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RAG-TIME REVIEW

DEVOTED TO POPULAR MUSIC, RAGTIME, VAUDEVILLE, PICTURE MUSIC AND PLAYERS

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REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

By CHAS. E. RIDDEL

Wandering Blues—By Enrique Smith, a typical cabaret song and a good one, especially for topical verse of local application; the finest kind of a song of this kind.

Girls, I Got Some Daddy Now—Good song for character or entertainers' work; has life, sparkle and vitality of its kind. Should be a hit. Nora Bayes could do it well.

On the Party Line—By Mahoney & Wenrich, published by Leo Feist, Inc. Too much repetition, although good stuff in it, but the sameness is apparent at all times.

My Sweetheart Is Somewhere in France—By Mary Earl, published by Shapiro & Bernstein. This song is pretty in spots and a little common also; we would class it as fair.

When It's All Over—By Lew Brown and Kerry Mills, published by Maurice Richmond Co. This song is a dandy; good rhythm; swinging and ringing song of a popular type; will take well with the crowd.

My Heart Is Your Harbor of Love—By Harry D. Kerr and Will E. Skidmore; published by Jos. W. Stern & Co. Good song, but there is something in the song which sounds like "where did I hear that before"—waltz movement, appealing, sentimental song; good.

Some Day Somebody's Gonna Get You—By L. Wolfe Gilbert and Carey Morgan; published by Jos. W. Stern & Co. A catchy song, but it takes some study, practice and patience to get to the "inside" of the song.

I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time—By Lew Brown and Albert Von Tilzer; published by Broadway Music Corp. A very good song; a good swinging march; patriotic text, but outside of this it has great possibilities as a popular song.

Mother, Dixie and You—By Howard Johnson and Joe Santly; published by Leo Feist, Inc. We give this song our unqualified endorsement; good.

China Dreams—By Raymond Egan, Gus Kahn and Egbert Van Alstyne; published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. Good China song. Good rhythm, etc.

If I Catch the Guy Who Wrote Poor Butterfly—By William Jerome and Arthur Green; published by William Jerome. Everything is a little bit of something else—and so it is with this.

One Little Girlie Can Do—By Jack Yellen, Ira Schuster and Jack Glogau; published by Leo Feist. Oh Johnnie, Oh steal in rhythm, but good song.

Sweetheart I'm Calling You—By Earl Haubrich and Abe Olman; published by Forster Music Publisher. Strains of Missouri waltz in this Review. Good waltz song; appealing sentiment; should be good.

She Never Kissed Anything Else Except the Blarney Stone—By Will J. Hart, Lew Hayes and Abe Olman; published by Forster Music Publisher. Good Irish wit song.

Cherry Blossom—By Gus Kahn and Harry Raymond; published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. Good Jap song.

Honor Thy Father and Mother—By Alex Gerber and Harry Jentes; published by Broadway Music Corp. Popular song of the usual type.

Where Do We Go from Here?—By Howard Johnson and Percy Wenrich; published by Leo Feist. "Good Fellow" song, sound like akin to "How Dry I Am" or "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."

Buy a Liberty Bond for the Baby—By Eddie Moran and Harry Von Tilzer; published by Harry Von Tilzer. Should be a popular song, not so big and not so catchy, but is good.

When the Girl You Love Lives in California—By David Berg and Abe Olman; published by Forster Music Publisher. A song of possibilities and limitations; good in spots—fair.

Lady Alice Waltz—By Marie Knowles; published by Forster Music Publisher. A fairly good piano number; nice waltz; good teaching material; good dance music.

Chasing the Chickens—By Raymond Walker and Abe Olman; published by Forster Music Publisher. Good Fox Trot; easy to play—good piano number.

I'm a Regular Daughter of Uncle Sam—By Edgar Allen; published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Arrangement of words to the music poor; an attempt to write a good song, partly succeeded.

The Nights Are Six Months Long—By Ballard MacDonald and James F. Hanley; published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Song with Irish rhythms, test and terms—fair.

The Cute Little Wigglin' Dance—By Henry Creamer and J. Turner Layton; published by Broadway Music Corp. A song suitable for character work of the Fritzi Scheff order—nothing else.

Plant a Little Garden In Your Own Back Yard—By Walter Hirsch, Bert Lewis and Walter Leopold; published by Forster Music Publisher. Somebody thought a song was necessary to inspire citizens of the U. S. to plant a little garden; maybe so, but not with this music.

My Yiddisha Butterfly—By Al. Dubin and Jos. A. Burke; published by M. Witmark & Sons. A character song (Yiddish), and as such it has possibilities, but not with the music.

The Ragtime Volunteers Are Off To War—By Ballard MacDonald and James F. Hanley; published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Not a real song but one of the many which will do for the purpose it was written—rhythm, dance, etc.

Over There—By Geo. M. Cohan; published by William Jerome. One of the many character song resuiring strong personality playing to put over. Fairly good.

Alexander's Jazz Band—My Monte C. Brice and Walter Donaldson; published by M. Witmark & Sons. One would think this song was nearly as good as Alexander's Ragtime Band, because of the name. Don't let them fool you.

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Do Something—By Edward Laska; published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. This should be good or at least fair. The text has patriotic sentiment, the music rhythmical, easily sung—fair.

Good-by Broadway, Hello France—By C. Francis Reisner and Benny Davis and Billy Baskette; published by Leo Feist. A most excellent patriotic song—a hit from the start—one of the songs of the season running. "Nuff said."

We're On Our Way to France to Fight for Liberty—By D. M. Buchanan and Nat Clay; published by Seidel Music Publishing Co. A swinging march that will go good if properly put over.

It's Time for Every Boy to be a Soldier—By Alfred Bryan and Harry Tierney; published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. Another good march song, having a few catchy places that will take well.

Buzzin' Along—By Stanley Murphy and Henry I. Marshall; published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. A good 4-4 time song that will make a good dance number. Can be made into good step time.

Ain't You Coming Back to Dixie Land—By Raymond Egan and Richard A. Whiting; published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. A very nice number that will go big. Now sung by Al Jolson; on the order of Mammy's Coal Black Rose.

Answer Mr. Wilson's Call—By Billy Gould; published by A. J. Stasny Music Co. A very neat number in which the national airs are very cleverly arranged. A 2-4 march rag.

You Really Don't Know How Much I Love You—By J. Will Callahan and Blanche M. Tice; published by Blanche M. Tice Music Pub. Co. A 4-4 rag, suitable for a fox trot; changes in harmony; brought out well by clever arrangement. We think it a hit.

Bring Me a Girl—By Bert Kalmar and Archie Gottler; published by Kalmar, Puck & Abrahams. A number for

(Continued on page 6)

BAD BUCK WENDELL'S RETURN

By PETER FRANK MEYER

Author of "The Taming of Bad Buck Wendell." "The Sex Problem." "My Dream Girl." "Fires of Hell." "Mr. Martin Coleby, Press Agent," Etc.

PART 3

When McFadden awoke he seemed to be obsessed with a vague, strange intuition of impending evil. It was not that he had experienced any bad dreams. It was simply that his restraint of the past few days had provided him with the propensity to imagine everything that bordered on the wild, weird and uncanny. Somehow or other, he could not give utterance to his thoughts; they were far too fantastical and effusive.

He rose to his feet unsteadily and glanced at the clock. It was after ten. The blinds at the windows had been drawn down, and one dim light burned and flickered in solitude. He knew, instinctively, that his mother's hand had played a part in caring for him while he slept.

A rattling of carriage wheels in the street below attracted his attention. From the sounds he decided that the carriage had stopped before the building, just below his office and apartments. He dreaded further interviews. All day long the telephone had jangled, people had called upon him in an endless procession and newspaper reporters had harassed him almost to the point of rage. He hoped that this was not another caller for him.

He heard tottering feet in the hall outside, approaching his door, and the scraping of carriage wheels in the street below told him that the carriage had gone.

The door opened presently, and McFadden's wife stood before him, quivering, cowering, leaning against the door for support, one shaking, white hand grasping the knob.

McFadden started, recoiled, a light of horror and incredulity in his eyes. Then, like a thing gone mad with irrepressible joy, he sprang forward and took her in his arms.

"Grace, oh Grace!" he cried tremulously, drawing her close, tilting back her chin and showering kisses on her forehead, her hair, her eyes and lips. In his wild delight he did not realize that his strong arms were crushing her and causing her pain. Mumbling and prattling incoherently like an overjoyed child he lifted her in his arms and carried her to the lounge. Only when he placed her there and kneeled down before her so he could look full upon her face in the light, did he realize that she had not responded. And when he looked at her again, what he saw in her face and eyes pierced him like a stab in the heart and drove every atom of joy from him, leaving him in the throes of an overwhelming sorrow.

The shawl had fallen from her head, and her long, luxurious black hair fell over her shoulders in dishevelment and confusion. Her drooping blue eyes were filled with terror, shame and remorse, while every line and contour of her ghastly white face was a living expression of unbearable grief and agony.

"For God's sake, Grace, speak to me—tell me about it!" he pleaded huskily, placing his arms on her trembling knees. "What happened, girl? Where is little Frank? How did——?"

"O-oh, God," she moaned, her head falling over her breast, "they k-killed him—murdered him—slayed him in cold blood!"

The last she almost shrieked in agony.

With benumbed senses and blurred eyes, the room seeming to whirl around dizzily, McFadden stared. The blood froze in his veins, and a great, infinite feeling of miserable helplessness crept over him.

His wife, swaying and sobbing, her nerveless white fingers groping and clutching at his moist brown hair, seemed on the verge of a complete collapse.

At least McFadden raised his hazy eyes and looked at her. All the color had left his face. All understanding had vanished. The shock had torn him asunder.

"Killed him?" he muttered, in a hollow voice, "killed him? Who, Grace, who?"

"O-oh, F-Frank!" she sobbed, "I wish it h-had been—been m-me. When y-you know it all, y-you'll h-hate me!"

"Come, girl," he whispered, dazedly, "be brave. Tell me."

For a moment she sobbed brokenly, great, heaving gulps shaking her slender frame like a reed in a gale.

"Wen-Wendell!" she shrieked out. "Buck Wendell—he did it! Oh, God!"

McFadden straightened up as though an electric shock had gone through his body. One surprise heaped upon the other, and this, the most astounding of all, left him devoid of every vestige of rational comprehension. He made an effort to rise, but she placed her hands on his shoulders and struggled to press him back.

"I must tell you," she gasped hysterically. "But don't look at me, Frank. I beg you. Please d-don't look at m-me!"

"W-Why, I thought Buck Wendell was——" he stammered, hoarsely.

"No, no!" she broke in. "He was in Mexico all the time, with Villa's army. He had never gone to Australia. It was all a mistake. Let me tell you, Frank. Even if it kills me, let me tell you. But please don't look at me!"

Her face wet with tears, wailing in wild grief and remorse, she put her twitching hands on the back of his head and pressed it down, so his eyes could gaze only at her lap.

"Little Frank and I left Death Valley on the 7:40. The train was held up sometime after we passed the midsection telegraph operator's station, I think. Mrs. Kelly and I sat together. We were terribly frightened. Three masked men entered our car. One of them was frightfully big. For some strange reason, he looked familiar to me. His height, his voice, his eyes glaring through the mask holes and the yellow hair that peeped from underneath his big sombrero. He was the leader. All had drawn revolvers and while the big man and another leveled them at the passengers, the other searched everybody in the car. One man said or did something and they shot him. I heard several shots outside, too. Finally the big man's eyes looked at everybody in the car. When they glared at me I could have screamed. He walked up to me, then ordered one of the men to carry Frank away. I cried and protested, I begged and pleaded. The big man then lifted me up in his arms and carried me out of the car. I cried, I entreated, I scratched his face with my nails, I screamed and kicked and bit him, but—oh, could anything hurt that brute? I heard an explosion and knew they had blown up something in the baggage car. There were five of them—no, six or seven, I think. Wendell, for I knew him then, dragged me to where a big black horse was standing. I was in a sort of half fainting condition. Only thoughts of little Frank braced me up. He was crying his poor little heart out. One of the men had placed him on a horse in front of him. Wendell put me on his horse, and climbed up behind me. The other men ran forward with bags and kits and mounted their horses.

"Wendell ordered one of the men to stay behind for some reason which I did not hear. Then we drove away in the night. I don't know where we were bound for, except that they seemed to be going toward the south. I was too excited to notice anything. I might have held up better under the circumstances had it not been for the manner in which Wendell spoke to me. He laughed at me scoffingly, taunted me by saying he had sworn to get revenge for the trick I played on him six or seven years ago, and that by injuring me he would kill two birds with one stone and hurt you for having shot him in the studios.

"Oh, Frank, I can't—I simply can't tell you what else he said! The wretched brute! He

insulted me in the worst manner a woman can be insulted. Oh, God, it was terrible!

"Maybe three or four hours after, during which we had driven across fields, meadows, pastures, barren plains and through small woods, we arrived at a big clearing somewhere in the midst of a dense woods. How we ever managed to get through, I don't know, but there was a cabin there. Two Mexicans emerged from it when we appeared. They had evidently been waiting for us.

"All went into the cabin except one man whom Wendell detailed to watch Frank and me. Poor little Frank was crying piteously. There seemed to be a squabble of some kind, over money, within the cabin. It was a long time before the men came out. Then all of them, except Wendell and the man who stood guard over us, rode away, calling goodbye to Wendell. I think they had divided the stolen money, leaving some shares with Wendell for two men who were to call at the cabin sometime later. From their talk I learned that they were to separate into one's and two's at certain places, but I couldn't hear the details.

"When they had gone Wendell carried little Frank and me into the cabin, and closed the door, leaving the other man outside. Oh, Frank! When I think of it!"

A shudder ran through her body, and she closed her eyes and moaned despairingly.

"Don't look up," she said, pushing his head down. "Don't look at me."

Again she sobbed brokenly. Then she continued:

"He looked at me—oh, so wickedly, that I designed his intentions almost before he spoke them. F-Frank, oh Frank, he told me I would—would either have to—to do what he asked me—or, or he would kill little Frank. No, no! Please, Frank—don't look up! God! I begged, I implored, I pleaded with him on my knees. But I might have known better. His eyes—when I think of them—they were unnaturally wild and glaring, the eyes of a madman. He drew out a big revolver and aimed it at little Frank. I screamed and tried to fight him, but he just threw me down. He cursed at me and told me he would give me ten seconds to swear that I would do as he wanted me to, or he would shoot Frank and shoot to kill. I knew I hadn't a chance in the world. My womanhood—oh, God, yes—but could I see my own son, my own flesh and blood, murdered before my eyes because I considered the sacrifice too great?"

Another convulsive shudder possessed her. She wept piteously, covering her eyes with a shaking hand. McFadden slowly raised his head.

"Frank, Frank," she moaned, throwing her arms around his neck, "do you still love me, dear? Do you still respect me? Do you——?"

"Yes, girl, more than ever," he whispered fiercely, looking into her tortured eyes.

"Oh, don't look at me," she begged again, pushing his head down.

After a pause, she went on:

"I-I promised, promised for little Frank's sake, and—oh, when I think of it!—that night I slept with-with——," and sobbing as if her heart were on the verge of breaking, she became limp, and fell over on the lounge.

"Don't, Grace—rest awhile," hoarsely whispered McFadden, rising and kneeling over her, his eyes burning with agony.

"No-no," she protested wretchedly, "I must finish. The next morning he placed me on his horse, in front of him, and we drove on through the forest, though I don't know how he ever got through it. The other man was to come with little Frank after cleaning up. He had cooked the breakfast and had slept outside. I begged Wendell to let Frank ride with us, but he wouldn't listen. Oh, the low, vile brute!

"We rode and rode and rode. I asked for little Frank a dozen times, and then he said they were to meet us that night. We stopped to rest the horse and the pack mule a number of times. We crossed one river, I think, and Wendell went through places that seemed almost inaccessible. That night we stopped at the top of a huge mountain that overlooked a valley stream. Again Wendell attacked me and—oh God, what could I do? It was after this that he told me the other man had been left behind to kill little Frank, and I fainted.

"When I came to I heard voices. I knew that the other man had arrived, and prayed that Wendell had lied and that Frankie was with him. I struggled to my feet, ran out to them, and when I asked him, I knew instinctively that he had murdered my son. I was possessed of a wild fury, and I attacked him. I was struck a terrible blow, and when I awoke it was morning and I was alone—without even a particle of food. Wendell and the other man, whom he called Martinez, had disappeared.

"How I ever managed to-to live it out, I don't know. I was weak, sick, hungry and miserable. I tramped through woods, over mountains and across plains, and fainted several times. The last time I thought was the end, and I prayed for it, but when I awoke I was in a comfortable bed. Later, of course, I found out that two kindly old people owned the place—a farmhouse—and that the old farmer, Mr. Reeves, had discovered me lying unconscious in a woods this morning while hunting with his dog. The farmhouse was about twelve miles from Deadwood. I told my whole story, and begged them not to let out a word—not even to the authorities. Oh, how ashamed I was! They urged me to stay and rest, but I begged so hard that Mr. Reeves had his chore boy hitch up after dinner and drive me here. We had to stop twice. The poor horse was nearly dead. The boy said he was a friend of Mr. Dalton's, and he'll stay at the hotel here over night and put the horse and carriage in Mr. Dalton's livery stable. Frank, forgive me!"

Her husband looked at her for some time. She had turned her head and was again weeping convulsively. A terrible fury was slowly taking possession of him. The hot Irish blood, the old fighting animal spirit of bygone years, coursed through his body fiercely, tempestuously.

He whirled, everything before him flashing red, and strode to a nearby desk. Opening a top drawer he drew, out a belt from which two heavy gun holsters dangled. A cartridge belt appeared next. He strapped this around his waist, beneath his coat, and did likewise with the holster belt. He drew out the guns and felt of them grimly. He had always kept excellent care of them, but in five years had not had occasion to use them. He replaced the steel weapons in the holsters just as his wife turned around and saw him.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, sitting up, her swollen red eyes staring at him in horror. "What are you doing?"

McFadden looked at her and smiled, but that smile was murderous.

Terrified, discerning with wifely instinct, the wild glare in his eyes, she sprang to her feet, fighting down her weakness. She threw her arms around his neck and struggled passionately to draw down his head.

"Frank, my husband!" she sobbed, "don't YOU forget yourself. We have a law, we have justice for such things. Don't leave me, Frank, don't leave me—oh, don't make me a widow!"

Fiercely she drew down his face, sobbing like a maddened child, and pressed her warm, wet lips to his. That kiss made her senses reel, and he swayed dizzily. With all her strength, with every ounce and pound of her weakened body she clung to him, pleading, begging, entreating. Even in this feeble, worn condition the loveliness of her was evident. The fragrance of her breath, the warmth of her clinging, supple body, her sweet kisses and soft caresses—all combined, they nearly succeeded in their purpose.

McFadden felt himself give way, slowly succumb—then, with a superhuman effort, he tore her from him, and staggered from the room, while she emitted a wild shriek and sank to the floor. Staggering like a drunken man, his sombrero in his hand, he went down the stairs. He heard the roaring of an automobile before he reached the street, and just as he stepped out he saw a big car with glaring white lights stop at the curb. A lithe, springy man jumped out of the machine and ran forward, stopping abruptly when he saw McFadden. It was Stanton.

"Just the man I want to see, McFadden," he said. "I've got news for you. Got a wire an hour ago from the chief of police at Callville, Nevada. Two of the gang left there about six o'clock. They must have been balked trying to reach the Mexican border through the mountains, abandoned their horses, and boarded a train for the state line between Arizona and Nevada. They stole two horses from a ranch about twenty miles from Callville. Somebody identified one of the men as Buck Wendell—remember him? I had one of my men verify the matter, and he stated that Wendell had never gone to Australia. I believe——."

"No, he didn't," drawled McFadden, in a voice that made the secret service man stare at him in amazement.

"Why, man, what's the matter with you?" he exlaimed.

"Is that car your's?" demanded McFadden, ignoring the question.

"Yes—why?"

"Then get in!"

"What's that?" gasped Stanton, astonished.

The next second the government man found himself looking into the muzzle of a blue steel gun.

"Get in, Stanton, and if you value your life drive like Hell to the Comanche Indian Reservation. We'll stop there and get old Eagle Beak, eighty years old now, but one of the greatest Indian scouts and trailers in the history of that race. He'll come with you and me, and you'll drive like blazes to Callville, Nevada, if we have to burst every damn tire on the machine. Then we'll get horses for the three of us and start after the two you mentioned. There's only one place in Nevada an outlaw would hit, and that's the big desert. We're going across it, and we'll keep on going till we find them. If you want to, you can turn back after we hit Callville. My wife is back, Stanton."

The detective started, an expression of blank amazement creeping into his face. The coldness of McFadden's voice caused even the fearless government man to shudder. He knew what it meant. A terrible, suppressed rage, that would stop at nothing less than murder. He wanted to ask about his wife, but——.

"Get in, Stanton," the drawling voice repeated, and this time there was a deadly ring in it.

There was no chance of reasoning with the man. He had forgotten that he was mayor, forgotten that he had banished the law of might himself. He had taken the law in his own hands—even so far as to force a government detective to take a certain course at the point of a revolver.

Stanton turned on his heel abruptly, reached the car in two strides, and leaped in behind the wheel. McFadden was in the back seat almost as quickly, the gun in his hand leveled at the detective's head. Then they shot out into the night.

A sweltering sun threw its white rays of heat over a vast expanse of desert sand, dot-

ted here and there in the distance by knolls of grotesque shape and proportion. As far as the eye could see in either of the four directions nothing but sand, dust and dry, barren ground stretched from skyline to skyline. Not so much as a speck of green appeared on that hot desert, and the only signs of habitation were those occasioned by the frequent appearance of a red lizard, hopping and crawling out of some obscure hole or crevice in a bedded rock or a miniature sand dune, or the sudden, writhing body of a dart-snake, decked in a brown skin interspersed with white.

At rare intervals a strange looking bird, with long neck and beak, and thin, scrawny legs, halted abruptly in its flight, swooped down upon some unfortunate lizard that had unwisely crawled out of its hole, devoured it with relish, and gazed about with the solemn sagacity of an owl. Then it fluttered its awkward looking wings, hopped a few steps, and flew up into the air with amazing speed, uttering a shrill, piercing scream as it winged away on its flight. Perhaps ten or fifteen minutes later a bird of the same, identical size and appearance would alight on the soft, dry sand and dextrously repeat the performance on some other indiscreet lizard. These were American gulls of the great Nevada desert—the Sahara of America.

Two horsemen, resting at the side of a dusty road, rock knoll, gazed at the broad, interminable desert stretched out before them, in back of them, all around so far as the human eye could focus. One of the men would have attracted attention and interest anywhere. He was perched on a large, rawboned horse of brown and white, the primary color of its coat being brown. Like his companion, he was covered with sand and dust, and it was evident that both men had been riding hard. This man was a veritable giant in stature, his massive frame covering every inch of six feet six inches of height, and it would not have required a physical instructor to decide that his six and a half feet consisted entirely of long, lean bone, muscle and sinew of flexible steel. Nothing in either his bearing or his manner of peering at the desert behind hinted of the stolidity or heaviness or laziness that usually accompanies superfluous flesh.

A huge, tan, dust-covered sombrero was pulled down over his forehead, but not enough to conceal a pair of small, keen blue eyes—eyes that glittered in a most peculiar manner at times, and that retained a cruel, scornful, grim light that vanished temporarily when the giant was given to fits or ribald humor or banter. Stray strands of yellow hair, bleached golden from the sun and exposure, curled from underneath his sombrero. His long, Nordic face, with the cruel, powerful, angular jaws, tanned to almost a dark brown, was covered with a dripping wet sweat, which made the weather-beaten skin shine like ebony. He wore a faded, blue flannel shirt, torn open at the throat, which revealed a huge, muscular, swelling chest that would have made any professional wrestler or strong man turn green with envy.

A buttonless vest of gray, ripped and practically in threads, was the only garment that covered the faded blue shirt. His trousers, trimmed down the back and the side of the legs with dirty white sheep wool, were of a rough, coarse material, and a mixture between tan, khaki, stone brown and light brown, if not a blending of all four. Short riding boots of solid black covered his prodigious feet.

At his waist hung two belts; one a cartridge belt, the other a combination supporter for his trousers and the resting place of two heavy guns which dangled in large leather holsters on each side of his hips, the black butts protruding ominously over the holster rims.

His companion was a swarthy complexioned Mexican, slender, agile, nervous, and probably a little above medium height, mounted on a wiry little mustang. Though his English was perfectly intelligle, he spoke with a slight Spanish accent.

"You see eem, Wendell?" asked the Mexican, as his companion turned on his horse and peered back across the blazing desert.

"I sees nothin'," grumbled the giant, the perspiration trickling down his jaws. "If we ain't flanked by reg'lars or militia on the southwest or north or northwest we kin make thuh only consarned spring I knows of in this damned desert, water thuh nags an' our own guzzles, an' git away to uh fresh start afore thuh onery coyotes catches up tuh us Thet, o' course, is providin' these damned nags hold out, which I doubts."

The Mexican stared at him apprehensively.

"But señor," he exclaimed, "you say eef we aire not surround on the north, the northwest an' the southwest, an' the horse do not fall down, an' we reach the spring in time, we might make the—what you call eet?—the get-away? The way you spik, you mak me ver' frightened. Aire you not the poseetive?"

Wendell burst into a roar of laugh er, to the Mexican's further astonishment. That a man could laugh when capture, starvation or a horrible death on the endless desert seemed so imminent was beyond his sense of humor.

"Eet must be ver' funny," the Mexican declared, shaking his head in perplexity, "but I connut see the—what you call eet?—the joke?"

Wendell chuckled. "Never mind, Martinez. We'll pull through et some way. An' if they does corner us, they'll hev a helluva fine time fillin' my carcass with 'nough lead tuh sink me."

"But what ebout my car-kiss?" inquired the astounded Mexican. "Eef they shood keel you, what weel I do?"

"Kill yourself," snickered the giant, enjoying his companion's discomfiture immensely. "Ef yuh don't, they will, so wot's thuh diff, huh? Cum on, lest's be movin', less yore real anksbus like tuh hev some sneakin' galoot plug yuh."

Both men urged their horses forward at a slow, loping jog. It was apparent that the animals were making progress only with the greatest difficulty. They had been driven hard and fast, with very little food and water, and but a few, short rests.

"How much water left in thuh canteens?" inquired the giant, without looking at Martinez.

"Ebout three more drink for you an' me, no drink for horse. 'Nough grub—beescuit, canned beef an bacon—for seex or seven meal apiece."

Wendell frowned. His horse, covered with a dripping sweat, had slowed down to a panting, heaving lope, its dry, parched pink tongue hanging out of its mouth. Martinez was riding ahead, and noticing the distance he had gained he drew up and waited.

"Cum, cum, ole hoss," muttered the bandit, applying the cruel spurs. The poor animal quivered, gave a short, violent start, and struggled to continue, but its strength was gone. It stood stark still, trembled violently, and swayed from side to side. Wendell leaped from the saddle just as the dumb beast, with hanging head, lurched forward and flopped heavily to the sand, tongue dangling inanimately in the dust, great, bursting heaves puffing up its swelling flanks.

The giant calmly drew out a big, shining steel Colt, took a quick, elbow snap aim at a distance of ten feet, and fired. There was a loud report, the horse stiffened and gave one convulsive kick, and it was over. Blood flowed from its temple, where Wendell's bullet was landed true. Death had been instantaneous, and the poor beast's misery had ended abruptly but mercifully.

The bandit shoved his weapon in its holster, strode to the side of the stricken animal, and proceeded to unstrap two bags and several packs from the saddle. These he tied to a rope which he took from a pock slip in the saddle, knotted them to the rope, and slung the entire arrangement over his shoulder. The Mexican had watched him silently from his horse about thirty feet ahead.

"Go 'head," growled Wendell. "I kin' walk. Ef thuh gang wot follers us sees this dead nag, we're gut a helluva fine chance o' gettin' away—like Hell we hev!"

"But we can change our course, señor," suggested the swarthy complexioned man, waiting for him to come up.

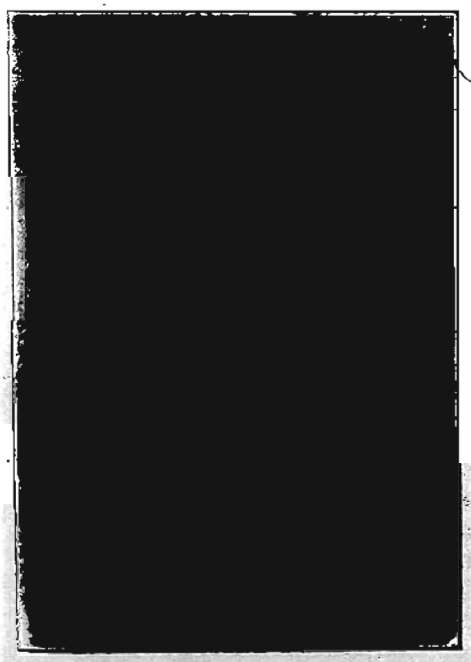
"Yeah, an' change earths, too," grumbled the giant, walking beside the other's horse as they proceeded northwest. "Ef we goes back, we'll run inter thuh bunch from Callville; ef we turns south direct or southwest, thuh reg'lars or thuh damned, tin-soldiered militia will be waitin' fer us, not mentionin' a dozen posses o' deputies, sheriffs, mutts, coyotes, dogs an' weasels. Ef we turns north straight or back northeast, we don't git no water we'll croak. I've gut six flasks o' whiskey 'bout me now, but it ain't quenchin' a desert thoist. So we'll jist keep on goin', Martinez, an' ef we don't melt we'll choke."

Martinez shot a startled glance at his companion, his dark eyes glittering strangely. The giant, walking beside the horse as they slowly moved over the desert, did not notice it, his own eyes being fixed searchingly on the blue horizon far to the northwest. For over an hour they plodded along, and during that time neither spoke a single word. It was apparent now that the Mexican's horse was rapidly approaching a state of exhaustion. The faithful beast's limbs shook perceptibly at each step, it's flanks, covered with a dripping sweat, swelled out with every successive breath, and the animal's head drooped helplessly. It was simply a question of how long the horse could stand the strain.

Wendell surveyed the beast rather closely as they moved along.

"Thet nag ain't jist longin' tuh live," he

(Continued on page 13)

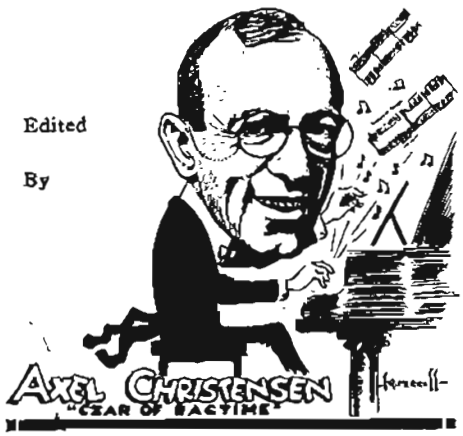


RAE HARRIES
Prima Donna Favorite now being featured at the Moulin Rouge, Chicago.

The Ragtime Review

Edited

By



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(Continued from page 8)

comedian in 2-4 time—has some good points.

She's Everything a Girl Should Be—By Bernie Grossman and Arthur Lange; published by Joe Morris Music Co. Very pleasing song in 4-4 time. Deserves much credit—on the order of "Sweet Long Ago."

There's a Heart In Virginia for You—By Andrew B. Sterling and Arthur Lange. published by Joe Morris Music Co. If I was Virginia I would consider this song about her an insult.

Rosie Riccoola do da Hoola ma Boola—By Andrew B. Sterling and Arthur Lange; published by Joe Morris Music Co. A rather inferior attempt at something good. Good song for a Wop.

Let's All Do Something—By Andrew B. Sterling and Arthur Lange; published by Joe Morris Music Co. Song in 2-4 time with swinging melody. Make a good number properly put over.

Sunbonnet Days When You Where My Best Girl—By Charles A. Bayha; published by A. J. Stasny Music Co. Song on the order of Old Gray Bonnet, but lacks in originality.

The Cross That Stands for Helping Hands—By J. Will Callahan and Blanche M. Tice; published by Blanche M. Tice Music Pub. Co. Very clever march song—has the substance of a good number.

When the Sun Sets in Ireland—By J. Will Callahan and Blanche M. Tice; published By Blanche M. Tice Music Pub. Co. A reverie waltz song—nothing much on the Irish order. Rather simple.

Climbing the Ladder of Love—By Abe Olman-Ray Walker and Ray Sherwood; published by Forster Music Publisher. Very good waltz song with a "Mother" text which is in this day of song becoming a favorite with the patrons of popular songs.

Sailin' Away on the Henry Clay—By Gus Kahn and Egbert Van Alstyne; published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. Sailing Away, etc. Fine. A hit. A good swinging melody which we prophesy will go big.

Along the Way to Waikiki—By Gus Kahn and Richard A. Whiting; published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. For melody, rhythm and good straight song work this is a dandy— a big hit and sure winner.

Show Me the Way to Germany—By Reed Hall; too much repetition of a single phrase—good military march—words are better than the music—make a good school kindergarten march.

Our Song of Liberty—By A. T. Schulz; published by A. T. Schulz. This has the setting and build of a possible national anthem. Shows up well for time and rhythm—would suggest a re-arrangement of the ending and would place it in a lower key for a more solid tone.

She's a Girl That I Left in Old Killarney—By Geo. B. Pitman, A. Melvin Stepper and James S. White; published by James S. White Co. Fair. Just an ordinary song which will need considerable plugging to get it over.

Who Told You, You Knew How to Love—By Wm. H. Farrell and James A. Murray; published by James S. White Co. A fine popular song with a good swing melody and should go over good. Will do well anywhere.

That Tickling Melody—By R. A. Benjamin; published by James S. White Co. A fox trot for piano and very good; has the stuff in it; it has also a good jazz trio.

W-I-L-S-O-N Means Wilson With the Good Old U. S. A. at His Command—By Billy H. Hickey and Daniel D. Rappaport; published by James S. White Co. Good cabaret number and should go good; good finish to it; would suggest a more brief title to the song for commercial reasons.

America, My America—By Ray B. Powers and Edith Powers; published by Oregon Eilers Music House. Fair song—patriotic march—as good as many of its kind.

POPULAR SONGS A TEST OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Frederic J. Haskin, in the Chicago Daily News writes interestingly on popular songs, especially the popular patriotic song.

"You Have Fifty Million Nephews, Uncle Sam." This is the song that is heard in every cafe, cabaret, music house and vaudeville theater throughout the entire country. In Seattle the newsboy whistles it; in New Orleans the cotton hands hum it; at Palm Beach society fox-trots it, and in New York the hurdy-gurdies have mercifully substituted it for the the sextet from "Lucia." There are others, too. "I'll Be There!" is also being sung with great enthusiasm, and last year's patriotic songs, such as "America, I Love You!" and "We're with You, Mr. Wilson!" are being revived with tremendous fervor.

The most popular thing in the United States today is the patriotic song, which is a good indication of the American frame of mind. For what the public sings the public thinks, to a great extent, so that the popular song has always been the best barometer of public sentiment. You cannot force a song upon the people which does not contain a sympathetic appeal and the most successful lyric is the one that gives the public the greatest opportunity for self-expression. Thus, a couple of years ago everybody was singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," because there was a strong popular sentiment against war in this country. Today American parents, even in the west and middle west, have changed their minds about the upbringing of their sons and, instead, are singing: "We don't want a war, that's true; but we'll fight and die for you, Uncle Sam!"

So far as war and patriotism go, it is always comparatively easy to determine what the public wants, but with other songs it is largely a matter of guesswork. A song may "take" and it may not, but in either event it is hard to say just what particular feature decided its success or failure. The most popular song ever written, perhaps, was "My Old Kentucky Home"—a purely descriptive lyric, with a pleasing melody and a somewhat monotonous chorus.

It is estimated by an old music dealer in this country that the combined sale of "My Old Kentucky Home" and "The Old Folks at Home" (by the same author) has totaled 50,000,000 copies and the sale is still going on. These songs were written by Stephen Foster, who also wrote about fifty other songs, which on royalty basis of 5 cents a copy made the Foster family wealthy. After the prescribed period of years the copyright expired, but one musical authority has figured out that if this had not happened Mr. Foster and his heirs would have made $2,500,000 on his two most popular masterpieces.

There is, as might be expected, a great deal of profit in song writing, but song writing is not as easy as it looks, if you stop to think you will discover that the number of really big song hits are comparatively few and their careers brief. It usually happens that one success is followed by a dozen other songs exactly like it; the people tire of them and one more theme must be pigeonholed for years to come. Then the public is fickle. One moment a waltz tune is in high favor and the next moment it is a foxtrot; one week a Hawaiian song brings storms of applause and the next week it will be forgotten while the people whistle a new Irish tune.

Much discussion has been waged among amateur song writers over which was the most important feature of song writing; the words or the music. But the publishers will tell you that more important than either of these is the "idea" for the song and a good title. Inasmuch as the title is usually repeated twice in the chorus, a great deal depends upon the punch and snap; and, of course, no song can be written without a basic idea, however crude that idea may be.

Most song writers seem to agree that ideas for songs, and especially ideas for successful songs, are the results of inspiration. The professional song composer is always on the alert for song material of any kind. Everything he sees or hears, every incident no matter how trivial, is carefully scrutinized by him to determine whether or not it has the makings of a popular song. Billy Jerome's great Irish song "Bedelia," which was sung all over the United States for over a year, was written around an incident which Jerome saw and immediately appreciated as valuable. The Jeromes had a maid named Bedelia, who had an annoying habit of treating her friend, the policeman on the beat, to elaborately prepared lunches out of the family refrigerator. One night, as Jerome sat smoking and musing on the amazing temerity of Irish females, he heard the policeman say in parting, "Bedelia, I'd like to steal yer."

Mr. Jerome started, and laid down his pipe. "That is worth all those lunches, Bedelia," he exclaimed, exultantly, and forthwith seized his pen and began to write the rest of the song. The next day he handed the completed verse to Jean Schwartz, his composing partner, who wrote the melody for it.

The song called "Gee, I wish I had a girl!" was created out of a chance remark heard by Gus Kahn and Grace LeBoy, who saw its possibilities as the basis of a popular song. It was on the occasion of a public wedding held by the management of an amusement park in an eastern city. The event had been widely advertised and a large crowd gathered to witness it. At the last moment, however, the bridal couple failed to appear, and in desperation the management offered $500 in addition to the housekeeping, outfit previousy tendered to any couple who would agree to substitute. No one volunteered, but one freckle-faced youth near the edge of the platform exclaimed with genuine regret, "Gee, I wish I had a girl."

If the growth of the popular songs reflects the growth of the public appreciation, we have good reason to congratulate ourselves upon our progress during the last fifteen years. Ragtime in this country is only about as old as the Spanish-American war. At the beginning, while the melodies were good, the lyrics were extremely crude. If they indicate the public taste of that day we must all have been a race of melancholy sentimentalists, with no particular appreciation of good English. Here is a good sample:

"I broke her heart when I bade her go;
She was a martyr, true to me I know.
I met her with another;
In vain was her reply
That the stranger was her brother;
Yet it parted Grace and I."

This song was accompanied by a dolorous refrain, and was sung with great gusto by all classes of people. It was one of the most dramatic compositions of the period. Today it fails to have anything but a humorous appeal to the public which sings "I Can Dance with Everybody but My Wife."

CALLS SINGERS FIGHTERS.

The power of music has long been extolled by people who have made that field of art their chosen work. What is of unusual interest, however, is the fact that an appreciation of its value as a builder of strength and courage was voiced by an officer in the officers' training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y. General Bell, one of the officers at the head of the training corps, made an address before the men gathered there, emphasizing the seriousness of the work undertaken by them. During the course of the talk he made the following statements:

"A soldier must think only of his duty and must do it in a way that all who survive him will be proud of the way he gave up his life. You know whom we are going to fight. German soldiers sing while they march. I want you to see that our army beats them at their own game, for singing men are fighting men.

"From you will be selected part of the first 10,000 officers, and I want you to take it upon yourselves as a duty to see that every company of our army has its marching tune, and that the men learn to sing it. You don't know how much farther men can march when they sing. Any rousing air will do. 'A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' has a swing to it that will put ginger and courage in the hearts of men. Go to it. Sing and fight."

The advice of General Bell might well be followed by the citizen army at home. In spite of the fact that they are not out on the battlefield, they are as actively engaged in the world struggle as any soldier armed with a gun. They, too, need the "ginger and cold courage" of the men in the midst of the battle.

This is especially true of the American people. Unlike and other nation they are not welded together by a common lore or set of traditions. The population of this country is a heterogeneous group. Hardly a corner of the globe exists which has not some representative of its people on our soil. The language of the country comes hard to them, but the song of its freedom comes quick. Where they do not understand the spoken word they are quick to awaken to the tune of the country's anthem. America means music to them, the music that speaks of independence won and independence held sacred. If we are to fight we should be quick to follow the advice of General Bell and mold a closer spirit of national unity and courage with the power of song. "Sing and Fight!" The words of this able commander might well be turned into a national slogan.—National Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

The present show at the Moulin Rouge, Chicago, starts with Sherman, Van and Wyman, with the assistance of a piano. It is one of those extremely rare acts on the stage today—an act that is a tremendous success and at the same time absolutely clean. Their voices are excellent, both in solos and in trio. And their comedy is, if anything, better than their singing. It is such acts as this that keep alive the waning hope in the hearts of theater-goers that some day in the dim, distant future there will come a bill that is just as the advance advertisements say it will be.

The new "vaudevue" (July edition) is now being presented at the Winter Garden, Chicago. Miss Maurice Wood, prima donna and impersonator, is the big feature with her act entitled "A Midnight Revue by One." Miss Wood impersonates many celebrities.

Patrons of the Green Mills Gardens are being given a rare treat in the "Tennessee Ten," whose music and dancing are creating a riot every evening. There are also the Bell sisters, with a novelty singing and dancing act, direct from the New York Hippodrome; Black, Miller and Mack, and Savile Anita, who entertains with Hawaiian dances.

RAGTIME IN YE OLDEN TYME.

"Ah, woe is me, I am accursed." Thus spake Saul, the King of Israel: You see time was beginning to hang heavy on Saul's mind: Being King, and having a lot of guardsmen saloming and yelling "Hail to the King" every time he sneezed was getting monotonous. He was losing prestige with his people, too. On the other side of the hill was a fellow called Goliath in the heavy weight class, who was coming to the front in leaps and jumps and he (Saul) knew that he would very soon have to don the mitts with this coming champion or surrender the belt and back down. Goliath was also becoming very insulting too, every time Saul would venture forth in his foolish four and try to make the hill at second speed Goliath would loom up in his Mercer and ride circles around him. No wonder he was mad and jealous. The court doctors said he needed a change. Testers and hoochy, coochy dancers no longer interested him, and his family was in despair. Now Saul had a son. This son was called Jonathan (Jack for short). Jack was a good boy, never out nights and did not know a full hand from a bobtail flush. His only pleasure was to lecture one of his father's chauffeurs, who persisted in going on a souse every pay day, and bringing home a load. It was during one of these lectures that he heard of David. The aforesaid David resided in a live town a few miles away, and his chief occupation was to keep the fleas from biting his father's sheep. History does not give us Dave's last name, but I think it was Christensen, because after supper every evening Dave would go to the Bethlehem cabaret and play Ragtime on a harp. Pianos were not sold on the installment plan in those days, hence were very scarce. Dave was a good Ragtime player, too, so the chauffeur informed Jonathan. This information got Jonathan to thinking, and after a consultation with the family it was decided to send for Dave and see if he couldn't cheer the old man up. Dave balked at the idea at first as he was not clothed to appear before a king, but after Jack had got him rigged up in a new sheepskin breech-cloth and a red necktie, he consented to sign a contract and play a limited engagement to drive away the King's blues. Saul had a box seat on the first night of the big show, but after that he wanted to sit alongside of Dave and turn the music for him. So impressed was he that after the contract had expired he prevailed upon Dave to give him twenty lessons in Ragtime at one bone per lesson. Everything went along smoothly for a few lessons and Saul could play Home, Sweet Home in Ragtime, when more trouble appeared. It seems that Goliath having heard of Saul's new achievement was getting jealous again. He (Goliath) could not play on anything but a checkerboard, so he put it up to Saul to come out and fight him or send a substitute [Dave preferred] to fight for him. Here was a problem that even Ragtime could not solve: Saul's fighting days were over, and a 10 round bout, with his young and heavier opponent could have but one result. Dave was in the bantam weight class, and only a second rater at that. What was to be done? Saul went to bed with a headache and Dave went to a ball game to think it over. It was at this game that he got the big idea that saved the day. A foul fly dropped into the bleachers where Dave sat. Dave wondered whether he could throw straight to home plate or not. He tried. He could. The umpire got the ball on his chest protector with a force that sent him to the club house. The captain of the team called Dave to the bench and signed him as pitcher, and he, like many foolish musicians right here in Buffalo, sought recreation on the diamond with never a thought of the danger of breaking a finger or otherwise ruining his means of making a living. Well after pitching a no run, no hit game he met Goliath on the way home, and while Goliath was telling how he was going to serve his (Dave's) flesh to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, Dave took a ball out of his pocket and put a drop curve to Goliath's bean and the said bean not being protected by a mask, received a jolt that sent its owner down for the count. How Dave cut off the head of his enemy and took it to Saul and Saul's gratitude to Dave making him bandmaster of the regimental band is a matter of record. With Goliath out of the way, the Ragtime lessons were resumed and when Dave married the King's daughter, the old man himself played Mendelssohn in Ragtime, and they all lived happily ever after (maybe).

PLAYING PIANO GOOD CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS.

Dr. William J. Robinson, New York City, editor of several medical publications and president of the American Society of Medical Sociology, stated the other day that piano playing was one of the best cures for nervousness; and even more, a real preventive.

David did excellent work when he soothed Saul's murderous propensities with the aid of selections on the harp, but more good would have been accomplished if he could have prevailed upon Saul to take lessons from him and play the harp himself.

Music as a therapeutic adjuvant is looked upon more and more favorably by medical authorities, says Dr. Robinson.

Commenting on the soothing influence of music on weak nerves, Dr. Robinson remarked:

Looking over some statistical data relative to insane asylums I noticed that many institutions have been installing pianos in their wards. St. Lawrence Asylum in Ogdenburg, N. Y., has eight pianos in constant use. There are 14 of these instruments in the Buffalo State Hospital; the Overbrook Asylum in Newark purchased 15 recently. I doubt whether there is a single institution for the insane in the United States which is not provided with one or more pianos for the use of patients.

In a report from Dr. E. C. Dent, superintendent of the Manhattan State Hospital on Wards Island, I found the following observations made after trying the effect of piano music on patients:

1. Pulse, respiration and bodily temperature usually increased in majority of cases.
2. Bodily nutrition greatly improved in nearly all cases.
3. The patients were less disturbed through the night.

It is easy to understand how playing on a piano benefits a nervous person. Piano playing is in itself an excellent physical exercise.

One of the most frequent symptoms of nervousness is, as you know, unconscious motions of the fingers, hands, wrists, arms and shoulders. The nervous individual wants to handle objects about him, sometimes flings them on the floor. Not infrequently he endeavors to soothe his nervous system by smoking or drinking.

In such a case piano playing is one of the remedies at hand. Piano playing exercises the eyes, the ears, hands and arms: even the fidgety feeling about one's feet is relieved to a certain extent, for the feet have some duty to perform, pressing the pedals at certain intervals. A tuneful melody, a satisfying chord detract the nervous person's attention from the cause of his worry.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

THE CORNET.

The cornet is a piece of wind wrapped up in brass. The fellow that invented the cornet must have been sore at himself. The cornet may sound pleasing to some people, but then a toothache is pleasing a week after it's pulled out.

The cornet is a nice looking article and so is a peacock, but as yet there are no peacock solo records on the phonograph market. We used to respect the cornet as being a musical machine, but that was before the rummy next door to us got one. He takes lessons via mail order.

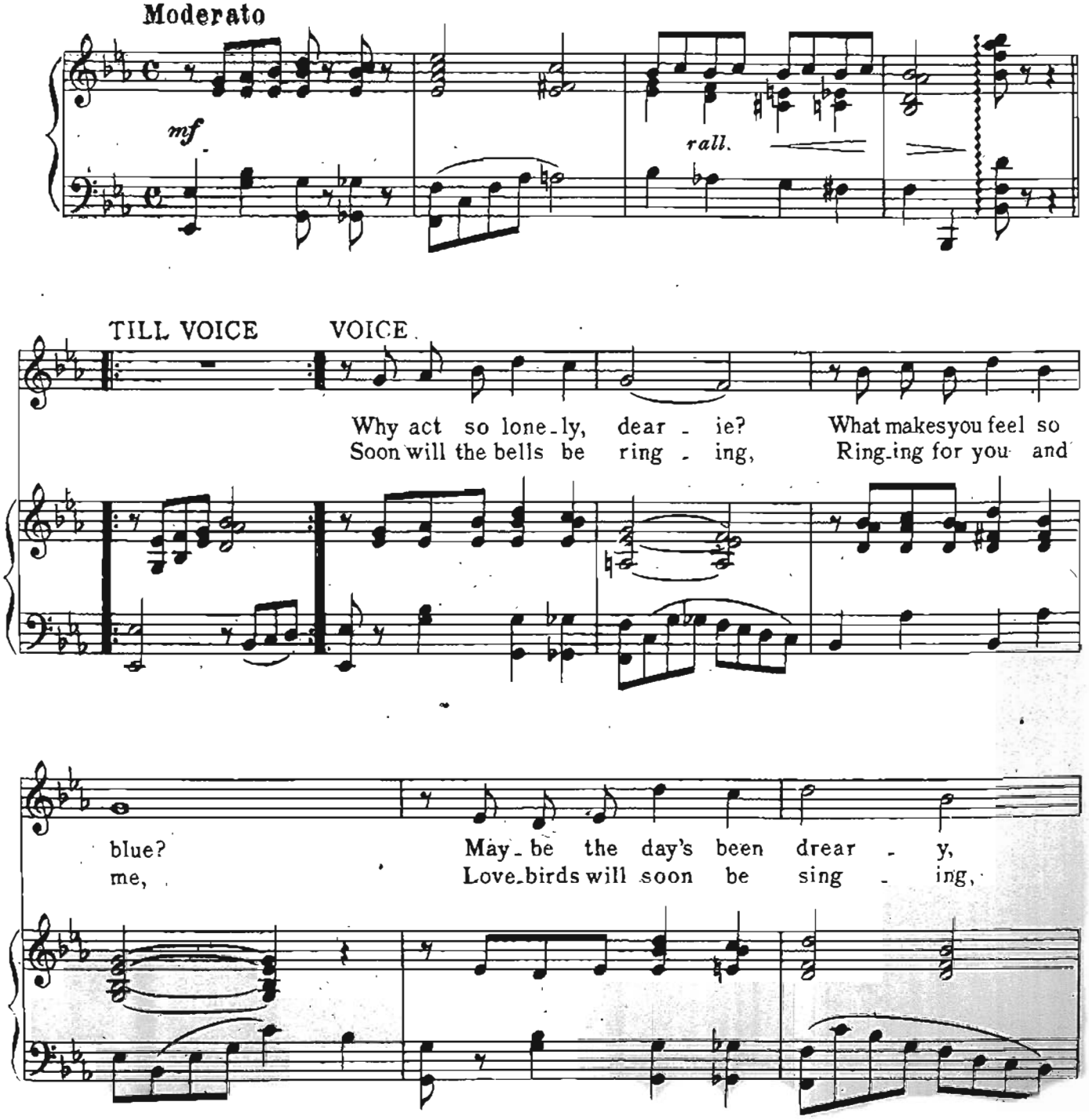
It must take a lot of wind to play the cornet, not overlooking nerve. Before this goof next door has the evening meal toothpick half chewed he's up in his boudoir pushing wind in the cornet, and when it spills out the oth erend it sounds like a couple of roosters gargling, with an anvil reposing on a half portion of their windpipes.

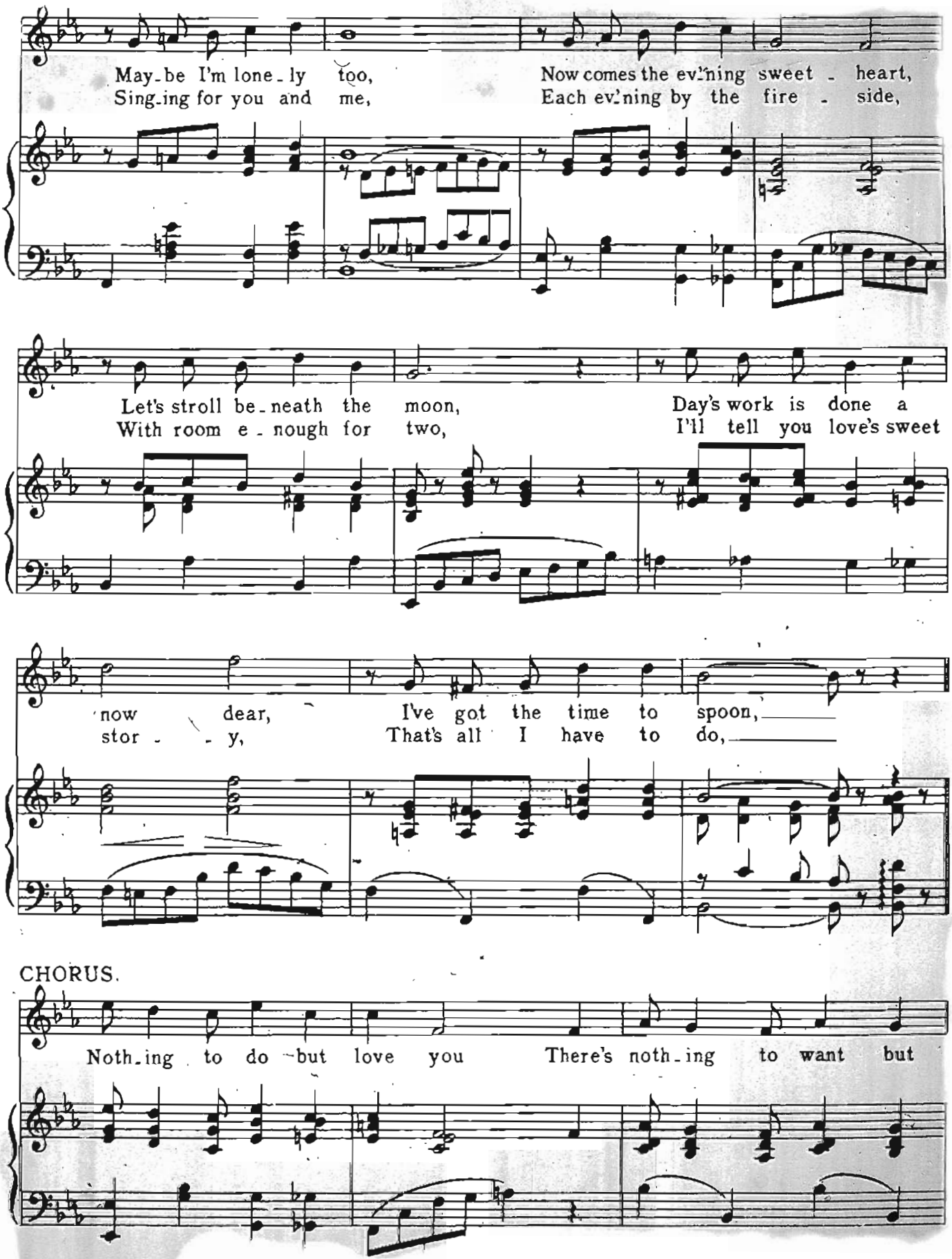
When a fella's got a grouch on there's two ways of getting even with himself—one is by introducing gas into his system and the other is to buy a cornet. Of the two the latter is sure good-bye. Somebody might open the door when you've got the gas turned on or else the meter may hold out for another two-bit piece. Play safe—take the cornet.—Louisville Herald.

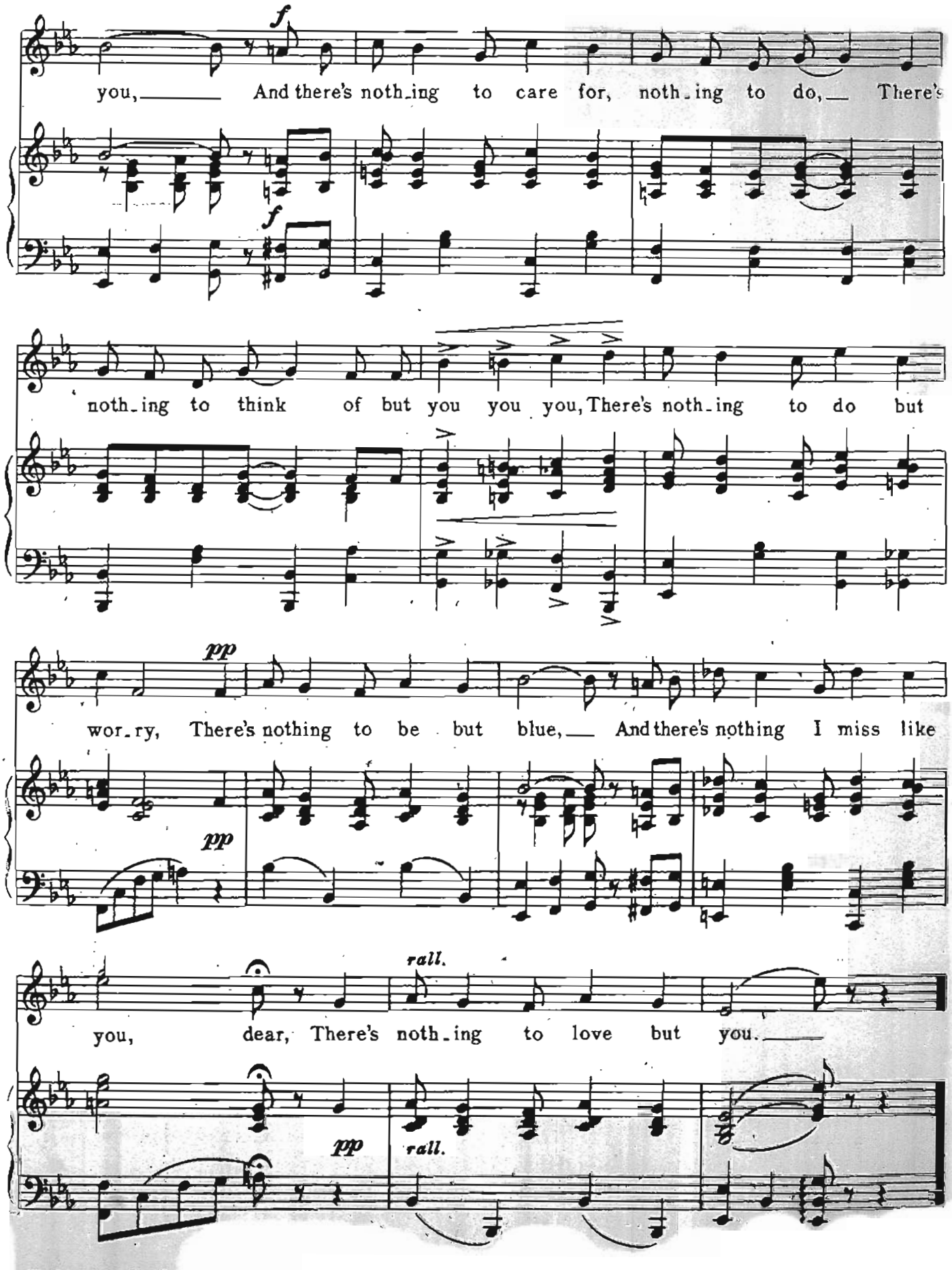
Nothing to do but Love You

Words by
BESSIE A. MOORE.

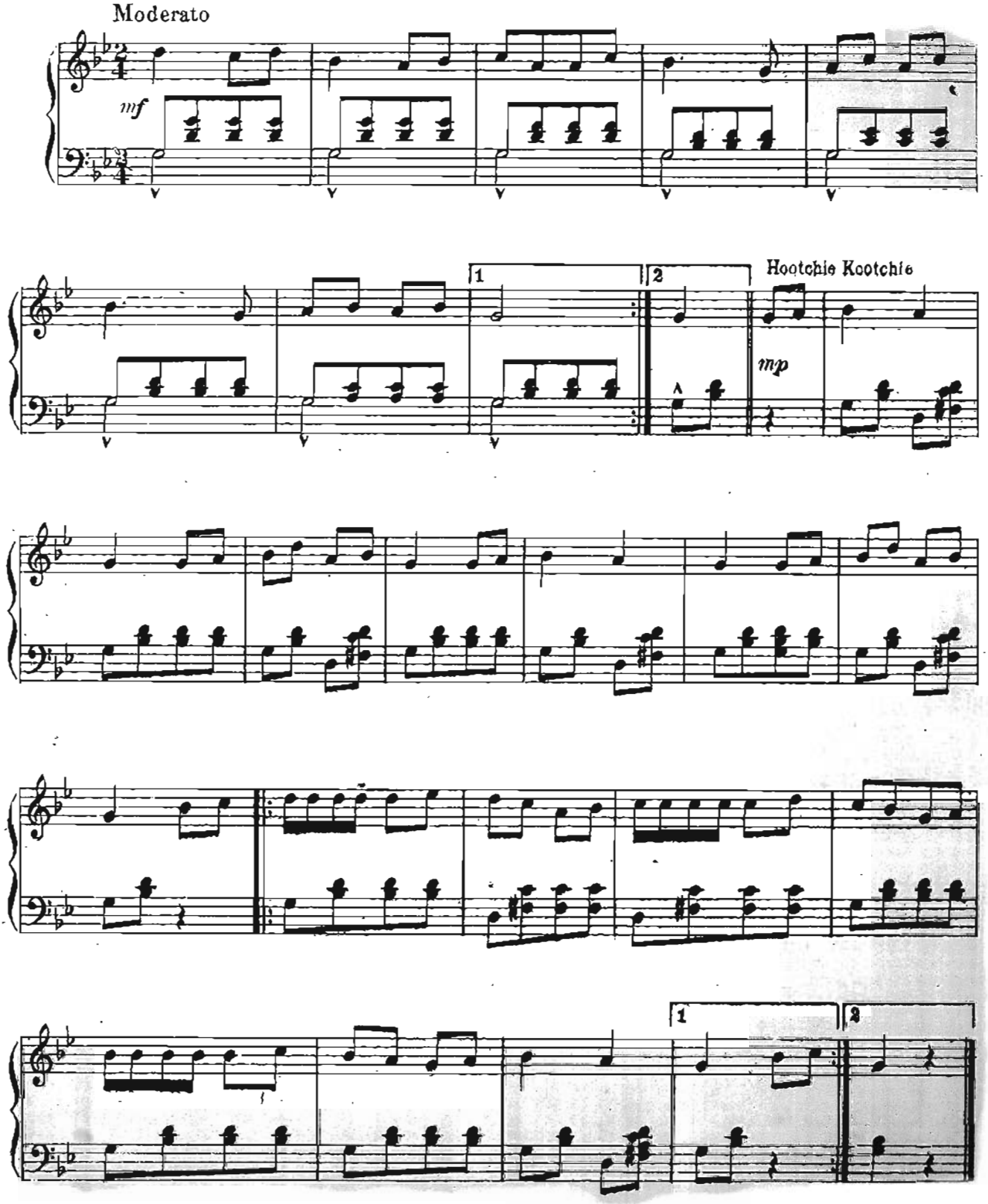
Music by
PAUL NIXON.




May-be I'm lone-ly too,
Sing-ing for you and me,
Now comes the ev'ning sweet - heart,
Each ev'ning by the fire - side,
Let's stroll be-neath the moon,
With room e-nough for two,
Day's work is done a
I'll tell you love's sweet
now dear,
stor - - y,
I've got the time to spoon,
That's all I have to do,
CHORUS.
Noth-ing to do but love you
There's noth-ing to want but


you, And there's noth_ing to care for, noth_ing to do, There's
noth_ing to think of but you you you, There's noth_ing to do but
wor_ry, There's nothing to be but blue, And there's nothing I miss like
you, dear, There's noth_ing to love but you.
rall.
rall.

Turkish



(Continued from page 6)

muttered, nodding his head and giving a tug at the rope over his big shoulder. "He's croakin' fer a drink rite now, an' ef we gives it tuh him, whar in blue blazes does we cum off? I figgered shore we wuz consarned near tew thuh spring—thuh only spring on this damned dyin' man's land I knows of, but 'cordin tew thuh way things looks rite now, I ain't seein' no lakes. 'Bout three drinks apiece left in thuh canteens, yew says, without 'cludin' thuh hoss. Eef we 'cludes thuh hoss, we kin drink sand. Huh!"

The giant gave a contemptuous snort to emphasize the statement. They proceeded a little farther, then he stopped, swung the bags on his back to the sand, and looked up at the dark faced man.

"We can't waste no time, Martinez," he said, as the Mexican drew up his horse and leaped lightly from the saddle. "Thar's only one way tuh settle it, an' thet's tuh kill thuh pore bugger. I hates tuh do it, but thar ain't no sense in seein' a innercent annermel wot never hoited yew or me suffer fer nothin'. Take off thuh saddle an' thuh rest o' thuh luggage."

The exhausted beast, with swaying body and shaking legs, stood silently before them, his head drooping till the inflamed, scarlet red nostrils almost touched the sand. Martinez promptly removed the saddle, cast off the strappings, and placed the canteens and grub containers on the sand. Then' by grasping a tuft of hair between the animal's ears, he led him to a point about ten feet away from the heap of "horse luggage" and returned to Wendell's side. His dark eyes alighted lustfully upon two leather bags at the giant's feet. He darted a quick glance at Wendell, but the other was moving forward cautiously, trying to face the weakened horse at an angle that would bring to his gaze and aim a vital target.

The Mexican's black , beady eyes glittered treacherously as the distance between the big bandit and the leather bags increased. In those bags were nearly a thousand dollars in silver—all loot.

"I veel not look, señor," the Mexican rasped, with feigned distress. "It mak me feel ver' bad to see horse keeled."

"Huh," grunted the giant, without casting a glance in Martinez's direction as he drew forth one of his ugly looking guns, "yew kin' choke a four-year ole kid tuh death an' grin like a measely snake, but yuh can't look at uh pore hoss wot someone else is shootin' fer mercy sake. Damned funny reasonin', I calls it. 'A greaser is a greaser awl thuh time, an' he jist as yeller as a snake, anyhow. Wal, hyar goes."

While the bandit had been talking, Martinez's hand slowly crept under his jacket. At Wendell's last words he stealthily drew a glistening revolver from some hidden place in his jacket, and a blaze of hatred lighted his black eyes. Wendell's big gun belched forth in a deafening report—once—twice—and almost simultaneously the Mexican fired. With the uncanny instinct that is possessed only by those who live in the open and come into contact with danger so often that it becomes a matter of course, the bandit's quick ear heard an unfamiliar sound. Even while he fired the second shot and the horse sagged and sank to the earth, Wendell ducked and flung himself on the sand, his glaring eyes on Martinez. Just a fraction of a second after a puff of sand about fifty feet beyond indicated the course the Mexican's bullet had taken, the giant fired, and at the same instant Martinez's weapon spoke.

The Mexican had drawn and fired with amazing speed, but Wendell's reputation as a marvel on the draw and shot was exemplified. If Martinez's movements had been quick, the big bandit had been the personification of lightning. Even as the Mexican's gun spoke a second time he stiffened, staggered back, and emitted a shriek of agony, his left hand clutching at his breast as he reeled around in several complete circles. His gun dropped, his knees sagged, and he fell forward on his face, only to roll over on his back, where he lay moaning, cursing and writhing with pain.

"Yuh dirty, crawlin', yeller faced, treacherous dog uv uh greaser!" snarled Wendell, jumping to his feet, gun clutched firmly, his face distorted with rage. "I knowed it, yuh rotten skunk. I never see'd a lyin' Mexican yet wot weren't uh member uv thuh snake family. Yuh seen uh chance tuh nail me plumb good, take thuh coin, beat it back, an' claim yuh killed me in uh square fight, didn't yuh? Git up, yuh snake!"

The giant kicked aside the fallen man's revolver, strode up to him, and brutally kicked him in the ribs with terrific force. A cry of agony came from the Mexican as he writhed and rolled and moaned in the sand. A terrible expression crossed the big bandit's bronzed face. He stepped back a few paces, his lips drawn back fiendishly, his eyes gleaming with hatred. His gun flashed and roared, the stricken Mexican gave one piercing scream, his head snapping back, stretched out convulsively and lay quiet.

Wendell grimly walked over, looked down at the silent form, and replaced his gun in its holster.

"A dead greaser is better'n sixty-five live mutts an' ninety live greasers, but yew ain't no damn good stiff or livin'," he leered, as though the dead man understood. "When a gent pulls uh gun on me, he wants tuh draw ten years afore I sees him."

Then the giant strode to the heap of saddle leather, canteens and containers, pulled a large canvas bag from between the saddle straps, and placed the leather bags within this. Later on he flung his big body on the sand, drew forth a knife, cut open two of the beef cans, and devoured the moist beef with relish. Biscuits, perhaps a dozen of them, disappeared in the vast cavity he called his mouth between bites at the beef, and all was washed down with several deep draughts from a whiskey flask and a whole canteen of warm water. Shortly after Wendell placed all the remaining food and water containers in the big canvas bag, tied it securely at the top with a saddle strap, removed the cartridge belt from the body of the dead Mexican, and wrapped it around his own waist. He picked up the dead man's revolver, slung the bag over his shoulder, and proceeded on his way across the desert under a sun that glowed down upon him with burning fury.

Four hours later a party of horsemen, grim, determined and armed with rifles and revolvers, might have been seen riding at a stiff pace despite the sweltering rays of the relentless desert sun. There were seven in the group, two of the horsemen riding about ten or fifteen feet ahead of the others. These two, McFadden and Stanton, riding in absolute silence, peered ahead at the vast stretch of endless sand—a destitute, silent, uninhabited region, unless one would deign to refer to vicious red ants, vulture gulls, snakes and lizards as inhabitants.

The last horseman in the party was leading a riderless pony. It was evident that they were fully prepared to meet any emergency, for a number of packs and bags, containing canteens, grub tins, blankets and flasks were bundled over the riderless animal's back.

Suddenly the grim, cold expression on McFadden's face relaxed and he leaned forward in his saddle eagerly, one hand over his eyes to shield them from the sun as he gazed ahead. Stanton saw his companion's action, and he, too, peered across the desert. He thought he saw a cluster of barren trees far to the northwest, almost on the horizon line.

"Looks like a sort of an oasis to me," he muttered aloud.

McFadden urged his horse ahead at a faster pace. A half suppressed gleam of tense anxiety and triumph lighted his gray eyes.

"If I'm not mistaken," he said, his voice betraying his emotions, "that's the desert spring; the only spot on this God forsaken desert where water is to be found. The spring is sheltered from the sun by a group of eight or ten trees, whose boughs hang right over it. A hundred decayed desert rocks and boulders surround the spot and are jotted in and about the trees. Possibly ten or twenty barren trees grow around the spring, intermingling with the rocks and boulders. Wendell either stopped there to fill his water flasks, and rode on, or he's there now. Come on, speed up your nag, Stanton. Tell the others."

Stanton raised his arm, turned in his saddle, and made a motion to the others to follow, but they had noted the tall trees and lumps and rises in the desert ahead, and with shouts and cries they spurred their horses on.

"Look at that," said McFadden, both he and Stanton galloping ahead. He pointed to a trail about ten feet to the right of them His acuteness of sight was really phenomenal. Nothing seemed to escape his gaze. Stanton could make out, indistinctly, the footprints of heavy boots, enormous in size.

"Only Wendell's feet made those marks," declared McFadden, swerving his horse to the right and driving him over the footprints as they wound and twisted and turned on in

the desert sand. Stanton drew out a rifle from a pack-leather sheath at the girth of the saddle, and held it in front of him. A gleaming, blue-steeled gun was already in McFadden's hand, and he held the reins with his left.

As though by uncanny instinct each of the five horsemen tearing on behind them produced either a rifle or a revolver. They were rapidly approaching the spot marked by a cluster of trees, the only green on the desert land, and silent, jagged rocks and boulders of every conceivable shape and form. The foot print trail, winding to right and left, was plain to both McFadden and Stanton for some distance as it wound its way to the oasis ahead.

When they were within two hundred feet of the spot Stanton and McFadden slowed down their sweating horses to a jolting trot and waited till the other five had galloped up to them. The footprints were always before them. Here and there a sun blistered rock was passed, or the footprints wound through or around a lone, jagged boulder or a group of nestling rocks. All five walked their horses, now. Just ahead, at perhaps ten feet apart, barren trees, devoid of all plant life, loomed up to the skies, and further down a group of green covered trees clustered around and completely concealed the only spring on the desert.

They had hardly gone ten paces further when a shot rang out from the direction of the spring. Stanton's horse leaped up, his forelegs clear off the sand, gave a wild, screaming whinny and crashed down to the earth, Stanton thrown from the saddle. He landed on his hands and knees, and arose unhurt, but the horse was dead.

McFadden and two of the others fired several shots toward the group of trees. An answering shot followed, and the man nearest to McFadden suddenly stiffened, emitted a dying groan as he fell back on the saddle, and slid down to the sand in a crumpled heap, blood flowing from a ragged hole in his forehead. His horse gave a frightened start and leaped to one side, but Stanton ran forward and seized the reins.

"Get back, all of you!" he shouted. "See if Townes is dead or wounded. Get back out of range."

"He's dead, Stanton," cried one of the men who had jumped from his saddle and knelt at the dead man's side. Another shot, two of them, came from the spring, and McFadden suddenly heard an ominous whizzing as a bullet passed close to his head. He turned his horse and rode back to a boulder about fifty feet behind. Stanton mounting the dead man's horse and joining the other four. They all turned their horses and rode back to the boulder which McFadden had selected as a shelter. Five or six more shots rang out and the horse which another of the men was riding suddenly gave a startled jump, shot ahead with a piercing cry, knocking its rider off the saddle, and raced across the desert.

"Hurt, Clarke?" asked McFadden, the others looking at the fallen man anxiously.

"Nope," was the laconic response of the unfortunate rider. He crawled over to them on his hands and knees, evidently having a firm respect for the markmanship of the man hidden by the clump of trees.

The rest dismounted, allowing the horses to gather at a point about twenty feet away, while the man called Clarke unpacked the bags and blanket rolls from the saddle of the pack horse.

"Wal, wot are we goiner do?" asked a restless little man, with a red mustache and a pock marked, freckled face.

"You ought to go after that horse," suggested Stanton, "or Clarke will walk back."

"Look!" exclaimed one of the men, who had been staring back across the desert. He pointed a finger in that direction.

A party of horsemen were riding toward them at a swift pace.

"I'll bet it's either a squadron of regular cavalry, or a posse from Callville," declared Stanton as they all turned, and an exultant expression crept into his face.

"We'll signal to them," said McFadden, tying a white handkerchief to the nozzle of a rifle. He held up the rifle and waved it to and fro. Stanton fired three shots in the air with his revolver. After a silence three answering shots were distinctly heard.

Presently they made out eight or ten horsemen. It was apparent that they, too, had discovered the footprint trail, even though it must have been dim and obscured after having been covered by the marks of the previous party's horses. Clarke's horse had slowed down across the desert, and it stopped just as the oncoming party reached it. They saw one of the men lean over and seize its reins, then proceed with the others, leading the riderless horse.

Five minutes later eleven mounted men, one of them leading Clarke's horse, rode up to them, all with either rifles or revolvers drawn, alert and ready for action.

"Hulloe, Stanton," called a big chested man at the head of the group.

"It's Carter, sheriff of Callville, and a posse," exclaimed the government detective. He advanced to meet the newcomers, and shook hands with Carter. The others dismounted, and introductions followed all around. It appeared, from what Carter said that he and two deputies had started out two days before, had followed the horse trail of Wendell and Martinez for over a hundred miles, lost it, trusted to luck, and had met the other eight in the group early that morning. The others were members of a posse that had started out from Elborandes, on the Nevada and Arizona state line.

"I wuz jist tellin' Borgoes, here, that I seen footprints among thuh trails uv wore hosses," remarked Carter. "It struck——."

"I know," interrupted Stanton. "We followed the trail of two horses for over a hundred miles. We hit it about thirty miles from Callville. First we found a dead horse. It

must have been the one Wendell was riding, because later on we followed the trail of one horse and big, heavy footprints. He probably walked while his companion rode. Down further we came across the dead body of a Mexican, and a dead horse, lying within twenty feet of each other. The dead greaser had a bullet in his chest and another in his heart. From then on we followed Wendell's big footprints until we got within fifteen miles of this spot. Then we lost the trail, and picked it up again about two miles back, following it right to here. Wendell's hiding somewhere down at the spring. He killed one of our men, Townes, and my horse. Clarke's horse was hit and he beat it, throwing Clarke. We saw one of you men halt and lead his horse here."

"I guess we ought to starve him out, Mr. Stanton," put in one of the new arrivals. "We've got grub here that will last us four days, and we can make it stretch to five, if necessary. And I see you men are well supplied."

McFadden stood silently by, and though he was almost in the center of the group of seventeen, he said nothing—in fact, he did not appear to be interested.

"Wal, yore thuh government man, Stanton," asserted Carter. "Give us yore plans first."

Stanton stared at the ground for a short period, rubbing his chin reflectively.

"This would be my plan," he said finally. "Landis is only twenty-three miles from here. so McFadden tells me. I don't think Wendell has enough food to last him forty-eight hours more, if that long. He'll be most likely to fill his canteens and try to make a get-a-way tonight, headed for Landis. We can surround the spring entirely, and wait for him."

"That's a poor idea," said McFadden, speaking for the first time. "In the darkness our bullets would go astray and we'd be most likely to hit each other. And suppose he doesn't try to break away tonight? We'd have to put in another day and maybe several of them on this hot desert trying to starve him out. I've had enough of desert life, believe me."

Several of the other men agreed with him, while the remainder were silent.

"Then what would you suggest?" asked Stanton.

"My plan would probably cost several lives, but it's the quickest. We'll surround him from all four sides, four men in each direction, one extra to make up the seventeen of us to go with either party he prefers. Dismount, close in on the spring by crawling between and around the boulders on our hands and knees. Keep on pegging away at the clump of trees around the spring as we proceed. Then, at a given signal, all rush him from four corners."

A sun that was nearing its time for setting looked down upon a gruesome scene. A cluster of thick, overhanging trees, surrounded by a few soarse barren trees, twisted and distorted boulders and scalded rocks, stood in the center. Every minute or so a man's head or hat neered from a corner of some boulder on all four sides of the sheltered spring, and a puff of smoke, a flash of fire and a loud report followed. Sometimes a series of shots came from behind a dozen different rocks and boulders at one time. Frequently a man could be seen, or several of them on all surrounding points of the shelter, crawling from one rock to another on hands and knees.

Every now and then a shot, or a number of them, came from behind the clump of trees. They were always answered by shots from a dozen or more men scattered on all four sides. On the north side of the shelter, about seventy feet away, a hatless man lay stretched forward, face down, over a huge rock. He was dead. On the south side, lying on his back, blood pouring from his mouth, was a dying man, his body stretched out between two small boulders. Another man in the same direction, not forty feet away, had a blood stained handkerchief wrapped around his head. On the east side of the shelter, probably at a distance of thirty feet, lay a still, freckled faced man with a red mustache, three bullets in his chest from which the red blood trickled, his right hand clutching a rifle in a death grip.

Slowly but surely the cordon that surrounded the lone bandit tightened, came nearer, crawling, darting from rock to rock, popping up here and there, ducking and disappearing from sight, only to reappear again at some other point. On all four sides—hay, from ten different angles, creeping closer and closer, the punitive posse slowly advanced and made the cordon more impenetrable each minute. First from one rock, then another, still another—or all at once from a dozen different rocks and boulders shots rang out.

Protected by a thick growth of densely leafed boughs that hung over and completely concealed the spring, leaning against a big rock, his eyes peering between a crevice, a wide crevice, that permitted a vision of the desert before him, stood Bad Buck Wendell. A red bandanna was wrapped around his forehead. Blood covered the wrist of his left hand in a dismal blotch and blood trickled from a hole in the sleeve of his shirt. A cartridge belt, completely filled, lay on a cleft of the rock to his right; another, almost empty, lay at his feet; while a third, still containing a number of fresh cartridges, dangled at his belt. In either hand he gripped a big blue steel gun. A shining revolver lay on the rock next to the cartridge belt, fully loaded.

The giant stood on a piece of inclining ground that ran from the rock beds to the spring just four feet below. The spring was about four or five feet below the level of the desert. The overhanging boughs and branches of the trees made excellent shields. At an average of from ten to twenty times a minute, at jerky intervals, a bullet, or several of them, spattered against the surface of the huge rock that shielded Wendell, or zipped against the inside from behind him, coming so close as to scatter pieces of it in his face. Sometimes a bullet whizzed by his face, would kick up little spirts of sand outside the shelter, or would whiz and zip through the branches, or would become imbedded in the trunk of a tree. Frequently the giant would whirl and fire in the opposite direction, or dodge down and direct his aim at some spot to his right or left. A thick, odorous, curling smoke floated upward from the spring shelter.

A sharp sting in his righ shoulder brought a curse from the bandit's parched lips, but he never halted to examine the wound. It is doubtful if he even felt the warm blood as it oozed out of the jagged cut.

Most people would have called Wendell a brave man, or a game one. But from a psychological analysis he was neither brave nor game. It was simply that his sense of pain had never developed—in fact, it is doubtful if he ever possessed such a sense. His sensual and his physical body had grown to enormous proportions, while his mentality was not broad or keen enough to convey a sense of fear or pain to his heart. The giant was an abysmal brute, saturnine, apathetic and the possessor of an abnormal physical constitution. He lacked the quality of fear not because he was courageous, but because he was too ignorant to comprehend what fear was. Wendell was a human animal, murderous, brutal to the extent of degradation, and devoid of all emotion except that which was derived from his own ribald humor or uncontrollable anger.

He realized now in his own stolid way that these men would not stop until they had killed him. The thought of committing suicide never occurred to him, though it would have provided an easy escape and balked his enemies. His sole, intense, burning desire was to kill as many of them as he could before they killed him.

He laid one of his big guns on the rock ledge and took several deep draughts at a whiskey flask which he drew from his hip pocket. He drained the bottle dry, smacked his lips, tossed it to the ground, and took up his gun again. A darting movement between two rocks about thirty feet to his right caught his eye, and he fired twice. A cry of pain told him that he had at least hit the man. Bullets spattered all about him, zipped past and through the boughs of the shelter trees, whizzed close to his head or his arms, and cracked against the rocks around him.

He saw a man leap up from behind a clump of boulders less than twenty feet to his left, and reaching out he blazed away with both guns. Another man, almost at the same instant, leveled a rifle at him over a huge rock to his right and fired several times. He felt a terrific pain in his ear as a bullet tore away the flesh, and he bled profusely from another wound. He cursed wrathfully, lunged downward, and fired at the spot, but the man had ducked. From behind five or six different boulders men blazed away at the shelter, pouring a veritable fusilade of bullets upon him. The cordon was now not more than twenty feet away from the shelter on either side, and Wendell was certain that there were two men not ten feet away. As he loaded his guns again he turned and peered behind him. A man was creeping from a bronzed rock about ten feet ahead to a huge, cragged boulder so close to the shelter that the bandit could almost reach out and touch it. He picked up the gun he had just filled and fired twice. The man sank down on his face, not so much as a groan escaping him. Wendell ducked beneath the desert level and refilled both guns, just in time to spare himself the trouble of serving as a target for a rain of bullets that zipped, whizzed, spattered and clipped against rocks and trees.

From close behind him a stentorian voice shouted:

"All right, boys! Close in!"

A dozen men, with revolvers, guns and rifles, leaped out from behind rocks, boulders and sand knolls all around the shelter, firing as they ran forward and closed in.

The bullets whizzing all around him, Wendell peered to his right, to his left, aimed like a flash and fired, ducked, arose and whirled, firing at those who were behind him, dodged down again, fired to his right and his left. Three men crashed through the branches of the shelter at his right, firing blindly as they plunged to the moist earth. A bullet tore a gash across the giant's cheek, but he blazed away with both guns. Curses, terrific reports, groans, cries of pain and agony, a blinding cloud of smoke—in the end all three of the men lying at the edge of the spring, two of them dead, the other writhing and shrieking with agony, his whole face a mass of blood.

A fierce shock tore through Wendell's shoulder as soon as his guns were reloaded. He whirled and dodged to one side just as a deafening detonation roared in his ears and a bullet hissed past his head.

He flashed twice with his own gun, and a man leaped up, screamed with anguish, and plunged down the incline and lay at his feet, just as he turned around. Quick as he was, this man was quicker, and even in his blind rage Wendell recognized the grim, relentless face of McFadden, who tore down upon him, knife upraised, and drove the blade in his right arm just as Wendell fired with his left. Struggling like two madmen, McFadden trying to plunge the knife in the bandit's breast, the giant fighting to prevent it and draw up his gun, they clinched and staggered back to the spring. With a stupendous effort, just as Stanton peered over the ledge and planted a bullet in his back, Wendell tore himself free and flung McFadden back against the rocks, firing three shots point blank at him.

A roaring explosion followed in Wendell's ears, a terrible crash in his head seemed to tear it asunder, burst it open in a thousand pieces, as Carter appeared at his left and blazed away. The giant tottered, reeled, his face, his hands, his whole body covered with blood. He staggered forward and pitched down upon McFadden, who bled from wounds in his head and neck. As the giant fell over him, McFadden, gasping for breath as he leaned against the rock, brought up his arm in one almighty effort and plunged the knife in Wendell's heart, dying from his own bullet wounds a few minutes later.

When Stanton, Carter and six other men jumped into the shelter a moment after, Wendell was stretched out on his back, his head and face and body covered with blood and riddled with bullets. The handle of a knife stuck out of his breast, dripping with spurting blood, and that knife was gripped in the blood wet hand of Spike McFadden, who lay almost on top of the bandit, breathing his last, his own face soaked in both Wendell's blood and his own.

If you have ever read the theatrical sheets of the newspapers you have heard of Belle De Artsan, widely advertised as the greatest ragtime pianist in the world. If you are at all a vaudeville lover you have seen her and heard her play. She is a tall, beautiful, slender, dark haired woman, and she skips out on the stage with the grace of a zephyr, her lovely face radiant with an infectious smile.

But vaudeville lovers do not know that her real name is Mrs. Frank McFadden, and that off the stage her whole bearing is one of profound sorrow. Nor do vaudeville followers know that she is the mother of a strong, chubby baby, hardly more than ten months old, and that Bad Buck Wendell is the rightful father of the child.

That is her great secret, her poignant agony, her own crushing sorrow, and it is her concern, not the public's. And it is her burden her unsolicited task, to bring the child up without letting the world know that it never had a real father, and without letting the world discover that legally she is not its mother. But it is her own flesh and blood, and probably that is why she fights her battle with a smile.

(THE END)

THE WAR AND THE MUSIC TRADE.

The Musical Courier offers some sensible advice to the public as to the importance of keeping up in war time the interest in art which it felt before it. It says:

"Expenditures for sheet music, for instruments, for lessons, for concerts, for musical advertising, etc., should not be curtailed in war time. Music and its allied activities and industries now form an essential element in the artistic and commercial life of this country.

"If we restrict our outlay for musical purposes at this time managers and artists will be forced to limit the number of public concerts and operatic performances, and without that phase of musical life productive and reproductive efforts are certain to be set back almost fatally.

"America has had such a prodigious and such a pathetic struggle to climb into the ranks of the musical nations and has reached that eminence so very recently that a cessation now of active interest in tonal matters must necessarily work more detriment here than in any other civilized country.

"Money should be spent for music, as the Greenhut Company advises its customers to spend it for personal merchandise, 'freely but wisely.' The same patriotic establishment (one of New York's large department stores) tells the public that 'There's a firing line for dollars, too, nowadays. Send yours to the front.'

"We must make money in order to make war. The hoarding of funds will cripple music even more quickly than it lames business. 'Tie purse strings, tie hands,' is another apt phrase in the Greenhut manifesto. The musical application of the warning is obvious.

"It should not be forgotten that $7,000,000,000 has been voted for expenditures by the government and that 3,000,000,000 more is announced to follow within the year. All this money is to be spent in the United States, and will go to the markets, the foundries, the factories, the farms, thence to scatter itself throughout the small and large cities.

"Nearly all the surplus gold of Europe has found it way to these shores. Europe must buy from us for years to come. No money now here will be spent abroad by American individuals or by our government, at least for the duration of the war. We were rich before the war. We are richer now. What need for panic? Why hoard? Why cut down expenditures for music?

"Every American or foreign resident here who curtails his outlay for music, who stops music lessons, who fails to renew concert and opera subscriptions, who cancels contracts made with artists, managers or musical organizations, and who cuts down his advertising in the music papers, is indulging in misguided and extravagant economy, and by causing financial harm and economic distress, hampers the maintenance of the nation's domestic trade and prevents our government from raising sufficient taxes for the equipment, compensation and feeding of an indefinite military and naval defensive force, and for the care of soldiers' and sailors' dependents.

"Support music. Be wise; be liberal; be sane and farseeing; be patriotic; be an American."

We enjoyed Miss Marcella A. Hehry's, National Colors" rag, which appeared in his month's review.

HATTIE SMITH,
Detroit, Mich.

WHEN MARTIN LUTHER PLAYED THE FLUTE.

Not many people know that the great religious reformer, Martin Luther was also a musician and composer of note. The monk who upset the Church of Rome and made a new religion was fond of improvising church chorals on his flute, while his friends, the Conductor Conrad Rapff and the cantor, Johann Walther, wrote down the music.

He wrote the words of at least thirty-six chorals and is credited with having composed the music for thirteen of them. Probably the most famous of these is the choral sometimes played even today, "A Firm Mountain Is Our God."

It is related that once following the famous religious declaration of Luther, and the establishment of the Restoration, the erstwhile monk was traveling trough Italy. At nightfall he would take out his faithful flute, and play sweet tunes on the eventide air. One evening he decamped near the walls of a convent, and all unknowing entertained the nuns and their abbess. But bedtime approached—the nuns were ordered to their downy couches—still the flute's sometimes shrill notes resounded. The abbess was in despair, and she would have been more so, if she had but known the offender's name. Finally she sent out word by her gardener: "The mother superior would sleep—her sisters cannot close their eyes with your devil's notes." And Martin Luther sent back word: "Say that Martin Luther is playing the flute, to pray that God will take the devil out of my notes."—Chicago Examiner.

UNCERTAIN COMPLIMENT.

They were dancing the one-step. The music was heavenly. The swish of her silken skirts was divine. The fragrance of the roses upon her bosom was really intoxicating.

"Ah," she smiled sweetly, with an arch look up into his face, "you remind me of one of Whitman's poems."

A sudden dizziness seemed to seize him. It was as if he were floating in a dream. When he had sufficiently gained his breath he spoke:

"Which one?"

"Oh, any one," she replied. "That feet are mixed in all of them."—Everybody's Magazine.

In the Winter Garden in Chicago, a Chinese number which is becoming popular, is featured in the revue of this cafe. It is led by Eulalia Walker and the "Chinese Castles." Count Perrone sings operatic selections.

NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

FROM J. FORREST THOMPSON.

Hornell, N. Y.

Dear Editor and Readers of **Ragtime Review**, Chicago, Ill.:

Yes, it's Hornell, H-o-r-n-e-l-l, nor Cornell. College days are over. I used to make dates, now I am playing them.

But I am playing some summer vaudeville dates by request and most of my leisure time has been spent in pleasant visits to other managers and teachers of ragtime. While playing Detroit I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hattie Smith. She is a fascinating little lady and a dandy pianiste. My visit to her studio was a pleasant one, and I also had the pleasure of meeting Miss Smith's lady assistant. I'm only sorry my engagement in Detroit wasn't longer than a week.

From Detroit I took the Steamer for Cleveland. There I visited Mr. George Schulte's Studio which is certainly a busy place. Mr. Schulte has three assistants. I was a guest at Mr. Schulte's home for one night and sorry I hadn't time to stay longer. Mr. Schulte drove me in his big Studebaker the next morning to Loraine, Ohio, a distance of 30 miles, where he has a branch school. First thing you know ragtime schools will be as thick as Ford Agencies.

I must say Mr. Schulte is a royal entertainer, and any of the teachers contemplating a trip, don't fail to see Mr. Schulte and his folks. I also had the pleasure of meeting his assistants, Miss Haines and Mr. Walker.

In a theatre I played—here's the way the programme read:

1. Overture.
2. Silent Actors.
3. Edwards & Hughes, Nuts.
4. J. Forrest Thompson, Worse.
5. McGee & Anita, Dancers.
6. Paris Green, Australian Potato Bug Killer.
7. McDonald Trio, Best Cycling Trio in the World.
8. Intermission, from 2 to 10 P. M.

Now what puzzled me was if they meant intermission was from 2 to 10 or the show was from 2 to 10. Somebody told me it was a rotton show. But the manager seemed to like it fine. He was so well pleased with it that he went on a fishing trip the first of the week and I haven't seen him since.

From Cleveland I went to Buffalo, N. Y., visited Mr. Jacob Schwartz, manager of the Buffalo school. Mr. Schwartz had two pupils at 7 o'clock, and as his two assistants are on a vacation, I had the pleasure of giving one lesson. I didn't have much time to be with Mr. Schwartz, as I was only in Buffalo two days, but nevertheless I enjoyed every minute of the time

J. FORREST THOMPSON,

JACOB SCHWARTZ WRITES.

Friend Editor:—Several months ago I sent my cut, a photo of my assistant, Mrs. Mabel McCormick, also a little article on ragtime in Ye Olden Tyme, and I have never heard whether the articles mentioned ever arrived at your office or not; yet every once in a while I get a jab in the Review from some one that wants to know why the Buffalo man does not do his bit in filling up the columns of this great sheet of uplift.

A NIGHT OFF.

By Jacob Schwartz.

On Wednesday Evening, June 27th, at exactly 7:30. I was in a dilemma; I had two pupils booked for the same hour and was alone, my two assistants having gone home, one with a sick headache, due to a rather strenuous attempt to drive ragtime into a head containing little or no gray matter, and the other to meet some out of town friends. I was just feeling like swearing at any and all out of town friends, when a tall, lanky guy walks in. He was rather a fine looking chap despite his long fingers which would never get him a job in any bank except a faro bank. "It never rains, but it pours" ran through my head; with two pupils, both in a hurry, along comes this guy who would hold men up for—he looked as though he could talk for a week without coming up for air. Well, I gave him the glad hand; the same little hand that has lured many an unsuspecting innocent and misguided mind into the realms of ragtime; "name please?" I asked as suavely, as an insurance agent. "J. Forrest Thompson," he answered as lightly as a floor-walker in a filbert factory, "late" (very late), of Louisville, Ky., and now at home anywhere I can find a hat rack or a chance to make an exhibition of myself."

"Just in time, J.—and the rest of you, just sit down an give this young lady a lesson for me, and you can finish the rest of your chatter later on," I said. Of course this isn't exactly the way to treat a brother-in-rag, but what else could I do? Verily the end justified the means. The young lady got the best lesson that ever happened and J. F. T. got some of the sweetest smiles and the most profuse thanks that a ragtime teacher ever got.

It was indeed a pleasant surprise to meet that versatile entertainer, and although it was our first meeting, we made the most of it, and when I left him at his hotel, I felt that I had spent one of the best evenings that I had in a long time.

JACOB SCHWARTZ.

To the "Bunch" and other readers of "Notes from the Studios":

I am greatly indebted to my friend, Mr. Mellinger, for the little mention made of me in the July issue of the "Review." Yes. I am in charge of the branch St. Louis school—but, say, if you would see the business that I am doing here you would surely think that Axel, himself, were teaching in my studio. Since I assumed charge of the branch a month ago, the number of my pupils has already doubled itself, and I expect it to increase another twofold in a month or so.

This is my first contribution to the "Notes from the Studio's" column, but (with your permission) they will follow fairly regular hereafter.

St. Louis cannot be beaten for news, as every one knows that 'twas a St. Louisan who put the "news" in the "newspapers." Pretty clever for a ragtime teacher, isn't it, bunch?

What do I think of Axel's system of teaching ragtime? Well, I've played classic music since I was "knee-high-to-a-grasshopper," but I prefer Axel's ragtime and the teaching thereof.

The "Notes from the Studio's" column has my most heartfelt interest, and I will welcome more of those interesting letters

Take notice, contributors.

Sincerely,

EDWARD C. FREIVOGEL.

Miss Bessie Kuepferle, pupil of Bernard Brin, Seattle, left for a two week's vacation, going to Vancouver, B. C. Her first letter from there reports her wonderful times and whenever there are good times around, Bessie will always be found in the midst of them.

BERNARD BRIN DRAFTED.

Bernard B. Brin, the Pacific coast champion ragtime player was drafted in the first call for 680,000 soldiers He had number 10, which was the 156th number picked. Bernard says this is the first lottery he was ever in when his number was picked. He will probably be exempted on account of a syncopated heart.

Miss Rae Harries, Prima Donna Soprano now singing at Moulin Rouge Gardens so successfully, is an exclusive product of the Christensen School and her work pleases many critics; engagement secured through the school.

A postal card from Mr. Yamada, now touring in vaudeville, tells of his success in his single singing act. Our Mr. Yamada will, we feel sure, make good wherever he goes.

Miss H. Harris, who teaches ragtime in Chicago, is now enjoying a quiet vacation which has been richly earned. Miss Harris' classes have been large throughout the entire season.

Miss Moe, of Chicago, is about to spend a few weeks' vacation in upper Michigan. What is Mr. Scheck going to do? Who knows?

The Logan Square Ragtime School still keeps well up in the front rank of real school; the classes are going good and big, and the work as interesting as it has always been, the reason is Mr. Scheck is in charge.

Mr. Worley of the Northside Ragtime School, Chicago, is keeping on his assistant teachers thus far throughout the summer. This shows that somebody is still on the job. Good work for Mr. Worley—keep it up.

Several of our best teachers have already been drafted in the army; among them are Mr. Dappert, Mr. Bollinger, Mr Turley and Mr. Scheck; also Mr. Worley. Should these men meet in one Company in the army with their RAGTIME talents they could charge and win against any odds for in business they "get over the top" fast Here's luck to them.

Messrs. F. G. Corbitt and O. W. Pellage of the new school at Boston are getting

long exceptionally well, and even now have a large class in hand with more in sight both are graduates of the Christensen system.

MENTAL VALUE OF DANCING.

One of the ablest writers on the subject of dancing gives the following description of the most beneficial exercise and amusement for the tired minded business man.

Exercise is necessary to health and dancing is exercise under pleasant conditions.

It corrects physical weakness, prolongs youth and develops poise.

It is one of the best exercises for persons of all ages and there is not anything in the above that modern dances with their beauty and variety will not accomplish.

They take one's mind from worries and replaces pessimism with bouyant optimism.

The exercise and rhythm quickens the pulse, adds alertness, gives poise, self-reliance and produces the choicest of gifts, "good humor" and sociability.

Dancing is the supreme human expression of happiness, and how can one be mentally sick when he is happy.

Dancing by the music-loving public, with the six Brown Brothers of "Chin Chin" fame and the world's champion clown saxophone band furnishing the music, is a new diversion in the marigold room at the Bismarck Garden, Chicago. Edward Beck's "Marigold Bubbles," strengthened by several new faces in the beauty chorus, continues the big feature at the garden. Ernest Scanlan, successor to Hal Van Rensaeler, is leading the chorus and is winning many encores. Cavallo's Band of All Nations is playing in the outer garden, and the Foote Orchestra is furnishing the music for the open-air dancing.

"JAZZ" CARNIVAL IN A CHURCH.

A jazz dance, a minstrel show under the direction of Leo Murphy, a member of the Glee Club of the University of Minnesota and former instructor of music at St. Thomas College, and a musical comedy were special features at the "Jazz Carnival" which was recently given by the Young People's Association of the Ascension Church on the school grounds in Minneapolis.

—In desperation they burned the family organ to keep the house warm. And the gay old instrument gave up its life playing, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."