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# RAGTIME REVIEW

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Vol. 3

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE, 1917

No. 6.

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Only the silvery rays of a cold, brilliant moon, and the intermittent glitters of the dazzling stars, illuminated with nature's elements the lonely, almost deserted station that stood on the cliff overlooking the dim yellow lights of Dead Man's Gulch in the valley below. Every now and then a pale beam of light from the heavens defied the still darkness of night, and alighted upon the glistening track rails that ran close to the station. To the south and to the east giant trees loomed up like dark monsters in the moon's ghastly white glow, and swayed and rustled and creaked as if they resented the elements' intrusion.

Occasionally a yellow glare from within the waiting room spread out to the platform with startling effect, and brought to view a green-coated express truck, a pile of sacks partially obscured by the darkness, and two or three heaps of dilapidated boxes, piled on top of each other in reckless abandon.

From the waiting room came the monotonous clicking of telegraphic apparatus. A casual listener would have detected nothing unusual about that, but it was evident that a short, stockily built man, wearing a tight fitting felt hat, who suddenly emerged from the blackness of the night at the north end of the platform, was possessed of an instinct for danger or a knowledge of the telegraphic keyboard. He halted a moment, cocked his head to one side, listened carefully for a while, and then entered the waiting room.

After quickly glancing around at its deserted appearance, he walked over to a caged glass window, from which the incessant clicking emanated.

"What's wrong, Mac?" he shouted. "Didn't Number 121 get in yet?"

If the operator behind the closed glass window heard him, he did not answer. The everlasting clickety-click-click-click increased in rapidity; in fact, it seemed to continue with a grim, sullen monotony. The newcomer raised his fist and pounded on the window.

"Who's there?" came from the inside.

"It's me—Kelso. Is the door locked?"

"No. Come on in."

The other turned the knob of the door and quietly entered. A slender little chap, frail and almost boyish in appearance, with a pale face that seemed haggard and worn in the dim yellow light of the small baggage and office room, sat with his head bending over a telegraphic keyboard. He looked up suddenly, and for a moment his baleful brown eyes rested anxiously upon the face of the newcomer. Then he focused his gaze on the board and dashed off a series of disconnected, incoherent clicks. He paused presently, frowned, and listlessly tapped a single key with one finger.

It was evident that something was wrong, but if the newcomer was aware of it, he made no comment. He watched the young man for some time, then casually drew a black cigar from a tanned case. He stuck this in a corner of his mouth, carefully applied a match, and puffed at the weed leisurely and without the slightest display of emotion.

Again the operator bent down over the board and rattled off a series of disjointed dashes, dots, sustained lines and repeated jottings. He stopped with such brevity that the bystander, for the first time, showed interest, for he removed his cigar from his mouth, leaned forward, and patiently listened.

Slowly at first, with many breaks of varying lengths, the response came over the wire. The steel recording pin, snapping and spitting forth its bluish green flashes, rattled out the return message. The operator, with drawn jaws and trembling hands, scribbled the code translation in shorthand on a sheet of soiled yellow paper. Though an unnecessary procedure, the response was so slow and disjointed that he obviously deemed it advisable to take this precaution.

Presently the flashing recorder clicked forth a continuous rap-a-tap-tap. The short, broad man gave an involuntary start and hurried to the side of the other, where he watched the board with wide eyes. It was evident that both men understood, that both were capable of interpreting the wire sounds. But

the man with the black cigar did not seem to catch the full purport of the message, for he leaned down with wrinkled forehead and dubious eyes, his ear strained to grasp every click. At this point another dead silence followed, and the recording pin became motionless.

The younger man desperately pounded a demand for further information. He rattled the keys with uncanny precision, halted to sound a response, then clicked away a series of repeats. He stopped short, rubbed his hands together nervously, and listened with bowed head. It was useless, however. Mechanically the apparatus was dead, and the recording pin was due for an indefinite period of silence.

"What the devil's the matter, Mac?" inquired the stockily built man, in hopeless astonishment. "Did I get that right? Did he say a hold-up?"

MacGregor, the operator, took a handkerchief from his hip pocket, mopped his face and brow with shaking hands, and rose to his feet unsteadily. Without looking at his companion he picked up the yellow sheet containing his shorthand notes, nervously leaned against the wall, and read in a dry, husky voice:

"Your query—nothing wrong—message 147. Recorded at 9:10 p. m. No. 121 left D. V. on time, 7:40 prompt. Trying-break-to-get-break-midsection operator."

"Message 406—9:26 p. m.—R U S H ! No. 121—due at D. M. G. 8:50—held up half mile—half mile east of midsection operator's station. Engine uncoupled—derailed up track—BREAK! BREAK—can't locate—can't locate. Krauss killed—also—also—Engineer Beatty and two—two—two passengers. All robbed—safe blown up—mail seized. News R U S H—sent in by sheriff's wife. On train—ran to operator's station—telephoned. Five men in gang—break—all masked—unknown. Inform sheriff at D. M. G. Send messenger to mayor's office. PAUSE! Mayor—McFadden's wife—and—little—son—on train. Carried off—by—robbers—better—call—."

The thin young man paused, folded the sheets, and gazed at the other with wild eyes.

The man with the felt hat returned the stare, puckered his brow, then broke into a scornful laugh.

"Say, what do you think I am?" he scoffed, waving a deprecating hand. "You pulled that off slick, that's all I've got to say. Come on, Mac, lay off. Do you think you could get away with a joke like that on me?"

MacGregor's brown eyes flashed angrily as he flung the folded yellow sheet on the table.

"Are you stupid, Kelso?" he snapped, with an impatient gesture. "Have you ever known me to play pranks? Where is your brain, anyway? Every damned word of this is the truth, you idiot! Where are your ears, your eyes? Has No. 121 ever been more than ten minutes late since the junction track from here to Death Valley was constructed? It's twenty minutes of ten now—is she here? Tap

those keys! There isn't even a sustaining quiver. You know what that means. It means that the rest of this last message was intercepted because somebody cut the wire!"

Kelso's astonished eyes nearly bulged out of his head. Every vestige of humor had vanished from his lips. He gave a gasp of incredulity.

"For God sake, Mac, somebody must be crazy—it can't be true!" he expostulated, tossing away his cigar in the excitement. "This is a civilized country, man!"

"The Hell with arguing about whether it's true or not!" exclaimed MacGregor tremulously. "You're not any more astonished than I am. The point is, it's happened. How long will it take you to carry a message to the Gulch?"

Kelso's face was a hopeless expression of amazement, doubt and perplexity. That such a thing could occur in a civilized country seemed preposterous. He was a hard, practical business man, and the dramatic or romantic had never appealed to him. Death Valley County, Arizona, in which Dead Man's Gulch was situated, had progressed rapidly in the last five years. Under Mayor McFadden's regime law and order prevailed, and a monstrosity of this nature in these modern times was utterly inconceivable.

"Come on—wake up!" snarled MacGregor. "This is no time for sleeping. How long will it take you to carry a message to the Gulch?"

"B—but what's the matter with your 'phone?" Kelso finally blurted out, sheepishly.

The operator made a sickly grin and threw up his hand.

"Bursting for the last two days."

Kelso pondered a moment, striving to clear the fog from his brain.

"About twenty-five minutes at a good, stiff trot," he ventured.

MacGregor was hurriedly scribbling the message in longhand on another sheet of paper.

"That's good enough, Kelso, but don't stop. Take this to the sheriff's office and skip into Dalton's soon as you hit the Gulch. Get Mayor McFadden on the 'phone, shoot it over quick, and break away. If Loeber isn't there, don't call up. Take the message to McFadden personally. He's got a car—a Ford, I think. If the others want to reach the scene, tell them there's a handcar in the trucking shed here. Six can manipulate it. Go on, now, Kelso—go like Hell!"

His head in a daze, his eyes still expressing unbelief, Kelso took the sheet, stuffed it in his coat pocket and started for the door.

"So long," he called over his shoulder.

In the darkness outside the waiting room he stumbled over some hard object, cursed the obstruction, ran around the corner of the station and leaped out into the dusty road, where the moonlight guided him temporarily.

To him the whole thing seemed like a fairy tale, a dime novel story—the most impossible of impossible things. Six months previously he had made his first trip to Dead Man's Gulch as the Pacific Coast representative of the Death Valley Mining Company, to confer

with the mining superintendent. Business had necessitated eight or ten trips since then, and on these occasions he had won the friendship of Jimmy MacGregor, the operator at the station. To be sure, many things in Dead Man's Gulch seemed strange to him, entirely out of the ordinary. The wife of Mayor Frank McFadden, for instance, conducted a popular music school in the very heart of the town, and it seemed to Kelso as if practically every soul in Dead Man's Gulch between the ages of sixteen and forty, including a number of persons residing on the outskirts of the town, were or had been pupils of Mrs. McFadden's ragtime school.

It struck him as peculiar that the mayor's beautiful young wife should conduct a popular music school when her position and circumstances did not necessitate it. And now the message in his pocket stated the mayor's pretty wife and her young son had been carried off by train robbers—kidnapped in modern times in a civilized country! The very thought of it stunned Kelso. It all seemed so incredulous, so preposterous. He knew that some years ago Dead Man's Gulch had been the most lawless town in Death Valley County, and that meant the worst place on the map. At that time it was the rendezvous for all types of horse thieves, road agents, drunken cowboys, frenzied miners, escaped criminals and the Lord knew what not.

As he trotted and stumbled along in the night, pondering laboriously over the whole thing, he was struck by a curious incongruity. If the mayor's wife was on that train, why hadn't the mayor sent someone to meet her? Surely, McFadden would not think of allowing his wife to walk from the station to the Gulch in the night. The affable mayor of Dead Man's Gulch carried his wife in his hands, so to speak. He was just as madly in love with her as he had been the day he married her. Kelso had often been told by the residents who were familiar with the couple. And not a soul outside of himself had been up to the station to meet the train. It was odd; too strange for his practical mind.

Far, far below he could make out the glittering, flashing, red and yellow lights of Dead Man's Gulch as he jogged along the road in the moonlight. The road twisted and turned like a snake from the top of the giant cliffs above the town to a dense woods that ran into it half way up the mountain side.

Once he chuckled aloud. The bags containing the payroll money for the employees of the Death Valley Mining Company, amounting to twelve hundred dollars in silver, had not gone into the possession of the robbers. Nor had twenty-five hundred dollars in ten dollar bills, which the superintendent of the Death Valley Mining Company was to pay the newly organized Service Construction Company of Dead Man's Gulch for supplying the men and material in the erection of an extension to the mining company's properties. Kelso knew of the deal. The Service Construction Company had refused to contract

under any other but a cash proposition, and Kelso had often laughed over the affair with grizzled old Matt Nelson, the mine superintendent. Those were two hauls the robbers did not make, for the simple reason that the money was not due till Thursday, and this was Tuesday.

Years before Kelso had been a station agent. From close association with the telegraph operator he had gained a good listener's knowledge of the keyboard and the translation of the various taps. So regardless of the feasibility of the strange affair, he nevertheless knew that there had been a hold-up. There was no question about that. Over an hour before he had been standing at the bar in the National Hotel in Dead Man's Gulch, holding a casual conversation with Rob Dalton, the proprietor, a chap who was employed by the Death Valley Mining Company, but whom he had never met previously, and a few others. Tiring of the talk, Kelso had finally decided to walk up to the station and join MacGregor. The mechanical voice of the telegraphic apparatus had aroused his surprise as soon as he was near enough to hear it.

He watched the glowing lights of the town in the valley below as he continued on his journey. Every now and then dark, silent bushes or the swaying, drooping boughs of giant trees obscured the lights from view. Presently he reached a bend in the road. Here the massive wilderness joined the route

from the valley to the station. The thick, black woods on either side of the road hid the lights of the Gulch entirely. It was so dark along this part of the way that he could proceed only with the greatest difficulty. The starry heavens above, silvered by the moon's glow, acted as his guide, and he was forced to slow down to a fast walk that was replete with stumbles, halts and uncertain steps. For some time he groped his way along carefully. Finally a sheath of light just a few paces before him indicated that he had passed the densest part of the woods, for at this point the rays of the moon shone upon the dusty road.

Kelso precipitated his pace, and at the same time he thought he heard the pounding thud of a horse's hoofs coming up the road. He peered ahead in the darkness, and dimly made out a horse and rider, jogging along at a leisure lope. He emerged from the blackness of the woods presently, and resumed his run to the Gulch. Soon the horseman appeared before him and drew up his black steed. Though the moon now shone brilliantly on both, Kelso could not see the man's face, probably because of a wide-brimmed, slouch hat which was pulled down over his eyes.

"Hello," called the rider, as Kelso ran up to him. "What's the trouble? You seem to be in a hurry."

"I am," panted Kelso, stopping short. He recognized the man now. He knew that soft voice. He had spoken to him down at the bar of the National Hotel a little over an hour ago. The horseman had told him then that he was employed as office manager of the superintendent's division of the Death Valley Mining Company, and had been in Dead Man's Gulch about three weeks. He was a smart looking chap, Kelso remembered, and his voice was as soft as a woman's.

"Why, anything serious?" inquired the horseman, peering down at him eagerly.

"The 8:50 was held up somewhere between here and Death Valley by a gang of bandits. Passengers all robbed, engineer killed, safe blown up in baggage car, and the mayor's wife and son were dragged off the train and taken away by the band. MacGregor, the operator up at the station, got the news over the wire from the operator at Death Valley, who received the tip over the phone from the sheriff's wife. Didn't say which or what sher-

iff it was, but this woman was on the train. That's all the details we got, for somebody cut the wire at that point. MacGregor's phone is on the fritz, so he translated the code on another sheet, gave it to me, and asked me to take it to the sheriff's office in the Gulch and put McFadden wise."

"Give the sheet to me," exclaimed the other, leaning down from the saddle. "I can get to the Gulch in five minutes on this nag and ride to the mayor's office in a jiffy. You're winded and couldn't get there half as quick. You can go back to the station if you want to, and wait till the sheriff gets there. I'd be only too glad to help you out."

"Mighty kind of you," said Kelso, heartily, and he drew out the yellow sheet of paper and handed it to him.

"Not at all," replied the horseman, evidently in great excitement. "We can carry and deliver the message much quicker and with no trouble. So long."

He whirled his horse around, applied the spurs, and the startled animal snorted, reared, and then shot forward like a bolt of lightning.

Kelso watched them go clattering down the road, until horse and rider disappeared around a sharp turn. Then he turned and made his way back along the road. He was really glad of assistance, for somehow or other he dreaded the idea of appearing in the Gulch with such a message. And, again, he felt sorry for MacGregor. He was a nervous young man, ate and slept up at the station almost in solitude except for the daily presence of the express agent, and his life was one of loneliness. Things had certainly broken bad for him. Two days before the express agent had taken ill, and MacGregor was forced to attend to the shipments which, quite fortunately, had not been heavy. Now his telephone connection with the Gulch and the adjoining country was broken. He was certainly in hard luck.

Some time later Kelso, tired and breathing heavily, arrived at the station platform. MacGregor was pacing up and down the length of the office and baggage room when he entered, puffing impatiently at his pipe, his face furrowed with lines of worry and anxiety. He turned on his heel, rather startled, and stared at Kelso with troubled eyes.

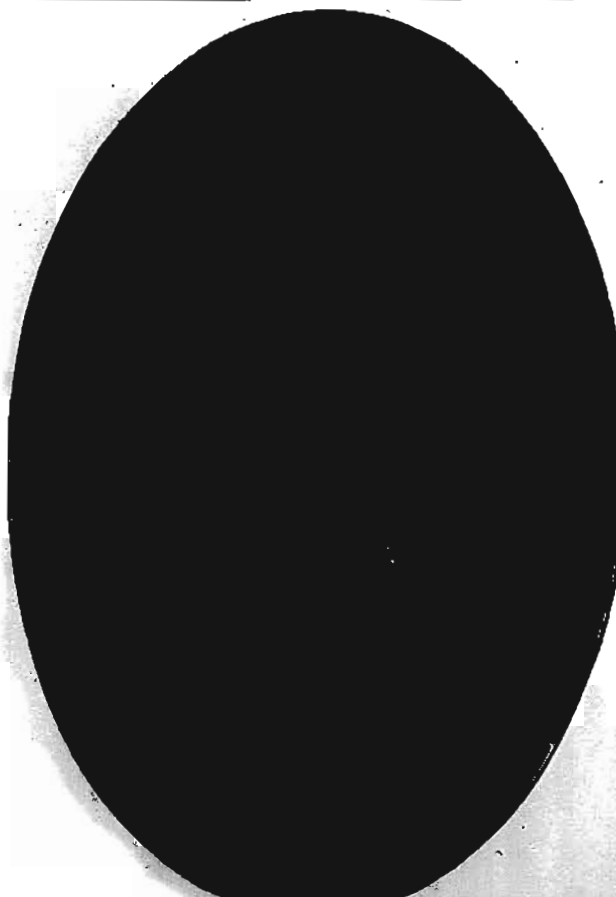
"Back already? you made quick time. Where are the others?"

"Don't worry, Jimmy," said Kelso, with a little flirt of his hand. He closed the door, flung his hat on a desk, and related his meeting with the horseman.

"Good!" ejaculated MacGregor, when he had finished. "That saved time. I guess they ought to be here at any minute."

Kelso stuck a black cigar in his mouth, struck a match, applied it and puffed at the weed, miniature clouds of smoke curling to the ceiling. MacGregor slowly walked up and down the floor, his head bowed in thought, the green shade at his forehead con-

(Continued on page 14)

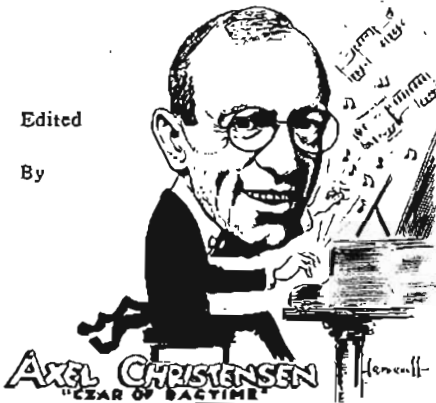




## The Ragtime Review

Edited

By



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### MUSIC AND ADVERTISING.

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## REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

By F. G. CORBITT

**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.

**That's a Vision of Life Without You**—By Beth Slater Whitson and Floyd E. Whitmore. Published by Whitmore Music Publishing Co. This is a rather pretty ballad written in 6/8 time. Lyrics are by the writer of "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland."

**Buzzin' the Bee**—By Jack Wells. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. Pretty good fox trot. Being used by May Irwin with good success in "No. 33, Washington Square," and now being heard in some of the cabarets here.

**Ching Chong**—By J. Will Callahan and Lee S. Roberts. Published by Lee S. Roberts. The title and lyrics would indicate a Chinese number, but I fail to find any touch of the Oriental in the music. It is sort of a conventional melody written in one-step time.

**My Heart's Tonight In Ireland**—By James Brockman. Published by James Brockman. I'm willing for the song to go with the heart. I can't see much to the melody.

**It's Time For Every Boy to Be a Soldier**—By Alfred Bryan and Harry Tierney. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. A march song that I do not think "bubbles" over with originality.

**In the Garden of Love With You**—By Ernest R. Heck and Floyd E. Whitmore. Published by Whitmore Publishing Co. A waltz ballad being used by the "Towne Quartette." I consider the melody a little tiresome—too much repetition.

**America For Me**—By Dr. Henry Van Dyke and C. Austin Miles. Published by Hall-Mack Co. Verse is written in slow march time with chorus changing to 2/4. You can have my interest in this one.

**Tho' I'm Not the First to Call You Sweetheart**—By Bernie Grossman and Arthur Lange. Published by Joe Morris Music Co. Here is quite a pretty ballad written in 4/4 time with good lyrics.

**My Sweet Egyptian Rose**—By Edgar Allan Woolf and Anatol Friedland. Published by Jos. W. Stern & Co. This is sort of a companion song to "My Little Persian Rose" and by the same writers. The melody is quite catchy.

**The Man Behind the Hammer and the Plow**—By Harry Von Tilzer. Published by Harry Von Tilzer Music Publishing Co. In my opinion the best thing about this number is the President's Proclamation printed on the back cover.

**Rolling In His Little Rolling Chair**—By Joe Goodwin, Ballard MacDonald and Halsey K. Mohr. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. A good swinging one-step on the order of "Row-Row-Row." Being used by Emma Carus with good success.

**I Called You My Sweetheart**—By Howard Johnson, Grant Clarke and Jimmie Monaco. Published by Leo Feist. A waltz ballad being used by Brice & King. Both the lyrics and melody are good, and if you are the least bit sentimental, you'll like it, too.

**Underneath the Southern Moon**—By Ernest R. Heck and Floyd E. Whitmore. Published by Whitmore Publishing Co. One of the "Caroline" songs that is pretty fair. Would make a good quartette number.

**Our Own Red, White and Blue**—By Eleanor Allen Schroll and Henry Fillmore. Published by Fillmore Music House. A patriotic march song with swinging melody.

**Let the Flag Fly**—By L. Wolfe Gilbert. Published by Globe Music Co. Another patriotic march song of about the same conventional melody.

**The Whole World Knows I Love You, But Don't Seem to Care**—By Sidney Carter and Jimmie Stephens. Published by Dan-

### TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE REVIEW

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iels & Wilson. Well, that's too bad, but not quite as bad as the song, in my opinion.

**What Kind of An American Are You?**—By Lew Brown, Chas. McCarron and Albert Von Tilzer. Here is the best patriotic number that has reached my desk this month. There is a good swing to the music and the lyrics are right along the spirit of the times. Should become very popular.

**You've Got a Million Dollar Smile**—By Burnette Wilkie and Billy Baskette. Published by Ted Browne Music Co. I would say "some Smile," also a good, catchy number that will probably become popular. By the writer of "Hawaiian Butterfly," and this one is along the same line.

**Because I'm Crazy Over You**—By Floyd E. Whitmore and Chas. B. DeHaas. A fox trot song that is just fair.

**Twilight Song**—By Eleanor Allen Schroll and Henrietta Moore. Published by Fillmore Music House. Published in two voices—medium and low.

**He's Just Like You**—By Lew Brown and Albert Von Tilzer. Published by Broadway Music Corporation. A one step that is a pretty fair number, but do not consider it up to the Von Tilzer standard.

**Ireland**—By Floyd E. Whitmore and Ernest R. Heck. Published by Whitmore Music Publishing Co. A typical Irish ballad written in 4/4 style.

**Some One**—By Myron E. Shoemaker. Published by Whitmore Music Pub. Co. A sort of waltz ballad. Someone may like this, but I don't.

**I'll Conquer the World for You**—By G. L. Dearing. Published by White & Newton Publishing Co. Quite a pretty waltz ballad that is also arranged for band and orchestra use.

**There Are Two Eyes in Dixie**—By Irving Berlin. Published by Watterson, Berlin &

Snyder Co. This is a good number with catchy melody and will no doubt prove popular. A sort of march song.

**Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go With Friday on Saturday Night?**—By Sam Lewis, Joe Young and Geo. W. Meyer. Published by Watterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. This could hardly be called a real new number, as it has been used in the cabarets here for some time and was sung by Al Jolson at the Winter Garden. When properly handled makes a good number.

**Kiss Me, Mother, Then I'll Say Good-Bye**—By Wm. Morgan Wright. Published by Will Wright. A march song. The harmony in chorus could be touched up in one or two spots to good advantage.

**America, You For Me**—By Alton J. Stevens and Merlin L. Dappert. Published by Alton J. Stevens. A good, patriotic number.

**Altar of Dreams**—By Pauline B. Story. Published by Story's Music House. An instrumental number that is rather difficult, but an exceptionally attractive Barcarolle written in "A" flat with a very original tenderness and chantant. Very pretty when properly handled.

**Mystery**—By Pauline B. Story. (Op. 15). Published by B. F. Wood Music Co. As intimated by the name, a number out of the ordinary. The melodia ben marcata in the key of "C" is very pretty.

**When Uncle Sam Gets Fighting Mad**—By Merlin L. Dappert and Alton J. Stevens. Published by Alton J. Stevens. A good march song with swinging melody.

**Sunshine in Seville**—By Pauline B. Story. Published by Story's Music House. A very pretty Spanish intermezzo written in the key of "F." A number that breathes sentimental Spain in every measure.

Not one man in ten thousand is proof against the fascinations of the girl who can play such music as he can understand and enjoy.

The girl who entertains well, however, if she is really sympathetic in spirit, captivates all hearts. Every man loves to be entertained and the woman who understands how to do this is ever popular.

Herr Martin Ballmann, conductor of the Ballmann Symphony band, expressed himself the other evening when the exotic taste of the musical few was being held up as an example of the deplorable many who like ragtime and are glad of it.

"And why shouldn't they like ragtime?" Herr Ballmann demanded. "If it's good ragtime it has its place in the world, and I, for one, am willing to acknowledge it. It certainly has a swing to it that sends one's blood tingling."

A certain theater in Canada had a soloist whose ability was more or less doubtful. One evening after she had finished "executing" a solo and agonizing the audience the lights went out and this title of the first picture was thrown on the screen: "It Might Have Been Worse."



ETHEL MOULTON

**THE MOVIE ORGANIST.**

We must not be too hard on the organist, because his job is hard enough, according to Emmett Robert Gaderer who wrote the following in the Chicago News:

Allow me to give a few facts concerning the "movie organist." His position requires that he furnish a musical accompaniment to the episodes of a story as they are presented to view. He must use an unlimited repertoire and often improvise "hurrys," transcribing piano selections and popular numbers, which the public demand. How would a comedy or comedy drama sound with a strict organ number as accompaniment? The player must get the most out of an instrument that has fearfully small limitations. He must be constantly on the job. The music must not cease, but continue from 2 until 11 p. m. with only one hour for supper to break the monotony.

The organist works seven days a week. Consequently, playing becomes toil, labor. Little is left for art. It is astonishing that there are really good players left at all. Considering the small salaries paid, from which expensive music must be bought, the majority of players are doing excellent work.

The public can help to better the nation's music, that of the theater, by first trying to acquaint itself with the conditions and requirements of the players.

EMMETT ROBERT GADERER,  
Organist.

**WHAT IS A JAZZ BAND?**

A writer in the New York Globe tells some interesting things about the "Jazz Band":

"Because you wanted to know what a Jazz Band is we went to the Winter Garden on Sunday night and last night at Reisenweber's. At the Winter Garden the band is called the Creole Band, and at Reisenweber's they call it "The Original Dixieland Jazz Band." What is a Jazz Band? Edward B. Edwards, who gave us his engraved card which read 'Trombonist' and who is the leader of the originals, said,



ETHEL MOU

**ELMER HAYNES**  
Baritone.

Mr. Haynes is at present at the Cafe Fontenac, in Detroit, where he is fast becoming as great a favorite as he was in New York City, prior to his engagement with the "Princess Pat" Company. He is hooked for a Chicago appearance in the near future, and is bound to duplicate his success in the Eastern cities.

The Hartwig, a new \$65,000 moving picture theater has just been opened at Dillon, Mont., under the management of Mr. W. A. Hartwig who controls the Pastime Theater.

"A Jazz Band is composed of oboes, clarinets, cornets, trombones, banjos, and always a drum. It doesn't have to have all of these. But the music is a matter of the ear and not of technique. None of us knows music. One carries the melody and the others do what they please. Some play counter melodies, some play freak noises, and some just play. I can't tell you how. You 'got to feel' Jazz. The time is syncopated. Jazz I think means a jumble. We came from New Orleans by way of Chicago. In Chicago a professor told us it was 'the untuneful harmony of rhythm.' I don't know what he meant, but I guess he was right. Anyhow that's Jazz." To us it seemed a lot of weird effects intended to make one dance with every part of one's body but the feet. And later a he dancer did a Jazz dance that would have made a Jelly fish wonder why it was so named."

### BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC.

By Bernard B. Brin.

The people \* \* \*  
 In darkest Russia \* \* \*  
 After having lived \* \* \*  
 Hundreds of years \* \* \*  
 Under absolute Monarchy \* \* \*  
 Finally got hip \* \* \*  
 To themselves \* \* \*  
 The other day \* \* \*  
 And overthrew \* \* \*  
 Czar Nick \* \* \*  
 Saying they were tired \* \* \*  
 Of having that guy \* \* \*  
 Dictating to them \* \* \*  
 And telling them \* \* \*  
 What to do \* \* \*  
 And what not to do. \* \* \*  
 So now that happy nation \* \* \*  
 Is a republic \* \* \*  
 And all its people \* \* \*  
 With different religions \* \* \*  
 Are entirely free \* \* \*  
 To think as they please \* \* \*  
 Do as they please \* \* \*  
 And worship \* \* \*  
 Whom they please \* \* \*  
 Just United States.

Thus marks the passing \* \* \*  
 Of the main "Gazabo" \* \* \*  
 The Czar \* \* \*  
 Who, by the way \* \* \*  
 Is now shoveling snow \* \* \*  
 According to the \* \* \*  
 Latest newspaper reports. \* \* \*  
 Unfortunately \* \* \*  
 While Russia was cursed \* \* \*  
 With a Czar \* \* \*  
 United States \* \* \*  
 Is blessed with one \* \* \*  
 BUT \* \* \*  
 A twentieth century one \* \* \*  
 Who never dictates \* \* \*  
 But simply suggests \* \* \*  
 And they are \* \* \*  
 Mighty good suggestions too. \* \* \*  
 His race under him \* \* \*  
 Which forms a \* \* \*  
 Large populace \* \* \*  
 Of this country \* \* \*  
 Are known as \* \* \*  
 Ragtime teachers \* \* \*  
 Who are accorded \* \* \*  
 Every liberty and freedom \* \* \*  
 They could wish for \* \* \*  
 Hence, naturally \* \* \*  
 Idolize their Czar \* \* \*  
 Who, by the way \* \* \*  
 Is a regular guy \* \* \*  
 And treats the next one \* \* \*  
 As he would like \* \* \*  
 To be treated \* \* \*  
 Himself. \* \* \*  
 My sentiments

In the past \* \* \*  
 Have always been \* \* \*  
 Strictly opposed \* \* \*  
 To Czarism \* \* \*  
 But nowadays \* \* \*  
 It all depends \* \* \*  
 Which Czar \* \* \*  
 You're serving under. \* \* \*  
 You know there are \* \* \*  
 Czars and Czars \* \* \*  
 Czar Nick is a Czar \* \* \*  
 Czar Axel is a CZAR. \* \* \*  
 I THANK YOU"

### A NOVELETTE.

The receipts for "Go Away a Little Closer, Honey Mine," had only amounted to \$80,000 that week, and Iz Knott, the music publisher, leaning back in his swivel chair and puffing dejectedly at his 50 cent Tamparino, did not even turn his head when Floodmarket Panns, the world's youngest and niftiest composer, hustled in. "Somepin wonderful, Iz! Somepin great!" he announced as he sat down at the office piano. "Here, how's this?" (Tinkle, tinkle, biff, tinkle.) "'Meet Me Near the Tissic Tree.' How ya like it?"

"Fierce," yawned Iz Knott. "Ain't no such thing as a tissic tree. Besides, what the publick wants is a novelty."

"I put that in to make it harder," explained Panns. "Well, how ya like this?" (Tinkle, biff, tinkle, man.) "'Epiphalet, I Love You Yet.' What ya think?"

"Blooi," said Iz. "That ain't no novelty." "Well, here's 'Oh, Carolina, Your Feet Go Fine-a.' (Tinkle, tinkle, peep, tinkle.) How about?"

"Extra punk," murmured Iz sleepily. "All right, here's a Hawaiian number called 'those hypnotizing Hawaiian Hips.' I'll dash it off for you."

"Don't bother—I'll take it on the name alone—swell!" cried Iz Knott. "That's what I call a novelty friend. Here's a check for 800 advance royalties."

And the next week the insatiable public started buying and playing its 406th Hawaiian song.—Chicago News.

Axel Christensen, "Czar of Ragtime" has accepted a short vaudeville engagement covering Miles Theatre, Detroit, Mich., week of May 28th; Oakland Theatre, Pontiac, Mich., week of June 4th; Empress Theatre, Lansing, Mich., June 7-8-9 and 10th; Empress Theatre, Chicago, June 11-12 and 13th; Rialto Theatre, Chicago, week of June 14th.



9  
For Introductions,  
Lively Scenes, Western Pictures, Etc.

Vivace (Fast).

The first system of music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece. It includes a first ending bracket in the right hand, marked with a '1' above it, leading to a repeat sign at the end of the system.

The third system is marked 'Allo' and begins with a forte (f) dynamic. It features a second ending bracket in the right hand, marked with a '2' above it, and a key signature change to two flats (Bb) in the middle of the system.

The fourth system is marked 'Galop' and begins with a forte (f) dynamic. It contains two first ending brackets in the right hand, marked with '1' and '2' above them, and a key signature change to three flats (Bbb) in the middle of the system.

The fifth system continues the piece with first and second ending brackets in the right hand, marked with '1' and '2' above them. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

# National Colors Rag

By MARCELLA A. HENRY

## INTRODUCTION

The musical score for the introduction of "National Colors Rag" is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) and a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking later in the system. The second system continues the piece. The third system features a *mf* dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a *ff* dynamic marking and a first ending bracket labeled "1" followed by a second ending bracket labeled "2". The fifth system concludes the introduction with various musical notations including accents and slurs.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music consists of eighth-note patterns in both hands. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the final two measures of the system.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the eighth-note patterns. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the final two measures of the system.

Third system of musical notation, marked 'TRIO' in the upper left. The time signature changes to 3/4. The music features eighth-note patterns with accents. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the final two measures of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the eighth-note patterns with accents. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the final two measures of the system.

Fifth system of musical notation, continuing the eighth-note patterns with accents. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the final two measures of the system.

Sixth system of musical notation, continuing the eighth-note patterns with accents. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the final two measures of the system.

# Simple Confession.

IN RAGTIME.

Arr. by A. W. CHRISTENSEN.

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in the middle of the system. The right hand continues with a lively, syncopated melody, and the left hand maintains a consistent bass line.

The third system shows the continuation of the ragtime piece. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The fourth system includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' at the beginning. The music concludes this section with a final cadence in the right hand.

The fifth system includes a second ending bracket labeled '2' at the beginning. This system concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand.

Play the chords contained in each measure of this piece

## BEAN SOUP.

By Robert Marine.

I don't know whether any of you guys ever ate bean soup or not, or drink it, but anyway, it's my favorite dish. The only thing that can beat it is lobster salad or may be Hungarian Goulash. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

We've been very busy in the studios the past three months—working every minute of the day from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m., and it was beginning to tell on me to such an extent that I begged for a day of rest. Last Friday, as luck would have it, things slackened up a bit and I took advantage of it by inviting my good looking assistant, Sal Laurie, and the crazy dentist next door, Doc. D'Onofrio, to have dinner with me. You can imagine how I felt when they both wanted to know if I was kidding them. On the level, those guys wouldn't believe that I was going to blow them! Sounds bad, don't it?

Now I don't want you people to think that I meant it when I said Doc. D'Onofrio was hughouse. As a matter of fact, he's about the smartest fellow I ever met—he's too blamed smart for me. That's why I say he's rickety in the garret.

Anyway, just as Sal, Doc. and I were about to leave for the restaurant (yes, restaurant, not lunch room—no kidding) who blows in but Peter Meyer, alias Peter Frank Meyer, alias Howard P. Rockey, alias Pete the Goat, etc., the great author. Believe me, if I couldn't write better stories than that guy I'd kick the bucket! Now listen folks, get me straight. I'm not insinuating that Pete is a grafter. Oh, no! But it's mighty blame funny that the only time he ever comes around to the studios is during the lunch hour, and then he always looks at me and says, "Gee, Bob, I'm hungry." So you understand, ladies and gentlemen, that I ain't insinuating that Pete is a grafter. I'm just telling you plain, open, candid and frank, without making any bones about it, that he's the biggest grafter I ever met!

Well as soon as Pete spies us with our coats on, he smiles.

"Where you hums going?" he asks.

"Don't call me a hum," growls Laurie.

"You ain't even a hum," grins Pete. "You're worse."

"I kin lick any guy in New York City with curly blonde hair and big feet."

"Go wan, you couldn't lick a postage stamp."

"Here, cut it out," I interrupted. "I know you guys ain't gentlemen, but you can chuck a bluff and make out you are, can't you?"

"We're going to lunch—coming with us?" Doc. asks.

That was a dumb question. Who ever heard of Pete Meyer turning down a square meal?

"Whose blowing?" he inquired.

"My nose," chuckled Laurie.

"That's a filthy remark," scoffs Pete. "It's

just like your nose I'll bet you didn't blow it in ten years."

"It's your turn to blow today, Pete," I butted in.

"Excuse me, I got a date," says Pete, starting to walk away.

"Aw, come on," grumbled Doc. D'Onofrio. "I'll blow again today, but only on one condition."

The three of us looked at him. Every time Doc. talks he says something, only nobody knows what he says. He don't know himself.

"I'll blow," he continued, "on condition that we all have a plate of bean soup for dinner."

"Aw, who wants bean soup," growls Pete. "Be a regular guy and buy us all a good meal."

Doc. looked at him significantly. Get that word, huh? "Whose paying for this?" he demanded.

"I know, but gee, I don't like bean soup," protests Rockey—the boys call him Rockey, because he's rocky in the dome.

"It ain't what YOU like," answers Doc., "it's what I like; and if you ginks don't want bean soup, I won't buy."

As for me, I didn't think much about bean soup, and I knew that Sal wasn't crazy about it, either. But so long as Doc. was blowing, WE should worry.

After arguing about it for fifteen minutes, Pete gives in and we finally land in the restaurant.

"Four plates of bean soup," bawls out Doc. D'Onofrio, after we had taken off our coats and hats.

Rockey looks disgusted, and makes a face at Doc.

"Ain't we going to have anything else?" I asked Doc., thinking that we'd all go hungry.

Doc. makes a stern face. "I said four plates of bean soup—nothing more. If you guys want anything else, you can pay for it. I'm only going to pay for four plates of bean soup."

Just then the waiter came up.

"Is that all you gentlemen are going to have?" he asked courteously.

"I'll let you have a punch in the nose," snarls Doc. "I said FOUR PLATES OF BEAN SOUP!"

"You're the stingiest guy I ever met," snapped Rockey. "He's a cheap piker, that's what he is," sneered Sal Laurie.

"You're all right, Doc," I said. "You ought to be shot!"

Laurie pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He offered them to me and to Rockey, but ignored Doc.

"That's all right," says Doc. D'Onofrio, drawing out his own butts. "I wouldn't take one of yours, anyway. I smoke good cigarettes." We all light and puff away.

Soon the French waiter comes tripping in with four steaming hot plates of soup.

"Peau zoup, chentlezmen," he announced, and Doc. smiled, tossed away his butt,

rubbed his hands together, then dug into it.

"If I couldn't treat my friends to anything better than this dish water, I'd lay down and die," murmured Laurie.

But Doc. paid no attention to us. He was pushing it down like an automatic machine, making all kinds of funny noises. Every once in a while he'd sound like a music box, gurgle and goo-goo like a baby, and grin and chuckle to himself.

Rockey gave a snort of disgust, Sal Laurie shook his head hopelessly, and then we all pitched in. My goodness, but that was a shock. You talk about delicious beverage! Oh me, oh my! The way we shoved away that bean soup was a sight for blind eyes. Splash, ugh, gurgle splash, ugh, gurgle—splash, ugh—

"Eet iz fine, chentlezmen; eet iz zee magniff, eet iz zee wondaireful—monsieurs, I beg zee, pless keep up zee charming music!" a voice near the table pleaded.

The French waiter was gazing down upon us with imploring eyes, while eight or ten couples were dancing around the restaurant and shouting to us to keep it up.

"Say, what the devil's the idea?" blurted out Laurie, in bewilderment. The rest of us were too astonished to speak.

"Ah, ma cherie," enthused the French garcon, "eet iz zee splendare regtime mussee zat you blay zat makes zee peoples danz."

For a moment we all sat still, too dazed to even mumble. Then, in one moment, each picked up his soup plate and tossed what remained of the contents in the waiter's grinning face.

## A RAGTIME ROOTER.

You'll see him there when skies are fair and the cry "Play ball!" rings through the air. For he has planned to hear the bang the opening day up in the stand. You'll hear him say, "We'll win today! Come on! Hooray! Yip! Thatta way! Lesshave! clout—oh, hitter out! See how he slid! Yow! Thatta kid!"

The Ragtime Rooter is a peach; his voice is like a siren's screech, and tortures all within its reach. If John McCormack were off key he could not strike that weird high C, for not a note from mortal throat resembles this half scream, half hiss.

And yet, with all its rasping sound, it makes our pulses leap and bound, for it is made by every man who's strictly all American, and every man who gives that cry, were war's red banners waving high, would march away to do or die and keep Old Glory in the sky. Each son of them his nation loves, and fighting men don't coo like doves, so let 'em yell and surge pell mell while at the game they love so well. The open sky, the game's grim stress—the stars, who KNOW and do not GUESS—all help to make PREPAREDNESS.—Chicago American.



(Continued from page 5)

reading his eyes. His hands were stuck in his trousers pockets, and he puffed jerkily at his pipe.

"The whole blamed thing is beyond me," declared Kelso, shaking his head and drawing up a chair. "Years ago when this place and the surrounding country was infested with bad men—the kind you read about in dime novels—a hold-up of this kind could have occurred. I can't understand it to save my life." He sat down and crossed his legs.

"The dence," retorted Jimmy irritably. "It HAS occurred, hasn't it?"

Kelso sat up straight, his cigar cocked upward in an angle of his mouth, and surveyed him under eyelids that were half closed.

"Will you listen to reason, Jim?" he asked, showing his hands in his pockets and leaning back in his chair. "In the first place, would Mayor McFadden permit his wife and little son to travel all the way from Death Valley at this time of the night, without meeting her here, or having somebody here to take her to the village? He'd either have a carriage here for her, or he'd come and get her in his car, wouldn't he?"

MacGregor removed his pipe, halted, and stared at his companion.

"In the second place," went on Kelso, with a wane but triumphant smile, "why in the name of Saint Louis or any other saint would a band of train robbers kidnap Mrs. McFadden and her son?"

"Why not?" asked MacGregor.

"Why not?" was Kelso's taunting response. "I'll tell you. Figure this out. Do you think a band of robbers that would have nerve enough to pull off a stunt like this are ready to hasten the possibilities of capture by dragging a woman and her son along with them? secondly, what could they gain by such a move?"

"Mrs. McFadden is wife of the mayor of Dead Man's Gulch," stated MacGregor significantly.

"And what of it?" inquired Kelso, stretching out his hands dubiously. "Do you think McFadden could pay out a ransom lucrative enough to induce these men to kidnap his wife and son, or even tempt them to consider such a wild scheme? I'll bet McFadden doesn't get thirty-five hundred a year as mayor of this town, and before that gang would attempt such a thing they'd make sure they

stood a chance of getting a ransom amounting to more than McFadden's salary for ten or fifteen years."

"Oh, hell," exclaimed Jimmy, with a snort of impatience. "McFadden doesn't get more than eighteen hundred. He's not a lawyer in any intrinsic sense of the word, and he's not a political factor. I don't think the government pays him his salary, to tell you the truth. I imagine the residents of the Gulch contribute so much annually to defray the expenses and salaries of the sheriff, the mayor and their staffs. Somebody told me a few months ago that he received one thousand a year from the government in addition to an annual income of eighteen hundred or two thousand from the people. I don't know whether it's true or not."

"But why should the people of the Gulch pay him any money?" asked Kelso, astonished.

"McFadden did a great deal for them. Three or four years ago, just after they made him mayor, he fought the railroad for an extension of their line from Death Valley to Dead Man's Gulch. He won the fight in less than a year, I believe, and the A. L. and Preston Railroad built an extension, this road, from the Gulch to Death Valley. He cleaned out all the rotten element in and around the town, abolished gun fights, encouraged religious teachings and education, raised funds for the erection of a school for the children of the residents, assisted and practically led in giving the advantages of living in Dead Man's Gulch publicity, helped in making the town something of a commercial factor, and established law and order. No man or woman in Dead Man's Gulch, excluding Sheriff Loeber and his two deputies, is allowed to carry a weapon of any kind, and McFadden made that a law three years ago."

MacGregor suddenly paused and looked up at the clock. An anxious expression crept into his face.

"They ought to be here by this time," he said, looking at Kelso apprehensively.

"They'll be here any moment, now," Kelso replied. "Don't worry about it, Jimmy. They're probably getting a force together, or may be Loeber is away and his deputies are waiting for him before taking action. Go on with your story. I'm interested."

MacGregor lifted up the blind, gazed through the window pane a moment or two, then continued his stroll back and across the floor.

"There isn't anything more to tell," he said, "except that Dead Man's Gulch can now boast of a railroad line, a station, two big mining companies employing about a hundred people between them, a fine drainage system, a school, theatre, two churches, three hotels, the field headquarters of the biggest chemical company in the world, a bank, stores and a popular music school that seems to draw on the whole blame town for its pupils. The mayor's wife, as you know, runs the school, and I understand she's one of the cleverest pianists in the country, either on or off the professional stage."

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"How the dickens did she ever come to marry McFadden?"

Jimmy smiled for the first time.

"Ever hear of a bandit and gun man who roamed around these parts about six or seven years ago? His name was Wendell, if I remember it correctly—they called him Bad Buck Wendell."

"Is that the Wendell who made such a reputation as a gun fighter and outlaw—the man who killed two jail keepers with his bare hands in the Tucson penitentiary about four or five years ago, escaped, skipped to Mexico and fought under Villa or Carranza in the revolution against the Huerta government in Mexico?"

"That's the man," said MacGregor, nodding his head.

"Yes, I read quite a lot about him in Tucson, Preston and San Francisco newspapers. They claimed he was Villa's cavalry leader, and the most reckless, daredevil in the whole Mexican army. United States government agents and detectives were laying in wait for him on the Texas border. He was wanted on about thirty robbery charges, a dozen murder cases and I don't know how many smuggling stunts and horse stealing cases and train hold-ups. The last I heard of him he had managed to beat his way to San Francisco about two years ago, baffling secret service agents and detectives, where he boarded a vessel bound for Australia. It was an English ship, I think, and a German submarine sank her out at sea. Detectives traced him to the pier at Frisco, but got there too late. He even went on the ship under his own name, and was among the drowned. Detectives later on asserted that the drowned man was the original Bad Buck Wendell, who had terrorized Arizona, Texas and Nevada for some time, and had fought with such reckless courage in Mexico under either Villa or Carranza. He was known then as the Diabolo Americano and General Wendanos. I read about it in a big feature story in the Sunday edition of the Los Angeles Examiner about two years ago."

"That's the same Wendell, all right," nodded MacGregor. "They tell me he was a monster of a man, standing something like six foot six, and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, all solid bone and muscle. The old timers around here told me he was a marvel with a gun—the quickest man on the draw that the West had ever known, and the greatest deadshot in the world. According to them, he was quicker on the draw and more accurate in his aim than Billy the Kid, Harry Tracey, Wild Bill Devory or any of the Dalton gang."

"Well, about six years ago, maybe seven, McFadden was a cowpuncher on the Silver Star ranch. One day, on his usual trip to the ranch for the mail, which was delivered from Death Valley by the stage coach, he got a crazy drunk on. McFadden was a wanderer with a gun at that time, too, and he had been nursing a grudge against Bad Buck Wendell for a year. He was told by someone that

Wendell was up in the studios of a new ragtime school just across the street from the postoffice which had been opened only a day or two before by a Miss Grace or a Miss Helen Allison, a remarkably pretty young woman who could tickle the ivories in a superb manner. McFadden, gloriously inebriated, staggered up the stairs to the studios,

kicked open the door, and found the girl seated at the piano, Wendell sitting along side of her. She was showing him her method of teaching. I was told, and the bandit was taking it all in, really interested—whether in her or the course, however, I can't say.

"Wendell's guns were lying on top of the piano. McFadden opened fire for the bandit

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got up and reached for his guns soon as he saw him. McFadden hit him a couple of times, I think, before he could shoot, and the outlaw was badly wounded, dropping his guns. McFadden was aiming to kill him when the girl seized one of his fallen guns—I think that's the way the story goes—and in desperation and horror, fired at McFadden and dropped him. Wendell was staggering around the studio with three or four bullets in him, and finally he flopped. He was laid up for about three weeks, kicking between life and death. When he recovered, the girl, who nursed him back to health, turned him over to the authorities, but he put up a fierce battle before they led him away. Miss Allison got the reward of one thousand dollars, and it developed that she was of an adventurous spirit and had determined to tame Wendell soon after she first heard about him.

McFadden was, on his back for over a month. To cut it short, he and the young lady fell in love with each other and they married a few months after. As McFadden had been the only man with nerve enough to face Wendell in a gun fight, regardless of the fact that he was drunk at the time, the townspeople raved about him and appointed him sheriff. In less than no time he cleaned out all of the roughs and toughs. Through the influence of his wife, he passed an ordinance forbidding any man or woman to carry a weapon in or within three miles of Dead Man's Gulch, except his own deputies. His wife practically made him. She persuaded him to study law, English, grammar, political economy, American history and kindred subjects through several correspondence schools, instruction books in her own library, and volumes which she sent for. In the meanwhile, pupils were flocking to her school from all over the county, and some big piano company made her sole and exclusive agent for their line of pianos in the whole of Death Valley County, Comanche County and Preston.

She sold them on easy terms on the installment plan.

"Finally the people got together, and after a long conference decided to appoint two candidates for mayor. McFadden walked away with the election, and appointed his sheriff two deputies, and a secretary. This took place about three years ago, if I'm not mistaken, after McFadden had served three years as sheriff. Aided by his wife's clever brain he took up the railroad fight and won it. He even instituted legal proceedings involving the entire state, I heard. He's not an educated man, by any means. He's not even clever. But he's earnest, honest, determined and loyal. His pretty wife supplied the skill, the ambition, the brains and the incentive."

MacGregor stopped and glanced at the clock. His eyes nearly bulged out of his head in fright.

"For God's sake, Kelso, what can be keeping them? It's after ten thirty now!"

He strode to the window nervously, raised the blind, and gazed through the pane.

"That's odd," murmured Kelso, rising and walking to his side. Both looked out into the moonlight night.

"Listen," warned MacGregor, raising a finger.

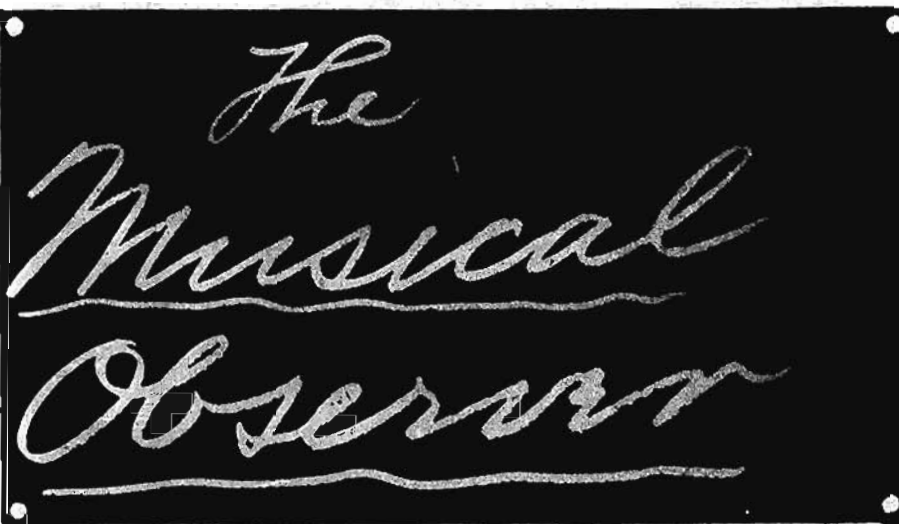
From over the cliff where the road ran down along the mountain side came the pounding of hoofs. The sounds gradually drew nearer, and presently a horseman loomed up in the darkness, slowed down an instant, then continued at a gallop.

"They're coming!" cried MacGregor excitedly.

"Look's like only one to me," said Kelso, peering through the window with his face against the pane. "I can't hear any other sounds, can you?"

Just then the silvery beams of moon and stars fell full upon a snowy white horse and a dark, silent rider.

"It's Loeber—I'd know his horse anywhere!" exclaimed Jimmy, rushing to the door and



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opening it. The horseman dismounted near the platform, strode around the corner of the station, and presently his clanking spurs tapping upon the beams were heard. The door of the waiting room opened and a tall, lanky, angular man, his lean, brown face almost hidden by the broad rim of a huge black sombrero, stood on the threshold.

"Lo, Mac," he said laconically, spying the operator standing before the entrance to the office.

"Hello, Loeber, old scout," returned MacGregor, springing forward and seizing his hand. "Where are the others?"

"What are wot others?" interrogated the lanky sheriff, perplexed.

MacGregor knitted his brows. "Isn't anybody going to tackle it with you? Where's McFadden, Shérwood, Turner—what about some of the boys?"

Loeber placed his hands on his hips, spread his feet wide apart, thrust out his lean chin, and regarded him in mingled surprise, humor and doubt.

"Say, wot in Hell is this—a joke? Tackle wot? Why in blazes shud tuh mayor or my deputies be with me? I'll bite—spring it!"

Kelso had come into the waiting room, and now he looked at the sheriff in vague wonder.

"A joke?" MacGregor almost shouted. "A joke? It's the damnedest joke you ever heard of! Didn't you get the message? Don't you know that Number 121 was held up, derailed, ransacked? Don't you know that the mayor's wife and kid were carried off by the bandits? Good Lord, man, what the devil is the matter down at the Gulch? Is everybody sick, or dying, or dead?"

There was no mistaking the operator's sincerity. He was wrought up to a perfect frenzy. Loeber was a shrewd judge of man, and he recognized that instantly. His whole attitude changed in a twinkling.

"Mah goo'ness, Mac," he expostulated, "no message come tuh me. Never heer'd o' such a thing. Somethin' must be wrong—it ain't awl kerect. Tuh mayor's wife ain't comin' tonight. She ain't expected till tomorrow morning 'bout ten-thutty. How cud ah get any message—yuh tole me yest-day yuh 'phone wuz busted?"

"Aw, Hell!" groaned Jimmy, throwing up his arms and striding across the waiting room like a madman. "Tell him, Kelso, tell him. I'm sick!"

"Why, man, I took the message and ran down with it," declared Kelso, stepping forward. "At the foot of the woods I met that young fellow whose employed as manager at the offices of the Death Valley Mining Company."

(To be continued next month.)

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Miss Moulton will be remembered by her successes at the South Shore Country Club, the Green Mill Gardens, and the Bismarck Gardens. She has recently finished an engagement at Ciccardi's, in St. Louis, and is considering several offers for the coming season.

See photos on page 7

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# NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Ragtime Review—

Dear Editor:—

The last copy of the March number of the Ragtime Review was laid on the table in my Studio

and that copy was picked up quickly by someone around here who was interested in it.

and taken out of the Studio before I had a chance to read it over carefully

and I never saw the request in Studio News for an article from me and knew nothing about said request until a letter from the Editor called my attention to the matter.

and at present I am so busy enrolling new pupils and taking care of the nice class that I have,

that I beg to say that probably I had better wait until I can write something worth while

and then I shall be glad to contribute something and I leave it to you as to whether or not it is worth printing

but anyway I am getting the habit of turning right to the "Studio Notes" before reading any other part of the Review because it is a corner that

belongs to us and that counts with every one of us, making us all closer friends.

and I would have written articles and articles for this corner before, if I had thought that anything I might say would prove interesting. Of course, if I had the poetic ability of

J. Forrest Thompson it would be a different matter and I really feel that J. F. T. should write more and longer articles, and all of the balance of you teachers

should do the same so I think this will be about all for this time and real soon you can expect to hear again

from  
Hattie Smith.

We learn that Miss Grace Clement, the enterprising lady "Ragtime" of Pittsburgh, has added a real Japanese pupil to her class and she claims he is as bright as they make 'em. His name is Ichero Chibuta.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," as shown by the fact that Mrs. Exie Hardy, of Garrett, Indiana, comes into the Chicago School for her ragtime piano lesson. The distance is 250 miles, but it's worth the trip.

I have just received the May issue of the "Review" and quite naturally turned to "Notes from the Studios," as I enjoy reading this better than anything else. After reading about half way through, I came to a paragraph beginning: "By the way, what do suppose has become of R. F. Gunther," so I am writing this to show that I am still on the map.

I have been very busy with my teaching and orchestra work and have not had much time, but will try and write more often in the future as I think it is a splendid idea for everybody to contribute an article every month. I would like to suggest that the "Ragtime Review" advocate a higher grade

of lyrics and titles for popular songs, as some of the words do not tend to elevate the popular music field.

A short time ago I gave a recital and dance in the Masonic Hall here, which was a most gratifying success and exceeded all my expectations. There was a large crowd present, and they certainly enjoyed themselves, judging from some of the remarks I heard. After the recital the floor was cleared and dancing reigned supreme, music being furnished by an eight-piece orchestra which was one of the features of the evening.

I want to congratulate the contributors to Studio Notes: Marcella Henry, J. Forrest, Nellie Chapman, Bessie Yeager, Izzora Webster, Dap, Prof. Hans, Bernard B., Jacob Schwartz and the rest of the studio bunch. I hope they come across often. Au revoir!  
R. F. GUNTHER.

Pretty nice of R. F. to write us a nice, newsy letter like the above in answer to that request in the May Review, and it would be very nice if some of the other teachers "took the hint" and did likewise.

Professor Hans Mettke, of Davenport, Iowa, has moved his studio to a down town office building and is now enrolling many new pupils as a result of the improved location. He is also starting a solicitor out on a house to house campaign, which should bring him lots of business. Good luck, Professor.

No doubt the readers of "Studio Notes" will be rather surprised in not seeing an article this month from J. Forrest Thompson, who is one of our dependable mainstays and whose articles are always more than interesting. Well, J. Forrest has a perfectly good excuse—he is a little under the weather. Glad to say it is nothing serious, and you can expect to hear from him in the July number.

\*Say, that fellow, George Schulte, who is running a big Ragtime School in Cleveland has certainly got me in a bad fix. He came into Chicago a few weeks ago and stayed a couple of hours, but while here he told me positively that we could expect some further articles on the "Adventures of George and Jimmy" and believing George to be a truthful sort of a fellow, consequently I mentioned the matter in the May Review and expected to hear from George in time for this issue, but nary a word. What's the matter, George? Are you too busy teaching ragtime, or are you simply trying to get me in bad?

Take Notice—Miss Bessie Leithman, Gertrude McCaulh, Charlotte Light, Ray Simpser, Mrs. Van Tress, Jacob Schwartz, W. T. Gleeson, Phil. Kaufmann, Chas. Schultz and Geo. Schulte. I have letters here from subscribers and teachers asking why they do not see some articles from each of you in the Review? Hope to hear from all of you in time for the July issue.

Julia Rieg, who has been teaching Ragtime to a nice class of pupils at the Chicago School, is preparing to spend a well-earned vacation in Washington, D. C.

Miss Edwina Perry, a former teacher of Ragtime at Chicago School, is now conducting extensive farming operations in the vicinity of Seymour, Ind., and it is rumored that Miss Perry is taking on weight at an alarming rate.

Chas. Schulte, managing a school for teaching ragtime in Milwaukee, was in to see us a few days ago. Charlie has entirely recovered from his recent illness and tells us he is very busy.

Ed. Mellinger, manager of a Ragtime School in St. Louis, has found it necessary to move into new and larger quarters in the Holland Building, where he now has a suite of six rooms complete in every appointment. No doubt this will result in a big increase in business, as the new location is right down town and easy of access to pupils coming from any point of the city.

An editorial writer in the Chicago Herald believes that there is a limit to how far a composer can go in collecting royalties on his work. He states:

The objection of Mr. Gompers and others to parts of the Adamson law decision will probably not compare with the indignation of those who like music with their meals at certain "obiter dicta" in a recent opinion by Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court.

The question at issue in the case was whether performance of a piece by an orchestra in a restaurant was such a "public performance for profit" as infringing the exclusive rights of the author to revenues from his musical composition. The court held it was, reversing the lower court. It stated that, even though an admission was not charged, the performances arranged by the restaurant proprietors were certainly not eleemosynary. Justice Hughes then adds:

It is true that the music is not the sole object, but neither is the food, which could probably be gotten cheaper elsewhere. The object is a repast in surroundings that to people having limited powers of conversation or disliking rival noise give a luxurious pleasure not to be had from eating a silent meal. If music did not pay it would be given up. If it pays it pays out of the public's pocket. Whether it pays or not the purpose of employing it is profit, and that is enough.

Indignation meetings are in order from the frequenters of cabarets, restaurants with music and dancing attachments and refectories where the performance is simply a concert. They have plainly been too lax in scanning appointments to the Supreme Court. An antagonistic spirit has evidently been introduced which, starting with mere obiter dicta, may end with a series of adverse decisions. Even before it knows it a large section of this free people may find itself bound and shackled by judicial tyranny to the horror of tuneless meals and danceless drinks.



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