

"Ragtime" Music Existed Centuries Before Our Time.



As drummed in the days of Pharaoh. As fiddled in the days of Washington. As a modern rag-time song.



"Call it what you will, and 'rag-time' is as good as any other noise," says Thomas Preston Brooke. "This 'ragtime' existed centuries before our time, and it will go on for centuries to come after we have been forgotten."

"Ragtime," its origin, its status, its merits and demerits, and its chances for perpetuation have been worrying musicians with long hair and the public having long purses ever since a popular song writer a few years ago claimed to have "invented" its rhythm.

When a discriminating public for public effect had jumped upon ragtime and its popularity with the hot polloi, some one high in the musical world came forward in its defense, saying that some of the world's famous composers had used it in classic music; that technically it was syncopation, and under that name was worthy place in any composition. Yet still the long-haired musician and his followers are not reconciled.

In the Chicago Federation of Musicians there is a prospect of a split in the organization, leaving the players of the classic on the one side and the ragtime champions on the other. The long-haired men are refusing to associate with the ragtime men, and the situation is becoming acute.

At Denver last June the American Federation of Musicians at its annual convention passed a resolution condemning ragtime and recommending that its members cease playing it. In like measure the Dancing Teachers' association of America and the National Music Teachers' association are declared against it and pledged to discourage the use of ragtime in every manner possible.

But against all of this, Brooke's Chicago Marine Band at the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens last season gave

such a subject should threaten to disrupt the Chicago Federation of Musicians is rather difficult to understand when considered from an intelligent and unprejudiced standpoint.

"During the last year there have been published countless articles on ragtime, written by prominent musicians, teachers, and critics, many of whom had something to say about who 'discovered' or 'invented' it. Rag-

time was not discovered or invented by anyone. Darwin says 'music was known and understood before words were spoken,' and I believe that ragtime existed in the lower animals long before the advent of man. It is simply rhythm, or intensified rhythm, and I have frequently observed animals keeping time to music having a strong, marked rhythm.

"Rhythm is the skeleton on which all music is hung, and if you will strip the so-called modern ragtime of its

deiculous, if you like—and I invariably follow "Tannhauser" or "Leonore" overtures with some little street song melody or ragtime march. It frequently happens that two persons will sit side by side at one of my concerts, one a lover of 'high-class' music the other with a desire only for the ragtime piece. By bringing the extremes in close contrast the grand old overtures seem grander and the street song sweeter and more entrancing.

"Why should any conductor refuse to play music which causes so much harmless pleasure?"

"Ragtime is not a fad, as many have declared, and it will not 'die out.' It pleases the God-given sense of rhythm and will endure as long as the world shall stand. Call it what you will—ragtime is as good as any other name—it existed centuries before our time and it will go on for centuries to come after we have been forgotten."

Unknown Languages.

The aborigines of the Malabar Islands employ a perfect whistling language, by means of which they can communicate with each other over long distances. A stranger wandering over the islands is frequently surprised to hear from the hilltop the sound of loud whistling, which is quickly repeated on the next hill, and so is carried from summit to summit, until it dies away in the distance. But perhaps the most curious means of communication in the world is the drum language of the Congo tribe. These queer people can talk to each other with large drums made of bamboo hoops, over which the skin of some animal is stretched. The drum, however, is used only on important occasions.

Time will not make the great man, but he cannot be made without it.



player who sat perched on a barrel in a corner at a 'corn-busking bee,' who held his fiddle at his elbow and his bow at half-mast, played the 'Arkansaw Traveler' and 'Up Duck Creek' in a style that would put to shame many of the fellows who claim to have originated what they are pleased to call 'ragtime.'

"Drummers have played nothing but ragtime since the invention of the drum. The bass drum is now used only to punctuate or emphasize the heavy beats or pulse of the music, but in the original 'sheepskin band' that has furnished martial music for our soldiers in times of war for centuries the bass drummer used a stick in each hand and helped out the ragtime rhythm of the snare drum.

"Who has not stood on a curbstone, watching a passing parade, and noticed how wearily the men in line plodded along to the monotonous 1-1-2-3 of the bass drum? But when the snare drums broke into their merry ragtime beats of 'tat-tat-tat-tat' how the marchers immediately braced up and walked with a buoyant, elastic step?"

"According to good authority the sense of rhythm is greater by 93 per cent than either the sense of harmony or melody. Consequently, any march with a strong rhythmic accent, or a ragtime song with its intensified rhythm, appeals more intensely to greater mankind.

"I have often been asked 'Why do you play so much ragtime at your concerts?' and I always reply that ragtime music is what is most demanded, and that my mission is to please—not to educate—the masses. It is not a crime to acknowledge that you enjoy ragtime. All the old masters wrote ragtime, and that great poet and wizard of harmony, Richard Wagner, was a pastmaster at it. It is a well-known fact that the themes for many of our most popular ragtime songs were taken bodily from his operas.

"I have always delighted in strong contrasts—from the sublime to the ri-

RUSSIAN RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

In 1899 Averaged Twelve a Day, with 1,226 Killed and 3,860 Injured. The Russian railways have always had an evil reputation for the great number of accidents, fatal and otherwise, annually recorded against them. Judging from some statistics just issued by the ministry of ways and communications, this unenviable notoriety would appear to be more or less well deserved.

The latest compiled data are for 1899, in which year there were 4,147 accidents, that is, on an average, a little more than twelve per diem. Of this total 1,362 were derailments, 750 collisions and 2,035 of various other descriptions. The derailments resulted in twenty-one deaths and 172 cases of serious personal injury; the damages incurred by those accidents were 552,861 rubles. The collisions were responsible for nineteen deaths, 238 cases of serious injury, and damage to the amount of 609,000 rubles. Other accidents resulted in the deaths of 1,146 persons and 2,665 cases of personal injury. Railway accidents unconnected with passenger traffic were responsible for thirty deaths and 3,860 cases of personal injury. Altogether 1,226 persons were killed and 6,993 injured.

During the twelve months under review there were not so-called serious railway accidents in England. If the trains, ordinary and express, in Russia were run at anything like the speed which obtains on English and French lines, says a London Standard correspondent, the number of fatalities would be at least tenfold greater more especially in cases of derailment and collision. Railway traveling in Russia is proverbially slow, but it means sure.

DELICIOUS NEW FRUIT.

It Is Called Dumbbell, and Tastes Like Peach Flavored with Pineapple.

The newest product of scientific gardening is the dumbbell fruit. It resembles a Siamese twin peach and tastes like a peach flavored with pineapple. It is said to be delicious—far surpassing any known fruit in the delicacy of its flavor.

There is a romance connected with the story of its cultivation. In the year 1886 a scientist named Jeffreys, embittered by an unfortunate love affair, turned his back on civilization, and, with a Cingalese servant, made his home on a small island 1,000 miles south of Ceylon. Here he remained until his death, in 1898, occupying himself with scientific studies and the cultivation of fruit trees. By grafting and other methods he produced several curious varieties, his most astonishing success being the dumbbell fruit.

After the death of Mr. Jeffreys the native servant took a few samples of the new fruit and set sail in a trading vessel for Bombay. The merchants to whom he showed his specimens at once formed a syndicate and have since been diligently cultivating the plantations.

Several ship loads have been sold in the seaport cities of Australia and India, and the syndicate is making preparations to meet an enormous demand next season. In London, where the dumbbell fruit has appeared this season in small quantities, it has met with much favor from those fortunate enough to obtain it. A suburban confectioner who concocted a new drink with the juice of the fruit did a thriving business.

HE FELT BETTER.

Because He Had Got Rid of the Cause of Disturbance.

Bishop Williams of Connecticut used to tell the following story of the late Dr. Ducachet: "One Sunday morning Dr. Ducachet arose feeling wretched. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast he called an old and favorite colored servant to him and said: 'Sam, go around and tell Simmons (the sexton) to post a notice on the church door that I am too ill to preach today.'

"Now, massa," said Sam, "don't you gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial; you get 'long all right.'

The argument went on and resulted in the minister starting off. Service over, he returned to his house, looking much brighter.

"How you feel, massa?" said Sam, as he opened the door.

"Better; much better, Sam. I am glad I took your advice."

"I knew it; I knew it," said the darky, grinning until every tooth was in evidence. "I knew you feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system."—New York Tribune.

Albert and Victoria.

Queen Victoria has set down in her journal her feelings after her wedding. "Oh, how I feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment," she wrote. "Father, brother, friends, country—all has he left for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the most happy person, to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented! What is in my power to make him I will do." The proceedings in parliament on the eve of the marriage were not such as to make Prince Albert happy, and the queen's journal records her indignation at the course events took in the House of Commons. A long and heated discussion took place on the proposal to grant \$250,000 a year to the prince, and ultimately the grant was limited to \$150,000. Prince Albert learned of these things on his way to England and complained bitterly in a letter to the queen. "All I have to say," he concluded, "is that while I possess your love they cannot make me unhappy."

Will Dazzle Society

"Silver Queen of Utah" Plans Social Campaign in Washington.

Thomas F. Walsh, the owner of the Camp Bird mine in Colorado and famous as the most magnificent entertainer in the world, has a fight on his hands that promises to keep him exceedingly busy during the next few years. His supremacy as an entertainer is being disputed by a woman who has quite as much wealth at her disposal as he and who is quite lavish

of various kinds are told of his efforts to please her when she was seized with her capricious spells.

The house has been well built, as its solidity attests to-day. Col. and Mrs. Holmes purchased it last summer and it has been thoroughly refitted in the most exquisite manner. The Louis XV. parlor and music-room have walls of old rose brocade. Interesting bric-a-brac from all over the world fill a gold carved cabinet. The piano in the music-room is in cream and gold. The oriental room transports to the rich splendor of homes in the far east. The dining room is gothic and the wall is in gold leaf overlaid with green and dull blue luster. The cutest thing of all is the tower-room. Here, secluded from everyone, one can choose from all the latest books, recline on the most restful divan and read or look out on nature for miles and enjoy, without interruption, a communion that is most inviting, with the superb view.

Washington must hold great attractions to lead the mistress of such a home to its doors.

In the handsome face of the "silver queen" there is determination and the firm mouth has not weakened with years. Purpose and decision will help her in her campaign at the nation's capital. It is probable that Mr. Holmes will remain at home, either at Salt Lake City or Detroit, till Mrs. Holmes has won some of her social battles. He is not, however, averse to society and is capable of holding his own with its brightest leaders, provided he is allowed a little time in which to brush off some of the crud-



In her use of it. This woman is none other than Mrs. Emery-Holmes, known everywhere as "the silver queen of Utah" because her wealth comes from the silver mines of that state, which are the richest in the world.

A resident of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Emery-Holmes has not yet made her debut in Washington society, but is credited with the intention of doing so at an early date and to outshine socially any of the personages known there for many years.

Both the rival families have millions to the extent of twenty or thirty. Both were poor and amassed this wealth.

Mrs. Edwina F. Holmes, formerly Mrs. Susanna Bransford Emery, is one of the owners of the famous Silver King mine of Utah. She is the possessor of the Amelia palace built by Brigham Young for the one wife who ruled him and who would not be herded with the rest. She has a history that is romantic. She is handsome and she is not ignorant of the effect that the glamour of her wealth has.

Washingtonians have been somewhat staggered by some of the superlatively wealth-burdened people from the west. The Walshes of Colorado were most truly kingly in their entertainments.

Piles of glittering dollars are certainly elements in these new century days that are truly irresistible. Mrs. Emery-Holmes is not averse to trying the gamut. Her millions will not be a small factor. Her daughter, Miss Emery, will be an excellent ally, for she is pretty and engaging in manner.

It is just possible that a few staid folk in Washington may object to Mrs. Holmes installing herself as a queen of society, for this western woman has everything in this world that money can buy except family lineage to back her. She was a milliner, but the most garrulous and most envious in Utah cannot say that they were not good hats and bonnets her deft fingers made.

The "silver queen" of Utah set the style in those early days quite as well as she has ordained for herself to do at the present day in Washington. The ladies were then deferential, for her taste was acclaimed the best her creations entirely too chic, too a la Parisienne, to be cast aside ruthlessly.

Her early life has had much of the pathetic element in it. Now, with all the plenty and luxury that surround her, her family she has not forgotten. In going to the name of old "Dick" Emery, her first husband, who laid the foundation for her wealth. They climbed together up the ladder of hard work and persistence until they both landed on the round of riches. Then, with the culmination of the great success, "Dick" died.

For a long while after "Dick" died the widow was inconsolable. Her grief moderated enough to listen to



of Cupid the second time with C. W. Holmes, a wealthy Detroit merchant with interests in Utah, laid her fortune at her feet. The memory of "Dick" Emery was not to be obliterated, and Col. Holmes agreed to allow a little hyphen to be the connecting bar between his name and that of the widow. So it reads, "Mrs. Emery-Holmes."

They get along quite comfortably. Both brought ready-made families into the union, and the assimilation is all that could be desired, though the Holmeses insist that Detroit is their residence. The Emery members are loyal to the Mormon city. Hundreds of tourists passing through Salt Lake City every year will recall Amelia palace. In the early days it was the finest residence between the "river" and the Pacific coast. Poor old "Brig" had such a time with his



ties of the west he has acquired and burnish his naturally shrewd and suave manner.

How Fast Fish Can Swim.

Few of us have an accurate idea of the rate at which fish swim. When we say that a person is "as fast as a porpoise," we hardly associate a quick rate of swimming with that individual, yet porpoises have been seen to dart round and round a steamer traveling seventeen miles an hour.

The dolphin may be placed on a level with the porpoise, but the bonito has occasionally been known to approach forty miles for short distances. Herrings, in shoals, move steadily at a rate of between ten and twelve miles; mackerel swim much faster, and both trout and salmon go at a rapid pace when swimming up a stream for spawning.

Capture Almost Certain.

During the past thirty years there have been sixty-six escapes from Sling Sling, and of this number but ten have never been recaptured; six more were at large for many years, two of the six being retaken only after fifteen years' absence; nine others were gone for from six months to two years; four were killed outright; three were severely wounded and recaptured; one came back voluntarily and politely requested the privilege of serving his full term, and the remaining twenty-nine were gone but a few hours.

The Sorrows of the Young.

It was at the dinner table. The mother was talking of a woman who had died, when the 7-year-old daughter put this question to her younger sister

sulted with the late Senator Davis of Minnesota about the matter. "I think it would be a splendid appointment," said Mr. Davis. "I am a living witness of Joe Wheeler's grit and persistence. During the Civil War he chased me like the devil through five states."

Tells Age of Porcelain.

A French scientist claims he can fix the age of porcelain vases by testing them with magnets. The iron in clay is magnetized in the direction of the compass needle, and this direction is fixed when the clay is baked. Knowing the "dip" and "declination" of the needle at various times in past centuries, the age of vases may be computed.