

No. 107

Published August 1st, 1898.

Vol. XV.



S. S. STEWARTS
BANJO & GUITAR
JOURNAL

NUMBER • FOR • AUGUST • AND • SEPTEMBER • 1898.

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S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

Subscription Price, Fifty Cents a year in advance. Published six times yearly by STEWART & BAUER, 1016 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vol. XV. No. 3. Whole No. 107.

Published August 1st, 1898. Number for August and September, 1898.

PRICE, TEN CENTS

THE GERMANTOWN ACADEMY BANJO CLUB.

WHAT IT HAS BEEN DOING.

It is with pleasure that the JOURNAL presents its readers with a picture of the noted Banjo Club of a Philadelphia suburb. The membership of the Academy Club for this year is the largest that has ever been successfully organized in the school. The instructor, Mr. J. Lloyd Meacham, has obtained a result that is not only a great credit to himself, but to the club and the school also. In October, when the Club was organized, quite a number of its members had never played a banjo before, they did not even possess one, but they immediately purchased THOROUGH-BREDS and Mr. Meacham exercised wonderful skill in bringing the club up to its present perfection. The success of the club is largely owing to two facts, namely: an able instructor and excellent instruments. These, together with the hard and constant practice of the boys, go far towards supplying the place of so-called musical talent. The way in which the club plays show that they have been admirably trained by some one skilled in the art. Instead of the bang and twang which many people associate with the banjo, the club produces exquisite music which delights all hearers, regardless of their prejudices, and which is entirely beyond the conception of those who have not had the pleasure of hearing them. But all this is due to Mr. Meacham, who has carefully thought out suitable music, and has taken considerable pains to develop that important factor, "expression," in



THE GERMANTOWN ACADEMY BANJO CLUB.

club music. Such selections as "Good Roads March," Paul Eno; "La Belle Mazourka," M. Pereni; "Plantation Dance," Paul Eno, and others when played with expression, words cannot do justice to the marvelous effects produced.

The music played by the club this year is exceedingly popular, and every air is followed by hearty applause from the audience. One of the hits being "Rastus Honeymoon March," one of Mr. Meacham's best compositions; in fact the one that has made him famous all over the country. Besides the selections mentioned

above, Mr. Meacham has arranged parts for the club of the "Hero's March," Paul Eno, also "The '98 Medley," which comprises several popular airs, such as "Coal Black Lady," "All Coons," "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," etc. The Medley is nicely performed, and proves a musical gem for the mandolins and guitars. To add a finishing touch to the repertoire of the club, Mr.

Meacham has arranged several patriotic airs to comply with the present condition of our country. Of these, "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" are the hits of the season. The club play them with much enthusiasm, and Mr. Meacham has written an admirable arrangement for each instrument. The mandolin duo in "The Star Spangled Banner," seems to captivate the audience, and as they listen with wrapt attention, they almost fancy they see "Old Glory" waving proudly over the performers.

The JOURNAL and its readers wish long and continued prosperity to the Club.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

MUSICAL PRACTICE.

BY C. S. PATTY.

The study of music, beyond its strong appeal to the sensual side of our nature, is, like algebra, of great assistance to the discipline of the intellect; and in harmony, the master key of music, we find the highest expression of the art of marching hand in hand with the immovable laws of mathematics. The foundation of music is to be found in the heart of nature and the soul of man. It finds its expression in the roar of the ocean, the voice of thunder, the song of birds and the laughter of children. If a plate of glass be sprinkled evenly with sand and a violin held in contact with it while a bow is drawn across the strings, the rhythmic vibrations of the instrument cause the sand to shift into geometrical forms and with every change of tone or chord the pattern changes as the particles of sand, in obedience to the mysterious laws of music, form circles, squares and zig zag lines that go far to explain the beautiful divergent forms of the snow flake. The melodic progression of the major scale with its seven tones and recurring octave note finds its counterpart in colors which progress through red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet to the octave red. If we take the first, third and fifth of this scale of colors, we find red, yellow and blue the tonic chord of the visual world as we see it in the rainbow, the most beautiful object in nature, and a sign of the harmony that exists from the atom to the planet. When we consider the mighty influence of music on the progress of the human race, is it strange that even before the dawn of history the primitive man sought by artificial means to wrest, as it were, the magic wand of music from the hands of nature? The Egyptians believed that Hermes, the God of Art and Science, picked up the shell of a turtle and fitted it with strings, made from the intestines of the sheep, thus bringing to the hearthstones of men the music that was thenceforth to add joy to their brightest, and solace to their darkest hours. In the palmy days of Greece, when the great object of life was a sound mind in a sound body, her master minds gave to the gentle art of music an honored place. Plato tells us how Socrates, the wise philosopher, took pleasure and found profit, in a loftier sense than we understand it, in studying the flute and setting aside a portion of his scanty means to pay for music lessons.

Coming down from ancient times to the present, we find music still assiduously cultivated as an art, and studied as a science. The old and well-known instruments are as great favorites as ever they were, while we have recently made the acquaintance of a number of old world favorites, such as the mandolin, lute and zither, which were but a few years ago practically unknown in the western states of America. One instrument at least, the banjo, has been evolved and perfected by the Americans, and finds its greatest masters among our own people. The banjo playing of Farland is the acme of

virtuosity, from the classic gems of the masters to the folk songs of our native land. We have listened with wonder which changed to astonishment, we might almost say awe, as he swept triumphantly through a programme that might have defied the genius of a Paganini. Not only in the production of great artists and composers has our country held its own, but also in the manufacture of musical instruments does the American artisan stand foremost and alone. It was an American who made a copy of a Stradivarius so perfect in tone, and marks of age, that the most practised connoisseur could not tell the copy from the original. It was an American who first perfected the harp and is leading the world in the manufacture of that instrument to-day. I heard a Thoroughbred mandolin costing twenty-five dollars played in competition with a fifty dollar instrument of Italian make and the American instrument received the award of superiority both in tone and finish without a dissenting voice. I have sat in a large opera house and listened to the wonderful toned banjo owned by Farland, and every note of this splendid instrument could be plainly heard even to the most delicate tremolo passages, while the stronger passages had the resonance of a piano-forte. All of these facts speak well for the musical progress of our people, and had we the encouragement accorded by the French to music as well as art, and the studious persistence of the Teutonic race, to what height might we not aspire? But the American lacks the patient plodding nature that has placed the German in the forefront of musical science. Music when divested of the glamour of romance, and the tinsel of sentiment, will be found, like other arts, to rest upon well defined natural laws, and I will say to my brethren of the banjo, guitar and mandolin that while, if normal, we are all born with ten fingers, yet it remains for us to say if our fingers shall remain an awkward squad, or become a well disciplined company able to conquer all the difficulties of our favorite instrument.

Let us look at the practice of music from a purely physical standpoint. Men who seek distinction in athletic competition must place themselves in the care of a trainer who is a scientific specialist. If you seek fame as a sprint runner, the muscles of the legs must be cultivated, a boxer must cultivate a different set of muscles, while to prepare yourself for heavy weight lifting would unfit you for either running or boxing. Let us apply the theories of the scientific trainer of athletes to the development and discipline of the fingers. All muscular action is attended with a destruction of the tissues of the muscle used, but Nature, ever on the watch, immediately replaces the lost tissues from the blood, and if the depletion is caused by long continued and unusual exertion, Nature not only replaces the lost tissues but adds more, thus strengthening the exhausted part for future contingencies. Thus if we take a small dumb bell in the hand and manipulate it by holding at arm's length, raising and lowering it from the shoulder till the arm aches with the labor, we know the pain felt is caused by the flow of blood flying to the assistance of the ex-

hausted member to inflate and strengthen the muscles, which are thereby increased in size; but if the exercise is permanently discontinued the muscle will in three days shrink to its former size. On the other hand, if the exercise is continued daily the increase of size and strength will be permanent. The same rule applies to finger exercises. If the fingers are taken one at a time and worked until they ache, they gain not only in strength but in endurance, and every day you practice in this manner it will take longer to bring the muscles of your fingers to the aching point, while your technic will be enormously increased. To the mandolin student I would recommend a daily practice of the "study to prepare for the trill," in Cristoforos Mandolin Method, also the lesson on the little trill and the twelve finger exercises in the same work. (Vol. II.) The success of a banjo or mandolin club depends upon individual more than upon ensemble practice, and if you come to your club practice fully equipped for your part, you will find very little difficulty in following the interpretation of your director no matter how difficult the selection may be.

From a merely physical aspect of music we pass to the intellectual aspect, and find little difference in the point of view; we are again confronted with hard labor and made to realize the truth of the axiom, that there is "no royal road to music." The hard working pupil who seeks a good teacher, and follows his instructions implicitly till the splendidly disciplined fingers fly to do the bidding of the controlling mind, will still succeed, while the one who howls for a "piece" after the first lesson, takes "The Niggervill Dance Abdominal" next week, and appears at a concert at Slabtown immediately after to spring that musical horror upon an unsuspecting public, will fail miserably, and inflict tortures that will make a state of future punishment entirely superfluous. How often I have seen the fruits of months of diligent practice destroyed, and a promising musical future blasted by the unconquerable desire of a pupil to master a few villainous compositions, the infliction of which upon the auditory nerve would make a case of Katzenjammer by comparison seem like an etherial dream.

The hardest task of the music teacher and the most thankless is to guard the pupil against this popular form of musical degeneracy. The sneering remark that the teacher is "nursing his job" by keeping his pupils on scale studies, study of the positions and finger exercises often has the effect of driving the teacher into giving the pupil pieces against his judgment and wishes. There are a few nickel pinching parvenues in every community, who, having made big money by judicious investment in their friend and prototype—the American hog, assume that every music teacher is actuated by a frantic desire to lay violent hands on their pocket-books, and to achieve affluence, if not fame, by giving their children lessons at fifty cents per lesson. Strange as it may seem, a man may receive these vast sums for teaching for several years without becoming a dangerous rival of the Rothschilds, or a standing menace to the money centres of the world.

With the advent of a higher civilization music will receive the recognition it deserves as an inexhaustable art, an unfathomable science. The conscientious teacher will meet with higher approval than the man who can wreck a whole city with one discharge of a new explosive. I long to see, not from merely selfish motives, a greater appreciation of the teacher of small instruments. I would wish to see the mandolin studied seriously as in France and Italy. The Royal Circolo Mandolinista Regina Margherita, the great mandolin club of the Queen of Italy, is comprised of seventy musicians; prominent among its members stand such men as Bizzani, Bianchi, Matini, Munier, Bellenghi and Graziani—Walter, names renowned wherever the mandolin is played. With such men to advise, to direct and compose, is it strange that this club is the greatest in the world? But the great success of this club should encourage rather than dishearten the student of the mandolin. When you listen to a great soloist, study his strong points, but also search with far greater diligence for your own weak points. If the fourth finger of your left hand remains weak and idle while the third and weakest of your fingers does its own work and the work that should fall to the fourth, set to work on the fourth finger at once, and work it to the aching point twice a day. If your scale passages are uneven and hard to play, work diligently until you can execute them smoothly and easily. Practice your chromatic scale regularly. You may not need it often, but when you do it is like the revolver in the wild and woolly West, you need it badly. If you are ambitious, practice the scale in thirds and octaves, study the second third, fourth, fifth and sixth positions until you can transpose your pieces to 8 va. at sight, or read any of the above positions as easily as the first. Get a good teacher to interpret the book. Don't buy "Dinky's Ten Cent Mandolin Guide," or "Noodle's Banjo without Brains or Teacher," or seek for a teacher who guarantees a piece every lesson. Get the best and you will save money; and above all, remember no man, however great his genius, ever became a great musician without undergoing the plodding apprenticeship of the pupil with its dry studies of scales and finger exercises, which are the only possible foundations for the achievement of success in the art of music.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

The songs of Wales have undoubtedly derived many of their most pleasing characteristics from the influence of the harp, which is the national instrument of the country. The three indispensable possessions of a Cambrian gentleman in the early days were a harp, a clock and a chess board. Slaves were not permitted to learn the harp lest they should pretend to be gentlemen. The ancient Welsh harp had but a single row of strings, the flats and sharps being produced by a peculiar movement of the thumb and finger, a device which seems to be no longer known.

PRO AND CON.

A musical critic has said, among other things: "In ages past, when the church monopolized all the knowledge and all the arts, music was imprisoned in ecclesiastical plainsong, but side by side arose a people's song, originating in the troubadours and minstrels. A curious parallel existed in our own time. The music of the million owed little to the work of the cultivated composer. It was derived from the music hall, though it was evanescent as regarded each individual item. The supply was incessant in its copiousness. We have lost the masses; the work of the artist is ever growing more complex and esoteric, and only to be appreciated by the few who can give a lifetime to its study. The noises incidental to our civilization are making the world deaf; hence the gigantic orchestras, choruses and organs. The musician is reverting to the academic, and the graduate's exercise is supplanting the melodies that entered into the hearts of nations, and made them strong in life as in song."

Another authority disagrees with the foregoing and writes: "If these views were right the future of music would be anything but promising. What is meant by the masses? People should be divided, so far as music is concerned, into those who have a musical ear and those who have not. Then these can be subdivided into those who have the temperament that will be fond of what may be called high class music, and those who have no soul above the variety hall song; an ear for music, as it is called, is common and necessary to both classes. But the music hall appeals to aristocrat and plebeian alike; to the masses and to the classes; just as high class music does. Wagner's music is the most complex of modern times, and appeals to the masses more than that of any other composed. It is a mistake to suppose that because music is complex on paper and difficult to analyze, that it therefore cannot be grasped unless one has a knowledge of those complexities. People do not listen to music in that way. In fact that is one good thing in modern music; it is so complex that the intellectual musician is baffled and has to listen emotionally in spite of himself. "Musical ear" seems an absurd term. It does not seem to be generally known that unless a man is absolutely deformed in his aural organs there is no such difference between the structure of his ears and those of any other man as would account for one being capable and the other incapable of grasping music. It is really a question of the power of ideating musical sound. To some men it means nothing, sets no nerve centres vibrating, although the actual sound is heard perfectly clear. The brain is absolutely incapable of grasping music, just as some brains are quite incapable of grasping color, although so long as the state of the eyes is normal the colors is seen. Other brains, again, cannot grasp a poetical idea, or even an ethical idea. They understand it, but do not grasp it—cannot ideate it; consequently it set no nerves at work and there is no feeling. The kind of brain that can ideate music is not by any means rare, and

therefore the future for music is not hopeless. The problem is, "How to bring good music within the reach of all."

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL

CHOOSING AN INSTRUMENT.

BY CHAS. J. ROCKWELL

To a person desirous of engaging in the study of music, the first thing of any moment which presents itself for consideration is the choice of an instrument; in other words, what instrument shall his study be devoted to? In many cases, however, this question is predecided, as for instance, where the student wishes to join an already organized band or orchestra of some sort. In this case he must take up, temporarily, at least, that instrument which may happen to be idle.

But where the study of music is taken up for the purpose only of adding a new accomplishment, or for the purpose of lifelong study, and as a means of possible bread-winning, it is best to be greatly careful, and choose with the very best of care that particular variety of instrument which seems best fitted to the student's own characteristic peculiarities. Thus, for example, many incline toward the wind instruments, yet are undecided between the wood winds and the brass. In this dilemma let the physical part of the student decide. Has he free use of all his fingers? Has he defective teeth? If so, he had best employ his study upon the wood winds, either clarinet, flute or saxophone. But if the teeth be good or poor, and he has not equal and free use of all his fingers, right as well as left, he had best adopt the brass wind family of instruments as subjects for his study.

Again, however, the student's taste may incline toward the string family. Shall he then study the violin, violoncello, or any other member of the bow tribe; or shall he attempt the mastery of the harp or any of its kindred, as the mandolin, banjo or guitar? In the determination of a question of this kind the sole test is whether the student possesses a good or correct ear for music. If not, he had best adopt a fixed toned instrument, or if he insist upon a stringed instrument, essay the mastery of a member of the family possessing a fretted fingerboard.

In conclusion, no matter what the instrument of your choice, love and study chance to be, obtain the best knowledge possible of it in all its relations. If at all practicable add also a knowledge of the piano. It will give fulness and breadth to your thoughts and ideas, and in a mechanical way benefit you by cultivating a wonderful flexibility of the fingers. Further than this it aids in cultivating a correct and sensitive ear in the matter of intervals and intonation. Study well your own peculiarities before you choose your instrument, and then buy the very best you can.

There are no defined rules of how to produce effect with music.

STUDENTS' POINTERS

[These columns are devoted to short paragraphs of original and compiled notes, facts and advice helpful to music students. Contributions will be welcomed.]

Musicians are unknowingly liable to become somewhat inhuman, and many deserve the accusation, for they will speak of the art of music with enthusiasm, of its science with loving interest, and yet will eliminate all elements of humanity from their criticism and judgment; so that there is no interest for them in the art except as art, and a medium for expression of abstract emotion.

To be thought clever is the popular disease.

A thinker has defined the characteristics of the Great Composers and their music in the following manner :

BACH	Solidity
HANDEL	Nobility
SCARLATTI	Elegance
MOZART	Sweetness
BEETHOVEN	Manliness
HAYDN	Cheerfulness
MENDELSSOHN	Consistency
SCHUBERT	Purity
SCHUMANN	Intellect
CHOPIN	Sentimentality
GREIG	Independence

Wagner has yet to be classified.

The systems of musical education which make the least stir are frequently the most comprehensive and valuable. It is a great mistake for young musicians to commence with the notion that they must acquire a load of theories before they can become proficient performers on an instrument. The various books on harmony, and systems of harmony since many authors endeavor to be mysterious, would so confuse the student that the time wasted in attempting to unravel the "clever" writers' meanings might be profitably spent in learning the fingering of an instrument. The study of any branch of music theory is not to be discouraged, but amateurs will do well to seek the advice of teachers possessing sound judgment prior to essaying theory study, and assure themselves of an aptitude, else their efforts leave no pleasurable mark. The tons of so called musical compositions published annually testify of misdirected energy.

The crowd is impressed by its own numbers, is moved by a hysterical sympathy with its own components, and may go as far wrong as right is from left; truth is reached, not by hysteria, but by logic and reason; what is popular is oft a fallacy.

Individual practice develops technical skill, but only collective playing develops accurate appreciation of tune, time and tone. One month's duett, trio or quartette playing will quicken perception as one year's individual practice could not do. And trio or quartette playing is better schooling than orchestra practise.

One of the strangest points of the musical profession is that one of its principal effects is the raising up of possible, probable and even certain competitors against itself; by the fact of its being the principal business of the majority of its professors to teach and train amateurs to be as clever as themselves. Were the object of the study and practise of music among many of these amateur pupils the mere exercise of their skill for the benefit of themselves and their friends, all would be well. But with a certain class it is almost as often as not due to a very different motive, and undertaken with a widely different aim. The payment of fees for lessons is regarded by many as an investment of so much capital which it is hoped and believed will yield a corresponding return at some future time, and it consequently often turns out that a professor after having done his best with a clever pupil, finds to his dismay that he has succeeded only too well; and that instead of his pupil being simply an example of the efficacy of his method of training and an instance to be quoted in making terms with new pupils, he is a source of no small anxiety to him; and the master who has spent such pains in "finishing" him, becomes a sufferer instead of the gainer, and the pupil possesses every chance of "finishing" the master in a widely different sense.

[The following paragraphs are some of the bright and pointed utterances by speakers at the recent M. T. N. A. Convention.—Ed.]

"The imagination of children needs to be stimulated by hearing good music and plenty of it, whereas few children hear anything more exhilarating than their own stumbling attempts at practicing. It is absurd to expect a musical generation to grow up without environment."

"A taste for music should be cultivated as much as a taste for pictures. Just as an uneducated eye is more pleased by a gaudy lithograph than by the works of the old masters, so a great deal of modern music succeeds by dint of its sheer blatancy."

"The tremendous power of rhythm cannot be overestimated. The reed flute of the dancing dervish musician, whose persistent repetition of the same, furnishes the incentive that keeps the dervishes at their weird dance. Rhythm is not only inherent in poetry, but in prose as well."

"The profession should encourage its work in every possible way. The spirit of commercialism has made itself felt in the reluctance of parents to permit talented sons to go into music as a profession, and caused prospective students too often to look upon it as a means of making money. Teachers should set their faces against this feeling, and do everything possible to bring the public to a higher appreciation of the art, and particularly the profession of singing. American pupils are intelligent and quick of perception. They lack, however, seriousness in their views of study. They too often choose teachers, without common sense or discrimination. They find it hard to la-

bor and to wait, and are not willing to subordinate themselves to their instruction. Teachers should preserve the dignity of their office and not pander to the notions of their pupils, and thus secure obedience and respect. The unfortunate habit of so many American students of changing teachers is a hindrance to good work on the part of the pupils, and does a grievous injustice to the teachers. Its cause can be found mainly in the presence of an inordinate conceit in the pupil. Teachers are, however, sometimes to blame in bringing about this state of affairs by publicly criticising other teacher's work. A persistent effort should be made to educate parents and pupils to look upon the choice of a teacher as a serious matter, and to discountenance frequent changes of instructors."

"All agree that the first object in view should be to create and cultivate in the child a true love for music; to develop first the emotional faculties, then the perceptive, both of which precede the development of the reasoning faculties; and last, but not least, to stimulate patriotism and a love for our country, which will go far toward making our children good and loyal citizens. The speaking voice should by no means be neglected, otherwise the singing voice must remain more or less deficient. The course to be pursued, according to logical and pedagogical principles, is: Speech first, then the signs of speech; tones first, then the signs of tones; songs first, then the signs of songs; scale first, then the signs of the scale. Example, then precept: in other words, the thing before the sign of the thing."

"There is such a thing as folksong in America; the most characteristic feature of that kind of music being the tunes and melodies adopted by the slaves. These melodies were not imitated from the whites, but their general form proved that the character, rhythm and melodic element came from Africa and formulated in America under impulses that were purely American, and, therefore, under the broad idea that anything which had been in America for some time was American, they were fully entitled to be called a product of this country. The character of the Afro-American songs indicated the nature of the slaves' surroundings. The plaintive wail could not but come as a consequence of their sufferings, or, at least, of the knowledge that they were not free."

"Every year the American people are devoting increased attention to the cultivation of the fine arts: and, while in literature, sculpture and painting we are keeping with the rest of the world, in music a school of composition is now being created, whose technique is perfect and whose dreamy enchantments are strong enough to lead the soul of the hearer far away from the clamorous conflicts of business, and stern realities of life, into those mystic places that are built of human imaginings, of the light that never was on land or sea, the consecration and the poet's dream."



A. A. FARLAND,
The Banjo Virtuoso.

As might be expected, this truly great artist has been delighting the people of every place visited on his tour. Few are the performers who leaped to the front rank of fame so deservedly as Mr. Farland. It is universally conceded by those who have heard and seen him play, that they had no idea, until then, of the capabilities of the banjo, so fully does his playing exceed all expectations. The good folk, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were enthusiastic over his visit there, and what they thought is described in the *Evening Gazette*, of that city.

A RARE TREAT.

**Marvelous Music by the Banjo Virtuoso
Alfred Farland.**

The music lovers of Cedar Rapids, who were not at the Y. M. C. A. missed one of the finest and most remarkable musical treats ever given here. Mr. Alfred A. Farland, the banjo virtuoso, is all that the most extravagant advertising can claim for him. His playing was wonderful in its skill, and marvelous for its sweetness and beauty. That apparently simple and unpretending instrument, the banjo, usually associated with accompaniments and lively strumming, was made to give forth strains of the finest and sweetest music. For some of his encores Mr. Farland played the best of characteristic banjo music, thus rendering a great variety. Hauser's Wiegeliied (cradle song), Schubert's Serenade, Paderewski's Minuet, Chopin's Nocturne No. 2 were played with all the perfection of finish and expression possible to a violin. Mr. Farland is also a meritorious composer and his variations on "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Auld Lang Syne" were charming. Every number was received with the utmost enthusiasm by a moderate sized audience which tried to express its keen appreciation of the performance of an unequalled artist.

The recital was given under the auspices of Nicholson's Mandolin and Guitar club, the members of which played several excellent numbers which were heard with great pleasure.

The vocal part of the program was furnished by Mrs. Frank R. Watson, a singer who has been in Cedar Rapids only two months. Mrs. Watson received her culture in the Boston Conservatory and in London, and her voice is very pleasing with a very distinct enunciation. She sang "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," by Bishop and for an encore gave "Babette and Pierrot." Altogether the entertainment was delightful and

one of the very best of this season. Musicians present expressed much greater enjoyment of Mr. Farland's matchless playing than that of Ysaye.

Mr. Farland is booked for Chautauqua and Boulder, Col. on August 8, 9 and 10.

DISESTABLISHMENT.

From the eagerness for correctness of form sprang those miles of classical works which, having nothing but their form to recommend them, became a weariness of the flesh to the ordinary listener. Beethoven was the first great composer who resented the rigid conventions of form, and who, by giving rein to his splendid imagination so extended the scope of the Sonata and Rondo forms as to make it difficult to trace the original models. Some men delighted in neatness of design, some in ardent expression, some in ingenuity, and some in display. All types found their exponents. Schubert left many beautiful little movements in very characteristic vein. Field made an important mark with his Nocturne, and Mendelssohn came very prominently before the world in a similar line with his *Leider*. Of a conspicuously different type were the wild theories of a certain group of enthusiasts, whose eagerness to solve artistic problems was in excess of their hold upon the possibilities and resources of art. They sought to develop a new line of art by the use of clearly marked musical figures, which were to be presented in an endless variety of guises in accordance with some supposed programme. It was this programme that was the chief source of disregard of form. It so happened that the root theory of working up figures and bits of tune into programme movements adapted itself well to the requirements of display. By the side of this school of virtuoso, and in touch with it, the spirit of Chopin had laid a spell on musical people all the world over, and had colored a singularly wide range of musical activity to all countries. With most of the players, composers who cultivated virtuoso effects, the brilliant passages were purely mechanical and had little relation to the musical matter in hand. Chopin's largest works in original poems were the Ballads, and they were as unlike Sonatas as any. The whole collection of his works was an illustration of the wide spread of possible variety which the new departure in the direction of expression, after the formal age, made inevitable. Utterly different as was the nature of Schumann, his work in general tended in the same direction, and, as it were, filled up the other half of the circle which Chopin left comparatively vacant. He saw from the first that something different from Sonatas was wanted. Liszt was another of the romantic school, whose general bias was towards the breaking down of the rigid lines of form. Great as had been the influence of Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Chopin and Schumann, it was eclipsed in this disestablishment by Wagner, who formulated theories which astounded musicians.

If we are calm or deliberate enough to be just, we are almost sure to be indifferent.

PRAISE FOR THE JOURNAL.

E. H. FREY, the well-known composer and teacher, of Lima, Ohio, writes under date of June 8th, as follows: "Permit me to compliment you on your last issue, or rather your first issue of the JOURNAL, No. 106. Without a doubt it is one of the best numbers. The guitar arrangement by C. F. Elzeir Fiset is good, and if any guitar player is in doubt about the 'Meditation' being a beautiful piece for guitar, let him get some good guitarist to play it, and be convinced. With Mr. Paul Eno at your side they will all have to take off their hats to you. Wishing you success."

E. G. MINER, Topeka, Kan., in renewing his subscription to the BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL, writes: "Postal received, notifying me of the expiration of subscription to the JOURNAL, with No. 105. Of course I want to renew; can't do without it. Enclosed find fifty cents. Good luck to the firm. May you live long and flourish like a green bay tree."

O. R. BABBITT, of Dighton, Mass., an old subscriber to the BANJO AND GUITAR, in renewing his subscription under date of June 6th, last, writes as follows: "I am very sorry to hear friend Stewart has passed away so young, and useful in the banjo world; we shall miss him very much. He has done his work well and faithfully, and has turned out more fine instruments and instructive literature than any other man on earth—an honest man, a genius and a gentleman. I sympathize with you and his family in your great loss. I have been a subscriber to the JOURNAL for the past ten years, and like it so well you can depend on me for a permanent subscriber. So long as you can afford to do so well for the American banjo players, we certainly should cheerfully renew our subscriptions. Of course we shall miss Mr. Stewart's personality in the future JOURNALS, but I trust you will continue its publication. Do the best you can for us, and I for one will be pleased and satisfied. With best wishes for your success."

LEROY C. SHOLLENBERGER, Pottsville, Pa., in renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, under date of June 23d, last, writes as follows: "Enclosed please find fifty cents for the renewal of my subscription for the JOURNAL. I cannot do without it."

J. B. CROOKSTON, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, writes: "Please renew my subscription to the JOURNAL, which is very interesting. Some of the banjo selections are very catchy, especially Armstrong's, Eno's and Heller's."

JOHN F. BURGIN, Patterson, N. J., wrote under date of June 18th, last: "JOURNAL came duly to hand, and I am much pleased with same; selections and reading matter are all O. K."

Some Other Lost Chords

BY CYRIL DALLAS

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For aught I know, critical recorders may have accorded in their speculations upon the construction of "The Lost Chord," and lest it be imagined I am going to attempt the formulating of one or more new specifications from a desire to re-open the question, I will say at the outset that the following is simply a record of missed cords, chords and concords. Accordingly:

To close a successful opera season in Pietermaritzburg—Sleepy Hollow—we were billed to play *Falka*, by "special request," one Wednesday evening in September 188-, and just before beginning rehearsal in the morning, a gentleman in riding costume entered the box office, announced himself as Mr. Clifford Webb of Blokfontein, and inquired for me.

"You desire to see the plan?" I asked.

"No, I have ridden over to the city for quite another matter. Our village folk have gotten up a fancy dress ball in honor of and as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. James Fenwick and family, who leave early next month for Europe and may not return to reside amongst us again. Of course you know the Fenwicks."

"I don't."

"Indeed! Mr. Fenwick is a very popular man, and has done much to improve Blokfontein. His wife also is very generous, and naturally we wish to show a mark of appreciation at this time."

"And?" said I wonderingly.

"I am M. C. for the ball. The committee is anxious for the success of the event, by having the very best music; and we require a first class string orchestra. No reeds, brass or piano. It is on this account I am here this morning, and we shall feel honored if you can come over and bring the strings of your splendid orchestra. Already the ladies are greatly elated at the thought of your visit. We have an excellent trio in the village, consisting of a banjo, mandolin and guitar, and they will be quite an acquisition to the orchestra. They are three college young men out here on a visit. Now, a 'bus will be provided to carry your party to Blokfontein, and first-class accommodation furnished at the hotel. My wife and I will be glad to have you, yourself, accept of our hospitality. The committee propose paying each of your men two pounds clear of all expenses, and of course expect a bill for your own services. Whatever it is will be paid. We want you to come and that is the truth, Mr. Wyatt."

"When does the event happen?"

"To-morrow night."

"That is very short notice; and where is Blokfontein?"

"Thirty-three miles west from here."

"Then I am afraid—"

"We know we ask much of you, but your kindness to oblige your admirers is proverbial."

"That's all right! I have made it a rule in the past to accede to similar requests when in my power, but on this occasion—"

"You will not depart from the path of generosity?"

"Eh!"

"You know there is no orchestra in this town, and the officers have refused to allow bandsmen to accept outside engagements, and—"

"Mr. Webb. We have to board the steamer at Port Natal for Capetown on Sunday morning very early, and therefore, if I grant your wish, my time will be much broken into for clearing up business, and seeing the members of my company, together with scenery and baggage are ready to embark."

"And we knowing that, will appreciate your coming all the more, and strive to make everything pleasant. It would be a great disappointment to everybody if my visit here proved fruitless. You can easily be back again in the city by noon on Friday."

"Oh well, I'll admit I intended to rest on Thursday, and as a—well, we'll come."

"Thanks muchly! I advise you set out early to-morrow, say ten o'clock. Journey leisurely, so as to arrive before sundown. I will be on the lookout and meet you."

"We shall be on time."

"I will see about the Orient Hotel 'bus at once, and arrange for it being placed at your disposal. Good morning, and many thanks. By the way, the number of your party will be—?"

"Seven. Two first violins, two seconds, viola, violincello and bass."

"Excellent! Good bye for the present! I hope you will have a good house to-night."

* * * * *

At about 10 a. m. on Thursday the selected orchestra members and myself, set out in the 'bus drawn by four mules, and driven by a huge strapping Hottentot answering to the name of "Touwerk." Doubtless this cognomen had been bestowed upon him by reason of his remarkable muscularity. In plain English, his name was "Cordage." The "boys" occupied the inside seats, and I the box next the driver. Cases containing 'cello and bass were lashed on the rooftop. The day was hot and dry, being near opening of the wet season, and the roads were in an execrable state. Road is a misnomer, for they were but beaten tracks over treeless stretches of *veldt* and hill ranges. We changed mules at the half way house near Umquibela's *kraal*, and after leaving there we crossed two rivers, in the stone beds of which our vehicle stuck, necessitating the getting out of all hands to assist in extricating the wheels. While running full speed down a steep hill, an axle cap dropped, the pin flew out and a large hind wheel rolled off, causing a sudden halt. As a result of the shock, McKay—the bass player—lost two of his front teeth, the viola player broke his spectacles, the celloist swallowed his cigar stump, a second violinist injured his watch, and I was shot on terra firma to rise with the sensations of a dislocated shoulder. The rope holding the bass case broke, and then McKay discovered a weak jute tent line had been substituted for the flax cord he gave the hostler. Not an inch of cord or rope was to be found in the 'bus, so McKay perforce

repaired the broken line with his only spare first string. Half an hour elapsed before the pin was found and we were ready to continue the journey. When a mile or so more was traversed, two bit straps gave way, and fiddle strings were called for to repair the damage. Later, a collar strap broke and the 'celloist grumblingly handed out his only extra third string. Following this Touwerk lost his whiplash. One of my A strings went the way of the rest. Strange we never once thought of our bootlaces. The journey was a chapter of accidents, a discord promoter, proved by our mental and bodily condition on arrival in Blokfontein. We had had a real shake-up; bodies were bruised, bones sore, tempers disordered and we looked as though having gambolled in a red sand dust pit. I never remembered a more uncomfortable journey, and could not look forward to the return trip with even a slight degree of pleasure, unless rain fell.

Blokfontein was like the ordinary Natal up-country towns. It consisted of about two and three score buildings of sun-dried brick, wood and iron; scattered here and there alongside the wide beaten track leading to the Orange Free State and Pondoland. There were two branch general stores of Durban merchants, a bank, post and telegraph office, a Dutch apothecary, blacksmith and carpenter shops, several Arab stores, a chapel and an hotel. All were one-storied structures possessing not a trace of architectural beauty, and the residences in and around were uninviting. The hall stood off the road in a low bush cluster. A crowd of villagers, whites, Asiatics and Kaffirs gathered on the road as we drew up at the hotel. Mr. Webb was on the *stoep*, and he immediately came forward to greet me. He was very polite and solicitous for our comfort, and therefore I refrained from remarking about the journey. We retired to a parlor while the "boys" refreshed themselves in the dining room. In a while Mr. Webb suggested going over to the hall to ascertain if the arrangements were satisfactory to us. A platform had been erected for the orchestra, and if any alterations were necessary he thought it as well to have them done now, before the workmen left the building. Agreeing with the proposal, I summoned the "boys" to bring their instruments and stands. The 'cello and bass cases had already been carried to the hall by the hotel Kaffirs.

A ten minutes' walk brought us to the building, a plain square brick structure, chiefly used for exhibitions of agricultural produce. The interior looked charming with the tasteful decorations of draperies, tropical plants and flower festoons. The platform was roomy, located at the west end in a recess, at a height of about six feet from the floor; anterooms were on each side of the main entrance at the opposite end. For acoustic reasons I told the "boys" we would try over a waltz strain, and then I became aware that McKay was not with us. McKay ever caused me more petty annoyances than any member of the company. His dilatoriness was proverbial, even before I first met him in Kimberley. Nevertheless he was an excellent musician, in fact a better

theoretician would be difficult to find among orchestras, and for this reason I made him librarian, and frequently gave him an opera to score. He was the butt of ridicule for all that knew him, and as he failed not to accept it good naturedly, many of the jokers set him down as a fool. Assuredly his philosophy was lost upon them. When our instruments were tuned, the culprit dawdled in. However, the playing over of a waltz convinced me the architect had had his weather ear open, and so I pronounced everything satisfactory. Instruments were replaced in cases and left on the platform, the "boys" returning to the hotel, while I proceeded with Mr. Webb to his bungalow, his *umfaan* (Kaffir boy) carrying my valise. The domicile was a quarter hour's walk distant from the hall, situated on the roadside, and as we entered the gate-path I observed McKay slowly trudging hotelwards with head enveloped in tobacco smoke and hands thrust deep in trouser pockets.

I found Mrs. Webb a charming lady, and the dinner sumptuous. Conversation flowed on numbers of subjects, and soon was I convinced that my new friends were liberal minded and more qualified to advance opinions upon musical matters than lots of people in art centres who pose as authorities and critics.

When eight o'clock arrived, we three wended our way to the hall. Mr. Webb was attired as a troubadour and his wife in the old time Greek costume. They made a charming pair. The assembly already gathered was large, and the event promised to occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of Blokfontein. The "boys" congregated in an anteroom to wait till I should conduct them to the platform at 8.25 according to instructions, and with them, was the trio of young gentlemen. Gentlemen they were, and their answers to a few leading questions that I put assured me their playing would add brilliancy to the orchestra. They, however, informed me that Mr. Webb had forgotten to purchase the music strings they had commissioned him to obtain in Pietermaritzburg; they had none but those on their instruments, and hoped for no breakages. The "boys" had already informed them of our own shortage.

I was introduced to several elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who expressed great pleasure at the prospect of unusually good music, but apart from their dresses, I found little to admire about the various personages, they were so very commonplace. Prior to proceeding to the anteroom I met Mr. and Mrs. James Fenwick and family, who drove up in a fashionable brougham. They were gorgeously attired, and she was resplendent with diamonds. The instant my eyes met those of the millionaire, I fancied it was not for the first time. Those small dark eyes, thin sinister lips and pug nose were familiar, but I could not place them with a clean shaven face. The man was all urbanity, yet I felt an inward mistrust, and that he was unworthy of the adulation showered upon him. Mrs. Fenwick was a dark woman of medium stature, all muscle and sinew. Her forehead was unusually high, and her small featured face indicated

extreme capriciousness, violent temper, self will, conceit, and a capacity for vulgar aggressive scheming. She was a woman without soul, and vain enough to imagine her bland smiles were all sufficient to avert any suspicion and conception of her real character. A woman whose over confidence in her own powers, and supposed knowledge of human nature, would, if unchecked by her husband, lead them both to a disastrous goal. Such was my judgment. As for the two children, a girl of sixteen and a boy of fourteen, they impressed me as not being over-endowed with even the beginnings of intellect. However, it was none of my business, so bowing to the adored of Blokfontein, I turned away, hastened for the "boys," and led them to their places.

McKay handed out the music folios while we opened our cases, and upon uncovering my instrument I perceived it to be minus the strings, except the wired fourth. Not an inch of gut string hung to the pegs or tail piece, and the case pockets were empty. Puzzled, I gazed around at the "boys." They each held up their violins that I might see that they were in the same fix as myself.

"Some idiot has played us a trick," declared the 'celloist. "The wired fourth is the only string I have got."

"And I! and I!" came a chorus.

"I ain't 'gut' a one!" exclaimed McKay, "they're all gone, all three!"

The "boys" began to laugh, and so did the trio, but I, feeling annoyed, told them to be quiet, and beckoning to Mr. Webb, informed him of our inability to commence the music.

"This is serious," said he, "an unpardonable liberty on the part of some practical joker, and it must be investigated," and so saying he mounted the platform and addressed the dancers:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I much regret to say a most unwarrantable liberty has been exercised by some mischievous person or persons whose identity *must* be traced. The instruments of our friends, the musicians, have been tampered with, the strings purloined, thus rendering the performance of the music impossible unless fresh supplies can be obtained. Unfortunately we have no music house in the town, but if among any of you present there are devotees of the violin and have strings at home, I beg you to send for them at once. Mr. Wyatt desires a piano, and therefore I request Mr. Dawson (his home being the nearest) will allow his piano to be brought here."

"Certainly!" cried Mr. Dawson from the far end of the hall. "I will see about it myself."

"Thank you! Let me add, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Wyatt is much chagrined at this unlooked for annoyance, and it behooves us to exert ourselves to the utmost to repair the stain upon the *morale* of our town."

Mr. Webb concluded his speech amid cries of "hear, hear," and then was witnessed an excited stir of the dancers. Many came forward to the platform edge and whilst commiserating were amused at our helpless condition. Two young ladies inquiring of

what we specifically needed, rushed off home for their violin cases, and a gentleman claiming to have a cello also left to fetch his strings.

In less than twenty minutes we were adequately supplied for four violins and the cello. To fix up the viola and bass was impossible. A gang of singing Kaffirs then brought in the cottage piano on their shoulders. I was in no mood to play violin or piano, so instructing the viola player to be seated at the piano, I informed Mr. Webb, that after the opening waltz, the music would be in charge of the first violinist. My men were amused and could perform; I was upset and had no heart to play. I might have added that my shoulder was painful, but I did not wish to increase the worries already hanging around the master of ceremonies.

Poor McKay! He looked glum, ever and anon gazing at his stringless bass. The first waltz was a composition of his own, containing same telling solo bass passages which he always declared the celloist never did, and never would, play correctly. It was a study of language by facial expression to witness the wicked glances passing between the two as the music proceeded. Poor McKay! Never before had I seen him so mad and helpless. But I began to forget that upon noticing the exquisite blending of the tones of the banjo, mandolin, and guitar, with the violins. The banjoist with his superb 'thoroughbred' was transposing off the piano part with marvellous adroitness, while the mandolin played from a first violin part, and the guitar from the viola and bass parts. Their playing was a revelation to me, and I began to believe that the orchestra of the future would be considered incomplete without these instruments. I expressed these sentiments when the *coda* was reached, and the boys warmly concurred with them, though believing the effect would have been heightened could the viola and bass been used and the piano been silent. With mind full of new thoughts, I laid my violin down, and turning to McKay, said: "You can do turn about with Tom at the piano, or if prefer, you may return to the hotel."

"I don't mind relieving Tom after the interval, or say about one o'clock. Poor chap! he misses his specs'. Say, Mr. Wyatt, I mayn't look upset but I am and feel nervous. I'll get over it (indicating the 'cello) by midnight. The night air is cool and bracing; a walk in the starlight will do me good. Do you know I fancy some of those blamed coolies around here jumped those strings; it is near the Mohurum festival and the beggars are on the lookout to grab anything they can use to help swell their infernal din. Our gut strings would come in handy for their instruments; they don't use any wired strings."

"Very likely, but it is not worth troubling about. Mr. Webb can take whatever action pleases him. I may not be here when you return to relieve Tom, so remind you now, that the bus will leave at eight o'clock sharp in the morning. Have your case ready along with the 'cello. Good night!"

"Good night, Mr. Wyatt," and McKay smiled an unfamiliar smile as he left the orchestra.

Accepting the invitation to socialize, I chatted with chaperones, wall flowers, and some of the gentlemen till eleven o'clock, but declined dancing. I escorted Mrs. Webb to the supper table, and was delighted afterwards when her husband suggested delegating his duties to another person, and we return home. I, in fact we, were weary; the gathering had proved offensively shallow and sycophantic, and my shoulder terribly pained me. But few of the dancers had capacity for appreciating the music, despite their professions, and so the trio likewise decided to leave.

Refreshed with sleep, I arose on the morning, ate a hearty breakfast, bade my friends good bye, and walked to the hotel. The bus was waiting, and the boys just finishing their meal. A blacksmith and harness maker had examined the bus and trappings, putting everything in order. Touwerk, however, had not been seen that morning, and no one knew where he was. We waited till after nine o'clock, and then becoming angry, impatient, and determined upon no further delay, I told the boys to "jump in" we would do the driving amongst us. Leaping to the box, I seized the reins, cracked the long whip, and we galloped off amid cheers from some, and protestations from others who feared we should meet with accidents, or mistake our way. There were many chances of mistaking the road, but we did get along and without the least mishap. Mules were changed at half way house as before, the hostler there astonished at Touwerk's non-appearance. As two o'clock struck we arrived in Pietermaritzburg, the manager of the hotel complimenting us, and threatening to discharge Touwerk forthwith.

Business cleared up, the members of my company and I travelled by midnight train to Port Natal, reaching there about eight o'clock Saturday morning. While at breakfast I was startled by reading this telegraph message in the morning's paper:

"The orchestra of Hugh Wyatt's Opera Co. visited this place to provide the music for the fancy dress ball held on Thursday night in honor of James Fenwick, Esq., and family, and when the hour arrived for opening the ball it was found every instrument had been stripped of their strings. Yesterday noon the murdered body of Touwerk, the Hottentot driver of the bus which conveyed the orchestra to this village, was found in the grounds of Mr. Fenwick's villa, and beside the body was a bundle of musical strings. The police are investigating the case." (Further reports will appear in our next issue.)

I didn't want any more breakfast. I hunted up the boys, told them to go to the wharf with their belongings, take the first tug going out over the bar to the ocean steamer, get on board and stay there, or perhaps the busy police would be after them with detention papers for witnesses. No second warning was necessary; the boys were alarmed and carried out my wishes with alacrity. They out of the way, I busied myself with the boating company, and secured an earlier transference of the scenery and baggage than first intended. Of course I was besieged with questioners and particularly newspaper reporters, and to all I turned a deaf ear, thinking of a plan to elude the law in case I was wanted. My Port

Natal friends and acquaintances chaffed me, and my musical enemies were delighted to have the chance to jeer and construct annoying tales. Music and Murder! The two M's! Didn't they string it out discordantly! A rival operatic organization performed *The Mikado* in the town that evening, and it can well be imagined what advantage was taken by introducing new topical verses into many of the songs.

My sleep that night was sadly disturbed with horrid dreams. Events of previous days were reviewed with tragic additions, ending in the pronouncing of death upon me for the murder of Touwerk and Mrs. Fenwick. The moment for execution quickly followed, and just as the rope of fiddle strings began to tighten about my neck I awoke.

Nine o'clock Sunday morning found the principals, chorus members, remaining orchestra, stage hands and assistants of my company, together with myself, boarding the tug going out of harbor to the vessel rolling on the Indian Ocean outside the bar. Just as the last rope was loosened from the wharf side, and we moved off, a man was seen running at full speed from the distant railway shed where an engine entered that moment. He waved a sheet of blue paper above his head, and I recognized in him a messenger of the police court. The fellow yelled, "Stop that boat, I have a warrant against Mr. Wyatt, and ———" the rest was lost for I hurried to the pilot, slipped a sovereign into his palm, and he then signalled, "full speed ahead," to the engine room. The sighs that followed were those of relief. Detention would have been no joke, resulting probably in the break up of my company, and financial troubles greater than I could stand, as I was leaving for another colony where other laws are enacted, and not from one town to another within one State. All's well that ends well, and as I stepped upon the deck of the ocean boat it was with the hope the last had been heard of Blokfontein.

The six day's voyage to Capetown, though stormy, was pleasurable to a good sailor like myself, and the day following arrival we opened our season with *La Traviata* to a packed house.

Ten days later the Evening Argus published a telegram from its Algoa Bay correspondent which read:

"Among the passengers arriving from Natal this morning by the homeward bound mail steamer, were Mr. and Mrs. James Fenwick and family, of Blokfontein, Natal. Upon landing for a shore run, Mr. Fenwick was met on the wharf by several policemen and a detective from Kimberley who produced a warrant of arrest on a serious charge, of I. D. B., brought against both Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick by the De Beer's Diamond Mining Company. Fenwick meekly submitted to being taken into custody, whilst his wife raved and shrieked, and was only silenced by force. Both persons were conveyed to the railway station en route for Kimberly. Arrangements have been made with the Shipping Company, whereby the baggage, in the hold of the steamer, will be handed over to the police on reaching Capetown docks. The two children will proceed to London. It was intimated by one of the police that Fenwick is none other than the notorious Kit Fisher."

"So! So!" I exclaimed, now recollecting where I had seen Fenwick. He, Kit Fisher, once a smart broker on Change, re-

spected and beloved, becoming, after his marriage, Kimberley's worst gambler and sharp, but whose luck it had ever been to elude the laws till now. I shrewdly respected his wife's faith in her own "unapproachable judgment," and his foolish belief in it, had led them to become too venturesome in recent schemes, and certainly in risking the Cape route to Europe, knowing full well the least breath of suspicion would imperil them to arrest.

The papers devoted columns to reports of the trial, the gist being: Prosecutor's evidence showed that Kit and his wife were the heads and source of inspiration for the forming and conducting of the most daring railroad scheme of diamond robbery ever known. The police had been puzzled for four years. Several mine officials were implicated, and an almost incredible number of persons, white and black, were employed in smuggling the stolen diamonds into Natal, out of the law's reach. How the convicting evidence was obtained before arrival and examination of baggage from Capetown, was a mystery to the guilty pair; but there it was, in press copies of letters written by Kit and his wife. One document stated Touwerk had been a faithful servant ever since sent over from Kimberley, and that on September —, (the night of the ball), he would take a large parcel of diamonds to Pietermaritzburg, from thence another person would carry them to Delagoa Bay, and there give them to the mate of a certain vessel for deliverance to the gang's agent in Amsterdam. This parcel of diamonds was produced in court, and beyond stating Touwerk had met with a deserving fate, not a word was said or asked about the Hottentot's death. As the murder occurred in Natal, it did not concern any court of the Cape Colony. When the baggage from Capetown was subsequently brought into court for examination, upwards of half a million pounds worth of diamonds were found in the various trunks. In summing up and passing sentence of ten years penal servitude upon Kit, and the same upon his wife, the Judge remarked, the woman's disgraceful conduct in court made him wish he could commit her to prison and the lash for the rest of her days.

This sensation proved to be only a nine day's wonder; the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrandt became the one and only topic. How Touwerk met his death, how we lost our fiddle strings, and the finding of them beside the Hottentot's body had yet to be told, and two months elapsed before I was acquainted with the particulars. By that time I had almost forgotten Blokfontein in new plans for running opera and concert in Johannesburg. The trio were to appear there under my auspices.

One treasury day, McKay informed me he thought of joining his brother in Australia. He wanted a change, a sea voyage to brace him up, and as his brother was well-to-do, a man of position in the musical world of Melbourne, there was no fear of wanting an engagement. I was sorry to lose McKay, and though I offered to increase his

(Concluded on page 25).

FIN DE SIECLE DANCE.

MANDOLIN.

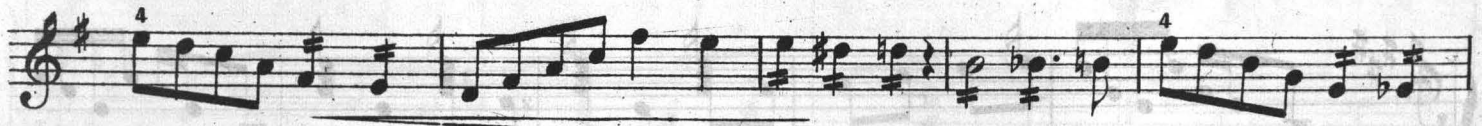
For Mandolin and Piano.

R. R. HOGUE.

INTRO.



DANCE.



Fine.



D. S. al Fine
then Trio.

TRIO.



D. C. al Fine.

POLKA
HAPPY MOMENTS.

TWO BANJOS.

PAUL ENO.

1st BANJO.

2d BANJO.



7th bar pos.



8 Pos. 6 Pos. 1 Pos. 3 Bar. 4 Bar. 5 Bar.



The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, mostly beamed together. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, featuring a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a double bar line with repeat dots. Above the right-hand staff, the text "5 Pos." and "3 Pos." is written. Below the right-hand staff, the numbers "2" and "4" are written. The notation includes various note values and rests.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with complex rhythmic patterns, including many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff has some fingerings indicated by numbers like "4", "2", "1", "3", and "1".

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with complex rhythmic patterns, including many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff has some fingerings indicated by numbers like "4", "2", "1", "3", and "1".

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes with a double bar line. The text "D.C. al" is written above the right-hand staff. The notation includes various note values and rests.

TWO STEP
AMERICAN CLUB.

MANDOLIN and PIANO.

Pereni.

MANDOLIN. *mf*

PIANO. *mf*

The musical score is for a two-step dance titled "AMERICAN CLUB." by Pereni. It is arranged for Mandolin and Piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into two systems of eight measures each. The Mandolin part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The Piano part is written on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The score begins with a repeat sign. The first system of eight measures includes a repeat sign after the first measure. The second system of eight measures includes a repeat sign after the first measure. The dynamics are marked as *mf* (mezzo-forte) for the first system and *f* (forte) for the second system.

2. *ff* *mf* *marcato.* *ff* *mf* *ff* *1 Fine* *2*

Finale. *ff* *Mandola.* *No. 2. D.S. al Fine.* *Mandola.* *Waltz tempo.* *p* *ritard.* *accel.* *tempo moderato.* *mf* *Animato.* *f*

SPRINGTIME WALTZ.

SOLO GUITAR.

Paul Eno.

SPRINGTIME WALTZ.

GUITAR ACCOMP.

Paul Eno.

SPRINGTIME WALTZ.

MANDOLIN Obligato
or Solo.

Paul Eno.

Two positive hits: "The Slippery Quaker Patrol" both by R. L. Weaver. Price for each:
"The Dorothy Waltzes"

2 Mandolins_45¢_ 2 Mandolins and Guitar_60¢_ full club arrangement_2 Mandolins, Mandola and Guitar_75¢_

Send for catalogue of select publications for all instruments. Paul Eno, Philadelphia Pa.

Mandolin Club Arrangement.
 First (Solo) Mandolin - 30c.
 Second - - - - - 15c.
 Mandola - - - - - 15c.
 Guitar. - - - - - 15c.

DOROTHY WALTZES.

RICHARD L. WEAVER.

For Mandolin and Guitar "Nonpareil Waltz" Price 30¢.

GUITAR.

Andante.

Intro.

1. Waltz.

INTERPRETATION.

The musical student, having mastered the mechanical difficulties which occur in the study of a composition, naturally directs his attention to the interpretation. It is clearly the first duty of an interpreter to express truthfully to man, the thoughts and feelings of man. In music, however, the player must be more than mere translator. His own thoughts and feelings must enter in, and necessarily, to a great extent, color his interpretations. Music the most vague and subtle of all the arts, does not clothe in unmistakable guise the meanings she may convey. Beethoven truly said, "My sphere extends to regions which, to the poet and painter are not easily accessible." With the infinite variety of tone, feeling and nuance, a performer may interpret the same piece many times in different ways according to his humor or inclination. To interpret truthfully his first regard should be to find out the intentions of the composer. What clue can he find that will enable him to understand the feelings or effects intended? he should make himself acquainted with the life and character of the composer; study the influences of his nationality; find out the date or period in which the piece he is studying was written, and under what circumstances; consider forms then in vogue for the expression of musical ideas.

Thus being thoroughly in sympathy with the composer, experiencing in imagination his life and emotions, he will make himself as capable as possible of truthful interpretations. The importance of rhythm as an element of interpretation cannot be overrated. There is no doubt that the feelings of majesty, passion, grace, gaiety, sometimes of humor or quaint fun, are largely suggested or conveyed by the aid of rhythm alone. The liberty of the performer to use his fancy in variations in time is often abused. The habit of endeavoring to give prominence to a melody by the long delaying of the bass notes which accompany it, was a fault which Chopin deplored in his pupils. The lingering of the notes of the melody itself he allowed; but rhythmic law demanding that the ear be satisfied by a regular flow and accent through the measures, neglect of it is an abuse of one of the elements of artistic performance.

The laws of proportion must also be observed; therefore, in the first place, the student should analyze the structure of his piece. Certain musical ideas should have their place of greater prominence as principal subject; the relative and lesser or contrasted prominence of other subjects must be considered. With regard to tone variation, here also is infinite variety possible. There are certain obvious climaxes however. These should be noticed and carried out as apparently intended. The question of proportion also applies to part playing, determining the importance of one melody over another where two exist side by side. The player also, by accent of fullness of tone, will often bring out unsuspected beauties which may or possibly may not have been in the composer's mind.

It is the glorious privilege of the musician above other artists that he can reproduce,

with infinite possibilities of greater beauty, the beautiful thoughts of others. When liberty is not mistaken for licence, fancy may have full play; and individuality may set its stamp upon an original performance which may yet be a truthful interpretation.

THE HEINLINE CONCERT TRIO.

This popular organization consisting of Mr. Charles Heinline, his daughter Fanny, and Master Charles Roseberry, all of Easton, Pa., are touring the summer resorts and delighting all who hear their Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Recitals. Miss Heinline is but sixteen; she performs with the grace, skill and feeling of one who had spent very many years of an artist's life. Master Roseberry is an accomplished pianist and accompanies in a manner indicating he possesses much knowledge of that difficult art.

During the week of July 17-23, the Heinline Trio have given concerts at Delaware Water Gap, Pa., to large audiences composed of many visitors, with critical minds, from the large cities. The programmes presented are varied enough to suit all tastes and considerable of the music performed is of the high-class character rarely heard outside the large cities.

The personal testimonials received by Mr. Heinline from numbers of admirers of note and influence in their respective districts are such as only artists receive, and the Press in general is deservedly liberal in expressions of praise. Following are among the many:

Miss Fannie Heinline, of Easton, Pa., captured the audience by her brilliant manipulation of the banjo. A refined and modest young lady, a thorough musician and master of her instrument, she has a brilliant future before her, and it is gratifying to note that her appearance in Chickering Hall, New York City, was crowned with success.—*Allentown (Pa.) Press.*

The Peerless Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, of Easton, Pa., entertained a well-pleased audience last evening. Miss Fannie Heinline, one of the members, is a star of exceptional ability. She is clever, pretty, graceful and has a modest bearing. If, as claimed, her age is but sixteen years, her adeptness is truly remarkable. She sings nicely, and her performance on the banjo and mandolin were the features of the entertainment.—*The Washington (N. J.) Star.*

Miss Fannie Heinline, of Easton, Pa., was a great surprise to the audience. Miss Heinline captivated her hearers from the start, and shared equally with her sister soloists of the evening the enthusiastic applause which fairly shook the four walls of the hall. The banjo and mandolin duet "Cupid's Arrow," rendered by Miss Heinline and O. F. Bitting, was one of the musical gems of the concert.—*The Bethlehem (Pa.) Times.*

The Peerless Banjo and Mandolin Clubs entertained the audience in a manner that aroused the enthusiasm of those present. They certainly contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the affair, and both Miss Fannie Heinline and her father, Charles Heinline, were the recipients of numerous congratulations and expressions of good will by those whom they entertained.—*Chronicle and News, Allentown, Pa.*

Mr. Charles Heinline, the popular mandolin, banjo and guitar instructor of Easton, Pa., is doing some wonderful things with the various clubs under his care. The class of music rendered by several of his clubs is such as is rarely heard outside of the large cities.—*The Musical Tempo, Philadelphia, Pa.*

IN THE HANDS OF—

AN ARTIST.

Plinkety plinkety plinkety pling,
"This is the song I like to sing,"
Dinkety lankety plinkety ply,
"No banjo was ever more happy than I;
No better music was ever heard,
It even the critic's soul's chords stirred.
Now to the Banjo they are wed,
I'm first in their opinion, a Thoroughbred."

AN AMATEUR.

Plinkety plank, plinkety pliz,
"A pretty fair player he is,"
Dankety linkety plinkety pleet,
"He plays music that is certainly sweet.
The listeners think the music so nice,
That they ask to hear the same piece twice;
They say it is fine. 'Nough said,
I'm happy yet as a Thoroughbred."

A BEGINNER.

Plink! Plank! Boom! Plinkatee,
"No banjo could more miserable be."
Gur-r-r Bang! Whiz! ca plun!
"The d—I take the son of a gun.
The neighbors say he is a fright,
Ought to blow him up with dynamite.
I wish to heaven I were dead,"
Wailed the now unhappy Thoroughbred.

MOUNT HOLLY CLUB.

Notwithstanding the hot weather we have had, the Mt. Holly Banjo Mandolin and Guitar Club members are showing unusual interest and energy in their work. They have two meetings each week, one with their instructor, Mr. Eno, and one with their leader, Mr. Holeman. We hear very good reports from them and wish to congratulate them upon their success thus far. A grand concert is scheduled for the early fall and without doubt it will be one of the events in Mt. Holly's social realm.

A NOTE ON ORIGIN.

Nothing in music that is purely joyful ever came out of the East. Popular songs and melodies of Greek origin preserve a diatonic character, while those of Asia exhibit a chromatic and enharmonic character. The quarter tones, which are recognized in the eastern scale, produce upon western ears a general impression of tunelessness, which is only aggravated by the introduction of what is known as the law of attraction.

A TRIBUTE.

"Anton Seidl is no more, but we still remember the genius of the man under whose inspiration the music of the orchestra was as soft as the sighing of the breath that hardly stirs the lightest leaf in a profound forest, and nevertheless could stream to its conclusion in a storm of tumultuous harmonies."

S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

CHARLES MORRIS, EDITOR.
C. S. PATTY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Published Every Two Months by
STEWART & BAUER,

1016 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Subscription per year, 50 cents.
Single copies, 10 cents.

Correspondence is solicited from all interested in the cause of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar. Reports of concerts doings of clubs, and personal notes will be welcomed.

Advertising rates are liberal and can be ascertained on application.

All checks and post office orders should be made payable to Stewart & Bauer.

AUGUST and SEPTEMBER, 1898

EN PASSANT.

The numerous letters which reached the office of late, telling of appreciation of our last number, are very gratifying; as are also the various kindly press notices. It will readily be understood that for anyone to suddenly be called upon to take up and continue even a branch of work that a man has made peculiarly his own, is a matter of no small weight; and naturally it is entered upon with anxiety concerning the outcome. However, hopes of success are based on determined efforts to maintain the JOURNAL's influence in its special sphere, and also on desires to make the JOURNAL thoroughly representative of all that is best in the profession and trade.

During the vacation period, when teachers and pupils hie themselves to the mountains, lakes or seashore, they, like other mortals, feel the need of respite from duties and studies. They prefer the reading they indulge in to be of a light and varied character, and they look for something of that nature in their favorite journal. Upon such a theory was our last number partly outlined, and in this it is further carried out. It is the desire, and intention, to gather at the JOURNAL's board, contributors of note in the musical world, whose original thoughts set forth in serious or humorous forms, may be of benefit as well as of interest to our readers. This work, and the niceties of judgment it entails, of course requires time to accomplish. Now, among the JOURNAL's army of readers, there are many, or at least some, who at times have ideas and opinions occur to them, concerning musical subjects appertaining to the banjo, mandolin and guitar, which are worth expressing, not only to their friends and acquaintances, but also

in print. Therefore, communications from these readers will always be welcomed by the JOURNAL; and no matter how the writers may think their opinions look when set forth in writing, they are advised to send them in. They may contain ideas of more importance than imagined. The JOURNAL wants to encourage its friends to give full utterance to their thoughts.

While on the subject of journalism it may be remarked, that, through several friends of the JOURNAL and visitors to the office, a number of circulars have been received relating to a proposal of a music firm to publish a monthly journal in the interests of the mandolin, banjo and guitar. Of course the more publicity there is given to the artistic capabilities of these instruments the better, as also if the influence of the profession and trade is extended. But, if the proposers of the new publication had published a journal for a decade and a half, and were aware of the labors attached to its conduct, or the further conducting of it, they would hesitate pretty considerably before embarking, launching and sailing their boat on a tempestuous sea.

A certain worthy English music publication with a title that recalls the days of chivalry, says with ill concealed mediæval glee, that, "a popular lady teacher of the banjo, who came from the land where the banjo is supposed to have 'sprung,' prefers the zither-banjo for concert work in England," and adds, "that instrument does not occupy much of a position in America." No, it does not, nor is it likely to do so. Players in America are familiar with the appearance of a banjo, they prefer instruments constructed on scientific principles, and where it is necessary to express the musical notation of the banjo in other than the actual key in which the instrument is pitched, they, like performers on the cornet, clarinet, etc., do not think it is too much trouble to learn the scientific method of expression, nor the art of transposing. Regarding the origin of the banjo, the worthy publication may enlighten its paths of mediæval darkness by reference to way back issues of this journal or other publications of the office. At the same time there is no questioning the power of the modern American banjo to spring into favor, nor that the spring it has sprung 'round the world can be equalled, or its effect minimized.

Every community has its irritators, whose delight it is to promote discord, and every nation has its many; none are exempt. Jealousy and bitterness exists in every pro-

fession and trade, and, where there are opportunities for airing in print, spite frequently grants itself a license to run wild. Men of brains and ability, and originality of a high order, are blessed with enemies. Particularly so if they have accomplished something to benefit the world and themselves, and have gained honorable fame thereby. Those, however, who are best able to form judgment, by virtue of a knowledge and intimate acquaintance of the slighted, might say of the slights, with Fanny Squeers in Nicholas Nickleby, "I pity their ignorance and despises 'em."

The policy of this journal is the same as heretofore; the relentless war against fakirs and humbugs will be continued, and merit will be recognized wherever found. Mr. Patty said, in his eloquent and deserved tribute to the late S. S. Stewart, in our last issue, that, "this journal is the most proper monument to Stewart." The JOURNAL and its readers think with Mr. Patty, and it feels called upon to take cognizance of an editorial comment appearing in a London contemporary, though at the same time the JOURNAL and its readers can inwardly echo the sentiment of Fanny Squeers. The delectable contemporary is published by the firm who have issued piracies of Mr. Stewart's musical publications, under fake titles and authorship; among which, as many readers are aware, were three compositions by T. J. Armstrong, namely: "Love and Beauty" Waltz, "Normandie" March and "Clover" March.

In the last issue of our egotistical contemporary there appeared the following: "We hear that S. S. Stewart, the advertising American banjo maker, died quite suddenly in April. Though not agreeing with his method of doing business, no one can be blind to the good work he did for the banjo in America."

Had the comment stopped here, our contemporary might have preserved a little dignity, for we could smile at the allusion to Mr. Stewart's advertising abilities; knowing that English firms who are thorough business-like, approve of, admire, and many are adopting American advertising methods. But our contemporary added:

"It was all off his own bat that he wished to score, so he never countenanced the efforts of others in the same direction. He made an elaborate affectation of ridiculing the progress of the banjo in England, though in reality he was fully aware of its exact position, and the knowledge was distasteful to him. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

Wonderful! also the benediction! Has

our contemporary ever witnessed a cricket match, or has it been getting up new rules which cricket associations have not taken kindly to and by route of a simile is trying to have these rules accepted? No, no, Mr. Contemporary, a batsman at the wickets can only make his score off his own bat. He wishes and expects to score in no other way, and neither does he desire, nor can he prevent his fellow batsman at the other wickets from scoring, unless he courts odium.

If our contemporary means to infer this much, we would say of it, as well as the subsequent paragraph, that such expressions are usually indulged in by those chronic malpractisers who imagine others are like unto themselves and must be extreme hypocrites, and who in order to whitewash themselves impute their special class of deeds to others in the most plausible and insinuating way.

The very same issue in which the editorial comment appeared, also contained a pirated version of J. L. Meacham's Quickstep "Rastus' Honeymoon," for the banjo. This stealing, like previous ones, may be outside the pale of the law, but nevertheless in plain English it is stealing, and it furnishes an apt illustration of attempts to score by any means and anyhow. Mr. Contemporary should get a bat, and if he finds further mighty obstructions in the way of obtaining one, this journal does not mind indicating the right path, and how to play a straight game.

Since the foregoing was in type another London contemporary of quite a different order has come to hand. Several kindly notices appear therein testifying of the loss that is felt by Mr. Stewart's death, and the work that he accomplished. This bright musical paper says:

"The late S. S. Stewart was quite capable of 'scoring off his own bat' and he did so very heavily indeed, in an article in one of his journals some time ago. Thomas J. Armstrong, one of America's leading banjoists, had written a set of waltzes entitled 'Love and Beauty,' and two marches, 'Normandie and Clover' respectively. These compositions were published over here (London), under entirely new titles, and with dummy names on them in place of the correct composer. Mr. Stewart had originally published these pieces in America, got to hear of this, and in an article entitled 'The Ass in the Lion's Skin,' he *went in first*, and certainly scored more than a *Century*, and was *not out*, and *all off his own bat too!*"

Our readers will appreciate this as the JOURNAL does.

The following appeared as a special from Washington to the New York *Musical Age*, issue of July 7, and it is to be hoped that it is but the beginning of a thorough understanding between the United States and all Anglo-Saxon countries for the due protection of copyright works. It would be welcomed not here only, but also in England and the Colonies.

"The illegal importation of copyrighted musical compositions has increased to such an extent that Secretaries Gage and Smith have felt called on to issue special regulations and instructions regarding the enforcement of the law in the matter. Postmasters are informed that as music in books or sheets (except in certain cases) is liable to custom duties, they must carefully examine the mails from foreign countries, and forward all musical publications found in the mails to the nearest customs officer. Customs officers are instructed to keep a close watch for all "smuggled" music, and on the receipt of any music from any postmaster to proceed to collect the regular duty on such music in the regular manner, when any duty is due. All books of music or sheet music imported in violation of any copyright of the United States are to be held, and the owner of the copyright, and the owner, importer, or consignee of the prohibited articles, or the person to whom the confiscated music is addressed, is to be informed of the confiscation. If, within three months, the owner of the copyright does not institute proceedings for forfeiture of the articles, or the owner or consignee, or some interested person, does not show cause to the contrary, the prohibited articles are to be burned or otherwise destroyed by the customs officers."

TO CON BOYLE.

Fortune smiled and left a favor, for a lad obscure, unknown,
Bade him work with heart unflinching, gave him but a single tone;
With this magic tone he mingled others, rare and radiantly combined,
'Til a flood of beauteous music filled the hearers' heart and mind.

Artist, poet, each can feel it, they who listen as he plays,
All unmindful of a presence, burning genius all ablaze!
Each pulsation, each vibration, marks a heart beat with the time,
And the very air seems full of music made in rhyme.

Doomed this favored child to flourish like the rose, fair queen of flowers,
Bud and blossom, reach perfection, by the aid of kindly showers;
For killing frost delays and stays, to cull a rose full blown,
Thus fickle fortune came to him, and claimed him as her own.

A BANJOIST.

There are some people who only recognize a melody by the high note and cadence at the end, and if this embellishment be omitted they will actually declare the music has no melody.

Banjo, Mandolin. and Guitar Notes

The ever popular Mr. Paul Eno is spending a well earned vacation at Beach Haven, N. J., and as might be expected handles his pretty yacht with consummate skill.

Mr. Meredith Howard, the well-known performer and teacher of Montreal, has opened a Banjo and Guitar Studio at Sherbrooke, Quebec, for the summer months.

Mr. E. F. Elzear Fiset, the talented teacher and composer, of Minneapolis, Minn., whose portrait, together with a sketch of his life appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL, is enjoying his vacation immensely at Grand Forks, N. D.

MICHIGAN.

MENOMINEE—The following accounts of Farrands' concerts appeared in the papers of this place: "In the arrangement of his latest concert, which was given before a large and refined audience at the Turner, Prof. Van L. Farrand proved himself doubly popular as a caterer to the higher musical tastes—the program from beginning to end, being composed of selections which at once struck a popular chord, thereby assuring the splendid success which their merits so richly deserved. At first the stage decorations sent a thrill of pleasure through the audience, for "Old Glory" in all its beauty was tastefully displayed, with the Cuban consort flag beneath, while the stage furnishings bore unmistakable evidence that patriotic hands had played a prominent part in their arrangement, for in nearly every corner could be seen tri-colors of love and freedom. The ladies composing the Euterpe club, all well-known pupils of Mr. Farrand, never appeared to better advantage, nor played more sweetly than on this occasion, and in the grand fantasia of patriotic melodies, the audience was moved to words, singing America with a vim. The personnel of the club is Misses Edimere Quiglan, Bertha Nowack, mandolins; Misses May Quinlan, Ella Despins, Marian Earling, guitars; Miss Mary Miller, Mrs. Rowena Shepard, banjos. The program as published was carried out in every detail, with several pleasing encore numbers. Messrs. Farrand and Moulton, ever popular with the public, appeared in two pleasing banjo and guitar duetts, and as an encore to the former's very pretty and difficult duo for one mandolin, gave a sweet mandolin and guitar duett, which won for them much applause. Mr. Farrand and his mandolin, guitar and banjo club was assisted by Miss Alice Williams, a noted soprano, of Appleton, Mr. A. D. Amsden, the celebrated cornetist and director of the Arion band, Oshkosh, Master Arthur Bauer, trombone and violin, of Oshkosh, and Mr. Orville Lindquist, pianist, Marinette. Miss Williams appeared in two numbers and was heartily encored. She has

a remarkably pleasing stage appearance and possesses a remarkably sympathetic and true soprano voice, which she uses artistically and with delightful effect. Mr. Amsden has few if any equals as a cornet soloist, and his playing of Hartman's grand fantasia with the "Maid of Dundee" as an encore, was received with delight, as also was his duet with Master Bauer, the latter exhibiting rare skill as a trombonist. The young man also captivated the audience with his fine solos, and his masterful work on the violin. It is the general opinion of all who heard Young Bauer that he is a musical prodigy. Mr. Farrand's mandolin solo was truly the most beautiful number on the program, and never did music sound sweeter to a Menominee audience. Mrs. Shephard won the Stuart banjoine offered as a prize for the member of the Enterpe club selling the greatest number of tickets for the concert. Miss Williams, the Messrs. Amsden and Bauer and Messrs. Farrand and Moulton were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Rowena Shepard of the Enterpe club, at her home at the close of the entertainment. Farrand's fourth annual concert was largely attended by the society people of Menominee and Marinette and proved a success as has been characteristic of these events in the past. The Euterpe club's playing was something fine, and the club was called upon several times for the repetition of their numbers. Master Arthur Bauer, of Oshkosh, is a wonder with the trombone and violin. He rendered an extra number to the program by giving a violin solo. The young man's ability is unlimited and his playing was something marvelous. Miss Alice Williams' singing, as is well known, is very enjoyable, and Menominee always extends a hearty welcome to her. She far exceeds her past performances and her vocal efforts were duly appreciated. Mr. A. D. Amsden, cornet soloist, is also another favorite in Menominee, having appeared here in previous concerts given by Mr. Farrand. Mr. Amsden is a master of the cornet, and he illustrated it in the selections he rendered. Farrand and Moulton's banjo and guitar duet as usual was another musical triumph. Their efforts are always well received by the music loving public. Mr. Farrand's mandolin solo, Impromptu, or duo for mandolin, was a triumph in the art of mandolin playing and showed his complete mastery of the instrument, revealing beauties of harmony and execution hardly deemed possible on this instrument. Mr. Orville Lindquist, of Marinette, acted as accompanist. Mr. Lindquist is also another well known musician of the twin cities, and his playing is always a feature of any entertainment in which he appears. The last number on the program was a medley of patriotic airs of this country and was played by the Euterpe club. The audience showed its patriotism by applauding each air and when "America" was started all joined in singing the anthem. The concert was an immense success, being good in every particular, and the people of the city appreciate Mr. Farrand's endeavors to make it so by giving him a liberal support. The souvenir programs were in keeping with the other fine features of the enter-

tainment. The covers were handsomely embossed in patriotic designs, one scene representing the bivouac of a company of United States Soldiers. The inserts were printed in red and blue. The programs were all carried home and will be carefully preserved by most of the recipients.

INDIANA.

INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS.—The musical features of life at the big Indiana Mineral Springs hotel this summer are furnished by the Asetceam Trio. Arthur Wells, Hayes Greenawalt and Henry Sulzer, of Danville, Ills., are the members, and Manager B. C. Kramer, of the hotel, is highly pleased with their work. Everything new for the mandolin, guitar and banjo is played by the Trio as soon as published, and the orchestra is on the top wave of popularity with the guests. Arthur Wells has added to an active repertoire of more than one hundred numbers of the most popular classic and up-to-date composers, several excellent marches, polkas and waltzes of his own. Mr. Greenawalt at several evening entertainments of the guests has kindly contributed his clever recitations and added to the high favor in which the orchestra is held at the popular resort. The combination will be heard in many towns of the middle West during a tour next fall and winter.

Musical people here were very sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Stewart.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE.—Mr. A. Davidson, an old friend of the JOURNAL, writing June 3, '98, says: "I suppose it is time I renewed my subscription, so I send you amount for same. Since writing you last I have succeeded in getting the Banjo Club together again, and by combining with a few members of my Mandolin and Guitar Society, have got together a fairly good club, which in time, if I can only manage to keep up the interest, I hope to make second to none in the Colonies. I hope to send you a group 'photo' shortly. We have 'Cupid's Realm' in rehearsal just now, and the Mandolin Society are rehearsing Weaver's 'Midnight in a Graveyard,' and are quite taken with it. Both these pieces will be played on the 22d of this month for the first time in public, and as I am the conductor of both clubs, I hope they will go well.

"Out here we are in the midst of a good deal of excitement in deciding by vote of the people for or against the Federation of the Colonies into a Commonwealth. What the result will be it is hard to say. There are so many conflicting interests and important issues at stake that one hardly knows how a vote in favor of Federation will affect us here in one of the smaller States. I just jotted this down for perusal of any of the JOURNAL readers who may have an interest in this small corner of the world."

[New South Wales has cast its vote against the scheme.—ED.]

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—The following is from the New Zealand *Herald* of April 1, 1898:

There was a very good attendance at the Auckland Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club's concert at the Opera House last night. A carefully selected programme was presented, and was very successfully gone through. The club, consisting of some 19 executants under the able conductorship of Mr. A. Towsey, were heard in six pieces, all of which were played with precision, firmness of attack, and special attention to the different gradations of tone. Paul Eno's effectively written "Reign of Love" waltz was rendered with nice expression and marked rhythm. Leavitt's "Top Notch" galop went exceedingly well; the attack was especially good, and a very effective climax was secured. Armstrong's "The Yellow Kid's Patrol" was interpreted with care and attention to expression. The pianissimo playing both at the beginning and at the close of the contribution was all that could be desired, as was also the working up of the crescendo effects and the volume of sound produced in the fortissimo passages. So charmed were the audience with the delivery given of it, that a da capo was insisted upon. The "Good Roads" march was a very pleasing number, and was well received. Miss Maxwell sang tastefully the ballad, "He Thinks I Do Not Love Him" and "Robin Adair." "The Little Alabama Coon," rendered as a mandolin solo by Mr. George Rowe, was so much liked that he had to appear again in the well known "Dinah." Mr. G. Tracy Hall sang with his usual success "Ra-ta-ta-ta" and "Father O'Flynn," securing recalls after each. Mr. Ernest Schatz was in great request; his name was down for two items on the programme, but the audience were so pleased with his performance of the humorous songs, "The Giddy Little Gay Polka" and "The Welshman at the Pantomime," that before they would be pacified he was obliged to give four additional selections. Mr. Wynyard Joss received a merited recall for his effective delivery of the air, "In Old Madrid," which he gave as a mandolin solo. The programme also contained two quintettes, carefully executed by Miss H. Fountain and Messrs. G. Rowe, H. Fountain, A. E. Foster and C. B. Plummer. Mr. Alfred Bartley as accompanist was very successful, and a word of praise is due to Miss McIlhone for her tasteful decoration of the stage, which presented a very pleasing spectacle. To-night the concert will be repeated at the same place of amusement.

BANJOS IN THE WOODS.

A delightful time was spent on the Fourth of July in McCuiston Park, Mountain Grove, Mo., at the Farmers' Basket Picnic and Celebration held there. The programme was a gigantic one, lasting from early morn till late in the evening. The Queen City Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club of Springfield was there in force, under the able direction of Paul A. Day, and right well were their efforts appreciated.

SOME OTHER LOST CHORDS

(Concluded from page 8).

salary, he remained firm in his intention, and left by the next steamer.

Two days afterwards, his landlady brought me a letter, marked confidential, which she said he requested her to deliver, and no reply was expected. Tearing open the envelope, I read:

HUGH WYATT, ESQ.

Dear Sir—When you receive this I shall have gazed at Aghulhas for the last time. Of course you remember our visit to Blokfontein. After partaking of the refreshment, Mr. Webb called for us, I asked the waiter to show me to my room. Walking along the corridor, I passed a room with door wide open. I saw two beds, and upon one a man lying asleep—a man whom I knew. Depositing my valise in the room I was to occupy, I returned to enter the other, first assuring myself of being unnoticed. I closed the door and stepping up to the sleeping man, laid my hand upon his shoulder, shook him, quietly exclaiming, "George! George!" He awakened with a start, leaped to his feet and could hardly believe an old friend stood before him. "Mac," said he, "here, I am not George L——, the Kimberley detective. I am George Knox, a labor contractor, come to engage a gang of niggers for railway work. D'y'e twig? You coming here to-day is a godsend to me! For five months I've been engaged on a case and all I did till a week ago was grope in the dark. I'm on the scent of the biggest case of illicit diamond business you ever heard of, and Kit Fisher is in it. If I am to succeed in obtaining incriminating evidence, I've got to do the job to-night, and it is risky work without an accomplice, for an act tantamount to burglary, under Natal laws, must be committed. My knowledge of human nature will not allow me to think of making an accomplice of anybody belonging to this district. Now, look here, Mac! you get off duty to-night between ten and one o'clock and if the job turns out as I expect it will, I will see you

get five hundred pounds from the Company; they will gladly pay it. Think it over. There's one of the boys calling you to go to the hall for rehearsal, be off! See me when you come back to dress."

That meeting with George made me a little late in reaching the hall. I deeply thought over what he had proposed, and puzzled my brains to find a way to help him. I couldn't sham sickness for you knew I was never in better health. All I could do was to make my instrument useless, and then I thought that injuring the bass, or cutting the strings, might look suspicious. It seemed an air of mystery was needed, and then the idea occurred to me of taking the gut strings off every instrument, and trying to cast the blame upon the coolies. I knew bass strings could not be obtained in the village, though it might be possible to find strings for violins. Anyhow, I considered I might escape duty, and when I returned to the hotel after rehearsal, I carried the gut strings in my coat pocket. When I told George, and showed the strings to him, he laughed, saying it was a clever joke, and that I was not such a fool as some folks made out.

You know what happened up to the time when I proposed to take a walk "in the starlight." I went straight to the hotel, took off my dress coat, put on the other one, with strings still in pocket, and changed boots. I met George at an appointed place up the road, and then we entered Fenwick's spacious villa grounds at about eleven o'clock, or a little later. I acted as sentry while George entered the house. And, without bothering you with a lot of details, we obtained the desired papers and more besides. As we were leaving the grounds, Touwerk appeared on the scene. He had doffed his clothes, donned a *moochi*, and carried two *umzimbiti* sticks, and a small bundle. He was making straight for where we stood under the low bough of a gigantic flat crown. "Get farther back in the dark behind me, Mac," George whispered, "the nigger must not see there are two of us or he may clear. I want to settle him." Touwerk's surprise and hesitancy was only momentary when he saw George. He dropped the bundle, and posed himself for attack and defense. Quick as lightning George drew his bowie knife and sprang upon the Hottentot, who equally quick eyed and

agile stepped back. True black blood boiled now, to conquer was the object, and, uttering no sound, Touwerk began to press his assailant hard. Never have I seen such a fight. I became transfixed with horror, feeling murder was the intent of both. George was receiving the worst of it, blows rained upon his arms from right and left, and his nerves were giving way. His soft, appealing cry of "Mac! Mac!" brought me to my senses, and without more ado, I rushed out of the darkness and leaped upon Touwerk, grasping him tight around the neck. He fell backwards on the grass, I with him, and immediately George pounced upon his body and stabbed him through the heart.

"George," said I angrily, "it was a needless provocation on your part, and a cruel murder. Nothing would have tempted me to embark in this escapade of yours had I thought for one moment anything like this would happen."

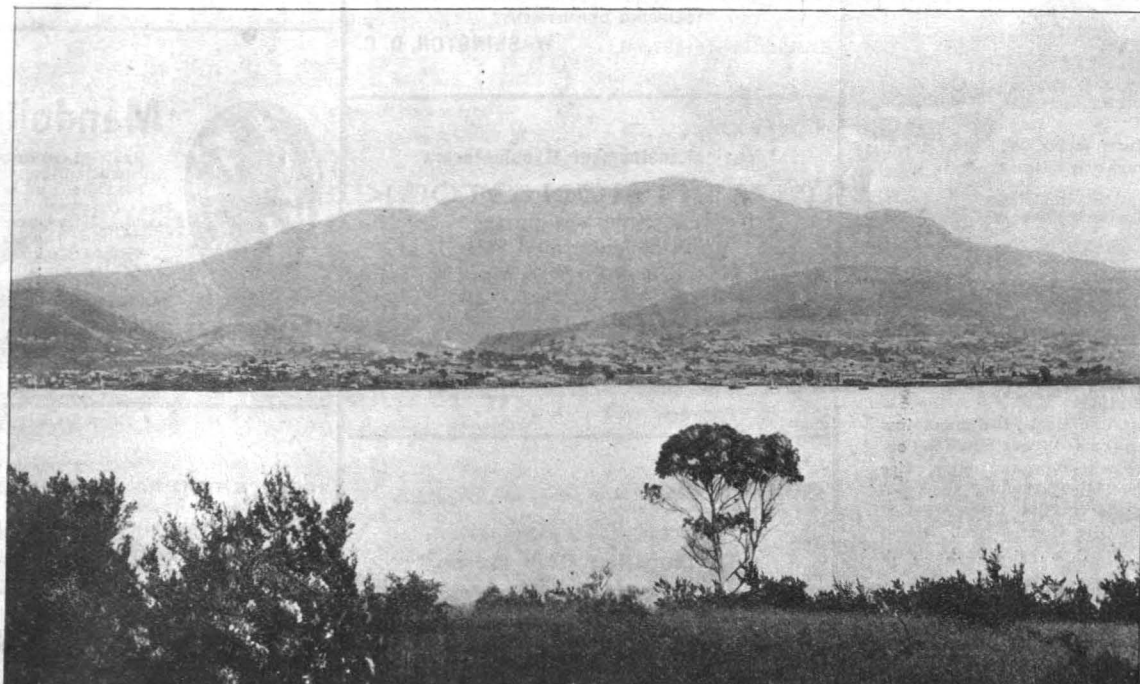
"Tut, tut, man!" pantingly replied George, "You don't know as I do, that he is a member of the gang. Had we allowed him to get away, the police would have been after us, and the bag he carried might be lost. We are in Natal where there is no law to prevent illicit traffic in diamonds, and we should have been treated as burglars and thieves if caught. We are here representing a just cause, and though this Colony chooses not to recognize it, the authorities and law of the Cape *will* uphold us. Do not worry. If you still have those strings in your pocket, throw them beside the body, and pick up the bundle; it contains a parcel of diamonds of immense value."

I did as George requested, and we then returned to the hotel. I changed my coat, proceeded to the hall, and relieved Tom as you know. It was solely on the evidence George secured that night, that Fenwick and his wife were arrested. By arrangement with the Diamond Co., George did not appear at the trial. I received the five hundred pounds all right.

Yours faithfully, ALEX MCKAY.

This is the true history of the Blokfontein affair, how we lost our cords and cordage (Touwerk) and how chords and a state of concord were missed.

(END.)



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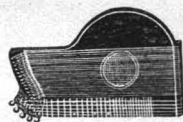
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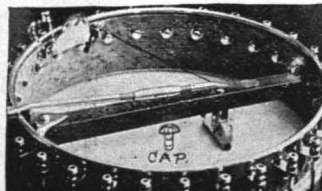
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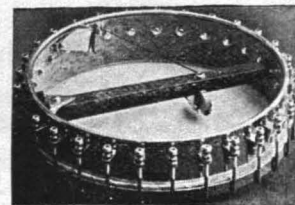
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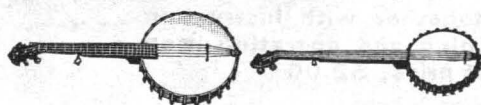
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