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RAGTIME REVIEW

Entered as second class matter, August 8, 1916, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 20 EAST JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO
BY THE CHRISTENSEN SCHOOL OF POPULAR MUSIC OF CHICAGO



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PART 2

"Ah knows him," interrupted the sheriff shaking his head vigorously. "He guz 'out ridin' every night. Go on."

"Yes, he was on horseback," continued Kelso. "When he saw me running he suspected that something was wrong, I guess, for he stopped and asked me what the trouble was. After I told him he offered to ride to the village with the message and break the news to you and Mayor McFadden. I thought it was very considerate of him, handed him the slip of paper, and he rode like hell toward the Gulch. I came back here, and Mac and I have been waiting ever since."

"Here—I'll read you the translation from the original sheet," snapped MacGregor, hurrying into the office, and the other two followed him.

Picking up the sheet from the board, the operator read the code translation in a quivering voice.

Loeber's face was a picture of astonishment, perplexity and apprehension. For the moment he was speechless. But he was not made of the stuff that succumbs under a shock. Beneath that calm, composed face was a resourceful brain, a keen insight that approached perspicacity. He straightened up.

"Did yuh wire back arter gittin' thet las message?" he demanded.

"I did," replied MacGregor, "but there was no response. Somebody cut the wire while I was tapping for a return."

"How many operators at thuh Death Valley station?"

"Two—a night man and the day operator."

"Does yuh know 'em?"

MacGregor shook his head. "No, they're always changing down there."

"Wal, odd or no odd, thuh train ain't hyar. An' thuh robbers, if there wuz any, didn't kidnap Mrs. McFadden or thuh boy cuz they wasn't on thuh train. They're due tuh-morrer. I don't knows what in hell the band took, except the passengers' dough, when thar wasn't nothin' tuh take. Thuh operator at Death Valley is either misinformed, crazy or stewed. Then, agin, thuh wires is cot. Funniest damn thing Ah ever see'd!"

Loeber paused, stared at the floor a moment, then looked up quickly at MacGregor.

"An' yore message weren't never d'ivered," he said, grimly. "Whar thet galoot went tuh, Ah don't know, but Ah hopes he lands in Hell!"

"Perhaps he met with an accident," suggested Kelso.

"If he did, I'd o' found it out when I rode up hyar," the sheriff said, shaking his head. "Jimmy, yew rite thet code translation agin' on another sheet in longhand. You willin' tuh lend a hand, Kelso?"

"Certainly. I'm just as puzzled, as curious and as interested as you fellows. What do you want me to do?"

"Just a minute," interceded MacGregor, scribbling away over the table without looking up. "Is that your wife named in the message, Loeber?"

"It ain't like Hell," grinned the sheriff. "My lady fair is 'twen thuh sheets rite now. She takes a beauty sleep five times uh day."

"Here," said MacGregor, handing him the sheet.

"Awright—thet's quick work. Now, how many handcars hev yuh got in thuh shed?"

"Two of them, but one is only good for two men; the other can be manipulated by six," answered the operator.

"Good 'nough. Yew an' Kelso drag out thuh tew-handed car an' go as fast as yuh kin till yuh reaches thuh spot whar thuh train wuz held up. Look aroun' an' see wot's goin' on, search thuh midsection operator's station, whether anybody else is there an' did it or not. If nobody else is there ahead o' yuh, an' thuh 'phone in thuh midsection station ain't busted, git Death Valley an' call fer all thuh men she kin send. Order 'phone an' telegraph wires, men tuh rig 'em up, an' if thar ain't none in thuh Valley, hev thuh 'phone man call up Tucson or Preston fer 'em."

"But I can't leave the station, Loeber. It's the company's orders, you know," protested MacGregor.

"Fergit it," blurted out Loeber. "Yew kin say yuh hed tew obey thuh orders of an' officer o' thuh law. Leave thet tuh me—I'll

fix it. Need any help with tuh handcar—git in' it outer tuh shed, I mean?"

"No, no—that's easy. She's on the siding track in the trucking shed, and the track connects by switch with the main rails."

"Wal, yew fellers git tew it. It'll take both this an' the 'riginal code sheets down tuh McFadden an' tuh boys. If tuh mayor's game, I'll come shootin' down tuh tuh wreck scene with him in his autyobile—I mean, auter-mobile—an' I'll send eight or ten men up hyar. Six will take tuh other handcar in tuh shed an' foller yew, tuh others will stay hyar an' mind tuh station. Mebbe a half dozen will come 'long with us on horseback. We'll come by tuh turnpike way, long tuh Comanche Indian Reservation."

MacGregor stuck his pipe in his pocket, jammed his hat on his head, tore off the green shade at his forehead, and seized his coat.

"Come on, Kelso!" he cried, leaping out.

"Here," said the sheriff, holding out his hand to Kelso. The other looked at it. Loeber was proffering him a big, wicked looking Colt of blue steel.

"I don't think you'll need it," Loeber remarked, dryly, "but yuh never kin tell. Jimmy's so excited he mite shoot hiself if he lied it. Yew take it."

"Thanks," muttered Kelso, stuffing it in his big coat pocket, and he hurried out, the sheriff at his heels.

"Wal, so long, boys!" shouted Loeber, running to the big white horse that stood in the dark corner of the station. With one leap he was in the saddle, the spurs were applied, and the fiery steed sprang out into the night, MacGregor and Kelso calling a goodbye to him as they ran to the shed.

About four o'clock the next afternoon five men were seated in the anteroom leading to the office of the sheriff of Death Valley. They were Frank McFadden, Mayor of Dead Man's Gulch, George Loeber, sheriff of the same town, Jimmy MacGregor, telegraph operator at the Gulch station, Bert Kelso, traveling representative of the Death Valley Mining Company and Matt Nelson, superintendent of the mine headquarters of that company, in Dead Man's Gulch. With the exception of MacGregor, and possibly Nelson, not one of them had had more than an hour's sleep during the past thirty hours.

During the last five minutes none of the men had spoken a single word. MacGregor's hands and fingers twitched nervously as he gazed at the floor, and Nelson's face was drawn and haggard. Hard lines were beginning to appear in Loeber's face, but his frame looked wiry enough to endure another thirty sleepless hours. Kelso's face was a puzzle; he seemed to be struggling desperately to place his curiosity over his physical strength.

McFadden arose and slowly paced the length of the room, his hands in his pockets, his troubled gray eyes fixed on the floor. Several of the men looked up at him. Loeber was one of them, and perhaps he was the only one who discerned what his superior

was suffering. McFadden's face was cold, grim and implacable. Only his eyes gave any sign of the struggle that was going on within him.

In the past six years he had changed considerably. Most of the crudity, the roughness, the devil-me-care, carefree, nonchalance had disappeared, and a very astute judge of human nature might have detected a feminine influence in the change. A tinge of gray intermingled with the brown, curly hair near his temples and just over his ears and lent a rather dignified aspect to his bearing. He was still a young man, so far as men are judged, not much over thirty-five, but at this moment he looked at if he had reached his forty-fifth birthday only by the grace of fortune. The wrinkles on his forehead were barely perceptible, but no one could have failed to note the deep worried line under his tired eyes. What did remain of his old self, however, were the thin, almost straight lips, compressed now in a manner that told one man in the room that the owner was inwardly raging to be moving, acting—fretting and fuming over this forced inactivity. His lean, square jaws of old—the unmistakable jaws of a fighter when aroused—were still grim and determined, but some of the sternness had vanished during recent years and left the indelible stamp of parental love in its place.

Presently a noise in the adjoining office aroused the group, and a moment later three men entered the room. The first, a heavily built, vigorous looking man of perhaps forty, with piercing, dark brown eyes and a brusque, almost gruff manner, nodded curtly to each of the five men in the room.

"Hello, Loeber—hello, McFadden," he said laconically, naming each one. "This," he added, pointing to a dark faced man behind him with a little moustache, "is Evans, the night operator at the Death Valley station."

The newcomer was properly introduced, and he shook hands with each one.

"My assistant, Montague," went on the man with the keen brown eyes, motioning to the short, wiry looking man beside him. The latter merely nodded to the group.

"By the way, Stanton—you haven't met Nelson as yet," interjected McFadden, indicating the mining superintendent with a nod of his head. "Nelson, this is Daredevil Stanton, United States secret service agent, from Phoenix."

The two men shook hands, the dark eyed man regarding Nelson rather closely. Chairs were drawn up, the door leading to the office was closed, and all were seated except McFadden, who stood at the rear of the room, arms folded across his chest, his weary gray eyes resting on the government detective.

"I've discovered several things of great importance, gentlemen," said Stanton, looking around at the group and finally allowing his gaze to fall upon Nelson, "one of which will be particularly astonishing to Mr. Nelson. Before I make any statements, however, I want you to hear Mr. Evans' story. Go

ahead, Evans; tell them just what you told me."

The telegraph operator, a trifle disconcerted at first, shifted his gaze to the floor nervously, then cleared his throat and looked up.

"I've been working for the A. L. & Preston Railroad for nearly six months, right here in Death Valley, as night telegraph operator at the station," he said. "I came here from the Northern Pacific. Operators don't stay very long with the A. L. & P. My hours are from 6 P. M. to 3 A. M. Since I've been here, about four or five different men have held the day operator's job. The day operator's hours are from 5 A. M. to 6 P. M., longer than mine. The wires are dead two hours a day—between my finish and the day man's beginning.

"A new man was put on the day staff last Wednesday—just a week ago today. His name was Everson. On Saturday he walked in the office about four o'clock in the afternoon, two hours early. We got acquainted, and he seemed to be a clever sort of a chap. He was a young man, not quite thirty, I should judge. We had quite a conversation about everything ranging from the European war to sports and railroading. The following afternoon he walked in about four again, and during some casual gabbing asked me if I had received any important messages over the wire during the last three or four days. He claimed that things were dead, and he longed for some excitement, something interesting.

"I laughed at the time and remarked that excitement on the A. L. & Preston was about as scarce as hen's teeth. Later on I happened to think of a telegram from the Western Union office two blocks above the station. It had come from the San Francisco office of the Death Valley Mining Company on Friday, was to be intercepted at my station, and transmitted to Mr. Nelson, of the Dead Man's Gulch branch of the company through my wire. I told Everson about it. The message stated that twelve hundred dollars in silver and twenty-five hundred dollars in ten dollar bills was to be sent to the company's quarters in Dead Man's Gulch, and would be shipped en route so as to arrive at Death Valley by Tuesday, yesterday, morning, where it would go direct to Dead Man's Gulch on the 7:40."

"But for God's sake," interceded Matt Nelson, who had been listening with white face and shaking hands, "the message I received on Monday contradicted the—"

"Just a minuate, Mr. Nelson," put in Stanton, reassuringly. "I'll clear that up soon as you've heard Evans' story. Cool down, man. It was no fault of yours. Go ahead, Evans."

"The message also stated that a Mr. F. E. Mansfield, vice president of the company, would arrive on the same train for the purpose of settling a cash transaction with the National Chemical Company, in Dead Man's Gulch," went on Evans.

"Well, I showed the telegram and a copy of my transmitted message to Everson, who seemed intensely interested for a while. I

didn't see him Monday at all. He evidently left before his time was up. Last night, however, he looked rather worn and restless. I asked him what the trouble was, and he said that he had tried to get a message to Phoenix, and not getting any live response from the wire, had phoned a friend, who made a diligent search and found the wires from here to Phoenix, connecting there with the coast lines, cut in six strips just outside the town. He said he was tired and wanted to go to bed, so I phoned my brother and had him investigate, after putting Sheriff Kelly wise.

"Number 121 left here at her correct time, precisely 7:40, and the station agent told me personally within ten minutes after that Mrs. McFadden and her little son, also Sheriff Kelly's wife, were on board.

"At ten minutes after nine I got a query from the operator at Dead Man's Gulch, inquiring about Number 121. I was surprised, of course, and replied that she had left here on time. At twenty-six minutes after nine the phone rang. A woman's voice, trembling with excitement, stated that the No. 121 had been held up about a half mile from the mid-section operator's station, and then followed the details which you all know by this time. The woman said she was Mrs. Kelly, wife of Sheriff Kelly of Death Valley, and that she was calling from the midsection operator's station. She stated that Krauss, the operator, was lying there dead. When she hung up I phoned Sheriff Kelly, the manager of the Western Union office, who wired the alarm to Mr. Stanton, here, at Tucson, and then I tapped the news to Mr. MacGregor, at Dead Man's Gulch. I had nearly finished my message when something went wrong. The wires were rigid and dead. Then I knew, instinctively, that somebody had nipped them. I tried the telephone at the midsection, but couldn't get an answer until—"

"That's enough, Evans," interrupted Stanton, with a flirt of his hand.

The men had listened to the operator in a tense, unabated silence, and now all eyes were turned upon Stanton.

"How do you intend to explain the confusion about that message?" queried Nelson, extending his hands in hopeless bewilderment.

"Very easily," was the secret service man's

curt rejoinder. "When did you receive your first message?"

"Friday evening."

"And you received a second message sometime on Monday, didn't you, stating that the money shipments would not arrive until Thursday?"

"How the devil did you know that?" exclaimed Nelson, more bewildered than ever.

Stanton repressed a dry smile with difficulty.

"Have you those messages with you?" he asked, seeming to ignore the question.

"Yes," returned the mining superintendent, and he drew them from an inner coat pocket and extended them to the detective. The latter opened the yellow slips, scrutinized them a moment, smiled rather suspectingly and handed them to Evans.

"Did you send both these?" he asked.

The telegraph operator looked at both.

"I sent this Friday," he said finally, holding up one, "but I don't know anything about this."

"It was sent from your station at nine-thirty Monday morning."

"I know it," replied Evans, "but Everson, the day operator, was on duty then. He must have transmitted this last message."

"And Everson," said Stanton, addressing the entire group, "disappeared sometime between nine o'clock last night and two this morning. I might add that I got a return at the Western Union office two hours ago, direct from San Francisco, stating that the Death Valley Mining Company had not submitted any instructions at all after sending the dispatch to Mr. Nelson to the effect that twelve hundred dollars in silver and twenty-five hundred dollars in ten dollar bills would be shipped to Dead Man's Gulch and would arrive there Tuesday. So for the present, gentlemen, we must assume that Everson prepared that second message himself, counteracting the first by saying that the shipment would be deferred till Thursday, tomorrow. I have no substantial proof, for Mr. Everson has skipped, but I am anticipating his involuntary return within forty-eight hours."

He rose to his feet, strode to the center of the room, and faced the group.

Nelson was trembling with apprehension.

"And Mansfield—what about Mansfield?" he ejaculated.

"He is dead," said the government detective, quietly. "I was under the impression that either Mr. McFadden or Mr. Kelso had told you. He was on the 121, carried over two thousand dollars in cash on his person, and evidently fought the bandits when they attempted to search him and take it away from him."

"How do you account for the fact that Mr. McFadden received a telegram from his wife on Sunday, stating that she would not return till today?" asked Kelso, looking up at the secret service man quizzically.

"That message never passed through me," asserted Evans.

"I know it," Stanton replied. "It was received by Mr. McFadden at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, during which period Everson was on duty. Mrs. McFadden never sent such a telegram."

"And what about the telephone call from —?" interjected MacGregor, but Stanton shook his head and waved him back.

"What I have to say, gentlemen, will be heard only by Mr. McFadden, my assistant, Sheriff Loeber and Mr. Nelson. May I ask that the rest of you leave the room to us for about an hour, maybe less?"

The others arose and left the room with evident reluctance, leaving only Stanton, McFadden, Nelson, Loeber and Stanton's assistant, Montague.

"For the benefit of Mr. Nelson, who was not here," said Stanton, "I'll go over the whole thing briefly. Though I shall appear to be

speaking only to Mr. Nelson, I'm going to ask close attention; for I'll present my conclusions as we proceed."

The government agent seated himself and looked at Nelson.

"I am giving you these facts from what I have gathered from McFadden, Loeber, MacGregor and Kelso, not mentioning two conductors, Mrs. Kelly and the fireman of Number 121, all of whom I met at the scene of the hold-up about midnight. Other facts I secured from wire communication with Mr. McFadden's mother at Tucson. Evans, the telegraph operator you just heard, and my own theory of the matter.

"We'll take the affair from the versions of MacGregor, Kelso and Loeber first. Kelso, one of your traveling representatives, arrived at the station above Dead Man's Gulch just a few minutes before MacGregor received the news of the hold-up from Evans, who submitted it from here. MacGregor sent Kelso down to the Gulch with the news, and the translation of the code message, which was written on a yellow sheet of paper. MacGregor couldn't telephone to either Loeber or McFadden, or anywhere else, for that matter, because his wire connections with the Gulch had been cut in six or seven places on Sunday, two days before. MacGregor had spoken to Loeber about it but neither took it seriously, preferring to believe that somebody in the village had played a joke on them.

"Kelso made his way to the village on foot, of course, for he had walked up to the station. When he approached the base of the mountain a horseman coming from the Gulch stopped in front of him and asked what the trouble was, for Kelso had been trotting. Kelso had met this chap down in the National Hotel about an hour before, when he had told Kelso that he was manager of your office and had been in Dead Man's Gulch about three weeks. What was his name?"

Nelson gave a start, and an expression of blunt astonishment stole into his eyes. For a moment he returned the fixed stare of the government detective.

"Do you mean King?" he gasped, leaning forward in his chair.

"I don't know his name. Did he report for work this morning?"

Again the mining superintendent gave a start. "No, he did not; nor was he in the office when I left this afternoon."

Stanton permitted his grim visage to relax into a smile of understanding.

"How long was he in your employ?" the secret service man asked.

"Three weeks last Saturday. He is a capable man for handling detail and managing the office help. In addition, I found him an unusually efficient stenographer, accountant and systematizer. He gave me several references in Eastern cities, which I did not attempt to look up, and said he came from New York."

Stanton gazed at the floor thoughtfully. Presently he looked up and continued:

"You'll never see this man King again, because I am convinced that he is one of the band that perpetrated this hold-up and the kidnapping of Mr. McFadden's wife and son. However, to go on. Kelso returned to the station, and remained there in expectation of either Mr. McFadden, or Sheriff Loeber and a posse, appearing shortly. Loeber, tired of hanging around the Gulch, jumped on his horse and rode up to the station, not having the slightest idea of what had occurred. It is my theory that this King simply spurred his horse on in the night, and when near the Gulch, turned into the plains and rode to some definite destination where he met the rest of the gang. His purpose in thus intercepting MacGregor's message was to delay chase as long as possible.

(Continued on page 14)

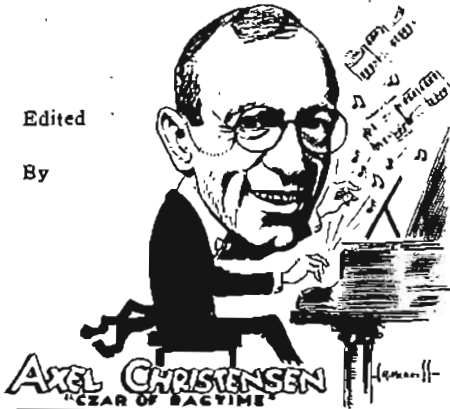


CHRISTAL JACKMAN
PRIMA DONNA

The Ragtime Review

Edited

By



Published every month at 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
By the Christensen School of Popular Music,
at Chicago

CHICAGO, JULY, 1917

Single copies 10 cents
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Canada 1.10
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march for the naval reserves.

He says he believes it will exceed in
popularity his, "Stars and Stripes For-
ever," "Semper Fidelis" and other notable
marches.

He is a naval reservist himself, now—a
lieutenant—subject to the government's
call for training a great band which has
started at the Great Lakes Naval Train-
ing Station.

Any new patriotic march by Sousa is an
event. This one is inspired by the entry
of his flag into a world war, and he—who
has been a soldier, an American, a patriot
and a great music master all his life—has
put his stirred soul into the new march.

The "Naval Reserve March" is its name.
It is dedicated to the thousands of young
men wearing the navy blue, and this,
Lieutenant Sousa's philosophy of what a
war song should be, has governed his com-
position:

"Soldiers don't want songs about them-
selves or their patriotism. Their uniform,
their drilling, their rifles and their battles
symbolize their patriotism. Their lives are
the essence of patriotism.

"They want songs to relate the things
they dream about and remember back
home, or their great ideals—the things of
the soul, not of the might of their arms."

REVIEW OF THE NEW MUSIC

By F. G. CORBITT

Editor's Note: All publishers are cordially invited to send us professional copies of new publications. It is the policy of the Ragtime Review to print the exact truth about the songs and instrumental numbers which are reviewed in this column. Money can't buy our opinion, because we want to be fair with our readers. Therefore don't send your numbers for review here if you are afraid to have us tell the truth.

You Stingy Baby—By William Tracey and Ernest Breuner. Published by Leo Feist. A very clever number.

On Hilo Bay—By Dave Allen and Bob Allen. Published by The Central Music Co. Just fair.

How Can Any Girl Be a Good Little Girl—By Howard Johnson, Alfred Jantes and Harry Jantes. Published by Leo Feist. The lyrics of this song ask how can any little girl be a good little girl when she loves a naughty boy, but the lyrics do not answer this question either way. It's not a bad song, however, and easy to sing as the entire range is less than an octave, running from "E" on the first line to "D" on the fourth line, most of the song being written in a much narrower margin of tone.

From Me to Mandy Lee—By Bernie Grossman and Arthur Lange. Published by The Joe Morris Music Co. A splendid 7/4 number, not to be played too fast, which is sure to "go over."

Where the Yang-tze Ki-ang Flows—By Bernie Grossman and Arthur Lange. Published by Joe Morris Music Co. The music of this song is not typically Chinese, but the song is about China and is well gotten up both from the point of words and music, and has sort of a dreamy fox trot swing.

Never Forget to Write Home—By Ballard MacDonald and James F. Hanley. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. This song has a beautiful set of words and is set to appropriate music that will not fail to make a hit.

Strike Up the Band—By Andrew Sterling and Chas. B. Ward. Published by Harry Von Tilzer Music Publishing Co. As many military songs open with the bugle call, Dixie, etc., it is quite appropriate for this song to open with "Sailing, Sailing Over the Bounding Waves" and to find a sailor's horn pipe between the first chorus and the second verse. We have searched our memory as to where we have heard the melody of the chorus before, it is so strikingly familiar, but it probably has been put in on purpose and is good. The verse is the swinging 6/8 lilt which is a refreshing departure from the numerous 2/4 march songs that are being published these days.

You're Mamma's Baby—By Sam M. Lewis, Joe Young and Pete Wendling. Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. A typical child or mother song.

Yankee Doodle Boy—By Geo. M. Cohan. Published by Maurice Richmond Music Co. This is George Cohan's famous song revived.

You've got 'Em, That's All—By Newton Alexander. Published by M. Witmark & Sons. It is quite good.

In Dear Old Ireland—By Harry S. Lee and Abbie M. Bachmann. Published by Whitmore Music Co. Breathes the atmosphere of Ireland. Very pretty.

Lonesome Girl—By Ernest R. Heck. Published by Whitmore Music Co. Pretty waltz song.

Days of Sunshine—By Wilma Golinhorst. Published by Wilma Golinhorst. The reason for this song having been published by the composer is quite apparent, as we cannot imagine any sane publishing house accepting it. The composer no doubt, meant well, but the construction of the words and music is all wrong, the words being tacked to the music in such a way that they throw the accent on entirely the wrong syllable and throw the strong beat on the most unimportant words, etc. I'd say there is no chance for this song.

My Maid of the Fiji Isles—By Ed. Plottle and Floyd E. Whitmore. Published by Whitmore Music Publishing Co. The atmosphere of the South Sea Islands is very apparent in this song.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE REVIEW

Here's the answer to those many inquires, "Where can I get that piece of music?" **Join the Home Music Club**, and get any and all the music you want at **Club Rates**. Send 50c for membership card and four copies of sheet music. We carry a large stock of sheet music at all times, and if you order any copy that we haven't in stock, we will get it and supply you in quick time. **To Club Members Only**. Send your membership order today.

THE HOME MUSIC CLUB 1562 Milwaukee Ave. Chicago, Ill.

My Princess of the Willow Tree—By Will J. Harris and Carey Morgan. Published by Jos. W. Stern & Co. Rather a high class number and a good voice would have no difficulty in "getting it over." It has unusually fascinating piano accompaniment.

Hy-Sine—By Carey Morgan and R. Chapi. Published by Jos. W. Stern & Co. An excellent march and one step, written, much of it, in the minor mode.

Your Country Needs You Now—By Al. Dubin, Rennie Cormack and Geo. B. McConnell. Published by M. Witmark & Sons. The country is flooded with patriotic songs at this time and this is one of the good ones.

The Sweetest Little Girl in Tennessee—By Stanley Murphy and Harry Carroll.

Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co. This number is well up to the Harry Carroll standard. Unusually good.

My Sweet Hawaiian Rose—By Bernard Fay and Charles Ruddy. Published by Jerome Remick & Co. Nothing new in the lyrics and melody. Just fair.

Just You—By Con Barth. Published by A. J. Stasny Music Co. The verse starts with the conventional waltz melody and with the barber shop chord. Towards the end of the verse part and the chorus it is refreshingly dainty and sweet.

Let's All Do Something—By Andrew Sterling and Arthur Lange. Published by Kalmar, Puck & Abrahams Consolidated Inc. Music Publishers. Another one of the many patriotic march songs without any particularly distinctive points.

Marcella—By Al. J. Markgraf. Published by Al. J. Markgraf. An intermezzo, one step of considerable merit.

America Today—By Herbert Moore and W. R. Williams. Published by Will Rositer. This number is not wonderful from the point of melody, although a good orchestra or band could get much out of it, as it makes an excellent march and is, of course, extremely patriotic.

Any Little Girl Can Make a Bad Man Good—By Will J. Harris and James F. Hanley. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Rather a cute song both from the point of music and words, and I guess he was right, the author.

Lookout Mountain—By Joe Goodwin and Halsey K. Mohr. Published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. Reminds you of the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" in its rhythm. A good song.

Alexander's Back from Dixie—By Lew Cobwell and Pete Wendling. This is a nice number which reminds you of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Joan of Arc—By Alfred Bryan, Willie Weston and Jack Wells. Published by Waterson, Berlin and Snyder. We do not hesitate to put our O. K. on this number and believe it is a winner.

Buy a Liberty Bond for the Baby—By Ed. Moran and Harry Von Tilzer. Published by Harry Von Tilzer Music Publishing Co. A very commendable subject to write about and a very commendable song.

When I See You—By Grant Clarke and Archie Gottler. Published by Kalmar, Puck & Abrahams Consolidated Inc. Music publishers. The idea is clever, comparing the cheeks, teeth and eyes of a girl to our national colors. The music of the chorus is fair and the verse not so good.

American—By Ole Olsen and Isham Jones. Published by Tell Taylor. A good marching song.

The More I See of Hawaii the Better I Like New York—By Bert Kalmar and Archie Gottler. Published by Kalmar, Puck and Abrahams Consolidated Inc. Music publishers. The more I hear this song the better I like it, however, it no doubt will not be hard to popularize, as there are no doubt many who feel the same way as the author of the song.

You Don't Have to Come from Ireland—By George Graff and Bert Grant. Published by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. You don't have to come from Ireland to appreciate this song. Anybody will say it's good if they hear it properly sung.

It Takes a Long Tall Brown Skin Gal—By Marshall Walker and Will E. Skidmore. Published by Skidmore Music Co. This is another one of those corkin' good darky songs somewhat along the line of "Pray for the Lights to Go Out." Regular "sock dollinger."

Lily of the Valley—By L. Wolfe Gilbert and Anatol Friedland. Published by Jos. W. Stern & Co. The name misrepresents this song, because it is more of a comedy number than a ballad—good though.

We're Off to War—By Ebner Lusk. Published by Ebner Lusk. Opens with the much abused bugle call and which often, however, develops into something pretty good, but in this case any such hopes are unfounded as the verse and chorus as music are positively the limit. If sung in vaudeville—if it ever is sung there—it will naturally bring out applause, which is always the case when the grand old flag is waved.

Give Me the Right to Love You—By Ben Bard and A. Glatt. Published by Harry Von Tilzer Publishing Co. A good number written in 4/4 time with a pleasing melody.

A Village Fair—By Edgar Barratt. Published by Ricordi & Co. A clever piano piece of the intermezzo type. One of a group of piano pieces entitled "Sylvan Scenes."

Russian Air—By Cyril Scott. Published by G. Ricordi & Co. Breathes the weirdness of Russian atmosphere. A very commendable air.

For the Freedom of the World—By J. S. Zamecnik. Published by Sam Fox Publishing Co. Starting with the well worn "The Girl I Left Behind Me" for an introduction (when we say well worn we mean it has been used for part of or introduction for countless pieces that have been published in the past) it develops into a very good march number and its sentiment is, of course, wonderfully appropriate at this time.

I'm Just a Livin' from Hand to Mouth and Runnin' on My Nerve—By Annie Callahan and Samuel H. Speck. Published by Annie Callahan. A very mediocre number both from the point of melody and lyrics. The story being that of a merchant who explains to a traveling man that the war had hit him to beat the hand and put business on the bum and no one's got any mon, that he is running on his merit, etc. I do not think this is a pleasant thing to sing about because there are a lot of us who believe business is going to be greatly affected by the war.

Wake up, Virginia and Prepare—Something out of the ordinary in popular songs is a new affair just out, called "Wake Up, Virginia and Prepare—for Your Wedding Day," in which there is no war theme but some very odd battles terms woven around a girl and her sweetheart, who comes to capture her as his bride. The bomb is aimed at her heart but it is loaded with orange blossoms. Rather a pretty idea. But the music is even more fascinating.



SOPHIE TUCKER
The Mary Garden of Ragtime

VAUDEVILLE HUMOR.

Recently Heard at the Rialto Theater,
Chicago.

"Ain't your name Edna Mayo?"
"Yes, that's my name."
"Haven't you got a currant mark just above your knee?"
"Not a currant mark, a strawberry mark."
"I know it's some kind of a berry."
"Say, how do you know it's just above my knee?"
"I've seen it."
"Sir, how dare you!"
"Don't get excited. I saw it when you were five years old."
"I don't remember seeing you before."
"Don't you remember little Irving Bell who used to play with mud pies?"
"You're not Irving?"
"I'm Irving."
"Irving Bell who used to play hookey from school?"
"That's me."
"Not Irving Bell who all the boys used to call monkey-face."
"Never mind, now."
"Well, Irving, I'm glad to see you. Put it there."
"And I'm doubly glad to see you, because there is a great secret connected with your family history that I wish to unfold to you."
"A secret connected with my family history?"
"Yes, a secret concerning your father."
"Why, my father died while I was a baby."
"But you never heard how he died."
"No; I never did."
"It's a long, sad story and I promised your mother I would never disclose it to you until you're forty years old."
"But I'm not forty years old yet."
"Then I can't tell you."
"Oh, you brute, you know I'm crazy to hear the story of my father's death."
"But I can't tell you till you're forty."
"Then I suppose I'll have to own up. I am forty (aside)—and that ain't a kid, either, boys."
"And now tell me, how did my father die?"
"One cold Winter night in the middle of July your father took your mother to a revival."
"A revival?"
"Yes, a revival of 'The Black Crook.' In the second act twenty-five dashing, young women appeared in tights."
"Yes, yes."
"Your father was enchanted with the scene, when suddenly one of the young women bent over, and in doing so, ripped her tights. Immediately there was a scene of wild confusion on the stage and the manager stepped to the footlights and asked if anyone would please oblige with a pin (sohs) and your poor father—"
"Yes, yes."
"Your poor father was killed in the rush."

I come from a musical family. The night before I was born father killed a fly on mother's head with a trombone. And as for my sister, well, she is a horn musician, although all the neighbors wish she hadn't been. Sister never took a piano lesson in her life and yet she plays better with her feet than most people do with their hands.

You ought to hear her play "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." In fact, that's where everybody wishes she would play. The other night a strange man rang our door bell and when sister asked him what he wanted he said he was a piano tuner.

"Sister said, 'I didn't send for a piano tuner.'"

He said, "I know you didn't but the family next door did."

My talk may sound a little foolish, but I'm in love. Although it isn't the first time. Twice before I have fallen in love—and once in the sewer. And it's a grand sensation. I mean "falling in love."

I was so anxious to get married that I went and advertised for a wife. And next day every married man in town offered me his.

I got acquainted with my wife in a very peculiar manner. We first met at a watering place. We were both sitting at the edge of a horse trough, when a horse came along and started to make a meal of her bustle. She screamed, although I have always claimed that a woman should never give heed to anything that goes on behind her back.

We've been married now three years, although it doesn't seem over twenty. My troubles began at the altar. My wife's father gave her away. And next day I wrote him to please take her away.

After the ceremony I asked the minister what I owed him. He said, "Oh, pay me whatever you consider it worth." So I gave him \$10. But if I ever get married again I won't give him a nickel.

As we drove away from the church my wife's aunt threw a shoe at me that she had worn. And then my wife's uncle also threw a shoe at me—that some horse had worn.

MUSIC A NECESSITY AND NOT A LUXURY.

At the beginning of this war the English government put a tax on musical instruments, classing them as "luxuries," just as our Congress is doing now.

It is sufficient to say that they have removed it.

They didn't remove it because they had so much money that they didn't need any more revenue.

They stopped taxing musical instruments because they found that that discouraged music, and they could do without the extra revenue far better than they could do without the stimulus of music.

If there is an advantage that we have and should use in coming into the war at this time, it is that we can profit by the mistakes of the nations that have been in for almost three years. They have had their lessons through hard experience, and the methods whereby they are now carrying on war may be trusted to be practical.

The other nations have encouraged music from the start. And the English government, which was the only one that did not appreciate its value, has had to learn to appreciate it.

Must we learn all our lessons for ourselves, and to our own cost, or will this country profit by the lessons that her allies have learned for her.—New York Mail

THE ALLIES.

(With apologies to Noah.)

The Allies went in one by one,
Singing Tipperary.
Said they to the Kaiser, "you son of a gun,"
Singing Tipperary.

The Allies went in two by two,
Singing Tipperary.
Said Alfred the Belgian, "we know what to do,"
Singing Tipperary.

The Allies went in three by three,
Singing Tipperary.
England, France and Italic,
Singing Tipperary.

The Allies went in four by four,
Singing Tipperary.
Every day we'll send you more,
Singing Tipperary.

The Allies went in five by five,
Singing Tipperary.
You bet your life we are all alive,
Singing Tipperary.

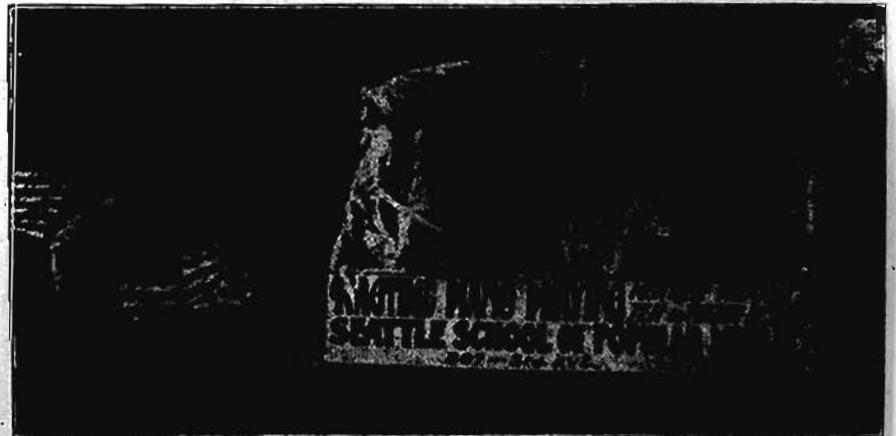
The Allies went in six by six,
Singing Tipperary.
The next to come were the Russovitch,
Singing Tipperary.

The Allies went in seven by seven,
Singing Tipperary.
We will send Old Bill to 'ell or 'eaven,
Singing Tipperary.

The Allies next went in by eights,
Singing Tipperary.
But that changed the tune to that of the States,

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of thy Pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

N. W. DORNE.



Novel Advertising Scheme of Bernard Erin, Who Teaches Ragtime in Seattle

Quarrel or Struggle Scenes

Agitato

The musical score is written for piano in common time (C) and consists of five systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked *Agitato*. The score includes various dynamic markings: *p* (piano) at the beginning, *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the first system, and *fz* (forzando) in the second, third, and fourth systems. The fifth system concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The music features complex textures with frequent chord changes and rapid melodic lines, particularly in the bass clef. The first system shows a transition from a piano texture to a more intense *mf* texture. The second system introduces *fz* dynamics, with a double bar line and repeat signs. The third system continues with *fz* dynamics and includes a key signature change to one flat. The fourth system maintains the *fz* intensity. The final system shows a gradual deceleration with the *rall.* marking.

10
KENTUCKY RAG

MARCELLA A. HENRY

Not too fast

The first system of musical notation for 'Kentucky Rag' is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Tempo di Rag

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It begins with a 'C' time signature symbol. The tempo marking *Tempo di Rag* is placed above the first staff. The notation includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *b* (flat) in the bass staff.

The third system of musical notation includes first and second endings. The first ending is marked with a '1' and the second ending with a '2'. The piece concludes with the word *Fine* written in the right margin.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece with further melodic and harmonic development in both the treble and bass staves.

The fifth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a 'C' time signature symbol and the instruction *D. S. al Fine* (Da Capo al Fine) in the right margin.

TRIO

mf

8

gva.....

3

gva.....

3

gva

gva.....

3

gva.....

Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

IN RAGTIME.

Arr. by A. W. CHRISTENSEN.

INTRO.

The first system of the introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It features a series of chords and melodic fragments. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of the introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains a rhythmic accompaniment. Fingerings 1 through 8 are indicated below the first measure of the upper staff.

The third system of the introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains a rhythmic accompaniment. Fingerings 1 through 8 are indicated below the first measure of the upper staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of the introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains a rhythmic accompaniment.

The fifth system of the introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains a rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

BISMARCK GARDEN, CHICAGO.

With a beauty chorus of bathing girls garbed in the very latest modes from the New York style centers, singing and dancing in the Marigold room and Cavallo's Band of All Nations playing patriotic airs in the outdoor amphitheater, the Bismarck Garden was opened. The sparkling red, white and blue fountain and a profusion of colors add to the gayety of the occasion.

An absolutely weather proof Summer garden is now the boast of the Eitel Brothers. A new cooling process has been installed in the Marigold room and during the hottest summer months this rendezvous will be kept at a uniform temperature of 72 degrees. This room will be open at all times and in case of rain can comfortably seat 3,000 guests. Edward Beck, the New York producer, staged a new costume show for the opening which is declared to be the best. The features are the bathing number in which the chorus sings "Won't You Come and Take a Swim With Me?" The big patriotic number, "Good-by Broadway, Hello France," runs into "The Star Spangled Banner," and gives the crowds ample opportunity to sing.

DANCING ON PIER IN CHICAGO.

Dancing is assured at the Municipal pier this year.

The harbor board awarded the contract to Paul W. Cooper of 1701 W. Van Buren street, who opened the pavilion June 30 with a fifteen piece orchestra. Mr. Cooper submitted the high bid when he offered the city 15 per cent on all receipts up to \$1,000 a week, and 50 per cent on all above that figure.

The public may dance on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On Thursdays and Saturdays there will be matinee dances, beginning at 1 o'clock with no halt until 11:45 o'clock. There will be no admission fee, but a charge of 5 cents a couple will be made for each dance.

Liquor is tabooed, but soft drinks may be obtained from other concessions on the pier. Though nothing was said on the subject, the harbor board is averse to "walkin' the dog" and similar dances.

EDELWEISS GARDENS OPEN SUMMER SEASON.

Ferullo's Band greeted the pleasure seekers the opening night at Edelweiss Gardens, Chicago, when the Summer season was formally opened. Fountains and a rearrangement of vines and trees give sylvan effect and novelty, while there is room enough to accommodate 5,000 guests.

SCOTT JOPLIN IS DEAD.

A homeless itinerant, he left his mark on American music.

When he first came into the office of the Stark Music Company some years ago, with the manuscripts of Maple-Leaf Rag and the Sunflower Slow Drag, he had tried other publishers, but had failed to sell them. Stark quickly discerned their quality, bought them and made a five-year contract with Joplin to write only for his firm, which firm has all of his great compositions.

FROM PULPIT TO VAUDEVILLE.

At Zanesville, Ohio, Rev. F. W. Gorman, pastor of the Congregational church, told his congregation recently that he had signed a contract for a seven weeks' vaudeville tour. He was granted a leave of absence. Rev. Mr. Gorman's specialty is singing. He was on the stage before entering the ministry.

"BIG THREE" DANCES REMAIN.

The Waltz, fox trot and one step, will continue to hold sway as the "big three" dances, according to dancing instructors attending the fourth annual convention of the International Association of Masters of Dancing at New York.

BRITISH SOLDIERS SING RAGTIME.

In the European battle fields, they say that there are no longer any songs about how long it is from Tipperary, but at work or play or swinging along the roads to battle, nowadays, the Tommies sing about wanting to get back to their home in Tennessee and about having a Kentucky jubilee, without the slightest idea just where Tennessee or Kentucky are.

When the American expeditionary force comes into the British zone, the Americans will find the bands playing ragtime and the men singing many old familiar tunes.

MOULIN ROUGE DRAWS MANY AUTO PARTIES.

From point of attendance and general approval indicated by patrons Moulin Rouge, the new North Side summer garden in Chicago, is rapidly becoming the city's popular mecca for lovers of music and dancing. Automobile parties are a feature every evening at the garden, the auto parking space providing for 100 cars. Cars can be driven directly into the garden. D'Urbano's band of forty men, every one a musician of high class, has been largely responsible for the splendid attendance every night, while the public dancing offers a diversion that has been the popular craze at the garden since its opening night. Miss Bessie Kaplan, singer, and Princess Imalini, Hawaiian dancer, contribute largely to the efforts of the management to make the Moulin Rouge Chicago's summer garden.

CONSEQUENCES OF A SONG.

"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" seems to have penetrated the Teuton lines. A German translation of it has been distributed in the streets of Cracow. This fact and some of the consequences thereof are interesting to contemplate. Among the consequences was the sentencing to death of the man who distributed the song. His sentence was subsequently commuted to five years' imprisonment, part of which he served. Just the other day he was pardoned by the Emperor Charles.

In this case Teuton militarism did not carry out its first stern intention. The man still lives, but he evidently had a close call—close enough to impress pretty powerfully upon Americans the difference between the Teuton and the American attitudes towards individual liberty.

That is one point worth noting. Another suggests itself. "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" was an American production. When it reached Europe and was read in Germany it is easy to imagine the impression it made on the Germans. They took it, no doubt, as an accurate representation of the American spirit, and it helped to confirm the belief, so prevalent in Germany, that the Americans would never fight and that therefore America could be flouted and defied with impunity.

The American writer of this peculiarly silly and puerile song has subsequently, we believe, expressed his regret at having written it, declaring that its spirit and meaning has been misunderstood. His regret must be all the keener now that it is known that the thing found its way into Germany and helped to misrepresent us there.—Charleston News and Courier.

SILENT MUSIC FOR HOSPITAL.

A system of "silent music," installed by a Chicago firm in a hospital at Ottawa, Ill., is described as consisting of a spring-motor cabinet with a turn-table similar to the ordinary phonograph without a horn. Attached to the cabinet is a special music-transmitter, corresponding to the tone-arm and reproducer on the ordinary phonograph. The transmitter is energized by the vibrations of the needle traveling on the record, and transmits these electrical vibrations over a system of wires throughout the hospital. The wiring terminates at outlet jacks alongside of patient's beds.

The patient can be furnished with a head receiver attached to a cord and plug. When the plug is inserted in the jack alongside of the bed, the patient may hear the music by placing the receiver against the ear. The recorder is inaudible unless the receiver is held close to the ear, and consequently one patient may receive entertainment while the patient in an adjoining bed may sleep without disturbance.

PRESS CLUB MAN CZAR OF RAG-TIME.

(Reprinted from the Detroit News.)

Axel Christensen, who is appearing at the Miles theater, doing wonderful things to the piano, is a Chicago Press Club man, having joined that organization many years ago, long before he ever thought of gambling up and down the keyboard of a piano for the entertainment and amusement of thousands. Although his musical work keeps him separated a great deal from his newspaper friends, nevertheless whenever he is in Chicago, Christensen can be readily located at the Press Club. He possesses a peculiar touch that enables him to rag any creation regardless of its tune or character. His repertoire is practically unlimited and embraces operatic and classical selections as well as his own particular style of syncopation. Col. Will Visscher, well-known poet and writer and one of the old guard of the Chicago Press Club, says: "Axel Christensen can come nearer making an entire orchestra out of a piano than anyone I ever saw. As Bill Nye used to say of entertaining people, 'He can come nearer being the life of a party than a tiger at a picnic.'"

I have just received the June issue of the Ragtime Review, and have finished reading "Notes from the Studios." I always read this page first, as I enjoy it immensely. Several of the teachers are getting to seem very familiar, such as Marcella A. Henry, Forrest Thompson and Hattie Smith. They are always writing articles and telling of their experiences, and when I have read them I seem to have known them for a long time.

I like the "National Colors" rag written by Marcella Henry very much.

Hoping that some of the other new teachers will "pick up" courage to write an article and will consider themselves one of the "bunch."

GERTRUDE McCAULL,
Des Moines, Ia.

I have been so busy this week that I did not have time to open the "Review" until this morning. After playing "National Colors" rag, I really feel so pleased that I must say at least a word or two for the composition.

It is well arranged, and the composer deserves much credit for the splendid way in which the national airs are blended. Every pianist should use this number, and it will make a hit on every program.

J. M. ROCHE.

(Continued from page 5)

Loeber was made aware of the circumstances, of course, when he met Kelso and MacGregor at the station. Mr. McFadden had told him on Monday evening that Mrs. McFadden had sent a telegram that afternoon saying she would return from Tucson, where she was staying with her mother-in-law, on Wednesday—meaning today. But the mayor tore up the message, and unfortunately for my purpose, neglected to scrutinize the paper closely. Had he done so, I am certain he would have noticed that the telegram was not an intercepted exchange—in other words, that it came direct from the Death Valley station. Furthermore, it is my conviction that the man Mr. Evans referred to as Everson, the day operator, transmitted and concocted that message himself. And I am equally as positive that this Everson is another member of the same gang. It might be interesting for you to know now that Everson, like King, did not report for work this morning, and has not shown himself since. He left traces, however, and Sheriff Kelly is on his trail now.

"Everson, I am pretty sure, cut the wire connection between here and Phoenix, but dared not try it on the Western Union wires. King cut MacGregor's phone connection with the Gulch and Death Valley on Sunday. It was Everson who intercepted that shipment wire, by following it up with a second message—the one you received saying that the shipments would not arrive until Thursday—which he sent Monday."

Nelson was dumfounded by this time, and both McFadden and Loeber stared at the secret service man intently. They had heard of him before. Daredevil Stanton, as he was known in the profession, had not received his sobriquet for nothing. He was reputed to be not only a man of illimitable courage, but the possessor of a wonderful memory for faces, facts and figures, a keen, searching intellect and the tenacity of a bulldog. Stanton had the rare faculty of being able to discern and discriminate with the nicest accuracy.

"Loeber, most naturally, was surprised and skeptical," the detective went on, "for he

knew about the supposed message which Mr. McFadden had received the previous day. To cut it short, he ordered Kelso and MacGregor to man the handcar in the trucking shed at the station, and push with all speed for the scene of the hold-up. They did so, and Loeber drove for the Gulch. On arriving there he broke the news to Mayor McFadden, sent a posse of four men with Deputy Sherwood and three residents, all mounted, up to the station, with instructions for Sherwood and five of the men to drag out the large handcar and proceed en route to the scene of the hold-up, where they were to join Kelso and MacGregor. The other two men were to remain at the station and take care of the horses. Loeber also sent his other deputy, with two men, all mounted, obviously, to follow the trail of this man King, or at least to search for him as best they possibly could in the night.

"Then Loeber left his horse at the Hotel National, and with the proprietor, Mr. Dalton, jumped into Mr. McFadden's automobile, the mayor at the wheel, and rode to the scene by way of the turnpike road, past the Comanche Indian Reservation.

"In the meanwhile, Evans ran over to the Western Union office, or 'phoned there, and had the news telegraphed to Preston, Tucson, Phoenix, Florence, Fort Grant and Benson. I happened to be in Tucson, fortunately, and with my assistant here, Montague, boarded the last train for Death Valley, getting it only by a hairbreadth, after informing the city officials and the state department by wire.

"When Montague and I got here, Sheriff Kelly had already started for the scene of action with a squad of regular cavalry, two deputies and a posse of seven or eight men. Montague had the station master put a dummy engine in working order while I questioned Evans, and with an engineer and a fireman we rode to the scene of the hold-up, where we met Mr. McFadden, Sheriff Loeber, Kelso, MacGregor and the others. Kelly had left a short time before we arrived, with his deputies and the cavalry squadron, hot on the trail of the outlaws. Mrs. Kelly was prostrated, but I obtained quite a bit of information from her."

"Excuse me, Mr. Stanton," put in Nelson at this point, "but I understood you to say that Kelly was following Everson—or, at least, you told us that just a few minutes ago."

Stanton smiled. "Exactly, for Everson had joined the gang."

"There is one thing more I would like to ask," insisted Nelson, looking at the government agent quizzically. "How is it that the bandits, or one of them, cut the telegraph communication between Death Valley and Dead Man's Gulch, and neglected to sever connections between the midsection operator's station, located a half mile from where the hold-up occurred, and Death Valley?"

"Because the bandit, or the bandits, if there were more than one, did not see the midsection operator's telephone. Krauss, whom they killed, had his telephone placed downstairs, which was almost constantly in total darkness. His telegraphic apparatus was placed on the upper floor of the midsection station. It was a clumsy arrangement, to be sure, but it accounts for the bandits overlooking the telephone connection with Death Valley.

"Whatever else I managed to discern is for my own course of procedure and my assistant's help. Poses from Dead Man's Gulch, Death Valley, Preston, Tucson, Phoenix, Fort Grant and Benson are searching for the bandits, in addition to three companies of militia and a cavalry squadron. The complete capture of the gang is inevitable, and that, I predict, within the next forty-eight hours. All I ask of each and every one of you is strict, undeviating secrecy and absolute si-

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lence. The public is aroused, and further publicity will only make matters more difficult and more complicated. Now I am going to ask all of you to leave the room to Mr. McFadden and myself. I have something to say to him in private. If you wish, you may find out if the telephone and telegraph wires that were severed have been respliced and patched up, for about twenty expert wire men have been working on the mutilated connections since nine o'clock this morning.

Stanton's remark concerning the public was only mildly true. Like a meteor shooting from the depths of obscurity into the jaws of renown the news was flashed all over the country. Newspapers transposed, revised and exaggerated most of it; all kinds of conjecture became paramount factors; and the people in the big cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco read the sensational story in wonder and amazement. A wave of horror and indignation swept through the country—a justifiable denunciation of the legal authorities and the government officials closely affiliated with that section of Arizona, for allowing such a monstrosity to occur in a modern, civilized, progressive country in the twentieth century.

Some newspaper editors claimed that the band that had perpetrated the brazen robbery and subsequent kidnaping was part of Villa's marauding Mexican army, which had crossed the border line and ventured into Arizona. In practically every city in the United States the startling hold-up and kidnaping story became the chief topic of discussion. Even the European war was temporarily forgotten. Reporters, tourists, curiosity seekers and newspaper correspondents flocked to Death Valley County by the score, pestering, importuning and annoying everybody who seemed to have any knowledge at all of the affair. The whole country seemed to be in a turmoil over the news.

When Loeber, Montague, and Nelson had left the room and closed the door behind them, Stanton turned to McFadden.

"McFadden," he said, walking up to him and placing both hands on his shoulders, "you're a man. I can understand what you must be suffering. I can understand that each and every thought is of your wife, and that your pain and agony increases every minute. Now tell me, has any idea occurred to you yet, any plausible conception, any reason whatsoever, fanciful or otherwise, as to why a band of unknown outlaws should seize your wife and son?"

McFadden raised his weary eyes and looked into those of the secret service man.

"None," she said huskily, "none at all. If possible, I have less reason for imagining anything than I had last night. To me the whole thing is a mystery—I don't know what to say, what to do or what to think of it all. Why a band of men that had taken all these precautions, gone to all this work and clever scheming, should rob and almost wreck a train, and kidnap my wife and son, with probably not more than six thousand dollars at the most for their troubles, is a Chinese puzzle to me. Figure on two thousand dollars from Mansfield, the shipments consisting of twelve hundred dollars in silver and twenty-five hundred in bills; and say about a thousand dollars in cash from the rest of the passengers—there's less than seven thousand dollars. All that trouble, work, scheming and danger wouldn't be worth it! The more I think of it, the harder it is for me to understand it all or reason it out."

"Will you go back to Dead Man's Gulch now, in your car, and try to sleep?" requested Stanton, solicitously. "You need it, and you can trust in me, McFadden. Your wife and son will be located within forty-eight hours. Why they were seized is just as much of a puzzle to me as it is to you, but I'll know

the why and the wherefor very soon."

"Yes, I'll start for Dead Man's Gulch with Loeber right now," murmured the mayor, wearily, "and I'll take Nelson and MacGregor with me. Kelso wants to stay here, which is probably best, for I wouldn't have room for him, anyway."

He started toward the door, head bowed, eyes heavy with fatigue, nearly exhausted from worry and lack of sleep. Then, as if

in after thought, he stopped, turned around slowly and looked at Stanton in a manner that could not be mistaken for anything else than grim determination.

"Remember," he warned, hoarsely, "I'll wait till Friday. If I receive no news from or about my wife by then, I'm resigning my position as mayor and taking the trail myself. Don't forget that, Stanton."

The government agent nodded his head,

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though it was apparent that McFadden's statement did not please him.

Friday afternoon found McFadden wearily pacing up and down the length of his office room beneath the music studios in Dead Man's Gulch's most conspicuous building. His appearance was almost shabby, his face was pale, drawn and ashen in spots, his hair, tinged with more gray than ever, it seemed, had not been combed, and it fell over his ears and forehead in confusion and disorder. Swelling lumps, undeniable indications of lack of sleep, were under his tired gray eyes, and his whole bearing clearly revealed his poignant agony, slowly but surely crushing him mentally and physically.

All the wire communications had been adjusted. Expressions of sympathy and encouragement had reached him by telegraph, telephone and mail, but most of them he had ignored—not through lack of courtesy, but because of his lethargy of suffering—and a dazed condition that had left his brain in a state of utter chaos. Stanton had wired him several times, had called him up by 'phone

on at least six or seven occasions, and twice had visited him. But not the slightest inkling of his wife's or son's whereabouts had reached him. Practically all of Death Valley County was aroused to a point of fury. Wild excitement of the most untractable character prevailed in Dead Man's Gulch, and Sheriff Loeber had been compelled to swear in a dozen deputies in order to preserve the peace. The outlaws, according to advices received from Florence and adjoining towns, had been seen at least twice since Tuesday night, and it was stated on authority that the band had split up to two's, possibly three's. One of them, thought to be the man called King, had been captured, but he managed to escape before his captors landed him in jail. He had been found about six miles northeast of Deadwood, a small town located on the north side of the Gila River, not very far from Florence.

As McFadden slowly strode to and fro the door adjoining his office opened. A sweet-faced, white haired old lady entered softly. Her's was the wrinkled, sympathetic face of the old fashioned mother, a type almost extinct. Except for the deep, dark rings under her eyes no one could have known that she, too, had suffered and was still the victim of a virulent agony.

"Frank, my boy," she whispered softly, "you mustn't worry so. Why don't you trust in Him, and give your body a much needed rest? Come, my son, lie down."

McFadden raised his tired gray eyes, dimmed by a glaze of inexpressible suffering.

With all his strength he forced his pain and agony to succumb to whatever of his will power remained, and a wan, sickly smile crossed his lips.

"I'm all right, mother," he assured her, with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness. Don't worry about me. It relieves me to walk about the office and think it over carefully."

The old lady advanced, stood before him, placed her wrinkled hands on his drooping shoulders and looked up into his weary, expressionless gray eyes. She knew and understood her son; no subterfuge could delude her. The mother instinct is the most potent discernment known to mankind, stronger in every atom of its passion than any emotion or susceptibility of feeling in the ethics of sex attraction. And she realized far better than her son ever imagined that his suffering was gradually approaching the uncontrollable point when neither law nor justice could intimidate or affect his rage, despair and apprehension.

By dint of motherly endearments and pleadings she cajoled him into lying down on the lounge that stood near the window of his office, where McFadden finally gave himself up to Father Morpheus, falling asleep from sheer mental and physical exhaustion.

(Part three will appear next month.)

It is reported that musical instruments from Kansas City are on their way to equip a brass band in China. In connection with the order, it was said that China is now turning from the weird tangle of sounds which passed for music in that country for centuries.

With their friendship for America and all things American, the Chinese have taken a liking to our music. The latest Broadway hit is hummed in Hongkong or Peking almost as soon as in this country.

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By George F. Schulte.

Didja ever hear that squib about hittin' a knocker with a brick where his brains oughter be, and kick him where his brains ARE? Well, that's what I wanted to do last Tuesday.

'Twas this way: I blew into the Boston Beanery to cop off my noon feed, and as I had to go up to the studio at 2 bells, I had by little music bag right along wid me. Well, I corralled a bunch of chow, and took it to a table, and began to inhale it.

On the other side of said table was a gent with a hungry look, and one of these floppy ties. He looked like the last sandwich in the free-lunch dish. You know how it is, you'll get to passin' the gaff, with any old hook that happens to be near when you're feedin' your face, so I says as how the weather's pretty fine. He remarks that I've got the right dope.

Then he spots my music roll and enquires: "wot you got there?"

"Music," says I.

"So! You are an humble wooer of Caliope, eh?" remarks he.

"Huh," says I, "I don't know the dame."

Friend gink with the Bohemian Tie, nearly chokes to death at that. But I continues thusly, "I don't quite get ya mister, but I'll tell ya how it is with me. I'm taking lessons from the Christensen School of Popular Music, where they teach ya to play Ragtime in Twenty lessons. Can ya beat it?"

"But my dear youth," he gasps, "do you not realize the derogatory influence of that detestable scourge upon the musical standards of our great and glorious country?"

"Hey, wait a minute," I squawks, "your line of gab is way over my knob, but I gotta hunch you're handin' a large, juicy knock to the guys wots done more fer me and a big bunch like me in a few weeks, than you and all the rest of the high-brow hammer throwers could do in a lifetime."

"Wot gives you the Idea that you're big enough or brainy enough to put the kibosh on the thing that the general run of people want. And where d'ye get the phoney idea that ragtime is goin' ta hurt anyone or any thing?"

"Say guy, ragtime will be gettin' more popular every day, and more people studyin' it, long after you're croaked and forgotten by everyone, includin' your creditors."

"And what's more, if ya say one more little woid against ragtime or them that teaches it, or studies it, I'll just walk over this table and land on your cronk, get me?"

Well, friend knocker don't wait to argue no more, but he grabs his hat and beats it, gorgettin' to pay for his grub.

I ambles up to George and spills the whole thing to him. I was as sore as a wet hen, but George just grins, and says, "Don't let 'em get your goat, Jimmy, there's a lot of such dubs floatin' around, but they don't do any harm. Remember kid, every knock is a boost. If you don't believe that ask Christensen. He knows."

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VOCAL INSTRUMENTAL MECHANICAL

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Boston, Mass.

At Knoxville, Tenn. the Strand moving picture theater was recently opened. The Strand is the Gay theater extensively re-modeled.

NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Once again the Seattle School of Popular Music of which Bernard B. Brin is director, moved into larger quarters. They are still in the Pantages Building, however, they moved in a large corner suite of rooms which was remodeled specially for them by the agents of the building. Brin's school keeps growing and growing.

Rudolph Gunther, who teaches ragtime at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., gave a piano recital recently in which a number of his pupils took part. Here is the program:

1. The Ragtime King.....Miss Marion Hedrich
2. Wedding March in Ragtime.....Miss May Fornuff
3. Marching Thru Georgia.....Miss Grace Van Pelt
4. Syncopated Songs.....Miss Gertrude Kerpen
Assisted by Miss Frances Kerpen
5. Irmena Rag.....Mr. Charles Swanson
6. The Nightingale.....Mr. Rudolph Gunther
7. Song—Hawaiian Butterfly.....Mr. James Flynn
Courtesy of Mr. Leo Feist
8. Webster Grove Rag.....Miss Abbie O'Donnell
9. It's Not Your Nationality.....Miss Marion Hedrich
10. Character Impersonations.....Miss Gertrude Kerpen
11. The Pianist Rag.....Miss Cecile Carey
12. (A) Old Black Joe, (a) as written,
(b) with straight bass, (c) in Ragtime,
(d) melody in left hand.
(B) Entertainers Rag.....Mr. Rudolph Gunther

The affair was a big success and many new pupils were enrolled as a result of it.

The Globe-Democrat quotes a short article from the "Ragtime Review" in its issue of May 30th. This is a feather in the cap of Miss Armenia Thomas, who wrote the said article on the subject of "Ragtime to be the Basis of American Folk Music." The entire article was reprinted by the Globe-Democrat, so Miss Thomas, "come again."

Mr. Charles Riddel, well-known instructor on voice in the city of Chicago, has taken charge of the Vocal Department of the Christensen School in Chicago.

Hans Mettke, who teaches ragtime at Moline, Rock Island and Davenport, has just sent in an "S. O. S." call to have the "Czar of Ragtime" play a vaudeville date in those three cities, and thereby help liven up the situation for his school. We have taken this up with the "Czar" and Mr. Mettke, you can count on an appearance in Rock Island whenever the opportunity affords. Bear in mind, however, that schools all over the country are clamoring for this same thing, so that it may be a little time before Rock Island is reached.

F. G. Corbitt, affectionately known as Jimmie Corbitt, due to his striking resemblance to the famous prize fighter of that name, has opened a school for teaching ragtime in Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Corbitt is an old hand at this business, having studied under Mr. Christensen in the

early days and having since started and managed several now successful schools. We wish him all the success he deserves, which is plenty.

Mr. Daniel A. Hill, the noted St. Louis tenor has opened his summer school of music at Locksley Hall, Waupaca, Wisconsin. During the past year Mr. Hill took up the Saxophone, simply as a recreation at first, but has become so proficient on the instrument that he and his Saxophone are now practically inseparable. In fact, it is reported that he has taken the expensive electric horn off his fast and powerful motor boat, and instead when he wishes to warn other vessels from his path he stands up in the bow and plays the Saxophone. A Saxophone Quartette has been formed at Locksley Hall as follows: Edwin Smith, "C—Melody;" Mr. Chadie, "Alto;" Daniel A. Hill, "B Flat—Tenor," and Andrew Larson, "Baritone."

Miss Hattie Smith has increased her studio space in Detroit and now has three splendid front rooms with attractive gold lettering on the window, and reports business unusually good for the summer.

Charlie Schultz, well-known ragtime teacher in Milwaukee has just bought a beautiful new rug for his reception room, and while he did not intend that information for this column, nevertheless every little bit helps, so in it goes.

Jacob Schwartz, of Buffalo reports lots of new pupils during the past month.

George F. Schulte of Cleveland writes in that he does not realize this is the summer season. So far as he is concerned, he states, he don't know winter is over, judging from the size of his classes.

J. Forrest Thompson of Louisville is in vaudeville at the present time and is making good in every theater with his classy vaudeville offering.

Mrs. Van Tress, who has been operating a school at Houston, Texas for some time, has now added a colored department, devoted entirely to the colored pupils and presided over by a colored teacher. This department is now on its second month and is highly successful.

Mrs. Mabel Rogers of Kansas City never misses a Symphony Concert, but nevertheless she is "right there" with the ragtime touch when required, and has done wonderfully well in Kansas City teaching ragtime.

Bessie Yeager of Minneapolis writes in that she surely will need more space for her school next fall, judging from the past season.

Louis Jackson, of New Orleans, is holding his own and is enrolling new pupils every week in spite of the warm climate he has to contend with all year around.

At Philadelphia Bessie Leithmann has now got her down town office in smooth running order and reports continued good business.

Lydia Menus, who has charge of an up town school in Philadelphia, it is stated, has declined numerous offers of marriage during the past four years, claiming that she is too much in love with ragtime to bother with anything else.

Grace Clement of Pittsburgh, who a short time ago increased her studio space, had no cause to regret the action, as her new rooms are well filled with pupils.

Edward Mellinger at St. Louis writes that his new down town office was just the caper and is now in full swing. His branch is now in charge of Edward Freivogel.

Izzora Webster of St. Paul had a short spell of sickness, but has now fully recovered and is back with her admiring pupils again.

Deep River—By H. T. Burleigh. Published by G. Ricordi & Co. A very pretty piano number of the quiet sort.

THE "STERN" FOLIO OF TEN FAMOUS WALTZES.

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