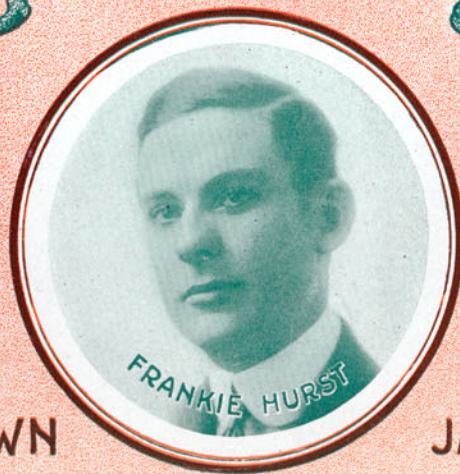


EMMA CARUS' NEW RAGTIME SONG HIT!

CELEBRATIN' DAY IN TENNESSEE



Lyric by
LEW BROWN



Music by
JACK GLOGAU

POPULAR EDITION
LEO. FEIST NEW YORK
ASCHERBERG HOPWOOD & CREW, LTD. LONDON ENGLAND

Celebratin' Day In Tennessee.

Lyrics by
LEW BROWN

Music by
JACK GLOGAU

Marcia

Piano *ff*

Why is ev-'ry-bod-y
Can't you see those pick-a-

p

hap - py? Why is ev-'ry-bod-y gay?
nin - nies? Watch them dan-cing on the ground!

Why is ev-'ry dark-y feel - ing kind of spark-y,
Aint that col-ored mam-my Proud of lit - tle Sam-my,

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What's goin' to hap - pen to - day? _____ Where is
 Just see her strut - tin' a - round! _____ Here's an

ev -ry - bod - y go - - in'? _____ What's that mus - ic in the
 egg from eighteen six - - ty, _____ Folks say, it's a souv - en -

air? _____ How my heart keeps thump - ing, _____ Watch my
 ir, _____ See that mule a kick - in' _____ At that

feet a - jump - ing, I can see smiles _____ ev -ry - where. _____
 lit - tle chick - en, I'm might - y glad _____ I'm not near. _____



CHORUS

There's An - na Lize in her Sun - - day gown, Eph is a fun -

p-f

- ny clown, See them there, I de - clare,

Who's that girl dressed up as a bride, — Is that my

hon - ey, There by her side? — There must be some — mis-take,
Where is that wed - ding-tune,

I'll eat that wed - - ding cake, That man be - -
That ain't no hon - - ey - moon,

longs to me, ——— Oh, gee,

now I can see ——— It's cel - e - brat - in' day in Ten - nes -

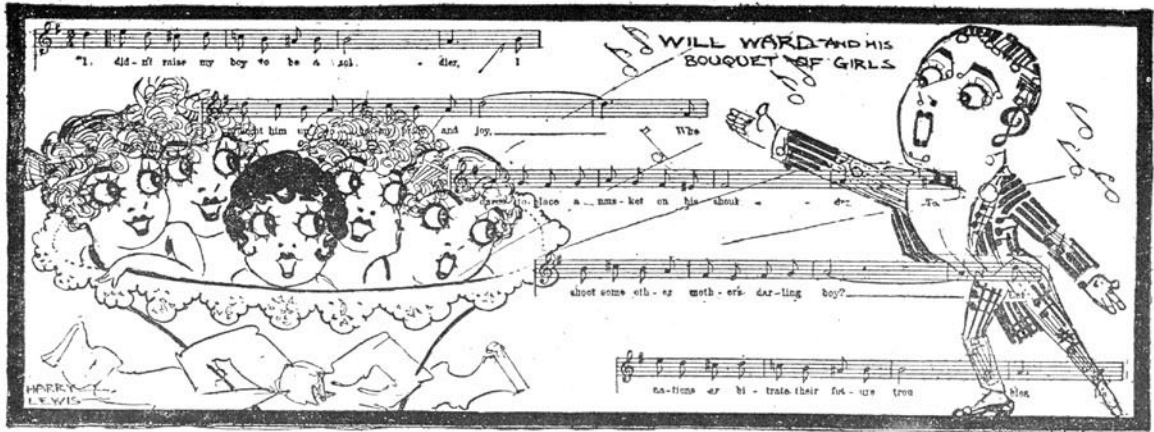
1. see. ——— There's An - na see. ———
2. see. ———

READ WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT "I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

It's Another "Tipperary" as Sure as You're Born

REPRINTED FROM THE "NEW YORK AMERICAN."

WILL WARD and his bouquet of girls are making the greatest hit of the year at the Alhambra Theatre in singing the great song success, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."



The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

THIS SONG WOULD END THE WAR

Remarkable Work Suggesting Peace for All Nations.

A song has just been published, which, if adopted by various countries, would speedily put an end to international and foreign warfare. The song is entitled, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" and although only out a few days has proved the most startling hit New York has known in many years. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song which portrays a mother's version of peace and happiness is a wonderful precept of parental wisdom and is the utterance of woman's unselfish love for her offspring, teaching a lesson that will go down the corridors of time with a beneficent warning against battle and bloodshed.

The song is of such a popular character that it is even being introduced in the public schools.

Buffalo Courier, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

A SONG AIMED TO CHECK WARFARE

Expressions of An American Mother on Modern Conflicts.

A philanthropical New York man has just put out a song which is the mirror of a mother's heart. Eliminating the commercial element, he has, primarily issued it to render a national service, and, if possible, to end the horrors of warfare. Two clever writers, Al Bryan and A. Piantadosi, were engaged to construct the song. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

An American mother is speaking. With loyal instinct she breathes a sigh in the lines, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" because she knoweth full well that a soldier's lot is to kill—or die. The beauty of the thought is so apparent and the music so skillfully woven that the song is achieving a popularity second to no other musical work written within a century.

The Times-Picayune, New Orleans, Sunday, Jan. 17, '15.

NEW YORK'S LATEST SONG NOVELTY

Popular Eastern Work Which is Speeding Thro' the South.

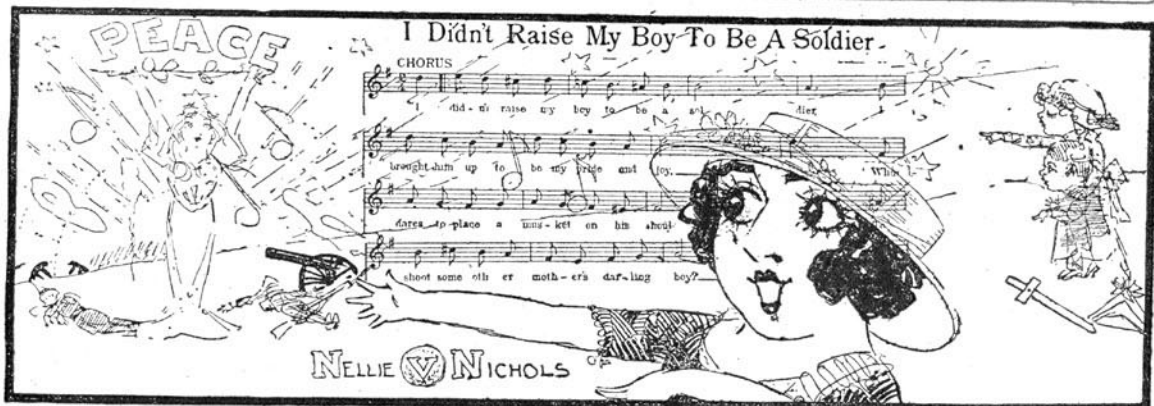
Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters of Greater New York, are enthusing over a new song called, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," which is said to be one of the most marked hits of years. The text of the song reflects the love of a mother who scorns to rear her lad to shoulder a rifle and take the life of his fellow man. Following is part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song has a fascinating swing with martial strains that cling unalteringly to the memory. Of all the modern songs with war themes thus far written, this work is the most foremost because it possesses a heart interest so convincing as to cause it to live for generations as a worthy effort to frustrate war.

Several advance copies of the song reached New Orleans yesterday.

"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," a Keith Song Hit



SELDOM if ever has a popular ballad won such instantaneous success as "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," the war ballad that Nellie V. Nichols, the accomplished singing comedienne, is featuring at B. F. Keith's Royal Theatre, in the Bronx. Only a little more than a week old, it has created a furore in New York and is sweeping to success in other cities. Audiences have demanded that it be sung over and over again until

it has become a very real feature in every sense of the word. The song has all the sentiment that is required just at this time. There are few songs in which the words are so cleverly wedded to the music. They seem naturally to come together and can be sung with peculiar ease. Certainly the people understand this after they have heard Miss Nichols sing it over. But the most

surprising thing is how easily those in the audience pick it up. The song is the chief event of this reigning bill at the popular Bronx temple of vaudeville. The personal magnetism of the singer and her inimitable method of getting the most out of a song does this splendid number the justice which it well deserves. Miss Nichols received encore after encore, and was only allowed to depart after she had convinced the audience she had already occupied the stage several

minutes longer than is allotted for her act. Clark and Hamilton, the English musical comedy staza gave their pleasing musical specialty, "A Wayward Concert," while Harry Carroll, the boy composer of popular songs, rendered several of his latest compositions. Eva Condon and Jack Devereaux and company presented a comedietta that pleased, and Boggy's "Lunatic Bakers," Roach and McCurdy, the Fridowsky Troupe and Carl Demarest concluded the bill.

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