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Swan Spends A Night In Kansas

By O. A. Kennedy

Swan Swanson always insisted that he wasn't what it used to be. Let's see if we can't stir up some excitement. And that was how the trouble started.

"We goes back front and begins pestering the barkeeper to set 'em up, which he hates awful to do, saying that it is charged to him if he gives any away so Caddo does the handsome again and then Shorty asks the barkeep if he ever heard the Cheyenne war whoop. He haint sure that he has so Shorty is accommodating enough to give him an imitation.

"That makes him dry again and we take some more. Then he offers to show the barkeeper who is an Apache war whoop. And then he goes on giving all kinds of Indian yells. Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and Caddo—first a yell and then a dose of eyewater all around another yell and so on.

"Well, since we was drinking with Shorty, we thought it only a friendly act to yell with him too, so we made some noise which brings Hogan down stairs. The fellers in the back room comes in and stands in the door and grins, and a lot of people comes in off the street to stand around the wall and look on. The barkeeper wants to shut us off, but Hogan sees lots of good money coming over the bar so he says to let it go as she looks.

"Then Caddo and Posthole gets into an argument about what is the proper Apache yell. And every time one of them opened his mouth to give the yell, we all yelled so he couldn't hear himself, think which makes both of them slightly hostile. Hogan sees that they was on the peak and begins selling em water but it is too late.

"Posthole about that time a big red faced man peeks his head in at the door and says, 'Hyar! Hyar! Stop this racket!'

"All the local sports quiet down but Caddo sees his chance and gives the yell in the middle of the floor and says very solemn, 'I am the Chief of Police of the city of Caldwell.'

"Then before the rest of us know what to say, Caddo has the big chief embraced with two revolvers, one of his hands and one he yanks out of Shorty's holster. The chief puts up both hands and begins calling Caddo all kinds of names.

"But Caddo holds the guns on him steady enough and says 'You used to drug stores in Kansas, and had a big round of cooling drinks on Caddo like he had lost a bet on the time we should arrive. Next Shorty sets 'em and Caddo says, 'You got something up and then we takes the ponies over to the livery stable.'

"By this time it was dark and the waters at the Covington House was handled six shooter from his hip pocket. He breaks the gun in two and draws six cartridges which he divides them liberal and then back to Hogan's playing cards with nickles and dimes on the table.

"But it's hot and stuffy back there so Shorty says finally 'Well boys, Caldwell was in no hurry. He took careful aim and the slug came stizzling along clipping off blades of cornstalks and plowing up the dirt right at Caddo's feet.

"The boys let that bucket of water go back down the well and we all jumped for our horses. The bullets kept a coming folloin' right along the corn rows. We didn't stop to return his fire. We all recognized that it's useless to argue with that kind of a man. But we broke the international record for mounting in hot haste. We did not stop to tighten the cinches. The ponies would not have stood for it. They were in as big a hurry as we were.

"The way we got out of Kansas was a caution. We flew—and every ten seconds come one of them slugs singing over our heads or kicking up dirt under the ponies' feet. We knocked down a half acre of green corn getting out of Kansas.

"The Arkansaw man was not an extra fine shot but his intentions were good. He kept taking pot shots at us when we were a mile away and all scattered out and riding quattering to disturb his aim. We could hear their shots sing.

"At last he quit shooting and we boys were mad enough to want to go bunched together again. Some of us boys were mad enough to want to go back and lynch the granger, but Shorty says, 'No I've had enough,' he says, 'Kansas is no place for me. I'm plumb disgusted with the whole outfit. They are all the time bragging about being such a moral law-abiding bunch and look at the way they have acted all night. I'm going home and never set foot in the state again. They've lost my trade by their cussedness.'

"The sun was just rising. He pointed to it. 'Think what we have been through since we crossed the line last night at sun-down. Think what we have had to put up with. Hereafter I'll do my trading in Texas. It's not over fifty miles farther anyway, and he turned his horse's head to the south. We followed without a word. Our

SUMMER MUSICAL OFFERINGS

RACHMANINOFF PLAYS HIS PRELUDE IN G MINOR

Other Famous Artists Heard in Notable Compositions

THE greatest of living Russian composers and one of the greatest living pianists—Sergei Rachmaninoff—plays his own composition "Prelude in G Minor." This is a remarkable performance and an equally remarkable experience to hear this, for the combination of a great composer and a great virtuoso is a rare one—rare enough almost to be counted since the days of Beethoven and Schubert. While listening to this on a Victor Record, one is impressed with the fact that here another noteworthy instance of Victor tone supremacy.

Rachmaninoff plays the prelude as no one else could hope to play it—the "Prelude" is a study in the art of the world by his own fingers, knowing and feeling every note of its intricate and splendid structure.

The "G Minor Prelude" is a fine, rolling, sweeping, majestic style with powerful rhythms, with clangorous, almost fierce returning melodies. The earnest Schumann-Heink adds anything in the works of the "Old Masters" of music. Thunderous, thrilling chords and octaves boom forth with the force of a volley, a cannon on the quick, almost Bolero-like opening theme. Suddenly and unexpectedly, a soft, melodious, purring passage follows which ends in a cadence to drink in the full beauty of the pianist's light, bell-like touch.

Doubtless, the most popular of all American records, is the one by Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home." From its very simplicity—very simplicity in the fact that it is a simple, every turn and phrase, its every syllable and accent is known to almost every living American it has furnished a test of the singing art of Madam Schumann-Heink a thousand times more difficult than could have arisen in some less familiar composition. As one hears this record, the ancient Victor Record, there is not a note of it which does not awake, in some dim alchemy of the past, in some remote memory cell, trains of thought, feeling and emotions, which together constitute the true inward life of the American people. Schumann-Heink sings the old song with a pathos and a subdued intensity of longing that are irresistible.

Zaza—the music-hall singer, a simple-hearted woman beneath her paint and powder, her past jewelry and her cheap magnificence, learns that her lover, Duffrene, has a wife and child. Zaza, in a fit of passion, leaves her home and, meeting the child, her own starved maternal feelings are aroused. She refuses to expose Duffrene and inflict suffering upon the innocent and child. The music of this scene—"Mamma usava di casa." Mother Has Come—is not dramatic. It is pure, it is simple, it is beautiful, high sustained notes, ushered in by the full passionate sweep of violins and violas, there are some equally beautiful soft tones.

Philadelphia Orchestra Plays "Blue Danube Waltz"

The "Blue Danube Waltz" ranks easily as the waltz of waltzes. Popularity as other dances may be today—there was a time not so many years ago, when the whole world seemed to have gone waltz mad. At the height of this time, the beautiful "Blue Danube" was written and it took the world by storm. Its appeal is truly irresistible—something that never can be lost. It is doubtful if anything yet has approached, for sheer beauty and perfection, the present recording, on a new Victor Record, by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Flonazey Quartet this month has chosen a little masterpiece from Tchaikovsky's third concert in E Flat Minor for recording on a new Victor Record. This scherzo is rather more in Eastern style than in pure Russian and richer tone colors were never called for by a string quartet concert and preceded by a quartet organization. The chief theme is vivacious and brilliant; the second theme announced by the violins—being in contrasting style—shades with beautiful languors. The joyous first theme returns, bringing the movement to a rippling close, in which a pizzicato part here and there touches off as a bright gem touches off the colorful folds of some strange Oriental raiment. Those who enjoy listening to each instrument "voice" as a thing apart as well as to the interweaving voices find this number of untold interest in which the harmonies are richly observed.

Mabel Harrison sings that noble old hymn—"Heaven is My Home." On this new Victor Record she sings it with all the inspiration she has given in the past to the difficult, brilliant numbers with which her name has been associated. Her voice is of flute-like purity and her singing exhibits the art of a delicate and beautiful instrument. Some like this, in very truth set loose the hidden springs of life.

Miss Louise Homer, daughter and namesake of Madame Homer, the great contralto, makes her debut as a singer on a new Victor Record.

Miss Homer, unlike her mother, is a soprano, therefore her voice is of a different range. Such is the magic of inheritance, however, that in every note there is an echo of her mother's voice. In composition, this is "The Last Night" by Halfdan Kjerfve—it is a tough one of the two voices, it is her own true counterpart.

Homor

The song is sung on a new Victor Record—almost entirely in close two-part harmony with a background of rich string tone in the orchestra.

"So we feel easier. And then we discover a covered wagon about a quarter of a mile away in a corn field. 'That says Caddo, 'is our last chance to eat a meal in Kansas.' 'So we ride back and when we get close we see a tall lank hairy, weedy leaning against a wagon wheel with his legs crossed.

"Arkansaw man says Caddo to the rest of us, 'Henter from Arkansaw. Hello stranger.' 'Howdy,' says the Arkansaw man and never moved. He didn't even untwist his legs.

"What the show for grub around here?' says Caddo. 'Putty slim,' says Arkansaw. 'I see you have some chickens. I will be glad to buy one,' says Caddo. 'They are not for sale,' says the granger. 'Well, couldn't you get us a bite of something to eat? We will be glad to pay you,' says Shorty. 'I haint runnin' no hotel for cattle-men,' the man says, showing that he had an old grouch of some kind. 'I'll buy a chicken,' says Shorty and grabs the Winchester from under his knee and clicks back the hammer. 'Looky here, you corn cracker,' says Caddo. 'I haint accustomed to speakin' twice to any man on the grub place that my wife is too sick to do any cookin'. She is quite po'ly this mornin'.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?' demands Caddo. 'We are not askin' sick women to cook for us. We can do our own cookin'.' How much for that chicken?' and he pointed out a fat hen. 'I have no chickens for sale, Mister,' he says again quite calm. 'Just then a white faced, scared lookin' woman puts her head out from under the wagon cover and says, 'Oh, Jeff, do let them have a chicken. Don't pay any attention to him, gentlemen. He always feels ornery early in the mornin' I'm not so sick but what I can fry a chicken for you all.' 'Aw, let 'em ride on into Caldwell, Reeny,' says the Arkansaw man. 'They'll get a good appetite by that time.' 'Don't mind him, boys' pleaded the woman. 'Just as soon as I'm dressed I'll git a fire started. You all take you critters up to the well yonder and water 'em and give 'em a feed of green cawn and your breakfast will soon be ready.'

"Caddo took off his hat and so did the rest of us. 'That's sensible talk man,' he says and will pay you well.

"We rode up a little slope to the east about 150 yards to where we see a well and dismounted and loosened the saddle cinches and Shorty and Caddo mugged the windless. Posthole was just reaching for the first bucket of water, when one of the boys yelled, 'Look out, ever'body!'

"We looks back down the hill and there was that cornercracker coming out from behind the wagon with a rifle in his hands. 'Caddo, you believe it?' He began pumping lead at the bunch of us.

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Heats were sore and too full for utterance. Two days later, we came limping up to Red Fork store. Ole Rufe Chapin comes out on the platform and looks at us over his specs. The Darlington stage had just gone down and he had a paper in his hands.

"Well, you are a pretty looking outfit," he says. "I just been reading about you in the Wichita papers. It was a good thing you got out of the state of Kansas when you did. The governor was talking of calling out the militia."

"Don't talk to me about Kansas," says Shorty. "It's a disgrace to the union. Open up some canned fruit, won't you, Chaps, right away!"

GOOD HUNTING FOUND.

KALISPELL, Mont., Aug. 14.—A party of eastern business men has returned from a hunting trip up the south fork of the Flathead river during which they encountered much big game. In the party were W. H. Danforth of St. Louis; his son, Donald; L. H. Stuart of St. Louis; and William R. Compton of New York City. With an experienced guide they succeeded in getting three bears—two brown and one cinnamon. They trapped a huge silver pit, but he got away.

Announcement

Dr. A. H. Aland, formerly practicing in Cleveland, Ohio announces the opening of his offices, 26-27 Lewis building. Practice will be limited strictly to eye, ear, nose and throat.

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Shorty has wire cutters in his pocket so the fence is very long and we ride across a field, a quarter of a mile we run pumb against a small hay stack and Shorty hails and calls a council of war.

"I figure," he says, "the fence about a mile out of Caldwell but I can't tell in what direction."

"Someone says to guide by the north star and go straight south, but Shorty says 'How are we going to get across that creek and not get stuck in the quick sands?' Then he thinks we are just about as safe one place as another and we decide to stay where we are 'till it gets daylight."

"Just then we hear a bunch of men riding fast along a road not far away and we decide to keep quiet."

"We select one man to stand guard over the horses and the rest lie down behind the stack and go right to sleep, being tired from riding all day."

"About midnight we hear a yell that brings us all up standing. And then we see that the whole country is light as day, because the haystack is afire and burning to beat the band."

"The chump on guard, being lone some, had rolled a cigarette and threwed the match down close to the haystack. When he found the stack was on fire he tried to put it out himself and didn't bother us until it was too late.

"That's the great curse of the cigarette habit. It takes so many matches. It's plumb dangerous."

"Well, we left in a hurry zoinz due northwest, Shorty in the lead, cutting barb wire fences right and left. When we looked back we see more than a dozen men riding around that stack so we keep a-going.

"In about an hour we crossed a rail-

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