RAGIEW REVIEW

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Vol. 3

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THAT HARMONY OUARTETTE

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

(Part Three.)

When Tack Benson left the boys at the stage entrance of the Universal Theatre in San Francisco, at 10 o'clock that night, he was absolutely sober. Chick Randolph could prove that, and so could Big Bill Bradshaw and Fatty Howe. It wasn't that Handsome Jack was a heavy drinker. Far from it! We say that Jack was sober when he left the boys simply because it happens to be a cold, undiluted fact.

The gist of the matter was that 'Frisco was Benson's home town, and he was undeniably glad when That Harmony Quartette made its first appearance in that city at the big Universal Theatre. Over a score of Benson's friends and relatives were present at the opening night, and as luck would have it, the boys never did better. Their classy act took the city by storm.

The quartette was invited to attend a gala night at the Golden Gate Club, of which Benson was a member, the following night after the theatre. Benson urged the boys to attend, but to his disappointment, pleading Fatty claimed he was "off was useless. the stuff' and dared not face temptation; Randolph begged forgiveness on the ground that he was too tired to move; and big Bilt, after due apologies, asserted that drinking and smoking did not appeal to his conception of a-good time.

So-Renson decided to attend his club's gala affair without the company of the Bradshaw, Howe and Randolph boys. were stopping at the Seacliffe Hotel, while in 'Frisco, and Benson was staying at the home of his folks. He had invited the boys to his home for the entire period, but they wouldn't hear of it. They were frank enough to confess that their presence would not add to the tranquility of a nice, quiet home.

Realizing that further argument would avail him nothing, Benson bade the others good-bye at the stage entrance. He was immaculately dressed, evening clothes, flowing opera coat, high silk hat, cream trimmings. No one would have entertained any doubts as to why he was called Handsome lack had they seen him on this night. He was about the finest looking specimen of clean cut. American manhood that any girl would have cared to meet, and what added to his attractions was that he seemed to be unaware of it. .

Therefore, we repeat, that when Benson arrived at the palatial and luxurious quarters of the Golden Gate Club he was an emblem of unquestionable sobriety.

Of course, his clubmates were greatly disappointed when he made his appearance without the other members of the famous quartette, for every man in the club was eager to hear the boys play and sing. It was strictly an affair for the members of the club, naturally, and a private appearance would have been looked upon as something to be quite proud of

As the minutes flew by, however, with drinks, anecdotes, weird tales, smokes, a hearty dinner and some clever demonstrations at the piano by Benson, the other three members of the quartette were forgotten. From a mild beginning the men, according to the amount of beverage they consumed and the length of time they utilized in disposing of it, gradually grew notay and more boisterous. Wine, champagne and highballs came and disappeared with astounding rapidity.

lack could never remember how many drinks he consumed, nor could he ever recall the number of mixed concoctions he had attempted. He could only recollect, in a dim and hazy way, that everything was song, clinking glasses, naughty jokes, hilarious action and temerious haste. He knew that at one time he had rendered some of his most brilliant compositions at the piano, and at the conclusion, had been cheered, patted and pounded on the back, and almost idolized.

Soon everything became a haze-a fantastic, indescribable blar. Several laughings, staggering companions assisted him in a colored waistcoat, white spats and all the taxi after he had stummed thrice in the at-

tempt, and some time later he dimly recollected handing the chauffeur a roll of bills, half of which the chauffeur shoved back in his pocket. He mumblingly refused his proffered assistance after being assured that the house before him was 958 Hamilton aveme (his father's residence) and holdly wobbled and staggered up the steps. After a diligent search, in which he staggered from one side of the veranda to the other, hefound his eigar lighter and made a stupid effort to insert it in the lock and open the door. Finally, grumbling his disgust, he discovered that he held the key in his left hand, and he flung the stogic illuminafor away.

After twenty minutes of desperate labor, in which he tried to open the lock with the reverse end of the key, he discovered his mistake, tipped his hat at the moon, and fumbled around with the correct end. Presently the lock snapped, the door opened, and Benson landed on his face flat on the floor.

He lay there for a minute or two, perfectly contented. Then he arose with great difficulty, staggered around in a circle humning "The Last Rose of Summer" with such an impedimental inflection, that nobody would have recognized the song, and at last grasped the bannister at the foot of the stairs. He got half way up the stairs, slipped, cursed the icy sidewalks in San Francisco, and stid all the way down to the hottom with a bump, a rip and a crash.

Everything was in total darkness except for a dim light in the hall above, and in the intense silence of the night it was astonishing that nobody heard the sounds.

"I'll—hic—c-climb th-thish mountain—hic—if I never d-do asnosher—hic—sh-shing." he mutered thickly.

Again he picked himself up, leaving his hat on the floor, grasped the bannister firmly and staggered slowly and painfully up the stairs. Muttering to himself, words to the effect that his room was the last down the hall, he recled and wobbled along the narrow hall until he came to a room which he knew to be lighted by the flashes in the door cracks. He paused before this room, grasped the door wide open.

In the center of the room, slowly and daintily disrobing, stood a beautiful, dark haired girl, attired in the loveliest of filmy, lacy lingerie trimmed with exquisite little knots of blue and pink ribbon bows. Her shapely limbs were clad in silk open-work hosiery of lustrous fibre, and the low cut of her corsage permitted fascinating glimpses of snowy white, bulging breast. Her bare arms, and throat and neck, were beautifully formed—perfect as though they had been chiseled from marble:

Turning in fright the girl brought two dark brown eyes, wide with astonishment, to hear upon the intruder. Then, with a little cry of terror, she caught up the garments she had flung over the chair and fled to a dressing screen at the other end of the room.

Blinking like an, owl, his mouth open wide in an expression that denoted hopeless stupidity mingled with utter lack of comprehension. Benson clutched the door knob and stared vacantly. His collar was ripped and torn, his curly black hair, a mass of disorder and confusion, nearly covered his eyes, and he dragged his opera coat along the floor.

The girl's dark head suddenly peered from behind the screen. Her brown eyes, still wide with horror, surveyed the form and countenance of what had once been a handsome young man. Then, slowly, the horrified took in her eyes disappeared and an expression of surprise crept into her pretty face. And a moment later the look of surprise faded only to be replaced by a light of mischief in her dark, fustrous eyes,

She stepped from behind the screen. She had wrapped a gauzy, transparent negligee about her soft, supple figure, which she deftly pinned down the wront. It was of a pinkish material.

"Hic-well-w-what tha-hic-h-hell ish -- began Benson, hopelessly dumbfounded and at sea.

"Why. Jack dear." she interrupted, and despite the pretty pout of reproval on her crimson lips her eyes sparkled mischievously. "I really believe you are intoxicated. Come in honey."

"W-wash that?" inquired Benson, in stupid astonishment. "Sh-shay, w-what the -hic-kind of-hic-"

"Oh, dear, why did you drink so much?" asked the girl demurely, taking his arm and leading him to the bed.

"Hic-d-don't do shat," he mumbled irritably. "L-let me-hic-outer h-here. Who-who-hic-w-who in-hic-hell are you, anyway-hic?"

The pretty dark haired girl bit her lip to repress a smile, closed the door softly, faced him and said in well-pretended astonishment:

"Why, Jack dear! Don't you recognize your own wife? Oh, mercy, what a shame, what a shame!"

She hid her face in the sleeve of her dainty negligee and appeared to be sobbing brokenly.

"W-well—hic—I—I'll sh be damned!" exclaimed the astounded Jack, and he flopped down on the edge of the bed and rubbed his eyes stupidly. To save his life he simply could not clear his brain of the fog and understand it all. What was this, anyway? Was the girl drunk? Or was it possible that he was drunk? Could he be going out of his senses—was this beautiful girl, really his wife? And if so, when had he married her? His eyes had become bleary now, and he was beginning to see things twice.

"Hic-do y-you-hie-mean to shay thash-hie-I'm mash-married?"

"Oh, Jacki You'll break my heart!"

sobbed the girl, but she dared not look at him. "O-of course, you are!"

Benson twisted his face into a comical expression and scratched his head. He was striving fiercely to understand it all, but it was hopeless.

"A-and-hic-y-you're my-hic-my w-wife, eh?"

"Of course I am!" she cried, weeping mournfully,

"W-well," he stammered thickly, "all I'sh gotta shay ish that—hic—I'm a lucky—hic—lucky guy, thash all."

In spite of her admirable attempt at gravity, the girl's face blushed crimson. She appeared to be wiping the tears from her lovely eyes as she approached him and placed a little white hand on his shoulder.

"Come, dear," she said softly. "you must go to bed, like a good boy. Let me help you remove your coat."

"Hic-thash alright, shweetheart," he mumbled unintelligibly, taking her arm. "Gimme kish?"

"I'll kiss you after, Jack, not now. Come, be good."

She flushed a little, removed his coat and cream white waistcoat, placed them over a chair, and looked at him intently. She seemed to be undecided as to the next best thing to do. Presently an idea occurred to her.

"Listen. Jack dear," she said. "You get undressed and go to bed. I'm going down stairs for a few minutes. When I come up I'll let you kiss me to your heart's content,"

He protested in mumbles to this arrangement, but had not the strength left to rise from the bed—nor the will, either. The girl hastily took some lacy garments from behind the screen, folded them over her arm, and softly tiptoed out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Benson thickly grumbled his discontent, tore off his suspenders, and finally flung himself half-dressed across the bed. Vague, fantastic shapes and figures flitted before his tired, bleary eyes for some time; then he dozed off and knew no more. For one thing, he never knew that about twenty minutes later the dainty dark haired girl stole into the room, looked at him rather dolefully, switched off the lights and went out again.

The golden rays of a brilliant sunlight disturbed his heavy slumber the next morning. We say "disturbed" advisedly, for Handsome Jack awoke with anything but a smile on his face. A brown, sour, muggy taste was in his mouth; his tongue felt as if it weighed a ton; and he managed to keep his eyes open only with the greatest difficulty. He gave vent to a dismal groan as he rubbed his aching forehead.

He strove to remember the events of the preceding night, but he found it a task beyond his power. His hazy eyes could not locate anything that resembled a clock in the room, and he wondered what time it was. A dull, painful throbbing in his head.

and the pangs of an unquenchable thirst which invariably follows "the day after the night before" goaded him almost to despair, and in a fit of unreasonable anger he finally climbed out of bed and seized the pitcher of water on the neatly appointed stand near the corner of the room. Great, gulping draughts of the refreshing water relieved him to some extent. And then, as he surveyed himself in the mirror, he realized for the first time that he had slept without removing his trousers and shirt, and the rumpled, criss-cross creases in his trousers told a silent tale of woe.

Suddenly it occurred to him that the room looked very strange. And then it dawned upon his muggy conception of all things in general that this wasn't his own room. Well, then, whose room was it, and how did lie get here? For the first time he noticed a number of feminine articles on the dresser. There was, for example, a large bottle of hair tonic of the type he knew was used copiously by women; quite a few dainty, prettily designed boxes of different hues and tints; a powder puff, and cute little toilet articles of which he knew little or nothing.

Well, well; this was a helluva pickle—hanged if it wasn't. It was useless to attempt to figure it all out, though. A cold bath would be the best thing. In shirt and trousers, his suspenders dangling at his hips, he opened the door and started for the bathroom at the other end of the hall. He halted abruptly, stared vacantly, and—blinked-his-eyes. Where had the bathroom gone to? Had somebody walked off with it? He stared around, and then discovered that he was on the second floor. His own room, he recalled was on the floor above. On this floor the bathroom was at the other end of the hall.

Wanly smiling at the thought that he had slept in the wrong room, Benson turned and walked back to the other end of the hallway and entered the little bathroom.

Some time later he entered the dining room, where he beheld his mother, sister and another young lady of heautiful hair, eyes and complexion seated at the table. They looked up at him as he entered, and Jack thought that they eyed him in a most peculiar manner.

"Good morning," he said. "Rather late for breakfast this morning, ain't 1?"

All three burst into laughter.

"Breakfast?" exclaimed Mrs. Benson. "My dear boy, this is luncheon."

A quick glance at the clock informed Jack that it was after twelve, and he recalled that he was to be at the theater that afternoon, too.

"Let me introduce you to your only first cousin, Jack," added Mrs. Benson, nodding to the young lady at his sister's side. "She arrived here unexpectedly yesterday after you had gone, and has been just craving to see you ever since. This is your cousin Mildred."

Benson's eyes lighted with interest, and he took a step forward to greet the cousin he had not seen since childhood. As she rose to meet him, however, she turned a blushing face toward the light, and Jack found himself staring at her in perplexity. She was indescribably lovely, but where in the world had he seen that face, those eyes, and that wealth of lustrous hair before? In his wonderment, he forgot that he was staring at her rudely.

"I'm so glad to see you again, cousin Jack" she said, extending a dainty white hand, and at the same moment Benson's mother and sister broke into peels of shricking laughter. Unable to restrain herself any longer, Mildred turned her head and sank hack into her chair, shaking with mirth.

Benson, confused and dubious, stared first at one, then at the others. There was such a ludicrous expression on his handsome face that his mother and sinter nearly, doubled up when they looked at him.

"I don't know what the joke is," declared Jack, spreading his feet wide apart and shoving his hands in his pockets as a great light suddenly penetrated his brain. "But I know I saw my cousin Mildred before, and unless I haven't fully recovered from the after effects of last night, I think I can name the place."

"Where?" demanded Mrs. Benson, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes, and Mildred's face turned a pinkish hue.

Jack glanced mischievously at his pretty cousin from the corner of his eye. A sudden and complete comprehension of the events of the preceding night had fixed itself on his mental faculties.

"Let me see, now," he began. "I came home last night—er, pardon me; I mean this morning—in an unusual state of exuberance. By deducting, adding and multiplying I can realize now that my said state of exuberance lead me into the wrong room. Imagine my astonishment when, upon opening the door of that room, I—"

"Oh, don't-please don't!" gasped Mildred, her face flaming, while his sister May laughed heartily and Mrs. Benson almost screamed.

"Shall I continue?" asked Jack inno-

Mildred, in dismay, looked at him reproachfully, and then turned her eyes away.

"You need not continue, Jack" his sister said at that moment, evidently determined to save her cousin further embarrassment. "The joke is on you, and to ease Mildred's conscience—though she really did nothing terrible—I'll explain it all."

They gathered about the table, Benson seating himself next to Mildred, and May went on:

"Frank Edwards arrived in the city lastnight and stopped in to see father. On meeting Mildred, he offered to take her to



KING NORTON AND HIS INTERNATIONAL MELODISTS

the theater. He and Mildred went to the Continental Hotel affer theater for a supper, and it was a little after midnight when Mildred got home.

"Mother and I arranged it so Mildred could sleep in the pinkroom while here, and while she was disrobing, as you know, in came brother Jack, gloriously intoxicated. Mildred was very frightened at first, but loves a good joke. Besides, she was afraid that you would make an uproar and disturb father if she had not taken the course she did. You know how father abhors intoxication

"Well, she pretended that she was your wife. She recognized you shortly from pictures she had seen in the theatrical pages of the newspapers, and some photos I had shown her. You know the rest of the story."

They all laughed heartily, and soon Mildred was at her ease. May's simple, easy manner of telling the story had removed all traces of embarrassment, and she felt very grateful for it.

After dinner, Jack made his apologies, and with a feeling of regret he could not suppress started for the Universal Theater. Mrs. Benson, May and Mildred were to follow him shortly. They had purchased a box for the matinee performance. In Jack's mind there was at least one fixed purpose. He would outdo all his previous efforts for the benefit of his cousin, and he would also see to it that the rest of the boys did likewise.

A University of Chicago teacher says that you can taste music-that a violin, for example, is claret and the flute sugar. Well, there are also the corn-et, the pickle-o, the trom-bone and the pic-ano.-Chicago Post.

ADVENTURES OF AN OLD 'CELLO. By Prof. Hans Mettke.

The closing strains of the opera "Mikado" had died away after a very successful performance by the society people of the town gathered from the choirs of the different churches which furnished some remarkable voices for the different roles which gave each a pleasant opportunity to do their level best and at the same time enjoy the social effect of the occasion.

The members of the orchestra chosen for this occasion had all hurried away to meet their musical friends and exchange expressions of admiration upon the singing, acting and costumes.

Only one member of the orchestra was still there in the orchestra pit, Pranz, the enthusiast, busily engaged in putting the cover upon his old and much beloved violoncello.

Another member of the orchestra, an organist of a prominent society church, who had played in string quartettes and trios with Franz for many pleasant hours, had gradually become very jealous of the remarkable talents of this hard working 'cellist, whose mellow tones of his old wonderful 'cello were encapturing and captivating all music lovers of the town, so that this evil genius came upon the desparate idea to demolish the means of winning all the musical hearts, so that he would be forced to step back and be forgotten in a short time.

He himself was the organist and choir leader of the prominent society church and naturally expected that he should be the first in everything and therefore could not endure it to see another favorite making headway beside him.

Franz had clearly noticed signs of mischief in the air, when he entered the pit, before the beginning of the opera, for a large old hoop had blocked his passage on the highest step before the entrance to the pit, in order to trip him and make him fall over his instrument, but he had noticed this trap in time and had thrown it down stairs.

This however, was only the prelude to something still meaner and caused the accomplishment of a devilish purpose to ruin his musical career for a time.

He took his 'cello carefully down the narrow steps and as soon as he had reached the floor, to behold! his left foot struck against a small board which had been purposely forced under the door; and as it was very dark down there and narrow, he could not notice such an obstruction!

The consequence was that he fell with a vim upon his 'cello and naturally broke the top into many pieces.

As the instrument was so very old, the wood had become so dry, that any little jar or concussion would cause a crack; and now this accident had demolished the whole top so completely that it was entirely useless and had to be sent to an expert instrument-

The perpetrator of this malicious deed came to the unlucky 'cellist to offer his condolence for this serious accident.

"Well now is not that a dirty shame to have such an accident with that fine old fiddle!"

"Who could be so mean to make you fall over it like that?"-

"That grand old instrument is surely gone for good now and only ready for kindling wood!"— "Too bad, too bad!"

But his heart rejoiced in impish glee, because now the mellow tones of the old 'cello were made silent in solos, quartets. trios, orchestra and obligatoes and reigned supreme in the musical kingdom of the

Nevertheless, undismayed Franz kept on with undaunted energy, packed the remains of his beloved 'cello up and sent them to a well-known instrument-maker in New York, bought a cheaper 'cello, which he used for four months in an orchestra at a summer resort, where besides playing four times a

day he had practiced so much, that when he returned to his town in the fall, his adversary was completely astonished over his good tone and technique on such a cheap instrument.

They met again in a music store, where Franz was playing a favorite and popular solo to a friend.

"Well hallo, old chap!" exclaimed the organist in greatest astonishment.

"Where did you get such a tone on such an inferior instrument?"

"Well," answered Franz, "besides playing four times a day in the orchestra at the summer resort I practiced all I could to employ my time in the most profitable manner!"

"Now let us take up our usual rehearsals again," said the organist, "and besides quartettes we will tackle the grand quintet of Schumann!"

And so they worked together again in great enthusiasm and the organist seemed to have forgotten his previous hostile and malicious attitude.

Time passed on and no word came from the instrument-maker.

Just by accident Franz learned that the instrument-maker's violins and other instruments had been sold at auction by the sheriff and that his 'cello had shared the lot of all the others and that his store was closed.

"But now," exclaimed Franz, "whither has my old 'cello gone and how in the world shall I ever find it again?"

He was forced to leave his business for a time and travel to the great metropolis to search for his instrument, without having the slightest clue or idea where to search for it.

Of course, he called at the instrumentmaker's place first and found it locked and nobody there to ask for information.

Then he ascertained where this man lived and did not find him at home.

And so he called in vain several times always missing him, when he was either out of town or on a little business engagement in the neighborhood.

And when he did finally come to him face to face, he learned that his father had died in the meantime.

After being reproached for failure to notify Franz of the sheriff's sale, the instrument-maker simply gave to Franz the address of his lawyer without any excuse whatever for selling his instrument.

Of course, the instrument-maker felt sure and safe, that Franz would not begin a law suit about this matter, a very expensive luxury in the metropolis.

Now Franz wended his way to this lawyer whom he fortunately found in his office down fown.

He gave him the address of the autioneer, whose office was some where on West Broadway.

But when going down on a Broadway car Franz was eagerly watching the numbers and when he thought he had reached the proper place, lo behold, the numbers stopped all at once and there were only old tombstones to behold and among the dead the 'cello could never be found!

So on leaving the car Franz approached a policeman.

"Mr. Officer," he exclaimed, "would you please tell me, where I can find the auctioneer's office on West Broadway?"

And he directed him to an old part of the city, a very ancient and rickety building, up a very dilapidated stair, into a dark and small back room, which really seemed to be the office of this auctioneer.

When he entered this uninviting place, le explained his presence by saying:

"I came to find out about a sheriff's sale in which my instrument, in a quite damaged condition, was sold and now I am anxious to get a clue, where to trace it and if possible, gain again possession of it."

The man seemed unwilling at first to give any information whatever about the sheriff's sale.

But finally it became clear and evident to

him that the 'cellist was searching for his own instrument and very reluctantly he opened his large ledger and sought for the date of that sheriff's sale.

"Well, here it is," he exclaimed finally, after going over page after page, tracing it down with his finger, "Feb. 27, sheriff's sale of Gunther's instruments; two mandolins, one violin and (one 'cello),—the 'cello in parenthesis—sold for the marvelous sum of \$4.551"

Evidently he did not know what the value of an old instrument was; but Franz' intuition assured him that he was on the right track and thanked his stars that he had finally come on to such a valuable clue.

A certain Jas. Fischl, a Jew, up on 2nd Ave., had bought it, knowing full well that he would earn a princely price after having it glued together by an ordinary carpenter, which was really his intention.

Now Franz took the car up Second Ave. until he reached the given address and beheld a small one-story auction house, where he soon expressed the purpose of his visit. "The auctioneer on West Broadway has shown me in his ledger," he remarked, "that you have purchased an old, quite damaged, big string instrument, Feb. 27, and I have come to look it up and if possible take it back with me."

"Oh, no," exclaimed the wily Israelite, "you are mistaken in the address, because I do not know that auctioneer and never was in his office on West Broadway!"

But Franz kept on to describe the instrument, its color, size and the condition in which it was, the top all 'busted' in.

"The pegs were taken out," he added, "and the tailpiece wrapped together with, the pegs!"

"Oh yes," the Jew exclaimed carelessly, "my wife has those fittle things up stairs, hidden behind the mirror!" betraying himself instantly and thus acknowledging the possession of the instrument!

"Sarah, Sarah," he exclaimed into the back yard, "fetch those little things behind the mirror upstairs!"

And very, very reluctantly he then ordered that Jacob should go down into the cellar and bring the instrument up from under the front steps, all covered with dust, dirt and spider webs.

Instantly the instrument was recognized by Franz and in the meantime Sarah had brought down pegs and tailpiece from behind the mirror.

In great joy and happiness Franz started off with his regained treasure.

"Oh, no," the grasping Jew exclaimed, come back with that old fiddle; that is my property, for I bought it at that sheriff's sale on West Broadway!

"Pay me fifty dollars and you can take it along!"

"But that is not fair," replied Franz, "that I should be forced to buy back my own property! There is no justice in such a deal!"

"Well, come over again tomorrow," said the Jew, growing a little milder, "and see my son Jacob about it, who is really the owner of it now."

Franz had now ample time to think over such unfair ways of the world and succeeded the next day to regain his property for half of the sum which was asked at first.

Afterwards he learned that he could have regained it without much cost through a replevin; but that was then too late.

However, he was so glad to take the instrument with him again, that he did not mind that expense!

Now a friend suggested to have it repaired by a German instrument-maker who did repair work for a large firm of a foreign country; but this fellow was too lazy to glue the top together and insisted upon a new top.

After a considerable time he sent it back to Franz asking \$54 C. O. D.

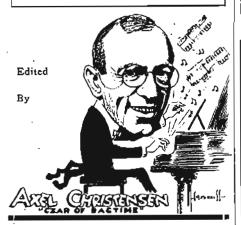
But the tone of the intsrument was horrible now, so potty and dull, without the



LEROY AND MABEL HART

(Continued on page 19)

The Ragtime Review



Sublished every month at 20 B. Jackson Bivd., Chicago By the Christensen School of Popular Music, at Chicago

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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 10th of the preceding month. Last forms positively close on the 15th of the

preceding month. All cuts made for advertisers are charged to

their accounts.

RAGGIN' 'EM IN.

It was a gala afternoon in the vicinity of Thirty-fifth street and Forest avenue,

The regimental band of the Eighth regiment (colored), Illinois infantry, was tuning up. Into the sunlight they came, and dense crowds gathered and applauded. Bandmaster James B. Tucker swung his · baton-and bam!

"da-da-de-da, da-de-da-a-a-a-a'"

The crowd swung from side to side in involuntary rhythm. The soldier musicians could not restrain a swagger lift to their military procession down the street. On the window sills the beauties of Forest avenue tapped their knuckles as they watched their men with adoring eyes. Down the street went the band and swerved and came back to the armory.

And a dozen quivering, glory inspired boys rushed in and enlisted.

Fifty recruits were "ragged" in during the day. Had the band included a trap drum the regiment could have gotten twice as many recruits.

J. Forrest Thompson and Robert Thurman in a sketch entitled "A Negro and a Jew," were the hit of the show at the annual Holy Cross Vaudeville show in Louisville.

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.

I Broke My Mother's Heart, All Over You -By Alfred Bryan and James Kendis. Published by Kendis. Verse is written in slow ballad style with chorus in march time. Just fair.

What Did Eve Give Adam for Christmas?— By Henry Lewis, Creamer & Layton. Published by Joe Morris Music Co. A good one step with rather "loud" lyrics. Being used by Henry Lewis in "Follow" Mc" with good success. Will probably be heard in the cabarets.

She Gets Mc All Fussed Up-By Lew Brown and James F. Hanley. Published by Broadway Music Corporation. A one step that I don't care much for.

I Got the Worst of It All-By Rarold Dixon. Published by Buck & Lowney. After hearing this one I would say that he got what he deserved.

You Have A Wonderful Way-By Eral Smith and Chip Donaldson. Published by Tell Taylor Music Publisher. A catchy melody in foxtrot style and when propcrly handled is quite pretty.

There's Something About You Makes Mc Love You-By Henry Lewis, Bernie Grossman and Arthur Lange. Published by Joe Morris Music Co. Nothing to rave over.

Oh Papa, Oh Papa, Won't You Be a Pretty Papa To Me-By Nat Vincent and James F. Hanley. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. A good foxtrot in stop time. Quite a hit as sung by Sophie Tucker.

He's Just Like You-By Lew Brown and Albert von Tilzer. Published by Broadway Music Corporation. A pretty fair song written in "B" flat.

When It's Circus Day Back Home-By Jack Yellen and Jack Glogan. Published by

Witmark & Sons, A novelty song written in march style that is a eatchy one

Turn To the Right-By Milton Ayer and Wm. Jerome. Published by Wm. Jerome Publishing Co. A song or ballad of the "Mother" style full of good advice and with pretty melody running through same.

Dance and Grow Thin-By Geo. W. Meyer. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. A good foxtrot and splendid dance number.

Smile, Smile, Smile-By Geo. Asaf and Felix Powell. Published by Chappell & Co. Good march song. Very good when properly handled. One of the hits of "Her Soldier Boy."

Somewhere on Broadway - By Stanley Murphy and Henry Carroll. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. A very good number with swinging melody.

See Dixie First-By Geo. L. Cobb and Jack Mahoney. Published by Walter Jacobs. By the author of "Are You from Dixie," but this one is hardly up to that standard.

'Till the Clouds Roll By-By Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse and Jerome Kern. Published by T. B. Harms. A double song number being used in the musical comedy "Oh, Boy" and proving popular.

Abram-By James Kendis. Published by Kendis. Clever lyrics and a good jewish talking number.

Rolling Stones-By Edgar Leslie and Archie Gottler. Published by Kalmar, Puck & Abrahams. A waltz song with exceptionally pretty melody,

Huckleberry Finn-By Sam M. Lewis, Cliff Hess and Joe Young. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. Dandy melody with original lyrics and bound to he a big hit.

Throw Me A Rose-By Emmerich Kalman, P. G. Wodehouse and Herbert Reynolds. By the writer of "Sari." One of the hits of "Miss Springtime."

Here Comes the Groom-By Hapgood Burt. Published by T. B. Harrns. One of the hits in "Betty" handled by Raymond Hitchcock. A splendid comic numEverybody's "Jazzin" It—By Lew Hays and Will J. Hart. Published by Broadway Music Corporation. Foxtrot. Would make a good "Jazz" number.

Why I Love You I Don't Know—By James Brockman and Jack Smith. Published by James Brockman Music Publishing Co. Probably because she didn't sing this song.

Come On Over Here, It's A Wonderful Place—By Win. Jerome and Seymour Furth. Published by Win. Jerome Publishing Co. A waltz song with enough lyrics to sink a ship.

When Rosie Riccoola Do Da Hoola Ma Boola—By Andrew Sterling and Arthur Lange. Published by Joe Morris Music Co. You remember "My Big Brother Sylvest?" Well, this is along the same line and will make a good character numbor.

All the World Will Be Jealous of Me—By
Al Dubin and Ernest R. Ball. Published
by M. Witmark & Sons. A very pretty
waltz ballad by the author of "Mother
Machree" and other well-known hits.
The lyrics are also very good.

I Love My Billy Sunday But Oh You Saturday Night—By Edgar Leslie, Grant Clark and Geo. W. Meyer. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. Being used in the cabarets here but I don't care much for it. Too much the same thing over and over again.

Suki San—Where the Cherry Blossoms Fall —By J. Keirn Breunan and Walter Donaldson. Published by M. Witmark & Sons. A Japanese novelty song ballad that is pretty fair.

If You Saw What I Saw, You'd Go To Utah—By Howard Patrick. Published by Daniels & Wilson. I'm willing to go any place if they don't sing this one.

Get Over Sal—By Wallie Herzer. Published by Daniels & Wilson. Here is a daily "raggy" foxtrot that is quite pretty. Would make a hig "jazz" number.

THE MOULIN ROUGE.

Is the name selected by Albert Bouche for his new and magnificent open air Garden at Clark and Lawrence streets, and which will be thrown open to the public sometime this month.

No expense has been spared to make the Moulin Rouge the finest Garden of its

kind in Chicago. One of the unique features will be the Galleria-Umberto promenade of Italian vogue.

There is a wonderful dancing floor that will easily accommodate 300 couples and D'Urbano's Eccentric Royal Italian Band of 40 pieces with 15 soloists has been engaged to open the Garden.

One of the exclusive features will be the automobile garking space within the Garden itself. Under the able management of Mr. Bouche we expect to see the Moulin Rouge prove very popular and successful right from the start.

ANNETTE FRIESNER,

Soprano.

Miss Friesner is a clever and attractive artist, with a coloratura voice of rare quality, fine range and ample flexibility. Her work during the past season included among other engagements an appearance as soloist for the Federation of Women's Clubs with the Howe Orchestra and with the hilip Cincione Band. She is a member o the Massell Juartet, of New York City. She .. as been engaged for Chautauqua appearances with Ewing's Band and is in demand wherever an accomplished musician as well as an exceptional vocolist is required, and her voice is large and of quality sufficient to warrant her success in the best environment. She has recently made a number of notable appearances at the new Hotel Deshter, in Columbus.

KING WOOTEN AND HIS INTERNA-TIONAL MELODIES.

This combination consists of violin, piano, piano-accordion, and xylophone, the latter including all traps and drums. Mr. Wooten is the violinist and director. Mrs. Wooten is a finished pianist and an exceptional accompanist. Ludwig Fischer, the piano-accordions, has extraordinary credentials and as a novelty attraction of genuine merit may be featured anywhere with any bill. Mr. Zimmerman, the xylophone soloist, plays practically all the heavy overtures and many popular favorites, using four hammers. With one or two vocal soloists added to this unique and versatile combination, any manager will have a complete entertainment at the minimum of cost for which a good novelty feature can be produced.

LE ROY AND MABEL HART.

"Isn't there such an animal outside concert work and grand operas as a public entertainer who actually can sing?" is the problem that has been knitting the brows of vaudeville addicts and managers alike into bow knots for the past few years. "Doesn't the American public still love a pure, sweet, full-toned voice?" is another. If the cordial receptions accorded Leroy and Mabel Hart may be taken as a criterion, both questions are answered directly and the void that rapidly was becoming an



* ANNETTE FRIESNER

aching one is filled for the time being at least, for these two artists are a delight to the ears of the musically informed and the musically ignorant in their group of melodies. They sing with the ease of the thoroughly trained vocalist and that portion of the American public as represented by the hotel and club audience still loves the human voice as a medium for musical expression is very obviously true for on their every appearance the applause has been spontaneous and heart warming.

I'VE GOT A DOLLAR.

Listen, old man, lend and car to a friend, I've got a dollar which I have to spend, And it's advice that I'm asking of you, With this lone dollar, now what shall I do?

I have to spend it, but it must return, Each penny's value—I've no dough to burn! Speak to me truly. I'll buy with it, what? But—please remember, it's all that I've got.

I must not blow it on women and wine, Nor must I leave it in some place to dine, But I MUST spend it and it MUST go fast, Always remembering it is my last.

Think for a moment! This dollar MUST got How shall I spend it, my friend, let me know: But it must bring me some laughter and song, And its returns must be lasting and long.

Listen, old man, lend and ear to a friend, I've got a dollar which I HAVE to spend, Then the friend answered "here's what you can do, Subscribe for a year to THE RAGTIME REVIEW."

I thank you.

-Corrois.

RAGTIME MUSIC NEW AID TO SURGERY.

Ragtime and popular music is the latest aid to surgery.

It was employed in Chicago recently by two physicians to assist them in giving anesthetics to patients, and worked so well that in future it will be employed in all cases where the patients show fear of the drug.

The experiment was tried in the Columbus Hospital by Dr. Thomas A. Carter and Dr. Martin Ritter.

The first patient to be put under the drug with the aid of popular airs played on a talking machine was P. W. Coombs, a personal friend of Dr. Carter, who was operated on for appendicitis.

Like most patients, Mr. Coombs resisted the anesthetic, and to distract his mind from thoughts of the drug Dr. Carter got the talking machine, put on one of the popular airs, and while the patient was listening to the music administered the ether that put him to sleep.

A LIVE SPOT IN ST. LOUIS.

A high-cla estaurant entertainment, replete with no specialties, is announced by Melsheimer's. Taylor and Arnold and their company of singers, players and entertainers; the Chicago Lyrics, vocalists and instrumentalists in a program of songs and orchestra numbers; Daisy' Dugas, late star of the Jesse Lasky Company, with several late song successes: Leo. Terry whirlwind pianist, and

Maurice Spyer, violinist, are the diversionists on the bill. Earl Taylor has prepared a program of ensembles in which he will present the entire roster of merrymakers. These numbers are the latest in New York and they will be presented for the first time in St. Louis. Music and entertainment at Melsheimer's are continuous from 6 to 1 o'clock every evening.

AT McTAGUE'S IN ST. LOUIS.

Dixie, an elaborately costumed ensemble, will be one of the chief singing numbers of the Arabian Nights Entertainers. Other numbers are "Cuddle Into My Heart," sung by Dolly Primrose, soprano, and Henry Merker, tenor; "Pretty Baby," offered as a song and dance number; "Come Sing to Me," "Song of Joy," and an interpretative solo dance number by Charline Young.

GOOD BILL AT WINTER GARDEN.

"The Echoes of Broadway," now appearing at the Winter Garden in Chicago is very popular.

Rose and Arthur Boylan, dancing duo; Anna Held and other artists head the bill. Among the dances they present are "Dance of the Rose," "The Devil and the Doll," Scarf waltz, French tango, minuet and step dance. other artists are Miss Beck, soprano; Edna Maze and Eddie Allen, singers and dancers and Miss Martin, novelty and character dances. A chorus of twelve supports the cast.

F. Wadsworth Wheeler's Syncopated Orchestra is popular with Winter Garden patrons

PATHE RELEASE BOY SCOUT 'MARCH.

The Pathé Co. have just released the official Boy Scout March records. The march is by W. W. Ellsworth and has the official endorsement thereon. It is filled to the brim with catchy melody and ismaking quite a hit as a dance number. Piano copies, orchestration and band arrangements of this number are also published and are on sale at most music dealers.

A REAL JAZZ BAND.

"Everybody Loves a Jazz Band," is the title of a popular one-step and 'the truth of this saying was proven at the Lagoon Theater, Minneapolis, where Frank Pallma, the noted composer and director, and his real "jazz" band, have made their home.

During the week of April 8, the foxtrot, "Everybody Loves a Jazz Band," was played among the overture numbers. Other late pieces played were the jazz one-step. "Hong Kong," the jazz foxtsot. "Hawanan Butterfly;" the intermezzo trot. "Way Out Yonder in the Golden West;" "There's Just a Little Bit of Monkey Still Left in You and Me," and the medley waltz, "I Met You Dear In Dreamland."



BEULAH SKALLERUP

Beulah Skallerun, oriental dancer, is featuring the East Indian Prayer Dance this season. This is a pantomimic interpretation of the Denis type, depicting the religion of the snake god, the life of the temple girls who pray daily, purify themselves with incense and dance to exhaustion in hope that the gods will take on them and answer their prayers. If their arms become snake-like they believe their gods have entered as the evidence that their prayer has been answered.

MUSIC DEMONSTRATIONS ON "BOARD WALK" PAY BIG FEES.

As Atlantic City Boardwalk music "demonstrators" who lustily sing the popular hallads during the season and from whose doors issue the strains of the latest Hawaiian "hit," will have to "ante" \$100 for the privilege according to a conclusion reached by the City Commissioners in conference with Mercantile Appraiser Isidore Schneidler. Heretofore they have been doing a land office business for the small fee of \$10. In raising the fee the city officials have the appropation, it is understood of the Hotelmen's Association and the Boardwalk Merchant's Association.

Unless saloon keepers who conduct cabarets and permit dancing and other artificial stimulation of their husiness, eliminate these attractions, their liquor licenses will not be renewed, according to a decision of Judges Martin and Finletter, sitting in the License Court at Philadelphia,

Sweet Baby Blues

RALPH (NIGGER) WILLIAMS







Little Honey

Music by Words from ZELLA ESTELLE LEIGHTON Atlanta Constitution Allegro ma non tanto lit - tle Hon-ey, hon-ey, nif don't Yon-der you run-ning round the sky! lit-tle hon - ey, Hon-ey



Coronation March

(Also for Court Scenes, Pageants, Etc.)





The Star Spangled Banner



CYRIL SMITH.

Mr. Smith has a low baritone voice of inusual range.

He was with Donald Brian in "The Marriage Market" and Hazel Dawn in "The Debutante."

He specializes in comic songs, but sings come of the heavier numbers as well.

He has a personality and sense of humor that makes him a favorite everywhere.

Mr. Smith has recently been appearing in vaudeville and is now available for hotels, clubs, etc. (Continued from page 7)

former ringing resonance that it was no pleasure to practice on it.

With the hope that the tone would become better through diligent practice Franz worked assiduously with his instrument, but finally was forced to give it up in utter despair and sent it to another instrument-maker in New York who took the new top off. In the mean time the pieces of the old top had paraded in the show case of John Friedrich who told every musician that he would mend top and 'cello for a bundred dollars.

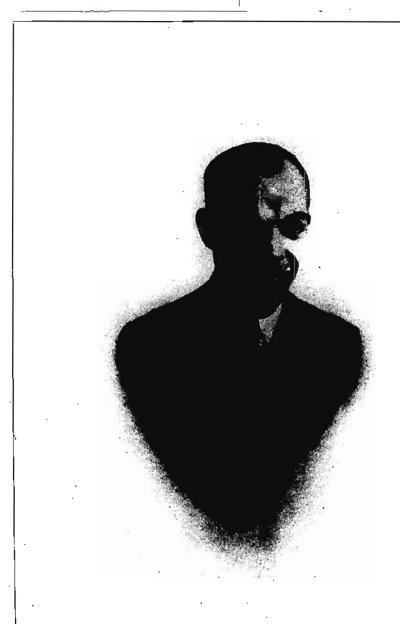
Franz had to travel again to New York and when he asked for those pieces, Friedrich refused to let him have them; but after much parleying and scolding and cussing and discussing threw them upon the table and Franz had to wrap them up in an old newspaper and went off happy and contented to the instrument-maker on Third Ave., whose eyes fairly beamed when all the pieces (just 24) were spread upon his work bench and there was not one piece missing!

The fame of instrument-makers becomes more known and glorious through artistic repairs of old instruments and therefore the Third Ave. man was over glad and eager to undertake such a complicated job.

After a little over two months he returned the instrument to its owner for a very moderate sum, better now than ever before and it sang to its master in the sweetest mellow tones, full of gratitude to be rescued from such unpleasant dangerous places and glad to be heard again by all music lovers.

MUSIC FOR THE "MUTINY." Five Reel Bluebird. By Merritt E. Gregory.

Open with 1-"Girlie," by A. J. Weidt (Jacobs) until title "As a Youngster," etc. (explosion) then 2-"A La Carte," by Holzman (Remick) until old man is seen then 3-"Under the Orange Blossoms" by Engelman (Presser) until love scene, then 4-"If We Can't Be the Same Old Sweethearts" (Feist) until old man is seen, then, 5-"Nancy Lee," by Laurendeau (Fischer) until title "or a heart so light," etc., then 6-"Delectation" by Rolfe (Jacob) until title "On the Atlantic," etc., then 7-"The Right of Way" by Losey (Fischer) until title "The next day Caleb," etc., then 8-"The Sunshine of your Smile" by Cook and Ray (T. B. Harms) (refrain once) then 9-"Avec Moi?" by Luzerno, (Remick) until title "The wedding of Jacob," etc., then 10-"The Tantalizer Rag" by Butler (Mellinger) until she cries, then 11-"Neapolitan Song" by Tschaikowsky (Fischer) until title "Lucky for you I found," etc., then 12-"Bantani Step" by Jenteo (Shapiro Bernstein) until title "It was the morning of the," etc., then 13-"Beaux Yeux Valse" by Phillike (Church) until title "The olden Besse had" etc., then 14-"May Morn" by Sanford (Presser) until title "I've changed my mind" then 15-"Agitate" according to action until title "As the months passed," etc., then 16-Repeat "May Morn" until man dies, then 17-"The Death of Aase" from "Peer Gynt," by Grieg (Remick) until title "The winds had favored," etc., then 18-Repeat "The Right of Way" until title "I'll give you fifteen minutes." etc., then 19-"Venetian Love Dance" by Rich (Fischer) until man picks up keys, then twenty "Mysteriose," "Agitate" according to action until man is thrown in sea, then 21-"Douce Caresse" by De fuentes (Schirmer) until title "You daren't go back," etc., then 22-Second



CYRIL SMITH

theme of "Will o' the Wisp" (to action) by Barnby (Schirmer) until title "As a sailor before the mast," etc., then 23-"Conscription" by Allen (Jacobs) until man slides down rope then 24-"Mysterioso" to action until title "It was after months of," etc., then 25-"The Old Spinnet" by Crist (Fischer) until ship board scene, then 26-"The Booster," by Klein (Fillmore) until men leave room, then 27-"Agitato" until title "So one day the word came," etc., then 28-"Pearls and Rubies" by Lege (McKinley) until title "Then quietly one night" then 29-"Mysterioso" until fight, then 30-"Agitaio" (heavy shots) until title "At the en-trance of the bay," etc., then 31-Repeat. "Pearls and Rubies" until title "With a strangely," etc., then 32-"Satanella" by

Roberts (Fischer) until man breaking door, then 33—"Agitato," (storm and fighting) until title "The storm clouds." etc., then 34—"Cooing Doves" by Petric (Presser) until he sees wife, then 35—"Perfect Day" (Jacobs-Bond) until end

MERRILL E. GREGORY.

POPULAR SONG WRITER A HIT IN VAUDEVILLE

The following review of a Majestic Theater vaudeville show by the inimitable Richard Henry Little was published in the Chicago Herald recently "Dick" Little is to the editor's mind the king of them all when it comes to reviewing a vandeville act or a show. Here's what he says:

Harry Carroll is a perfect whirlwind of

joy and melody this week at the Majestic. He spills the beans all over the place and turns what would be a nice, decorous Lenten service into a spasm of hilarity.

I do not say this as a paid agent of Mr. Carroll, although I will be promptly accused of it. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Carroll, and personally I dislike him exceedingly because he wears gray spats and is always talking about what the baby said. I do not care what Mr. Carroll's baby said, even her remark, "'Lo, 'Arry," when papa enters his home, not drawing a giggle from me.

Also I was one of those who prophesied that when Barry Carroll let Anna Wheaton depart from the act he would find himself on the supper bill of the "two-a-day," provided he was in luck.

Consequently it galls me to chronicle that Mr. Carroll is a bigger hit without Anna than he was with her. He plays his own music, "Down on the Mississippi," which-I loathe, and "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia," which annoys me exceedingly and so delights the audience that they simply will not let him depart from the stage. Other acts try frantically to get a hearing, but the people in the audience simply sit back and show the whites of their eyes and lay their ears along their necks and fie down in the traces and won't budge until little black-haired Harry comes back again.

The Carroll person seems to have those same elusive, wonderful personal properties possessed by Al Jolson and once by Eva Tanguay, for heaven knows he can't sing, and nobody loves a musical composer. Just the same, he not only gets by amidst frantic cheering but the audience wants him to keep going by again and again. He is having at each and every performance at the Majestic this week one of the biggest triumphs recorded in the annals of the "two-a-day" this season.

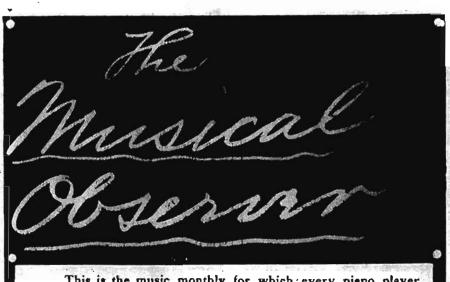
Which must be recorded, regardless of personal likes and dislikes.

The rest of the bill at the Majestic can' be passed over lightly. Grace LaRue, the headliner, sings, and I have no doubt that her breath control is perfect and her phrasing effective, but her songs just roll over on their backs in the footlight trough and stay there.

Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler have their often-displayed farce "Married," which would be much better if it were jerked together and pointed up. Stan Stanley is quite amusing, as always, but his stereotyped act is growing quite stale, as is that of "The Volunteers."

Among things which ought to be interned as soon as the First Regiment takes the field are all vaudeville acts over three years of age. But that is hoping for too much.

Sophie Tucker (Ragtime's Mary Garden), with her Five Kings of Syncopation, recently closed a very successful engagement at the Orpheum in Denver.



This is the music monthly for which every piano player should be a subscriber.

If you can use good piano solos, lots of them, and purchase them at practically one cent a copy, this offer certainly should be of interest.

The "Musical Observer" is America's fastest growing music monthly; it has splendid departments devoted to the opera, the concert season, educational and interesting articles on music and musicians, and last but not least, 24 full sheet music size pages of

piano solos, songs and violin solos in every issue.

By subscribing for the "Musical Observer" you obtain 248 pages of music a year, about 150 splendid compositions, all standard compositions and the better class of dance music, and in fact, if you play for the movies or vaudeville, you will find any number of these compositions splendidly adapted for this work.

If you will cut out this advertisement and mail with your order, we will include a 94 page album of piano solo music free of charge.

Send money or stamps at our risk.

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CASINO THEATER OPENS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The Casino Theater, San Francisco's newest and largest playhouse, is now open. Inasmuch as the great playhouse seats 3,000 persons, and inasmuch as every seat in the house was taken from 12:30 p. m. the opening day, until the curtain finally went down, nearly twelve hours later, it can readily be seen that the admission mark of a trifle more than 14,500 claimed by the management undoubtedly is accurate.

And there was another notable thing about the opening—everything was complete when the doors were thrown back to admit the earliest comers to the continuous performance. Ushers were trained thoroughly, the stage appointments were ready to the fast "prop," the lighting system was perfect and there was not the slightest hitch in any performance, either behind the footlights or in front of them.

There were eleven big features on the opening program, including a five reel motion picture. Delton, Mareena and Delton, equilibrists, gave a snappy performance. Sam Hood, "the man from Mexico," a blackface comedian with a fund of up to date anecdotes and who knows how to sing, proved a hit.

The "Sunset Six," half a dozen pretty girls who are real musical artists. Stan and May Laurel, in a sketch, "Ruffles, the Dentist," made a big hit. The Estelle dancers, pretty and graceful girls who certainly know how to dance, deserve honorable mention for their part in the performance, and Jere Sanford, "The Whistling Rube," who can sing as well as he can whistle; the Orton troupe, the members of which seemingly can do anything on a wire that normal persons can do on the floor; Flo Adler and company in popular songs; Harry Sullivan and Ruth Meyers, in a comedy skit, and other musical and vaudeville features rounded out in a program that speaks volumes for the desire of the Casino management to give patrons their. money's worth-and then some.

"Some theater and some show" seemed to be the unanimous verdict of those who witnessed the opening performance.

COULDN'T BEHAVE WHEN JAZZ BAND PLAYED.

They simply couldn't behave when the jazz band started to play, and now the partially resuscitated "black and tan" dire at 2700 South State street, Chicago, has been closed again. Mayor Thompson has revoked the license.

It was only a few weeks ago that the place, once the Pekin Theater, but later enrolled on the black book of shady fame as the "Beaux Arts Club," was presented with a dance half license by direct orders from Mayor Thompson. The reopened place was styled the Cascade by Dan Jackson.

Whether not enough water went over the alls is not known now, but recently Lieut.

J. W. Loftus of the Cattage Grove avenue police station reported that the hangout was "not being conducted within the bounds of common deceney." According to the licutenant's report he went into the Cascade at 12:30 a. m. one week ago last Sunday and found more than 300 men and women, black, white and other colors, herded within. About 100 of the "mob" were performing a dance so disgusting that he was forced to stop it.

The Blue Goose Case at 3101 North Clark street, Chicago, has acquired another notch in the hall of same by the sining of its proprietor. William Stewart, in Judge Newcomer's court \$25 and costs for violating the 1 o'clock closing ordinance. This place sprang into the limelight recently when the police entered it after 1 a. m. and arrested six men and women, one of whom was of sufficient prominence to appeal over the head of the policemen to Mayor Thompson, who ordered the policemen who made the raid severely questioned.

Blossom Seeley, known to vaudeville fans as high potentate of syncopated melody, and to baseball fans as Mrs. Rube Marquard, is up to her old tricks again, and because of this, ragtime has a new impetus. The creation of ragtime, according to learned doctors, who have wasted their vaudeville time in tracing syncopated melody back to its birth, occurred in ancient times. Miss Seeley is not brave or bold enough to claim any maternal association with it, but Miss Seeley was the first syncopated singer of sufficient artistic merit to blend harmoniously with the surroundings of a \$2 Broadway production and she has continned among the most illuminous stars of the theater ever since. She is now out Sceleying Seeley, in vaudeville, in a little ragtime skit called "Sceley's Syncopated Studio." She, with the assistance of two other princes of vaudeville, Bill Baily and Lynn Cowan, is absolutely at her best These two boys are a pianist and banjoist



"Have a little ragtime" declared Supervisor John H. Francis, of Columbus, O., recently, in an address to the National Conference of Music Suppervisors, which was in session here

"Music supervisors should not be so dignified that they fail to recognize the value of ragtinic and thus drive from them hundreds of girls and boys they could lend to good music."

Jessie .- Please, auntie, the new lady next door says, her compliments, and will you play very low, because her husband is extremely musical.—Sydney Bulletin.

Distracted by ragtime pounding in an adjacent studio, Mr. Hemiot Levy sent word that the nuisance must be stopped. Investigation disclosed that the offender was Mr. Levy's first assistant, who was practicing Percy Grainger's Nutshell suite. -From "A Line 'O Type or Two," in the Chicago News.

"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile," is a European song hit that has already found a warm welcome in America.

There is much of the brave spirit of the boys in the trenches in this timely song. And the melody has a merry swing to it that has some of the personality of the "funny little codger" of the song-a "smile upon a smile."

James S. Harrison, a baritone of reknown. and the popular Knickerbocker Male Quartet sing the song with true warlike spiritedness.

RAGTIME PHILOSOPHY.

By J. Forrest Thompson.



Tillie tinkled a tender tunc, Tiney rung a rag. Tillie sung a sad song, Tiney sorung a gag. Tillie didn't go at all, Tiney made a hit, Tillie said, "it's sure a shame. The small applause I

git."

I enrolled a young lady recently who had studied several months with the old method before starting with me. I tried ber out on several pieces she said she knew, gave her the first Three Ragtime Movements and was starting her on Ragtime Simplicity in our Ragtime Instructor. Now as it is customary for a teacher to ask the pupil, when beginning a new piece, the time in which it is to

be played, I naturally did so. The little

lady, with a cute little look at her wrist, an-

Hush little shoe store, Don't you cry, You'll be a hippodrome. By and by.

swered: "It's just 2:15."

Smith-What in the world are you going to do with that peck of potatoes under your

Jones-I'm goin' to give 'em to Forrest Thompson for a Ragtime Piano Lesson.

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Matter-of-Fact Hunter-They say music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. Next time I go lion hunting I'll take along a

Christian Science Hunter-Not Not Don't take a flute, take a bass drum. Every time you beat it the lions will think it's a cannon and you'll scare them to death.

Papers say the Russian Czar's job isn't worth a dime, but you can't say that about the Ragtime Czar. (For the benefit of those few who are not acquainted with the Czar, refer to the editor of this paper.)

"SOLILOOUY OF A RAG."

I'm just a piece of Ragtime, But I'm for happiness and joy, My friends all dearly love me, And treat me as a toy. They play with me and hully gee, It makes me feel so fine. To know that they really love me. And want me to live for all time. They say I make them happy, That I drive away the blues, and Whenever they hear me coming, They get out their dancing shoes.

Vess Ossman's (singing) Banjo Orchestra will make a tour of the Central West during the coming summer, playing big roof gardens and every place else where there is a call for the very best dance music obtainable. You can hear the Ossman music at any time by going to the nearest talking machine store. He and his orchestra have made hundreds of records for the talking machines, and established a record in New York City as the best banjo orchestra in the big town.

A new Bartola has been installed in the Majestic Theater at Kewance, Ill. Professor King has taken the engagement at this city to play the Seeburg pipe organ in the Rialto Theater.

Alexander's Ragtime Band was actually played at the concert given by the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra on March 29.

The Austin (Tex.) American came out on April 11th with a black headline clear across the page "AMERICAN RAGTIME SPURS BRITONS TO VICTORY."

NAVY BOY BOOSTS THE RAGTIME REVIEW.

I am a subscriber of your swell little magazine, the Ragtime Review, and I cannot resist the temptation of writing and telling you how much your splendid articles pertaining to ragtime music are appreciated. I trust you will continue to forward my monthly copy of the Review to me as we must have music, "War or no War!" S. C. Bell; care U.S. S. Perry.

At San Francisco the Empress Theater, which was at one time the stronghold in that city for the famous Sullivan & Considine Vaudeville circuit, has changed its name to the "Strand" and continuing under the management of Sig Grauman will show exclusive first release productions of Art Craft pictures. In addition to an eighteenpiece orchestra there has been installed a huge Hope-Jones Unit Orchestral Organ by the Wurlitzer Co.

A Wurlitzer Hope-Jones Organ has been installed in the Empress Theater at Lansing, Michigan.

At Beardstown, Ill, the Princess Theater has added a \$3,000 photo player to its equipment.

"ASK DAD, HE KNOWS."

"Dad," said the eight-year-old of the family, "here's a book that says that Orpheus was such a fine musician that he made trees and stones move."

"Son," said father solemnly, "your sister Maud has Orpheus beaten. Her piano playing has made twenty families move out of this building in the last three months."

A beautiful and unique theater is to be erected at Quincy, Ill. by Breinig & Toole.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Ragrima Raview published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1917. State of Illinois, County of Cook—as. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Axel W. Christensen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Ragrigg Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Christensen School of Popular Music, Chicago, Ill., Editor Axel W. Christensen, Chicago, Ill., Editor Axel W. Christensen, Chicago, Ill., Business Managers none. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give lis name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding I per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Axel W. Christensen, Chicago; Edw. J. Mellinger, Chicago; Geo. J. Schulter, Cleveland, O.; Otto W. Pellage, Chicago. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding I per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, and an excurity holders owning or holding I per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other security holders owning or holding I per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other security holders owning or holding I per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other security holders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders and security holders as they

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NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

SOME REMARKS BY MARCELLA A. 1 ment in regard to ability of pupil, instead of HENRY.

I had quite an amusing experience a few years ago. A new theater had been built, and yours truly was engaged to tickle the ivories. We had a five-piece orchestra, but the violinist was very poor and had never played a vaudeville show in his life. The manuscript seemed to puzzle him and he did nothing but grumble. At rehearsal, the performers explained everything, but he would chew the rag and try to make an impression that he was the REAL GUY on the job. Such complimentary remarks as "I never saw such dumb music," "Can't they afford to buy the printed sheet," etc., etc. 'He "rassled" with the various scores, and his patience was at the breaking point, when it was time to try the music for the next act. It was a very tricky, comedy musical acrobatic act. He couldn't get the drift of the thing at all, (there were about fifty cues). Well, when the show went on!!!-Why go into details) After the show, he got "called down" of course. He was preved and said: "This isn't my first position, I have played in all kinds of opera houses." One of the performers said: "Yes, empty ones."

I find it a good idea when I get a pupil, who has never studied music before, to explain the treble staff and notes, have them name and find notes in "A," then go to "C" and have them find the notes in the treble cleff.

The second lesson I teach the bass notes and cleff, have them go over "A" with the left hand, then have them find the notes in the bass cleff in "C." For the following lesson I give Ragtime Simplicity, each hand separate at first, then both hands together, also have them practice both hands together on the First Ragtime movement, and then try Example D.

When the pupil takes the Third Ragtime Movement, I also give first two and onehalf lines of "Hemo, Sweet Home" in Rag-

Some pupils pick up faster than others, so I think teachers must use their own judghaving a set rule.

When a pupil has studied before, I give First Ragtime Movement, Example D, and Ragtime Simplicity, also first page of Webster Grove Rag.

Second lesson-Second and Third movements, finish Webster Grove Rag and convert the trio in various ragtime movements.

Will some of the teachers give their experiences regarding best ways of securing pupils? Do you believe in a house-to-house canvass, giving one free lesson, or newspaper advertising? I thought of printing a coupon in the papers stating it entitled the holder to one free lesson. Of course, they would have to purchase a book if they took more than the first lesson. Will some of the teachers give their opinion, whether they think this a profitable idea or not? I would like to get a line on a good advertising plan, and would appreciate any suggestions the teachers would care to give, in our studio columin.

There was a Madame from La Salle, Ah! Who's first given name was Marcella, Taught ragtime to scholars, And earned many dollars,

Then salted the coin-Don't you tell-ab.

There is a young miss named Izzora, And I know the Bunch want to hear more-a, Studio notes from St. Paul Would be welcome to all,

So, Miss Webster, you may have the floor-a.

A young miss from Oklahoma City, As a poet, she is very witty, Teaches "Rag" by the hour, So her pupils get power, To have a firm touch, when they hit E.

Shall I be shot at sunrise, or will you let me suffer?

I enjoy-reading "That Harmony Quartette," and think it as interesting as "The Taming of Bad Buck Wendel."

Charles Schram is taking an advanced course in ragtime at Louisville, and doing fine. He is one of Forrest Thompson's brightest pupils. Miss Veasey Sommerville is a wonderful classic pianist and from the work she is doing she will become equally proficient in Ragtime. She is talented in many other ways and has painted her teacher many beautiful remembrances.

Catherine Markert, a pupil of Forrest Thompson's, is now working with a musical comedy company. She is a singer, dancer, comedienne and a dandy player.

Dear Editor and Bunch:

I want to thank one and all of my friends and co-workers for the many kind remarks in April Review. I sincerely trust that I am deserving of your speaking so favorably of my writings. You all know a little encouragement goes a long way, and as the old saying is "A little of it will make a person work their head off." Well, instead of that, it will have a different effect on me-"A little encouragement will make me write my arm off."

Now, in regards to writing in shyme, I want to say that our "Sporting Editor," the Honorable F. G. Corbitt, is right on the job at all times with his ready wit. He is also ready to help all members of our club to help themselves, so don't be bashful; send in lots of stuff. He's a good sort of a fellow and will print anything he thinks will do vou some good. I know from experience. Now, tell the truth, don't every one of you think that he must be a good-natured big hearted cuss to publish some of my stuff?

I also compliment Miss Nellie Chapman on behalf of the way she responded to the call for a speech. I'll leave it to you alt if it wasn't delivered in an elegant manner?

Miss Marcella A. Henry, many thanks for kind words as to my poetic ability.

Now, in conclusion, I will say that the suggestion made as to the different teachers sending articles about their experiences is a good one and should be headed. I'll be right in line with some of mine in the following Reviews. Sincere'v,

J. FORREST THOMPSON.

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STUDIO NOTES.

Prof. Hans Mettke, teaching ragtime in Davenport, Iowa, writes us that he has necured a dandy new location down town and expects to double his business in the near future.

Wm. Romano, who was lately placed its charge of a school for teaching real ragtime in Joliet, Ill., is doing fine and enrolling a number of new pupils every day. Bill is a hustler and I expect to see him build up a big school.

By the way, what do you suppose has become of R. F. Gunther? We know he is quite busy teaching ragtime in Mt. Vernon, but it seems to me he should find time to contribute something to Studio Notes occasionally. How about it, R. F.?

Ray Worley, manager of a branch school of popular music in Chicago, was a welcome visitor a few days ago. Ray just dropped in to say "Hello" and "Good bye," but we induced him to stay long enough to rag the Hungarian Rhapsodie for us. Some player is Ray.

Just when all of us were expecting a nice little article from Hattie Smith, along comes a note saying she is so busy teaching popular music that we must excuse her this month. Hattie promises us a nice article for next month, so I guess it will be necessary to accept her apology this time.

Miss Grace Clement, who has been managing a ragtime piano school in Pittsburgh for the past eight years, has taken larger quarters in the Cameraphone Building.

Miss Charlotte L. Light, who recently returned to the fold of real ragtime teachers, advises us that her studio was broken into a few evenings ago, but the loss was trifling. Would suggest trying to secure address of burglar, and if successful mail copy of "Simple Confession."

Say, George Schulte is certainly looking fine. He dropped in to see us a short time ago-just walked right in-turned around and hustled back to Cleveland again. We tried to persuade George to stay over for a few days, but "nothing doing"-said he was too busy teaching ragtime in Cleveland .to visit in Chicago. By the way, you will be glad to learn that George has promised us some further articles on the "Adventures of George and Jimmy" and same will appear in an early issue of the Review.

Chas. Schultz is building up a big ragtime school in Milwaukee. We just learned that Charley was quite sick last week and are informed that his illness was caused by the drinking water. Can you imagine anybody drinking water in Milwaukce?

C. E. Bollinger, a brilliant ragtime teacher connected with Chicago school, is dividing his spare time between eating spaghetti (of which rumor says he is very fond) and working on his latest and best composition which he intends to call either "The Devilish Dervish" or "The Diabolical Rag." I tell you a fellow should be careful what he cats these days.

The versatile pianist, Ed. Mellinger, of St. Louis, gave a "demonstration" at an annual gathering of Irish (the Ancient Order of Hibernians) on Saturday, March the 17th. He rendered the Star and Garter Rag Waltz, Auld Lang Syne in chimes, followed by the ragtime variation of this tune. Amid the "expected" applause he rendered a few later popular numbers.

Gertrude McCall says: "I can say that I am very much surprissed at the demand for ragtime in Des Moines. I have students from the ages of fifteen to fifty-four. I believe that the ragtime school is fulfilling a long-felt want."

"Hello, here I am again, wide-awake with the good news that I have opened a branch studio at No. 396 Third Avenue, Astoria, L. I. Yes, sir, I'm making ragtime out here in .L. I. as good as standard oil. Don't argue now, just read the Studio Notes each month and watch me grow," says R. Van Wyck Blatz.

PLAY ME A RAG.

By Homer Attebery, Decatur, Ill. I care not for riches. I care not for gold, I care not for music A hundred years old.

All countries have music, Each one has its own, While America has ragtime, -And ragtime alone.

I know nought about music, It all looks alike. But in sound it's as different As darkness and light.

I don't like the classic, It's such a slow drag, So store it away, And play me a rag.

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