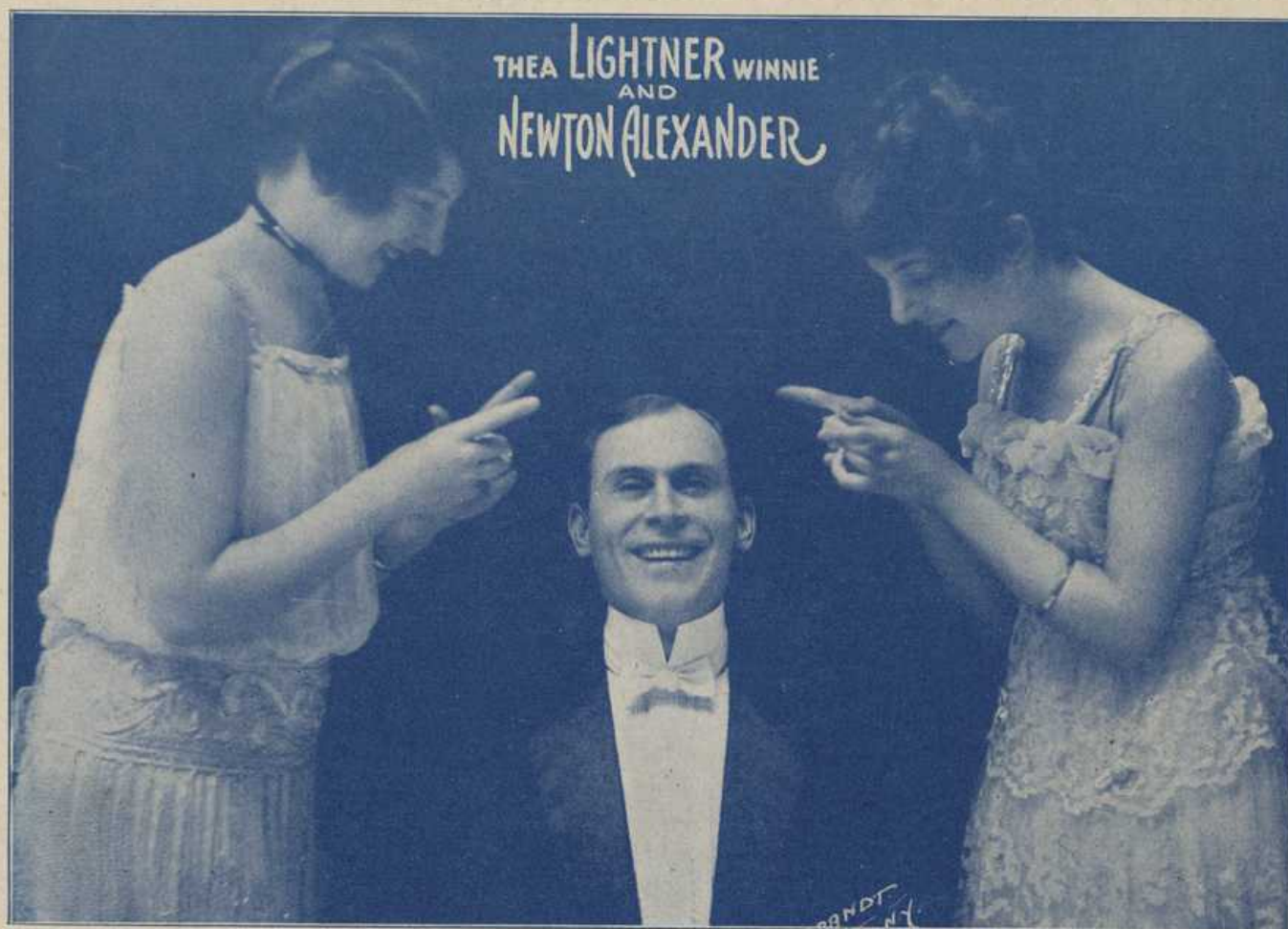


TO MY HOME IN NEW ORLEANS

# WHEN I GET TO NEW ORLEANS



THEA LIGHTNER WINNIE  
AND  
NEWTON ALEXANDER

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
**NEWTON ALEXANDER**

Writer of: "YOU NEVER CAN TELL"  
"THERE'S A ROSE IN THE WORLD FOR US ALL"  
"I'LL JUST DREAM ON" etc .....



Originally Introduced in Vaudeville by  
**THEA LIGHTNER WINNIE**  
AND  
**NEWTON ALEXANDER**

Published for BAND and ORCHESTRA



**WILL ROSSITER**  
THE CHICAGO PUBLISHER  
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OLIVETTE  
HAYNES

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STARMER



# WHEN I GET TO NEW ORLEANS

Words & Music by NEWTON ALEXANDER  
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Marcia

8  
Vamp

Fare-well ev-'ry - bod-y I must say "good-bye" Don't let the part-ing grieve you,  
 Good-bye ev-'ry - bod-y I'm all fixed to - go, Back to the friends of childhood,

and I'll tell you why, - I'm on my way to New Or - leans; \* (take a boat, take a boat,)   
 that I used to know; - that dear old town of New Or - leans; (hap-py days, hap-py days,)

To New Or-leans, (all aboard, all a-board,) Back to that south-ern land of dreams. ....  
 To New Or-leans, (let 'er go, let 'er go,) I'm on my way to home sweet home. ....

Chorus

I'm goin' to take a train ..... to New Or - leans ..... I'm goin' to

\*Words in small type to be spoken ad lib.  
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hang a-round..... those Bay-ou streams..... I want to hear those dark-ies

sing-ing, 'long that riv-er shore..... I'll toss some pen-nies to those

lit-tle pick-a-ninnies (Boo!) I-hear my moth-er's voice..... in all my dreams.....

..... It seems to say, "come back..... to New Or-leans"..... Now that I've

got my grip and satch-el packed, with my Sun-day clothes up-on my back, -I'll be

hap-py, I'll be hap-py, When I get to New Or-leans. I'm goin' to leans. 1 2 D.S.



# Chicago Examiner

MONDAY

CHICAGO, MAY 8, 1916.

MONDAY

CHICAGO

HIT of 1916!

## 'Walkin' the Dog,' the Squat Dance, Captures Society at the Stratford

"Instructed" by Negroes From  
South State Street, Blue Book  
Folk "Catch the Fever."

They're "walking the dog" in the Boul' Mich. The "absolutely latest" psychopathic dance invention of away down South State street, a dance which is made of "one part motion and nine parts emotion," became the craze of the hour in Michigan avenue overnight. In the pine room of the Stratford, which yesterday was classic, they began "walking the dog" Saturday night and kept it up until the midnight wagons were rattling through the alleys yesterday morning.

What is it? The answer is fairly suggested in the words of the music they dance it to. It goes like this:

Step way back, snap yo' fingers,  
Get over Sally, one an' all;  
Grab yo' gal, an' don' yo' finger;  
Do that slow drag 'round the hall;  
Do that dance, the Texas Tommy;  
SQUAT! like yo' sittin' on a log;  
Rise slow—that will show  
The dance called "WALKIN' THE DOG!"

More than 300 guests, many listed in the Blue Book and the Social Register, filled the pine room. They were there in response to an announcement that "the dog" will be led in. "My" came in color, coming from deep chocolate to café au lait—a bullet-headed little negro and another man and two women of his race from South State street dives.

The lure which led white visitors to the "dog's" kennels in the black belt is the vulgarity of the "dance." It takes a "jazz band" and a pair of excited Ethiopians to "walk the dog right." It was this same vulgarity which made the dance so attractive in Michigan avenue.

It was a hit. More than 300 patrons of the Stratford who wanted to get in and had neglected to make reservations were turned away. Those who did get in held high carnival. Champagne was bought by the basket, beer by the case. The hilarity of the spectators flattered and inspired the dusky "dog walkers." Before the evening—and morning—ended everybody knew the words, and many of the whites had experimented with the "slow drag 'round the hall," the "squat" and the "slow rise."

## ZIT'S HEADLINES THAT TELL A STORY

Alas! Park Open Rain, Shine, Cool or Warm.

"Walking the Dog" is Going to Be the Fad This Summer.

Stone & Pillard to Introduce it at Hartig & Seamon's Next Week.

"The Dog" Leaves Booth To-night.

Leaves Lyceum To-night.

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# Chicago Daily News

LAY 18, 1916.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916.

SIX PAGES.

## WALKIN' THE DOG

MISS CAVANAUGH SCORES A HIT AT PALACE

WORLD OF PLEASURE BRINGS DIVERSITY

Two Rare Beauties Quinn and M. wards, C.

TABLEAU

BY MAUDE MILLER

Lucille Cavanaugh, the famous Ziegfeld star of the 1915 Follies, is appearing at the Palace tonight in a new act called "Walkin' the Dog."

The dance is a novelty, and the costumes are novel. The act is a combination of the "Walkin' the Dog" and the "Squat Dance."

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EVERY few years some new and hysterical form of dance presents itself. It usually finds its origin among the lower types of humanity, and gradually works its way up the social ladder to the most fashionable dancing parties. Sometimes in the process of evolution it is shorn of its suggestiveness and indecency and sometimes not.

"Walkin' the Dog," which began in a "black and tan" café in Thirty-fifth street and was recently transported to a Michigan avenue hotel to the

wild delight of a gathering including many listed in the Blue Book, is the latest contribution to the dance mania.

Looking for a psychological explanation of these hysterical dance outbreaks might be listed as one of the light occupations.

It isn't a harbinger of fatality to a country, as many folk imagine. It isn't an archaic desire to kick and yell and give vent to feelings long repressed. It isn't a nation's restlessness.

It is the primitive spirit in man which culture does not erase—the same primitive spirit the war disclosed most forcefully. And, of course, the lower the social scale the more primitively will man express himself in the dance.

Kipling said: "The colonel's lady and Julia O'Grady are sisters under the skin." Which quite explains the colonel's lady's delight at the exhibition of "Walking the Dog." In a modified form she probably will be doing it herself before long.

Throughout the whole animal kingdom, or at least that part of it which is capable of obvious motion, motion and emotion are generally concurrent. The persistent fluttering of the insects, the gambols of the lambs, and the myriad kindred manifestations are expressions of emotion. Children, express emotion in dancing around. In the savage camp the dance is an expression of every kind of emotion. So that the most natural thing in the world seems to be dancing.

Like all pleasures, dancing tends to excess, and temptation, of course, is in proportion to the primitive instinct. But the world isn't worse now than it ever was because of the "Walkin' the Dog" and the "Turkey Trot" and the "Bunny Hog." No century has been without the dance mania prescuing itself in some violent form.

We read in the fourteenth century, at Aix-la-Chapelle, men and women danced in the public streets. They formed circles hand in hand, and, apparently, to have lost all control over their stances, continued dancing, regardless of bystanders, for hours together in wild delirium, until they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries even to greater excess was the dance mania carried.

As long as the human body remains the natural vehicle for expression of emotion, the extreme dance will have its champions.

Attendance at a dinner for

## No Walkin' Dog; Instead, Old Dances Are Trotting Back!

Waltz and Polka Due for  
Return, According to  
Step Masters.

The old fashioned waltz—the kind that made the "Beautiful Blue Danube" famous—is coming back. So is the polka, whose rollicking cadences, you remember, went to an untimely grave when ragtime was just emerging from the song publishers' incubator.

The Chicago Association of Dancing Masters has said it. And the members don't mince words, either, when they eased their minds last night at their annual banquet at the Hotel Sherman.

"Walkin' the Dog? Huh!" said "Prof." R. G. Huntington. "I just came back from West Baden and French Lick, and that's all they are talking about down there. But I didn't see them dance it. It's such a darn fool stunt, I guess, that no one will take it up."

That's the trouble with these weird dances. Somebody thinks up a fool stunt and sticks an outlandish name on it, gets some silly music for it, and calls it a dance. And then who can dance it? These things ought to be abolished, and they are going to be.

The Old Standard Returning.  
Yes, sir, we're against 'em," said "Prof." Louis Kretlow, president of the association. "This fancy cabaret dancing is going out. The waltz and even the polka are coming back into popularity. The people are beginning to demand the old standard dances, and we must supply them."

"Nobody at my academy ever cares to learn the cabaret stuff," declared "Prof." Frank L. Olson. "It's simply impossible. When a café wants a little advertising it sends down to the black belt and gets any crazy thing where they snap their fingers and call it 'shakin' the shimmy' or some such thing. It's surprising what the public will stand for, isn't it?"

But Teresa Teaches It.  
"Professor" Miss Teresa Dolan came in late with the other side of the problem. "I couldn't get away for the banquet," she said plaintively, "because everybody in Hyde Park wants to learn 'walkin' the dog.' They insist on dancing it, and I am simply forced to teach it."

But listen, young man—this is a confidential aside—if you are going to print a piece in the paper, you just say I am teaching a simple, dignified 'walkin' the dog,' will you? I eliminate the wild stuff."

## WALKIN' THE DOG

Shelton Brooks Sensational over-night "RAGE" in two Big Best Shows "CHIN CHIN" & "TOWN TOPICS" nothing in years has so taken the town by storm—ASK ANYBODY

BIGGEST "HIT" IN 25 YEARS GET IT NOW!