will be heroes unless they are exempted, because they are married or have some other trouble that the doctors could not diagnose.

I was taking dictation from two doctors, the one examining the head and the other doctor examining the heart and lungs.

After the first day's roundup I was so tired that I was asleep before I touched the bed. When my wife woke me up the next morning

I was still mumbling, "heart normal," "lungs O. K.," "nose defect septum," "left ear wax," "right ear twenty-twenty," "right eye blur," "left 20-60 lower left 6-7-8," "upper right 4-7-8;" go in the next room, ready for 'nother dozen, hurry 'em up, gimme a cigar an I'll make a cap'ain out'you, etc."

Talk about ragtime, I think a Medico's lingo has got it all over us like a tent, but that reminds me. The Doc that was looking after the heart found some of them up near the throat, and made the candidates for Uncle Sam's glory in the battlefield run up and down the room a number of times and then look for said wandering heart or make them jump on the left foot a few times in order to shake it down.

Here is where I got the big IDEA. There was a piano near my desk, and after explaining to the Doc, how we could save time by letting them all do a little foxtrot instead of the running stunt, he readily consented to move his table over to the piano. People passing thought it very strange to hear "Me and my gal," "Let's all be Americans now," "Huckleberry Fin," etc., coming through the windows of an exemption board meeting where there should be nothing but military dignity.

What the same people would have said or thought if they could have seen about fifteen or twenty young fellows doing a wigglin' rag with no more clothes on than the day they were born every time I played, is a matter of conjecture. The Doc found their hearts easy enough after that, and I was immediately adopted into the medical profession and labeled "Dr. Schwartz."

JACOB SCHWARTZ.

Gave a recital last night. They programmed me as "Prof. Dappert." Tell the "Czar" that his system of left hand melody got me more applause than anything I used.

"Dap" of Co. I, 4th Ill. Inf.

The RAGTIME REVIEW for August made the following statement: "Several of our best teachers have already been drafted in the army; among them are Mr. Merlin L. Dappert, Mr. Bollinger, Mr. Sheck and Mr. Worley. Should these men meet in one Company in the army with their ragtime talents, they could charge and win against any odds, for in business they get over the top fast! Here's luck to them."

Merlin Dappert was in Chicago teaching Ragtime when he learned that his number was among the 17th hundred drawn, and when he learned that his two brothers were joining the Vandalia Company, he quit his job and joined Co. I, the following day, and while "Dap" says he thinks that the fellow who waits until

he is drafted is entitled to as much honor as the one who doesn't, he would like to call attention of the RAGTIME REVIEW to the fact that he volunteered and got in out of the draft, and that he has ambitions to steal the Kaiser's piano when Co. I gets to Berlin.

## WILLIAM NEUL.

The accompanying picture is that of a clever musician, and one of the best known ragtime drummers in the middle west. Mr. Neul is unique in that he has his own orchestra, which he personally directs while playing drums himself. This is unusual to say the least, but the fact that his orchestra has played long engagements at Riverview Park, Forest Park and San Souci proves that he has more than the average musical ability.

## FORTUNES MADE BY SONG WRITERS.

In the American Magazine, there is an article about the fortunes made by song writers. The writer says:

"When the new style of popular song had wormed its way into the public's heart, the Bowery took Harry von Tilzer in hand and tutored him with the intention of having him amuse and entertain the public with his melodies. Von Tilzer was born in Indiana, and his musical education consisted of one piano lesson. But the Bowery was after a creator not a player. Von Tilzer gleaned his conception of popular music and harmony from the malodorous concert halls filled with clouds of cheap cigarette smoke, semi-happy sailors, painted, whirling faces. At the inception of his career he wrote long and often, but no one displayed any interest in his work and he had a desperate time of it keeping body and soul intact.

"In those days it was easier for me to write a dozen songs than make connections for a square meal," Harry smile, whenever he falls into a reminiscent mood. And I was ready to sell a song for from fifty cents up. I never did get started until Sterling and I wrote the ballad, "My Old New Hampshire Home." After making the rounds with it we took it to a new publisher on Twenty-eighth street. He listened to it and then puckered up his lips. Finally he agreed to take it home and have his little daughter play it, saying that if she should like it he would give us fifteen dollars for it. For the first time in many moons Sterling and I said a prayer, and the next day we got a check for fifteen dollars.

"Would you sell any of your songs now for fifteen?" the writer queried in a joking manner.

"Harry grinned, and shook his head. 'Can you picture me selling a song like "Last Night Was the End of the World" for fifteen dollars? It sold more than a million and a half copies, and my royalty

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WILLIAM NEUL

alone would be almost \$10,000, to say nothing as to my share from the publishing end. Today I would not take \$15,000 for my latest song, "I Sent My Wife to the Thousand Isles," which Al Jolson introduces at the Winter Garden.

"What is the best way for a new writer to get a start?" Harry was asked.

"The Lord only knows," he smiled. "Every fellow seems to get going in a different way—some by accident, some by design, and some by patience and plodding. I know several that owe their start to Sophie Tucker, one of the greatest popular song exploiters in vaudeville. In fact, she is looked upon and billed in all the big time vaudeville houses as the Mary Garden of popular songs."

**MARY GARDEN SAYS RAGTIME IS TYPICAL OF AMERICAN LIFE.**

Mary Garden, internationally famous operatic singer, soon to be seen as a star in Goldwyn pictures, has solved the unexplainable. In an article which has been prepared for a Parisian musical journal, she tells why "ragtime" music has such a wide vogue in America. Miss Garden

will soon sail from Paris to be pictured in "Thais," her first Goldwyn production.

"People in America like ragtime for the same reason that Chicagoans are always in a hurry," writes the operatic celebrity. "It is a matter of action, and in this America believes in getting there first. Ragtime is the 100-yard dash of music, and its followers are the sprinters of musical scores.

"All ragtime is not necessarily bad. In fact, some of it has been particularly good. Ragtime can find its classic counterpart in some of our most celebrated and enduring music. The following selections are glorified ragtime: 'Tarantella,' Arr. Rossini; 'Two Russian Folk Songs' (Molodka and Sun in the Sky); dances from 'Casse Noisette,' Tchaikowsky; 'Witches Dance' from 'Hansel and Gretel'; 'Linda Mia,' Spanish folk song; 'Shepherd's Hey,' Grainger; 'Habanera,' from 'Carmen'; 'Dagger Dance,' 'Natoma,' Herbert; 'Liebesfreud' (old Vienna waltz), Kreisler; intermezzo (between Acts 2 and 3), 'Jewels of the Madonna' and 'Largo al Factotum,' from 'The Barber of Seville.' To like ragtime is more an indication of joy in the ephemeral than proof of bad taste. It is the sprightliness of this class of music that has recommended it to America."

My idea of a rag—"National Colors" rag. **BERNARD B. BRIN.**

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