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FRED. W. SHERRATT.

Now in the United States, from Singapore.

Readers will remember the interesting letter which appeared in No. 106 of the JOURNAL, and which Mr. Sherratt sent from far off Singapore where many stirring events have occurred during the past few months. Our friend arrived in Boston, Mass., during the latter part of August, and immediately wrote to the JOURNAL telling how glad he was to be in this country, that "he tell into congenial element right away and met a fellow townsman who was also a banjoist." Mr. Sherratt was unaware of the death of Mr. Stewart, and very much grieved when he learned of the sad news in the answer to his communication.

In his later letter, which arrived too late for insertion in our last issue, Mr. Sherratt remarked: "Although my acquaintance with the late Mr. Stewart had been confined to a couple of letters, and the printed matter published by him, I had formed a very high opinion of his character nevertheless, and I am sure that his unflinching courtesy to his correspondents, his unflagging zeal and tremendous energy, must have endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. The thought that I should meet him was one of the most pleasurable anticipations that I had in coming to this country, and although it is somewhat late, allow me to offer my deep sympathy on the sorrowful event."

In referring to other matters concerning music and music trade in the Malay Peninsula, Mr. Sherratt said of his own banjo, that "it had improved all the time, and rapidly mellowed. It had had a long and varied trip, some thirty thousand miles, and through many climates, in the short space of a trifle over twelve month's time. And when you come to think of that it is no mean tribute."

The JOURNAL is as pleased to renew its acquaintance with its old friend, as he is, and glad to reproduce the proof photograph showing him in the centre of the little group which met so often during his residence on that tropical island. Mr. Sherratt apologizes for the costume, saying: "When I tell you that the temperature not unfrequently reached the height of 125° Fah., in the shade, you will understand that the attire worn by us was not inappropriate." We, who have endured this last summer can well enter into and appreciate such observations. It may be remarked that while the temperature reaches a higher degree in the tropics than in temper-

ate latitudes, compensations are found there which are altogether unknown in the latter, else humanity could not exist, nor could the banjo retain its characteristics.

The island of Singapore, a British Possession in the Straits of Malacca, is a degree 16 N. of the Equator; an island 26 miles long, by 14 miles wide, and has an area of about two hundred and six miles. The population, consisting of Chinese, Malays, Indians, Tamils, Bengalese, Burmese, Parsees, Arabs, Japanese, Siamese, Jews, Singhalese, Armenians, Europeans and Americans, number about one hundred and ninety thousand, out of which the

Europeans and Americans are represented by about six thousand including the military. The town is built along the south shore of the island, has many handsome public and private buildings, splendid docking facilities, many up-to-date conveniences; newspapers, and athletic clubs abound as a matter of course.

The JOURNAL trusts to give accounts of some of Mr. Sherratt's experiences, in future issues, and in the meantime again extends him a welcome; in which all readers will heartily join.



AS MR. SHERRATT AND HIS TWO FRIENDS APPEARED IN TROPICAL SINGAPORE.

MODULATION.

The progressive development of music has constantly attracted the science of psychology, and the science has contributed to the realm of the art. The subtle and most delicate, as well as the most stirring emotions of the soul, are now represented in tone with increased philosophical truth and perfection. It is quite obvious, however, that the continual accessions to and improvement in the elements of the art, for the attainment of this effect, must, necessarily, go on simultaneously.

When the works of former times are compared with the compositions of the present day, it will be seen very plainly that not alone the inspiration, but also the melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic elements of the art are of quite another order. It is not, indeed, intended to assert that the works of Liszt or Brahms are of a higher or more perfectly aesthetic order than are those written by Haydn or Mozart, yet it will be admitted surely, that the former have enjoyed the advantage of wonderful improvements in the very elements of the art. The number of instruments have increased and many improvements have been made in the older ones, which allows greater power of expression, harmonic and modulating possibilities; and, therefore, intricate complexity in rhythm stands now on a much higher plane than in the days of Haydn and Mozart. The present tone painters have richer and more variety of color on their palettes; and hence comes the possibility of finer touch allowing more play to individuality.

Simple natural melodic progressions, pure consonant harmonies, near relation in modulation, plainness in rhythm, all of these are the primary elements of the art by which, in the course of time, so much has been achieved that composers of reputation now-a-days find it extremely difficult to express new or individual ideas.

It cannot be said, however, that all possible combinations of the elements have been employed, for their numbers, even with these primary materials, are inexhaustible, and composers, not of sound decided individuality, are in constant danger, even with such ready means of expression, of repeating only that which has been said before.

Music, in this regard, differs essentially from language. The vocabulary of a language is never fully employed, no matter how often single words may do service; for in language the sense of the word only has importance, the sound of the word is not significant. The original thoughts of a poet do not appear to be antiquated although they may be spoken in old words.

On the contrary, in music, material sounds are of such high importance that the repetition of the same sound is very apt to express that only which has been already heard. The really talented composer can allow himself the use of the old conventional melodic and harmonic course, without lapsing into the trivial, only when the poetical idea is thoroughly original and in sharp contrast with former writings.

The growth and perfection of the techni-

cal elements may accordingly be considered as a gain that is not to be undervalued; yet there is great risk of artistic reputation hidden in them, because the exhibition of technical acquirements are too easily made the sole purpose to be attained, instead of their being treated as materials with which to construct. There is a strong temptation to the ordinary composer to avail himself of unprecedented melodic successions, unprepared harmonic transitions and incomprehensible rhythmic figures to reach an easy reputation for originality, and create a sensation before a public that is not capable of judgment in the matter. There is no need of a purpose, independent thought or genius of inspiration. The devotees and infatuated audience will imagine nevertheless that the greatest beauties and emotional effects are screened behind the torrent of astonishing and new-fangled passages, which are too complicated to be intelligible.

There is an unceasing misuse made of the newer elements of the art, and it succeeds only too well; for the number of musically uneducated people is always very many. This misuse of the new technical elements is, alas, not confined alone to composers of ordinary ability. Great masters even cannot, at times, withstand their attractiveness, and revel in the fullness of a technic with which they produce new and wonderful effects that indeed amaze, but do not leave any impression of beauty or grace; because such effects as these are intended for their own ends, and do not serve to carry out a poetical idea.

Particularly with modulation, as one of the mediums, much mischief has been done in our own days. Significant and ingenious modulations offer the best means through which the composer can logically express musical thought; thereby avoiding monotony in extended musical forms, and imparting also to his work richness of expression without disturbing the unity of the composition; while on the contrary, the unprepared and abrupt modulations, at the same time that they create astonishment, likewise destroy the logical sequence of the harmonies; and instead of the performance of such a composition having an agreeable effect on an audience it leaves only a lamentable sensation of dissatisfaction.

As a matter of fact, composers have, indeed, in all times, been guilty of this misuse of modulation, but it is unquestionable at the present time that the evil has grown so excessive as to confuse both the public and the students of music. Full of doubt many persons ask themselves when they do not find such overlaid music beautiful, if the cause lies in their want of comprehension, and if it is not their duty to seek still further for the gems hidden in these perplexing transitions. Through the influence of compositions containing these irregular and unprepared modulations, it has become the fashion to hold that clearness and intelligibility signify only tediousness and triviality, and, on the other hand, that these intricacies of modulation express geniality and original ideas.

To counteract this tendency, there is no better means than the universal spread of

the knowledge of what really is modulation. It may be said that every primer of theory treats this subject at length, and that an essay on it in a musical journal is quite superfluous. Nevertheless the writer is of the opinion that the present condition of the art of music warrants it; particularly when he can present to a large class of readers the true nature of modulation and its effects, and the more so when he hopes to win many new friends by presenting some entirely new views on the subject.

For the better perception of what follows, it is necessary to make a few preliminary remarks on our system of harmony without, however, going into a detailed research of its acoustical foundation. It must be borne in mind, above all, that the music of the present day is based, altogether, on the principle of "tonality." By a work centering on a middle point a fundamental tone, every composition, through its maintenance, is sustained in all the details in unity and significance. From this it will be seen that the word tonality indicates the idea of the fundamental tone being the axis for all tones moving around it. In the unpretending as in the greatest composition, the listener must retain the fundamental tone in memory from the beginning to the end of the performance, in order that the moving tones be clearly understood in their relation to the fundamental. Should the student not be able to do this, either from want of practice or because the fundamental tone is not defined enough in the work, the consequence then will be that the subsequent divisions will seem to be without logical relation to the preceding parts. The fundamental tone is, therefore, like a key which enables the attentive listener to comprehensively follow all harmonies of the composition even to the most distant modulations. When the composer is equal to and careful of this requirement, in every detail of his work, a clear and logical relation must exist, and the bond, which connects each single tone with all the others, will never be broken.

To carry out this principle of tonality, there is a most admirable system of harmony, consisting of one fundamental tone and six others that have a fixed relation to this one tone.

The system of harmony has, by no means, been presented to us directly by nature. It has been of gradual growth, during which aesthetic, much more than natural, considerations were followed. Nature affords no model for the principle on which our tonality is founded; neither in the song of the birds nor in any other instance of natural sounds is our system of seven tones to be found. Yet if our seven tones have not had their origin in nature, at least three of them have been derived from that source, and everywhere these three are found united—for example, if the tone C is sounded, with it the perfect fifth G and the major third E can also be perceptibly heard. The G and E are contained in the tone C, and if not usually heard it is but necessary to listen attentively and the fact will be plainly proved to the ear.

(To be continued.)

The Bug Johnston Papers.

No. 1.

Special to the JOURNAL.

While waiting for the train at Glad Tidings, Iowa, I was moved to write you a letter of congratulation on the splendid instruments I am using on my annual street show tour. I use Thoroughbreds to open my concert and attract an audience. I then introduce my trained goat, Katahdin, in marvelous feats of ladder walking, card playing, pistol firing and a number of other startling features that must be seen to be appreciated. Billy Dukane is with me. He is a remarkable mandolin player, and our duets are a great feature of the show. Our Thoroughbred Guitar and Mandolin excite the astonishment of the natives everywhere. Hanson, the fellow who was with me before I engaged Dukane, was discharged at Drinkvassar, this State. As soon as he got the mandolin I bought for him, last May, he became afflicted with an enlarged encephalon commonly known as swelled head, and a circus tent was too small to make him a vest. At the town above mentioned he filled himself with villainous booze, a teaspoonful of which would induce a jack rabbit to play a hyena. He then donned a red necktie (a color my trained goat Katahdin heartily despised), and proceeded to blow cigarette smoke into the goat's whiskers. That intelligent animal immediately did a buck dance on his countenance, and when the dust cleared away Hanson found himself out of a job. I was glad to be rid of him as he never wanted to travel without a jag, for which the conductors collected half fare.

I read the JOURNAL with great interest, and apart from the news, I receive much valuable information in regard to the banjo and other instruments. In the last but one JOURNAL I noticed a letter asking how to clean banjo heads. I will say that in my experience gasoline is the best thing for the purpose I have ever seen. Spray it on the head with an atomizer, at the same time wipe the head with a clean white cloth. The gasoline evaporates at once, leaving the head white and dry.

I received a letter a few days ago from a party in Georgia, who was anxious to embark in the manufacture of patent banjos. His letter will speak for itself. Here it is.

BUNKOM, GA.

MR. BUG JOHNSTON,

DEAR SIR:

I heard of your phenomenal banjo playing through a mutual friend some time ago, and make haste to enlist your services in one of the most lucrative enterprises that ever offered itself to the grasp of genius. This is nothing more or less than my *Automatic Tone Escape Banjo*. For many years the inventor has been cudgeling his intellect, and depleting the nerve force of his cerebellum in a vain effort to enable the tone of the banjo to escape. No captive piece of crinoline that ever drowned and fainted through the hair raising pages of a red backed romance has had an equal number of swooning heroes interested in her escape from captivity. But, despite this vast expenditure of time, genius and brain, not to speak of a great outlay of money, the tones of the banjo must still reach the front gate by way of the back door. The importance of a direct route from the strings of the banjo to the ears of the public is second only to that of the Panama Canal. Owing to the circuitous route necessarily followed

by the tones of the old style banjo, we find that in playing duets with the guitar and other instruments having direct communication with the *lympani* of the audience, the banjo part is often ten to fifteen seconds late in arriving at its destination.

This trouble may be obviated by putting your clothes on backwards, wearing a mask on the back of the neck and playing with the back to the audience. True, this method detracts somewhat from the dignity of the performer, yet this is far preferable to having your belated solo arrive after the accompaniment has completed his part of the work and the audience has started for home. When the closed back banjo was invented, the sound of my rejoicing might have been heard from the City of Beans, culture and prize fights, to the land of opium joints and sour wine. Ha! Ha! At last the tone could escape! I gazed enraptured upon the perfect finish of the closed backstop banjo. I looked into its cavernous depths, and perceived at once that I was in possession of an ideal receptacle for supernumerary unmentionables. My triumph was at hand; my solos would not be compelled in the future, to gallop wildly behind the accompaniment, like a fat man chasing a street car. I seized upon the instrument with the trembling expectancy of a hungry African at a clam bough, and my digit on the closed back of the intestines. Horror of horrors! *The tone had already escaped!* After a long and lingering illness I slowly recovered my health, but since that time I seldom smile (I live in a prohibition town); but a human being is like a politician in one respect, they are both full of hope. Why should I despair? Had nature not endowed me with a titanic intellect, the ponderous weight of which had caused my lower limbs to assume the esthetic proportions of a pair of ice tongs? I would, in the future, do as the Indians do. I had often noticed, while attending German picnics, ward caucuses and other gatherings, that sound usually escapes through the neck. With this fact to guide me, I set to work and the result of my labors is an instrument with a hollow neck, riddled like a gun barrel, through which the tone escapes with an initial velocity of ten thousand yards per second. The ear piercing tone quality of my banjo will recommend it to those who contemplate buying ear rings, while its carrying power would do credit to a human being. In order to introduce my new and unique instrument to the public, I want to engage you together with that stupendous attraction, your trained goat Katahdin. My ambition is to head the greatest entertainment on earth. You have no doubt heard of "Those Negroes in the South" who play the banjo to beat the band, with no other assistance than a natural talent and a vigorous imagination. I have one with me, Mr. Erastus Jig Sands, of Georgia. This intelligent and gifted African was formerly chief swine herd to the Governor of that State; and, in view of the fact that a Georgia hog can make a jack rabbit look like a selling platform, no man without the assistance of wings could have filled that responsible position more acceptably. On resigning this office he was immediately promoted to the post of garbage inspector, and the Governor presented him with a two dollar tack head banjo as a slight testimonial of his regard. Up to this time Sands could not have told the difference between a banjo and a tennis racket, or distinguished the chord of the dominant from a group of pickaninnies looking through a board fence. But, two weeks later he took the place of the orchestra at the Milledgeville opera house; and, with his banjo, officiated as the "whole thing," at the production of Beethoven's tremendous opera of Fidoletto. There may be a few carping critics who will feel disposed to scoff at this plain statement of facts, and, if so, I shall be pleased to enter into a further discussion of the matter with any known weapon from a telephone pole to a thirteen inch cannon. Oh! Bug, fly to no napping, and write me once! With kind regards to yourself and love to Katahdin, I am,

Yours forever,

HANK SMITH.

As you may well imagine, I shall wholly ignore the morbid ravings of this monumental parasite. I have played the Thoroughbred Banjo for years, and shall continue as in the past to make known its merits to an appreciative public. In my next I

shall describe some truly remarkable new tricks with which Katahdin is nightly moving mighty multitudes to mirth and astonishment.

I hope to get the next JOURNAL at Dry-bone, Iowa.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

ARRANGING A CONCERT PROGRAM.

BY CHAS. J. ROCKWELL

A concert program should be a work of art, in the sense that it owes its existence to *selection* (rejection being implied) and *arrangement* according to some clearly defined principles. Of these, unity and variety, in fairly equal proportion are absolutely indispensable. Clearly, then, violent contrasts are not desirable, as the first of these principles is thereby violated. Yet it is obvious that such contrasts may be utilized with excellent results, especially for purposes of artistic education. Thus the juxtaposition of specially chosen works to represent two opposite schools, with a view of exhibiting their individual characteristics in a strong light, and enabling hearers to realize the points of difference, is not to be regarded as inartistic merely because unity is absent and only variety present, for this last quality is, in the majority of cases, made use of, not for its own sake, but for a purpose with which unity is altogether incompatible. So also, while it is evident that monotony should be avoided whenever the highest object sought is merely the composition of an artistic program, it is equally clear that, with a view of exhibiting peculiarities common to a school, an epoch or a nation, a programme may include several works so similar in style, that, to those who judge it apart from this consideration, the result must appear monotonous.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

TO BEGINNERS.

You do not try for well I know,
You could easily learn;
Lessons seen hard to you and so
From practice do you turn.

Day after day as time rolls by
You welcome an excuse,
To get away from lessons dry
For which you have no use.

But no, don't give it up,
Tho' lessons seem so dry,
Practice to-day, you'll learn to play,
Just go ahead and try.

Some future time you will be proud
To know that you can play,
When by your ears in tones aloud,
You hear some person say.

"A little music would seem right,
Will some one favor us?"
You say "I will" you play by sight,
No need to make a fuss.

Oh! no! don't give it up,
Tho' lessons you're forgot,
Practice to-day, you'll learn to play,
As easily as not.

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.]

All music should aim at the true expression of an idea, carrying to the mind of the listener, a similar emotion to that experienced by the composer. But as music is such a subjective art, it often becomes lifeless when trying to be objective.

Classicism is held down by pedantry, while romanticism is free in the pursuit of its theme.

Abstract music, like abstract thought, leads to nothing definite.

It is sheer affectation that causes many soloists to persist in the use of the vibrato or tremolo.

A good executant will reveal unsuspected beauties even in compositions that you may believe yourself to be thoroughly acquainted with, while a bad interpreter will make the same compositions sound mean and paltry. On the other hand, over-familiarity with the beauties of a work may make you blind to their true value.

The true artist is ever self-critical and self-conscious in his work.

Genius never asks, or asked, what it is going to, or was going to do; it does, and did it.

The things teachers should seek to have their pupils do are: Love music, know what music to love, and be able to play it well.

National music is beyond the reach of coercion, legislative force, or control of any kind. The mainspring of all that has been best in national song was the heart and character of the people. In every age, in every land, national music was what the people made it. It was what they would have it. It was the music they had made in their own image. So long as manly courage, truth and purity were national characteristics, the nation's music would be strong and beautiful, and if these failed, the music would undoubtedly become deteriorated. The national character and the merit of national song are co-relative.

The art of musical composition was an English invention, John Dunstable, an Englishman, being the first to fuse all the fragments of musical knowledge into a divine structural art, by making each voice part independent, about 1400-20 A. D. Hugh Aston, a century later, by writing characteristic keyboard compositions, invented instrumental music.

It frequently occurs to thinkers it is getting near time that critics in general should acknowledge themselves as human beings, and stop acting like submerged consciences.

The average man seeks for what is best in music, as in all else, provided it is within the range of his understanding.

The mediocre artist is a sad thing.

After a good dose of brain developers, the musician should give his whole mind to culture.

Artistic temperament, which is essentially high strung, passionate and sensitive to every impression, is extraordinarily responsive to every appeal that can be made to it on the side of the emotions. Artistic temperament is, from its very nature, at war with all conventions; for the highest type of the artistic mind is necessarily creative, or, in other words, original, and originality is always the antithesis of conventionality. A great artist feels that supreme achievement confers a sort of right to override alike the convenience and the prejudices of ordinary mortals. This right, indeed, is regarded as one of the rewards which the world bestows upon success—the right to live in one's own way and to act precisely as one pleases. As a matter of fact, the world at large, in its actual practice, does really give this right to those who do great things, and it does not apply to them precisely the same standards which it applies to others.

Human beings are individualized or made known to each other by the pitch of their voices, and the disposition of an individual is indicated by the key tone of the voice, just the same as the tone of an E flat cornet or any other musical instrument enables people to identify the instrument with which the sound is produced. It will be found the persons whose voices are pitched in the key of C are of a social nature, and their whole makeup is amiable. D voices indicate hopefulness and cheerfulness. E indicates a sanguine temperament. Those whose voices are pitched in F are earnest and sincere; those in G are egotistical and domineering. Those in A are fretful, nervous and pathetic, while those in B are timid and apprehensive and lack confidence and self-control. The semitones are similarly distributed.

"BOLIVAR JUMPS" EXPLAINS.

Although a man and a mandolin are similar in some respects, in others they are different. Both have a neck, arm, back and head. The head on the mandolin is always a machine head, but the one on the man is sometimes a mashing head. A man will sometimes say a thing without being able to back it up, but a mandolin cannot even make a noise without backing it up. If one man meets another they are two men, but if two mandolins are together they are not two men-dolin. A young man is called a boy, but a young mandolin, or rather, a newly made one, is not a boy-olin. If a man acts wickedly people say he acts in a vile manner, but if it is the mandolin that acts badly they do not say it acts in a vile manner. If a mandolin's bridge is broken it means a bad-sounding mandolin, but if a

man's bridge (nose) is broken it means some bad-sounding words. Fretting makes a man worse and a mandolin better. If a man acts manly he is a gentleman, but if the mandolin acts well it is not a gentleman-dolin, for whoever heard of a lady-dolin? You can tie a cord around a mandolin's neck and hang it up, but I would not advise you to try it on a man. Which would you rather be, a man or a mandolin? Take your pick.

THE MANDOLIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

We organized an orchestra about four months ago, We jest hev got stringed instruments, no horns or things you blow. We practiced a hull lot of times, you orter hear us play, It's as fine music as can be made so all the neighbors say. Uv course we allus play our best; we go right in to win, But nary one of us kin play upon the mandolin.

There's banjos two or three, of course they're Yankee to the core, 'N two guitars, a banjeurine an' fiddles three or four, A big bass viol ter help along, its notes so low and deep, They come in right, so strong an' full, help better time to keep, But there's one thing that's missed a lot where ever we hev been, There's nary one of us kin play upon the mandolin.

Our leader is so gosh darned proud he says it makes him sick For hours when ever he thinks of playing with a pick. Sum uv the others think that it is awful hard to hold, The lady members blush 'n say "We think it looks too bold, To hold a mandolin when we in public have to play, We'll have to let it go just now, we'll learn some future day."

The music is so soft and sweet, it goes right to the spot, Whene'er you're downhearted 'n hear 'twill cheer you up a lot. It's up to date, no back number, to lay up on the shelf. I love its music so I vow, I'll learn to play myself, 'N when the club tunes up an' plays, you'll hear it joining in, For there'll be one member that kin play upon the mandolin.

Men willingly believe what they wish.

Says Pope, "What is every year of a wise man's life? but a censure or critic on the past: The man despises the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. Diet, health, weather, affairs,—a thousand things,—determine our views."

CLAUD C. ROWDEN--Banjoist. A SKETCH.

The JOURNAL has the pleasure to present its readers with a portrait of one of the coming banjoists of the day. Taking into consideration the fact that Claud C. Rowden has studied the banjo for only eight years, his past and present renditions of choice programme music are remarkable, we may say phenomenal. When he began to study the banjo, at the age of twenty, he could scarcely read music, but his aptitude and perseverance soon enabled him to overcome all difficulties, including that of acquiring an artistic manipulation of the banjo while having Alfred A. Farland for an instructor. Tuition was commenced in Pittsburg, Pa., and harmony and counterpoint early added to the curriculum, followed by the Mandolin and Guitar. Mr. Rowden's first appearance in public was a great success, and it led to him being connected with Concert and Vaudeville Companies with whom he traveled in the west and the south. He, however, desired to make more serious study of the banjo, and therefore located in Chicago, and opened a school for that instrument as also the Mandolin and Guitar. His success in that great centre has been deservedly great, in the work of organizing and instructing many clubs, both professional and amateur, and in giving concerts and recitals. The Banjo Festival of November 17, 1894 was a red letter time in his history, when he had an orchestra of over one hundred banjos under his direction. That event will be long remembered as one of the largest and most successful concerts ever given.

As a soloist Mr. Rowden has few equals and his name upon a program is enough to insure large and enthusiastic audiences.

A cursory glance at some of the musical items, which he performs with a natural ease and grace, is enough to convince the most sceptical that his playing must be far in advance of the ordinary. He has not only appeared on programmes for one or two solos, but has given entire programmes of twelve to fourteen varied numbers by the famous old composers.

The press in general has been most unstinted in praise of Mr. Rowden's performances, and the remarks are worthy of repetition.

The *Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean* said: "Claud E. Rowden performed the overture to 'William Tell' on the banjo, and the wonder is not so much that he did it as that he was able to do it at all."

The *Chicago Daily Sun* said "Claud C. Rowden, of the Metropolitan Conservatory favored the company with a masterly

interpretation of the 'Intermezzo' from 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' responding with 'My Old Kentucky Home' in variations. As a banjo soloist Mr. Rowden has few equals."

Other papers of western state cities have said:

"The banjo is usually associated with the minstrel show, and an instrument upon which an accompaniment is 'tun tunned' by the artist (?). Of course those who went to hear Claud C. Rowden expected something a little better than this, but they were not prepared for a program of classical music on the banjo, and so were disappointed. There were very few in the audience who ever heard a banjo played as Mr. Rowden plays it, and we very much doubt if he has any superiors on this instrument. He is certainly a King."

"The Star was Claud C. Rowden and his banjo, and he certainly deserves the name he has, 'The Ole Bull of the Banjo. Very few, if any, in the audience ever heard such banjo playing.'"

"Claud C. Rowden was no doubt considered the star of the evening. Ole Bull of the Banjo was no misnomer for this talented artist. All his selections were most enthusiastically received."

"The properly styled Ole Bull of the Banjo gave half a dozen pieces on his instrument in a superb manner. It was a revelation to the audience that so much music could be gotten out of a banjo."

The press expressions of delight are far too numerous to detail here, but the foregoing are samples and evidences of a sincere appreciation. In his capacity as one of the faculty of the Chicago Metropolitan Conservatory of Music, Mr. Rowden may be looked upon as one who has won a position of influence, and one who will use it for the greater advancement of the music and the instrument we all love and intend to make the world love too.

Among the many selections in Mr. Rowden's repertoire, are the following:

SONATA OP. 30.....	Beethoven
THE AWAKENING OF THE LION.....	Kuntz
OVERTURE TO WILLIAM TELL.....	Rossini
GYPSY RONDO.....	Haydn
MINUET A LA ANTOQUE.....	Padernski
INTERMEZZO--CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.....	Mascagni
2ND MAZURKA.....	Wieniawski
SERENADE.....	Schubert
GRAND MARCH.....	Schubert
SELECTION IL TROVATORE.....	Verdi
GAVOTTE No. 2 of 23.....	Foppe
CRADLE SONG.....	Hauer
NARCISSE.....	Vicini
OLD KENTUCKY HOME.....	Foster--Farland
And also his own noted work:	
DANCE OF THE CHERUBS.....	Rowden



Done-Bandora-ized.

A STORY
BY CYRIL DALLAS

Our vessel lay motionless in the Zanzibar anchorage. Not the semblance of a breeze floated through the ports of my cabin, or along the saloon gangways, and the fearful heat made sleep impossible. Switching on the incandescent lamp, I observed the thermometer registered 129° Fah., and to be made aware of this fact caused an extra warm glow to course through my body. To breathe was fatiguing, and so up on deck I tumbled in pyjamas, threw myself on a wicker couch, with longings to imbibe iced drinks by the gallon. Eight bells had already struck, watch reduced, and the only person on the after deck was the purser, loitering against the taffrail and gazing shoreward through a night glass. He did not perceive me.

Up here the atmosphere was scarcely less stifling, but the aspect of this tropical region was beautiful, even at midnight. On our starboard lay the ancient Arab city, its hum subsided, and just a few flickering lights noticeable here and there by the palace quay. Over our bows scores of pirate dhows lay moored, their masts appearing to mingle with the palms on the beach. On our port side, two British gunboats and one German cruiser were anchored; they had unexpectedly arrived during the afternoon from Mombassa and Bagamoyo. At our stern lay the expanse of ocean, its placid surface reflecting with wonderful clearness the brilliant stars above.

I closed my eyes, hoping to lose sleep, but it was of no avail; there was a never ceasing jingling going on in my ears, not unpleasant either were I not so weary. They were the tones I heard a few hours ago, when ashore, and which had almost held me spell-bound as they floated out of a latticed window of the palace. The performer on that Portuguese guitar undoubtedly was an accomplished musician.

Presently I heard the plash of oars, and happening to glance at the purser—his glasses were now removed—I distinguished a small bumpot pulling towards us, apparently from the shore. It soon ran alongside. Two persons clambered the gangway, and then, together with the purser, disappeared down the companion way.

I readily recognized handsome Captain Yardly, a saloon passenger. The other was a female in Arab dress, and closely veiled. My curiosity was aroused, and I lay wondering, to eventually fall asleep.

I awakened shortly after sunrise while the sailors were deck cleaning, and steam was being gotten up. During breakfast, mails and passengers came aboard, and then we steamed away for Mozambique.

When Captain Yardly put in his appearance he was looking worried. Now, during the voyage from Aden, we two became very friendly, in fact confidential, but ever since the third day he went ashore at Zanzibar he seemed desirous of avoiding me, and we had not spoken a word for two days. I

could not help feeling annoyed, and so on the morrow, I surprised him by asking, "how was the lady?"

"Hush! Don't you breathe a word, and—I will tell you all about her. She is the daughter of the Sultan's Grand Vizier, and a pretty girl for an Arabian. She has any amount of spirit, and a mine of wealth in jewels. She speaks English fairly well, better Portuguese and plays the bandora divinely. I would never believe such exquisite music could be brought out of the instrument, had I not heard for myself. Any person who can play like she must have a mind of rare goodness and purity. My meeting her was purely accidental, and I believe providential. You see she has been educated and cannot bear the idea of having to enter the harem where her father intends her to go. For a long time she was on the lookout for someone in whom to trust and help her to escape from the island, and that honor has been reserved for me."

"So it seems the days of chivalry are not yet quite over."

"You needn't put it that way. Any gentleman would help a lady out of trouble."

"Of course! If, however, the escapee leaks out and complaints are lodged with the consul, I hope for your sake no Government inquiry will result."

"I have thought of that, and must risk it. The captain doesn't know she's on board and I don't want him to. I squared the purser and he provided her with a private cabin. But it does worry me to know what I shall do with her when we get to Chinde. The poor girl can't go with me to the Lakes, my wife would be sure to hear of it through some brother officer, and yet I cannot abandon the girl."

"Perhaps an opportunity to place her will be found when we arrive at Mozambique."

"I hope so! Anyhow, I must wait."

The subject was not alluded to again, and two days later we cast anchor off Mozambique at sundown. I went ashore to spend the evening with the consul, found our captain already there ensconced in his favorite chair, and presently Yardly joined us.

We were being entertained right royally, when, in the midst of a recital of strange adventures among the Bonga Tribes, of the Zambesi, an Eastern Telegraph Company's messenger delivered a cipher cablegram from Zanzibar. Our host frowned heavily as he deciphered the message. He muttered some unintelligible words, several times casting searching glances upon us, which amused the captain, but created apprehension in Yardly's mind and my own.

Bidding the messenger begone, the consul arose from his desk, and in a fit of passion, stamped backwards and forwards across the floor, finally exclaiming as he halted, "That rascally Captain Mor, Araujo Souza, has given us the slip again!"

Yardly breathed anew, and so did I, as we inquired who was this particular Captain Mor.

"He is the chief of all little smooth-faced scoundrels. He has the polished manners of the French, combined with the cunning of his own nationality, the Ishmaelite, the Hindo and the Mongol. He is the clever-

est slave-runner of the coast, the one who keeps the Sultan supplied with black ivory in spite of all the vigilance of war vessels, and consequently he is in high favor with his patron, the authorities here and in Lisbon. For six years he has led our war vessels into expeditions, from Delagoa Bay to Cape Guadafui, which in every instance proved wild goose chases. It is remarkable what influence he has, even among the very people he seeks to enslave. A few weeks ago he was in Mombassa, stirring up the Somalis to revolt against the British and Germans. Plans were matured for his capture,—I having done considerable towards formulating them,—but they turned out futile, and he escaped to Zanzibar. Three war ships followed him thither for the purpose of seizing him by force in case the Sultan did not accede to a demand, and while the negotiations were proceeding, Souza slipped away on a vessel for this port, and this cablegram states it is openly asserted at the Sultan's court that he came on your ship, Captain."

"I'll swear he did no such thing! I don't know the fellow, but my purser does only too well, and nothing would please him more than having the rascal in his power. It strikes me there is some fooling about that cablegram."

"Perhaps so, Captain. Anyhow, it is useless to search your ship now. Souza will have landed and be safe on the road to his Prazo, an estate of many square miles, where he rules despotically over a population of six thousand, has a horde of Goanese black troops to do his bidding and is hailed as Captain Mor.—I fear it will be many a long day ere the rascal is caught. I am baffled,—to understand why he has free access to the Sultan's private apartments, including the harem.—However, fill up your glasses, gentlemen,—try another brand of manillas,—we will endeavor to be pleasant over the affair."

On returning to the vessel, and preparatory to tumbling into my berth that night, I was surprised to receive a visit from Yardly. He entered my cabin as white as a ghost, trembling like a man fully conscious of having committed a crime. "She's gone!" he hoarsely whispered, "read that, I found it" neatly my cabin door, a letter in Portuguese. I could not keep it secret, knowing what you do, but for heaven's sake never breathe a word, or it will be the means of cashiering and disgracing me; and I want you, Wyatt, to think of some plan to put the purser off the scent, or there will be the deuce to pay."

I promised, and taking the letter, translated it thus:

SENIOR YARDLY:

I thank you for providing me with a free and safe passage to Mozambique, and helping me out of the tightest fix it was ever my lot to be in. But your English military officers are: Jewels? Music? Ah! Give my dearest love to the purser.

ARAUJO SOUZA.
"Then he's a woman!" I observed "and she is not the Grand Vizier's daughter?"

Even so, Hugh, and I will never again judge character by a person's artistic manipulation of a musical instrument.

END

THE HEINLINE CONCERT TRIO.

A Few Notes About Their Recitals.

In our last issue, mention was made of this organization, and JOURNAL readers will be pleased now to have portraits presented of Mr. Heinline and his daughter Miss Jennie, showing them as they appear upon the concert platform. Wherever and whenever they have performed, success attended every concert, as may well be imagined from critics' opinions, which have already been published in our columns. Their tour of many Pennsylvania Mountain Summer Resorts has been a round of pleasure to themselves and to all who had the fortune to listen to their playing.

Writing from his home at Easton, Pa., at the latter end of July, Mr. Heinline said: "We start out again, early in August, for a four weeks tour. Our trip was a delightful one, through a fine country. We had big audiences everywhere, and people certainly treated us well after our performances. You see there are so many fakes traveling about, so, people from afar are more or less suspicious until they have heard us. My daughter surprises every one that hears her. Our instruments are much admired. I know that one-half or more of the people do not know the capacity of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar."

At Forrest, Pike Co., Pa., the people fairly carried Miss Fannie in their arms. They seemed to be gone on banjos as it were, for many remarked they wanted the instruments and they spoke seriously.

The week ending August 16th, was a most successful one; six concerts were given at Delaware Water Gap, Highland Dell and Stroudsburg, variously, all terminating in requests to pay further visits. These Mountain Resorts were teeming with guests, so much so that accommodation was hard put to.

Our friends found things booming at Mount Pocono, Monroe Co., and the concerts at the "Wiscasset," and the M. E. Church were brilliant affairs. Ten concerts had been given by the 23d of August, and twenty more were booked before the engagement was fulfilled.

The Trio performed in Pocono up till September 1st, when they returned to Easton to prepare for giving a farewell concert there prior to proceeding to Saginaw, Mich. And on the 14th of September, Mr. Heinline wrote to the JOURNAL, saying: "Since our concert season has come to a close for the summer, I would like to mention a few of the many comments we overheard, and also received personally. On one occasion after a concert, several ladies picked up our Mandolins, and one asked the other, 'are they not fine instruments?' to which the questioned replied in the affirmative, adding, 'just think of the tone; our instruments do not sound the same, what can make the difference?' This caused me to speak up and observe; 'the difference was in the make and the manipulation; as with all instruments, some are artistic creations and some are not, and it requires experience and judgment to be able to select, unless instruments are obtained from manufacturers whose special care is to put nothing but the best on the market, and who understand the

real secrets of Mandolin making.'" The ladies, of course, saw the reasoning of this."

On another occasion a party of young men examined our instruments, in a manner as if to ascertain where the secrets were, and one of them said: "Well, I was at the extreme end of the hotel piazza and declared I thought the music I heard was that of a piano, a solo. But I lost my bet and must admit I never heard a guitar played like that before. The carrying power and volume certainly resembled that of a piano."

An elderly lady said she wished she had her banjo with her for Mr. Heinline to try if the same tones could be obtained as from his own; and her recollections made her say her own sounded like a tub in comparison. Here again he had to observe upon instruments that were artistic creations and those that were not.

These experiences of Mr. Heinline contain lessons for JOURNAL

readers. If we are to endear the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar to the public, and bring the music obtained therefrom to the height of popularity deserved, we must strive at every opportunity to enable people to discriminate between instruments that have claims to be regarded as musical, from those which have no claims beyond their appearance, as do the performers on bowed, wind and percussion instruments.

Mr. Heinline and his daughter left Easton for Saginaw, Mich., on September 26th, and they have the best wishes of the JOURNAL and its readers for their success in that State of progress.

RICHARD L. WEAVER.

This gentleman is doubtless well known to the major portion of our readers, by virtue of his compositions for the banjo, mandolin and guitar, which are very extensively used by the best clubs throughout the United States. Mr. Weaver is now about to embark upon a new enterprise, that of teaching, and we all certainly wish him all the success which we are sure the merit of his work will warrant. As an arranger of Mandolin Club music, he is one of the most capable, and we would say that clubs desirous of obtaining special

arrangements of the popular music of the day, such as medleys, etc., will do well to communicate with him. Besides this, he is thoroughly conversant with both old and new operatic music, and the new popular classics. Mr. Weaver will be located with Mr. D. Swisher, of 115 S. 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., where communications may be addressed.

"Common sense," has been defined to be, "the average intellect and conscience of the civilized world." "The history of human opinions," says Voltaire, "is scarcely anything more than the history of human errors."

"Conscience!" cries Sterns, is not a law, No! "God and reason made the law, and have placed Conscience within you, to determine."



Banjo, Mandolin. and Guitar Notes

[We shall always be pleased to receive notes of concerts, entertainments, recitals, etc., given anywhere in the United States, Canada and abroad. These columns are always open to matters of general interest to players of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar.]

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Vess L. Ossman, the famous banjovist, is receiving letters daily from banjo players in different parts of the country requesting his services at annual concerts, but owing to his contract with the Columbia Phonograph Co. he finds it impossible to leave the city and be absent for more than a day at a time. He hopes in the near future to make a tour of the United States and also Europe. The outlook for a good season is very bright, many engagements have been booked ahead, and applications for scholarship are coming in every day. Mr. Ossman said the banjo he had made for him last Spring is improving, as he now has acquired the knack of adjusting it so as to obtain the most satisfactory results.

WATERTOWN.—After the usual summer vacation, the season of '98-'99 opens very auspiciously. Indications point to a boom in the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar World, and this part of the country falls in line with the rest. Mr. Bert S. House's season opened on the first of September with forty-six pupils enrolled, and more coming in each day. There are also two clubs under his direction, both of which are in a flourishing condition, rehearsals having been kept up all summer. Increased business necessitated larger quarters being taken, and Mr. House now has a large studio at No. 2 Opera House Block, where rehearsals will be held during the season.

The Imperial Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, organized a year ago, begins its second season with twenty-two members. The club will again be under the direction and management of Mr. Bert S. House, its organizer. This club met with flattering success last season, and judging from the number of dates already booked, the coming season will be highly successful. A project is on foot to incorporate the club on a stock basis, making each member a shareholder, with a view to building a club house at the Thousand Islands, next year. The proceeds from concerts, etc., will be added to the amount received from assessments to form the building fund. The members are very enthusiastic over the idea and will all work together for its success.

The Symphony Banjo Mandolin and Guitar Club of this city, Bert S. House, director, is arranging for a minstrel entertainment to be given some time next month.

Mr. F. Grafton Bragger, the well-known violinist and mandolinist, met with a severe mishap recently, jamming the little finger of his left hand so badly that at first it was feared that amputation would be necessary, but thanks to the skill of his physician "Brag" will be on deck again with the "Imperial Club" as good as ever.

Among those who were present during the late misunderstanding in Cuba, was Mr. Otto Gaebel, of the 9th U. S. Infantry. Mr. Gaebel was the zither soloist of the Imperial Club last season, only leaving us when his regiment went to the front. Latest reports are to the effect that the 9th will soon return to Madison Barracks, and if that is true we may hope to have Mr. Gaebel with us again soon.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS.—The Comus Mandolin Orchestra, organized at this place in 1890, has now disbanded, and the entire list of 300 concert selections belonging to the orchestra is for disposal. Mr. H. M. Kehr, the leader, will be glad to hear from clubs prepared to take over the collection of music.

PITTSBURG.—J. B. Crookston, of this city, has been accomplishing wonders with his performances on the banjo—banjeurine, which he uses for solo work, and upon which he finds rapid fingering, forcing and tremolos easy. His instrument is perhaps the only one that has been heard in so large an area of the United States, while being played upon in Pittsburg. Mr. Crookston used to be a Lenox Distance Telephone operator, and he placed the transmitter, which is attached to cords, under the head of the banjo, directly under the bridge against the rim, and the operators at the receiving ends heard the music better than the performer did, judging by the reports. The operators in the following cities comprised the audience. Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Indianapolis, Ind., Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., Henderson, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., Cleveland, Ohio, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, Buffalo, N. Y., Altoona, Pa., Harrisburg, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, New York and Boston. The programme, admirably rendered, was:

"Love and Beauty Waltzes."
"Crusader's Galop."
Hall's "Blue Ribbon March."
"Nigger in a Fit."
"West Lawn Polka."
"Cupid's Realm Overture."

ILLINOIS.

JOLIET.—Miss Jessie C. Ferriss and her pupils gave an admirable recital at the residence of Mr. Charles Pearce, on the evening of July 28th last. The audience was very much pleased. It is Miss Ferriss's second successful year in Joliet. The Aeolian Mandolin Club consists of Miss Ferriss, leader; Misses Alice Polhamus, Agnes Polhamus, G. Holden, Mattie Mathier and Mrs. George Sturges; and the Junior Mandolin and Guitar Club consists of Floyd

Pearce, Frank Miller, Howard Pearce, and Frank Loughran, Mandolinists; Louie Pearce, George Miller, and Ben Shaffner, Guitars. Miss Clara Grundy was the able accompanist. Program was as follows:

Overture. La Petite E. H. Frey
Aeolian Mandolin Club
Paganini Waltz Frankie Lassar
Trio—Happy Birds Waltz Holst
Floyd, Howard and Louie Pearce
Guitar Solo—A Moment With You Shaffer
Minnie Bitterman.
Piano Duet—The Children's Tea Party, E. M. Reed
Marie Pearce and Miss Hawley
Guitar Solo—The Little Chinaman—Polka Humorous
Franklin Eaton
George Miller
Mandolin Solo—Cavatina Oscar Schmidt
Frank Loughran
National Medley
Aeolian Mandolin Club
The Serenaders Wessenberg
The Junior Mandolin and Guitar Club
Guitar Solo—Spanish Fandango
Ben Shaffner
Mandolin Solo—The Humming Bird E. H. Frey
Frank Miller
Banjo Solo—Love and Beauty Waltzes Armstrong
Jessie C. Ferriss
The Lima E. H. Frey
Aeolian Mandolin Club

CANADA.

ROBERVAL, LAKE ST. JOHN, P. Q.—W. Sullivan made immense hits with his violin and banjo playing, at The Roberval, of this place, in conjunction with Mr. N. Eichhorne, the noted pianist of Montreal. On the evening of August 7, 1898, the following programme was admirably rendered, and received much applause.

Violin Solo. Polonaise de Concert. H. Wieniawski
Piano Solo. Rhapsody No. 12 Liszt
Banjo Solo. Nearer My God to Thee, Variations.
Farland
Violin Solo. 7th Concerto Chas. De Beriot
Piano Solo. Andte Caprice Mendelssohn
Banjo Solo. My Old Kentucky Home. Variations.
Farland
Violin Solo. a Berceuse from Jocelyn B. Godard
& Kuwariak, Polish National Dance
Wieniawski
Piano Solo. Prelude Bachmannoff
Banjo Solo. Gipsy Rondo Haydn, Farland

W. Sullivan, the noted musician, of Montreal, has now returned home after his successful summer performances at Roberval, Lake St. John.

Glory comes too late when paid only to our ashes. Live as if you were rescued from death, and seize fleeting enjoyments, and thus your recovered life will not have lost a single day.

There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

Men are most apt to believe what they least understand.

Look into the crowded street; the men are all men, they all walk upright; they might wear each other's clothes without serious inconvenience, but could they exchange souls?

NEW ZEALAND.

NAPIER, HAWKES' BAY.—*The Daily Telegraph* of this city said of the concert, given on Wednesday evening, August 3, 1898, by friends of the JOURNAL.

Extremely enjoyable was the concert given in the Athenaeum Hall last evening, by the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club. The public attended in large numbers, the hall being packed to the doors, and in fact many persons desirous of attending were unable to gain admission. Musically, too, the concert was a decided success. The concerted selections were especially well played. Time and harmony were perfect, the performers giving evidence of well applied energy at practice, and careful attention to the tuition of their able leader, Mr. Chas. McFarlane. The ladies and gentlemen who took part were—mandolins, Misses F. Watt and E. Edwards; banjeurine, Mrs. T. O. Mast; banjos, Misses B. Nairn and Henna, Messrs G. B. Bullock, W. N. Barrons, and H. V. Hoadley, guitars, Mesdames N. Kettle, and H. B. Lusk, Miss F. Edwards, Mr. C. E. Sainsbury; bass banjo and mandolin, Mr. W. G. Wood; piccolo, banjo and mandolin, Mr. Chas. McFarlane. Perhaps the most successful of the concerted items was "The Dandy Six Quickstep," but the old plantation melodies, particularly "Old Folks at Home," and "De Ole Banjo," have a distinct charm which always appeals to an audience. A capital number was Mr. McFarlane's banjo solo, "Queen of the Sea Waltzes," given by request, for which he was recalled. Equally successful was Miss E. Edwards's mandolin solo "Novar," a grand polka march, but the player was heard to still better advantage in an encore contribution "Adieu," which was played with excellent taste and expression. "Minstrel Echoes," a banjo duet by Miss Henn and Mr. McFarlane, was well rendered, the audience evincing a desire to join in the swing of the different melodies. The vocalists of the evening were Miss Tanner and Mr. G. E. Mantering. The former's programme number was Schira's "Sognal," and this difficult composition was finely interpreted by the singer, who won a decided encore as a compliment for her artistic effort. Mr. Mantering sang "La Tosca (Matte)" and "Come into the Garden, Maud," (Balfé) and was recalled for each item, singing in response "What Care I" and "My Love is Come." A pianoforte solo by Miss F. McLean "Cascade" (Bendal) delighted the audience, who insisted on an encore, and Miss McLean played a "Fantasie" (Chopin) in acknowledgment. The accompanists were Misses Henn, Mantering, Edwards and Hoadley.

Following is the complete programme :

PART I.

- a. "Marteneau Overture".....Vernel
a. "Amphion March".....Stewart
Napier B. M. and G. Club.
Piano Solo—"Cascade".....Bendal
Miss F. McLean.
a. "Une Pensée Fugitive" (Melodie).....Ellis
a. "Alice, Where Art Thou?".....Acher
Mandolins and Guitars.
Song—"La Pesca".....Matti
Mr. G. E. Mantering.

Banjo Solo—"Queen of the Sea Waltzes".....Armstrong

- (By Request, Mr. Chas. McFarlane.
a. ("My Old Kentucky Home").....McFarlane
a. ("Old Folks at Home").....McFarlane
c. ("Who's dat a Calling").....McFarlane
Napier B. M. and G. Club.

PART II.

- a. ("The Dandy Six Quickstep").....Farland
a. ("Imperial Mazurka").....Armstrong
Napier B. M. and G. Club.
Song—"Sognal".....Schira
Miss Tanner.
Mandolin Solo—"Novar" (Grand Polka March).....Heath
Miss E. Edwards.
Banjo Duet—"Minstrel Echoes".....Kenneth
Miss Henn and Mr. Chas. McFarlane.
Song—"Come into the Garden, Maud!".....Balfé
Mr. G. E. Mantering.
a. ("Ringtail'd Coon").....Armstrong
Scott Gatty's a. ("De Ole Banjo").....McFarlane
c. ("Good-Night").....McFarlane
Napier B. M. and G. Club.
Accompanist, Miss Henn.

FROM THE FRONT.

CUBA.

The following extracts are from a letter received from a friend of the JOURNAL, Mr. Fred E. Crossman, of the U. S. S. Castine, which was engaged in the blockade off Havana, Cuba. Unfortunately the missive arrived too late for insertion in our last issue, and consequently the notes were held over. Mr. Crossman wrote: "It is with sincere regret that I learned of the death of Mr. Stewart. The Banjo Fraternity has lost one of its ablest and most powerful advocates. No. 106 of the JOURNAL was the first intimation that I had of the sad event.

We returned from Key West to the blockading squadron after conveying the army, and assisting them to land at Daiquiri, near Santiago. Of course we celebrated the Fourth in fine style. A very large steamer loaded with stores and ammunition for Blanco attempted to run the blockade into Havana, but was headed off by one of our small yachts which chased her to Mariel, about twenty miles west of Havana, and she (the steamer) ran hard and fast aground, right under the batteries of Mariel. We went there and opened fire on the vessel and on the forts. Our fire was answered by the latter and two small gunboats inside the harbor without effect. A couple of shells passed over us but did no damage. We succeeded in completely destroying the steamer and all its stores by setting her on fire with our shells, and left her in ruins. After this, and while we were under the fire of the forts, some cavalry tried to plant a field piece on the breast of a hill, but we dropped three four inch shells right in their midst, and you ought to have seen the soldiers run. We must have killed several of the soldiers, and we dropped a shell near the largest gunboat prowling around, and she quickly got out of our way, so that we saw no more of her. The loss of the steamer will be a severe blow to Blanco. My mind is still set on a Thoroughbred which I shall have as soon as it is safe for me to do so. Wishing the very best of luck."

MANILLA.

Another friend of the JOURNAL S. W. Taylor, C. F. and O. U. S. V. the Body

Guards to General Merritt, Manila, Philippine Island, writes under date of Aug. 22nd: "We left the States on May 25, arriving here June 30 after Manila surrendered, and I looked for a banjo, but no one here knew what it was. I have no doubt there is a field here for the banjo after once introduced and I feel confident that I will be successful in interesting the residents, especially the higher class, who are lovers of music."

AN AUTOMATIC BANJO.

One of these automatic musical instruments has been on exhibition in Philadelphia, and for the benefit of those of our readers who may not have had opportunity to view it here, or elsewhere, the *Journal* publishes a description:

Electricity furnishes the motive power for its operation, a small electric motor doing the work, deriving its supply of current from either an electric light circuit or a battery of dry cells. Electric power is not necessary, but is the most convenient form of power for use in stores, restaurants, hotels, &c. This electric motor operates a pump, supplying air to a system of bellows, which furnishes blasts to operate the frets and fingers which strike the strings. The blasts of air are formed and directed by means of a preformed strip of paper, similar to that used in the Aeolian, but adapted, of course, to the notes of the banjo and to the fingering of the frets. Each fret is provided with a button-like arrangement, which, when the air is released from the bellows with which it is connected becomes depressed, and presses against the string. The roll of paper representing the music is perforated with two sets of openings, one set for the frets and the other for the fingers. Each fret button has a small tube connected with it, leading to a position on the long roll over which the paper passes. As soon as an opening in the papers comes opposite this particular tube a blast of air is admitted and the button is thereby depressed upon the string. The mechanical fingers consist of long, slender rods of steel, which are flattened at one extremity. They are mounted on a cam, so that when the bellows, which operate them are actuated, by means of blasts of air permitted to pass by a perforation in the paper, they pull the string much in the manner of the fingers of a hand. Owing to the cam motion, however, they are then lifted clear of the strings. There is one finger for each one, with its own individual strength of stroke, this being determined by the proportions of the perforations referred to. This arrangement is so perfect that even the fastest jig time can be played by these fingers. A battery of these instruments operated in unison gives an excellent representation of a banjo club. The pieces that are played include the most difficult music, some 400 pieces having been written for the instrument in the peculiar perforated form above described. These include whole operas, favorite selections from popular operas and the most popular songs of the day. The instruments are operated on the familiar nickel-in-the-slot principle.

S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

CHARLES MORRIS, Editor.
C. S. PATTY, Associate Editor.

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OCTOBER and NOVEMBER, 1898.

EN PASSANT.

Events move nowadays with a rapidity hitherto unknown in the world's history, and at such a rate that could our ancestors return they might attribute it to magic. The war is over, so is Mahdism, and the rumors and counter-rumors of a warlike character have accumulated to such an extent that we shall be glad to have the piling up process cease, as we are glad to witness the end of the extraordinary torrid heat of this summer. Had there been a further extended duration, it would be impossible to say what might not have happened to some devotees of the banjo, mandolin and guitar, to some of the trade also, and likewise to the staff and readers of the JOURNAL. As it was, sickness was exceedingly rife, and those who could spare the time fled to catch the ocean's breezes or the mountain air, while those left behind sweltered and bravely endured heat's blasts, striving to keep mind above matter. Records indicate the past terrible heat, with its worse humidity, was in excess of that of tropical regions, and certainly many who have long sojourned within the tropics, North and South, do not recollect such trying times to cause brain stagnation. Brain stagnation? Oh, yes, that can happen, and unless there be some controlling influence, stagnant brains cause their owners to cut funny capers, very unpalatable ones. And as we view the actions we are compelled to believe the imagination of the afflicted persons have an appallingly wild elasticity. We separate brains and wild imagination, you see. But to be charitable on this occasion, we must attribute

the eccentricities of the stagnant brain to the ——— weather. Otherwise, a stronger term is needed to express common sense opinions concerning the origin of many whispers, of many little birds, in the matter of this and that saying, and efforts, which have propelled the unfriendly and is now propelling them to speak and rush into places where angels would fear to tread.

When people busy themselves about other people's affairs, it is only too apparent that they (the busy bodies) have none of their own worth attending to. This delightful condition is one result of brain stagnation, and we would say of those dear, sweet, little big printed effusions, and little, big walking would be's, whose speculations and deep anxiety to know if the JOURNAL is alive, now that the mind they learned to fear is removed; we would say, they seem to have drawn so heavily upon their elastic imagination and attempted to go faster than events, so that the threads are in immediate danger of suddenly snapping and leaving them in that spot, which in the words of the costermonger's song is described as "they dunno" where they is."

Somehow, actions speak louder than words, though some folks act as though they did not think so. (There is more than one meaning in that sentence.) Unless a man says he has no 'ax to grind' most people would never trouble themselves to find out whether he had or hadn't. But declarations, hasty ones in particular, frequently create doubts, and doubts can grow.

Supposing: there were two tradesmen in one street; the one a carpenter, and the other a carpenter who is also a furniture maker of the finest grade of goods. Of course both are wanting to forge ahead; and tradesman No. 1, thinking perhaps to increase his business, looks at his rival's old established edifice, and in stentorian tones so that everybody may hear, he says of himself: "I have no ax to grind."

Poor man! What a pity he cannot interpret the smiles on the countenances of those to whom he addresses himself.

No, he sees them not, and therefore proceeds to commit further blunders. "My friends," says he "in me you witness the only carpenter that supports himself by carpentering solely. Think of it! Am I not an example for the world? And do I not merit (and need) unexemplary support?"

"Say, when did you start carpentering in this street?" yells an exasperated listener.

"Yesterday."

And the crowd moved on.

We all know the meaning of the word "fake," but, are we always able to distinguish the genuine from that which is not? We, that is, the JOURNAL readers, claim to be alert, and therefore should ever exert ourselves to discover the meanings that frequently lay hidden beneath the cloaks of plausibility and novelty when they are brought to us. This is not meant in any way to depreciate inventory art, for that would be to depreciate progress. But, at intervals, the same would-be benefactors of musical art and the human race will keep bobbing up, with something to attract the attention of those who may be weak and have tendencies to allow their pockets to be lightened, and their arms burdened with so-called instruments that are said to require no great exertion of brains to manipulate, and give forth music equal to that obtained from legitimate instruments requiring a course of studies, or that will give double the effect with only the labor of the one. The violin has not changed since the days of the great Luthiers of Cremona. It has not been improved upon, and all accepted innovations have merely been accessories without altering character in the least degree. If some joker suggested four supplementary strings being used, each an octave higher than those now used, and to pair with them, the object being to increase volume and range of tone: If this were done, both violin makers and violinists would smile, and the proposer would never get beyond his proposal. With equal indifference should we treat attempts to tamper in any-way with instruments whose missions have similarly long been clearly defined.

On another page there appear a few of the many expressions of approval, of our last number, sent by those who have closely watched the JOURNAL for many a year, and the Editor craves pardon for alluding to them and to the following in this column. He, in common with the publishers, intends to strive to maintain the JOURNAL's standing and at the same time, progress; always bearing in mind it is the expressed wish to have the JOURNAL a living monument to the genius of its founder. Although the Editor's present personal acquaintance with JOURNAL readers is limited, he trusts to considerably extend it in the near future, to learn further of their desires and cater to the same. Many projects for the improvement and advancement of the JOURNAL have been and are under consideration now, but as the policy is to do a thing before speaking specifically concerning it, we must not anticipate



MORNINGSIDE

Caprice

BANJO & PIANO 40 ¢

B.M.&G. CLUB. (ENO) 7 PARTS, 1.05

SINGLE CLUB PARTS, 15 ¢ EACH

2 MANDOLINS & GUITAR, 30 ¢

BY

JESS L. OSSMAN.



1st Mandolin	.15
2nd "	.15
Mandola	.15
Guitar	.15

SERENATA.
DON GIOVANNI.



MOZART.

PAUL ENO.

Allegretto.

2nd
Mandolin
ad lib.

1st
Mandolin.

3rd Pos.

pp leggero.

3rd Pos.

3rd Pos.

ritard.

1st Mandolin .15
2nd " .15
Mandola .15
Guitar .15



SERENATA.

DON GIOVANNI.

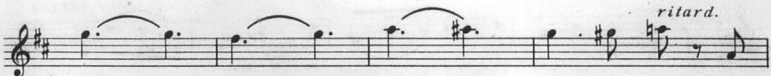
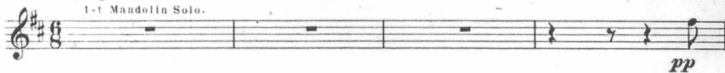
MOZART.

PAUL ENO.

MANDOLA.

Allegretto.

1-1 Mandolin Solo.



1st Mandolin .15
2nd " .15
Mandola .15
Guitar .15

SERENATA.

DON GIOVANNI.



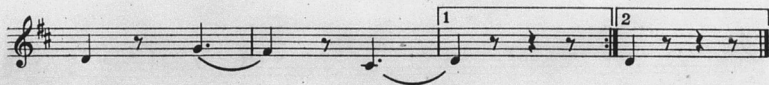
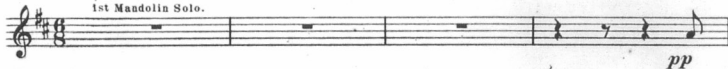
MOZART.

PAUL ENO.

2nd MANDOLIN.

Allegretto.

1st Mandolin Solo.



1st Mandolin .15
 2nd .. .15
 Mandola .15
 Guitar .15

SERENATA. DON GIOVANNI.



MOZART.
 GUITAR.

PAUL ENO.

Allegretto.

mf

p

2 Bar. 3 Bar.

ritard.

1 1 1 1

1 2

DANCE "AWAY DOWN SOUTH"



SOLO BANJO.

15 ¢.

Play this part on Banjeaurine
in Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

PAUL ENO.

Tune Bass String to B.

Schottische Tempo.

p — f

mf *f*

mf

p — f

f

Break.

DANCE - "AWAY DOWN SOUTH."



15¢.

GUITAR.

J.M. & G. CLUB.

PAUL ENO.

Schottische Tempo.

p — f

mf

1 2

mf

0 2 0 2 1 0 2 1

p — f

Break.

f

March

La Chromatique.

BANJO SOLO.

PAUL ENO.

Con spirito.

ff

f

mf

f

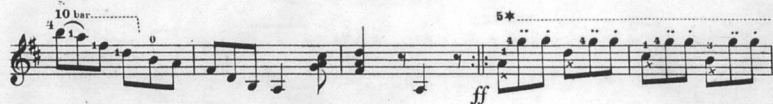
ff

p

12 bar pos.



TRIO.





NOCTURNE.

CHOPIN Op. 37 No. 1.

Arr. for Guitar By C. F. ELZEAR Fiset.

Andante Sostenuto.

7 Bar.

p

cresc.

dim.

7 Bar.

cresc.

cen

do

(4) (4) *dim.*
 (4) *f*
p
p
 3 Har.
 4+ 4+ 4+
 4+
 4+
pp a tempo.
dimin. e poco ritard.

NOTE - A figure in a circle under a note indicates the string on which the note is taken.

At the sign (before a chord, sweep with the thumb taking care to produce a clear, crisp tone. Although this movement is simple in itself yet it is difficult to acquire properly at first. The effect is very beautiful.

At the sign [before a chord, strike the bass note with the thumb and at the same time draw the index finger smoothly over the treble notes. Take notice of the alternation of the right hand (x, ..., .) in the cadenza. This system enables one to play scale passages with all the rapidity possible on piano or violin.

(Continued from page 10)

just at this moment. However, to return to the subject first alluded. One of the oldest western readers of the JOURNAL, who knew Mr. Stewart well and followed his labors with more than minute interest, and who has not met the Editor, wrote, on receipt of copy of last issue: "Your scholarly and excellent work gives me great pleasure I assure you, and it will convince the most sceptical that the JOURNAL will still remain as it ever has, in the forefront of Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Journalism. Your remarks about the "Contemporary" were all the more forcible from the dignified and gentlemanly tones employed, and the comments quoted from the friendly English Journal was a fitting climax to your ringing denunciation of dishonest methods."

Following receipt of foregoing pleasurable communication, the latest issue of the friendly English Journal has come to hand, which in an editorial says: Stewart's JOURNAL for August contains a very just rebuke of a comment which appeared, it seems, in one of our English papers, relative to the death of our friend, S. S. Stewart. It is always regrettable when a publication takes advantage of its position to indulge in personal spite, and whoever the nameless "contemporary" may be that was responsible for this exhibition of bad form, we hope they may take advantage of general opinion to restrict their statements in future. In the most primitive code of honor it is usually considered better taste to attack a man openly to his face, than to wait till such time when he no longer is able to reply, and such a course can scarcely serve to raise a paper in the good opinion of its readers. We may here add that we have had business relations with Mr. Stewart extending over a term of several years, and never have we found him otherwise than courteous, kind and straightforward, an innate gentleman, and a business man whom his would-be detractors would do well to emulate."

Again the JOURNAL extends its grateful thanks for this evidence of unselfishness and good-will, and in speaking for itself it voices the sentiments of Mr. Stewart's family and every reader of the JOURNAL.

When thou causeth fear to many, then is the time to be thy guard.

The earth produces nothing worse than an ungrateful man.

The language of truth is unadorned and always simple.

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.

"A TRIBUTE."

BY HERBERT HARNEY.

S. S. Stewart has left us and is better off I know,

But to his family and his friends it's been a bitter blow.

The banjos that he made will perpetuate his fame,

While the artists of these instruments will often speak his name.

He was famous for discoveries that helped the banjo's tone,

I think in this respect he stood almost alone. Honest in his business, courteous and just to all,

He willingly gave a helping hand, to those about to fall.

His inventions were many, his compositions fine.

As musicians will testify who patronized this line.

The banjos of America will ring out in his praise,

While the vocalists will sing of S. S. Stewart's days.

He gave us the Journal, which keeps us all well posted,

Its full of information, but none of us are roasted.

It makes us all feel cheerful when we'd otherwise be blue,

As we turn its many pages in hunting for a cue.

Now let us help the Journal in any way we can,

By keeping up subscriptions, if we have no better plan.

If we patronize the firm we're certain of the best,

Either Banjos, Mandolins, Guitars and all the rest.

These few lines are written in just the mood I feel,

I hope those who see them will all mistakes conceal.

But when I play my banjeaurine, I know my thanks are due,

For he gave to us this instrument, and others, not a few.

CONDOLENCES.

Newark, N. J.

PUBLISHERS OF THE JOURNAL,

DEAR SIRS:

It was with the deepest regret I received the news of Mr. Stewart's death. It was in 1886 that I first became acquainted with his banjo, through Mr. Horace Weston and also Mr. Thomas Glynn. I attended the banjo concert given at the Musical Hall, Philadelphia, by Mr. Stewart, on January 16, 1897, and there I heard Mr. Alfred A. Farland perform. I hope the business will prosper in the future as it has in the past. In my opinion the S. S. Stewart Banjo will stand forever.

Respectfully yours,

ARTHUR L. FURMAN.

Wellington, New Zealand,
August 4, '98.

PUBLISHERS OF THE JOURNAL,

DEAR SIRS:

Allow me to add my quota of sympathy in your bereavement at the death of your late chief. All banjoists of my acquaintance desire to express their sorrow at the loss they have sustained, and trust the labors commenced by the late Mr. Stewart will be carried on successfully by the surviving members of the firm.

Yours faithfully,

F. M. LECKIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

DER BANJOIST.

BY C. A. P.

Who gomes ind me mine shop und say,
"Gif me some schtrings, kavick, righdt away,"

Und efery dime forgesd der pay?

Der banjoist.

Who nefer vorks von single schtroke
Und always der best cigars does schmoke,
Who, ven I dun, say he peen proke?

Der banjoist.

Who at der rehearsal peen always late
Und as a player vos second rate,
Who dinks he pe somepody great?

Der banjoist.

On who vos dose girls ged schtuck,
Who always had der best of luck,
Who vos id dot dey gall ein duck?

Der banjoist.

Who blays a tune or maype tree,
Who cannot leaf dot panjo be,
Who veers specdacles so he gan see?

Der banjoist.

Who gomes in und sciams mine door,
Who dakes der best music and more,
Who cheats me fife times oudt of four?

Der banjoist.

Who on der horsedrade mineself I beat,
Who schmiles und galls mine fraulein sweet,
Who vill I gick me mit your feet?

Dot plame banjoist.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

How They Save Space.

1.
A Violin was found by some small boys,
They tried to play; made lots of noise.

2.
The neighbors heard; grew very mad,
Told them to stop; sassed by a lad.

3.
They got a whip and with it beat
The young lad's panties on the seat.

4.
Now they say his meals are eat
Standing up. (He's standing yet.)

Condensation.

1. Violin, boys; 2. Neighbors, mad;
Playing, noise. Sassy, lad.

3. Whip, beat 4. Meals, eat;
Pants, seat. Standing, yet.

SIGHT READING.

The art of reading music at sight implies a thorough knowledge of all that pertains to the rudiments of music—rhythmic and melodic—as well as the dynamic marks of expression and modifications of *tempo*, signified by Italian and other terms and metronomic indications.

The rhythmic aspect of the subject has for its scope the relative duration of the notes and all that applies to their increase or diminution, as time signatures, dots, ties, *tempo* terms, &c; also repeats and abbreviations, and the grouping of the rhythmic subjects, sections and phrases. This department is purely mechanical, and may be learned without the use of the five lined staff, and independently of any acquaintance with clefs, key signatures, scales, chords and intervals. Drummers may possess a knowledge of the latter, but they are not essential to enable them to beat with due regard to *tempo* and rhythm, the former covering nearly, if not all, that is requisite to enable them to read at sight. Playing at sight implies—in addition to the foregoing—a practical knowledge of drum technique, without which, of course, no man would be competent to perform the parts assigned; or, in other words, convey to the ears of others, his mental estimate of the signs and symbols used to express the rhythmic forms in music. But this elementary knowledge may be acquired by any person in a purely mental way, or with the aid of the voice or instrument on one sound; for the division of notes, &c., being merely a matter of calculation, a complete comprehension of their relative proportion may be learned by a similar process to that adopted in learning the uses of figures.

With sound, however, it is an entirely different matter; for here intelligence, musical instinct, and aural perception have to be aroused and cultivated to a high degree in order to attain facility in the practice of sight reading. The term "sounds" is here used in treating of what may be viewed as the melodic aspect of sight reading—in contradistinction to the term "notes"—and which deal with relative value rather than pitch, of which the staff and clefs are really the symbol. Without being an instrumentalist or even a skillful or acceptable vocalist, the art of rendering music may be acquired. The imagination, aided by the sense of hearing, may be so trained that a person shall take up a sheet of music and follow the sounds thereon expressed in silence, and with as great feeling of enjoyment as one reading the pages of an ordinary book. To such a one the pages of a composition means much more than to him who, before he can appreciate its meaning, must first render it upon some instrument.

With vocalists who are sight readers this mental perception of music is necessarily more common than with instrumentalists; for before the former can become sight readers, they must have gained an intimate acquaintance with the rhythmic elements, as well as the relations of sounds in all their depths and altitudes. Degrees and intervals possess a deeper significance for them than

for all the instrumentalists, who, depending upon the resources of his instrument, trusts to it to produce those transitions from one pitch to another. The vocalist must gauge with eye and ear, and give effect with the voice. He is self-dependent, because, in the course of training, he has learned to read without leaning upon external aids, and thus has been compelled to develop the power of mentally grasping the subject, a power that is often foreign to, or at best only latent with, many instrumentalists who are sight readers.

We have heard it asserted by several eminent music teachers, that the proper methods of teaching is first to deal with and have mastered the elements of rhythmic, following which would come the training in the melodic connection of sounds through the medium of the voice, and without the aid of an instrument. The next step would naturally be to apply the knowledge thus gained to instrumental purposes. A course of tuition based upon this plan appears logical. It attacks the various subjects in detail (first overcoming the purely mechanical), next training the ear, awakening the musical instinct and developing self-reliance, and leaving to the last the acquisition of a knowledge of the technique of the particular instrument the pupil proposes to study. Whatever may be said for or against such a theory of instruction for the prospective pianist or organist, there can be one opinion only of its value to those aiming to become proficient as performers upon string or wind instruments, where, in order to acquire the habit of playing in tune, the sense of hearing must be specially cultivated. The ear must be quickened by a course of training in intervals, and this can be done better by vocally studying the relations and inter-relations of sounds as expressed upon or by the staff. It cannot but be apparent that such a course would give the performer a mental grasp that ordinary methods fail to afford, as it trains the mind through the ear to alertness, and imparts the desirable facility to gauge accurately and absolutely the distance lying between one sound and another in the course of composition. It cultivates musical intelligence, and makes of the performer something more than a machine to produce so many vibrations to the second as required by the nature of the work or in ratio with his digital dexterity.

It will be obvious, from the foregoing, that to read music at sight it is necessary to possess a knowledge of the rudiments of music, as applied to rhythmic, key signatures, &c.; the power to distinguish and express the various intervals in scales and chords; and, lastly, in the case of the instrumentalist, to be master of the technique of his instrument. But, as has been previously remarked, the faculty for reading music *a prima vista* may be achieved independently of instrumental aid, and may be indulged as a purely mental process which can be enjoyed equally with the power of silently reading a book. Without the foregoing there can be no such thing as a man capable of reading music at sight.—Ex.

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.

PRAISE FOR THE JOURNAL.

GEORGE H. HILD, of Morristown, N. J. writes: "Please find 50 cents enclosed for which please renew my subscription to the JOURNAL. I would not be without it for anything."

MESSES. MUGGETT & WHEATON, the noted banjovists of Butte, Mont., writes under date of Aug. 16, '98: "The much looked for JOURNAL came to-day, and its contents were perused with pleasure. It is a very interesting number, and we think there is no danger of its degenerating. If the future numbers are as brilliant as the present one, there will be no cause for complaint. We have read the JOURNAL for many years, although only recent subscribers. Wishing the JOURNAL all success in the future."

L. J. CHRISMAN, of Sigourney, Iowa, writes under date of Aug. 18, '98: "I received the JOURNAL yesterday. Well! this month's JOURNAL is all O. K. anyhow. Music and all. Wishing you the best of success."

LOUIS HOUTRATH, of Scranton, Pa., writes: "I received JOURNAL No. 107, and was surprised. I never thought I would see any more JOURNALS after the death of Mr. Stewart. Please send on No. 106, I cannot afford to miss one number. I have been getting the JOURNAL regular since I got my banjo, and just as soon as my subscription expires you will find my name on your list for two years more. Hoping for your success."

MRS. R. JOSEPHINE MACKENZIE, of Boston, Mass., writes under date of Aug. 18, '98: "I am a subscriber to your delightful JOURNAL, and an admirer of your push and energy; and I wish to say that, although Boston is way up, you can beat her in the publication of a Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Journal."

DE WITT C. JORDAN, of Boston, Mass., writes under date of Aug. 10, '98: "I wish to extend my thanks for the last copies of the JOURNAL. I hope that you will never entertain the idea of giving up the publication of just the best Banjo Journal that ever existed."

BERT S. HOUSE, the noted banjo, mandolin and guitar teacher of Watertown, N. Y., and director and manager of the Imperial Orchestra, of that city, writes under date of Aug. 22, '98: "I am much pleased with the last number of the JOURNAL. It is very good indeed."

HARRY M. GIFFORD, of Onarga, Ill., writes under date of September 17: "JOURNAL just received. It has a fresh, buoyant air."

Cicero said: There is nothing which wings its flight so swift as calumny; nothing which is uttered with more ease; nothing is listened to with more readiness, nothing dispersed so widely.

THE PATENT FIEND.

When the great American crank pauses in his mad career, and ceases from rocking the boat, or letting the cheerful sunshine through you with the celebrated gun that isn't loaded, don't think, dear reader, that he has become extinct. Oh, no! You will find him in the gloomy depths of some cellar, where with plane and rip-saw he is busily engaged in constructing a violin, guitar or banjo model, with the full intent of having it patented. Undeterred by the fact that every radical departure from the accepted form these noble instruments have reached, after passing through the hands of countless master makers, has resulted in dire and utter failure, the patent fiend constructs a violin the tone of which would cause the ghost of Stradivarius to scramble out of the tomb and swat him with the thick end of his coffin lid.

One of the most recent patents is a guitar with ten strings, the four heaviest strings each being paired with a complementary string sounding an octave higher. The author of this wooden calamity says the old style guitar is a hard instrument to master. On the patent instrument the melody is played on the first and second strings, while the thumb plays the harmony on the four double strings. To play the difficult solos of Fiset upon a freak guitar of this kind, the thumb should have trolley connection with an able bodied cyclone. Yes, the guitar is a difficult instrument to master, so are all good instruments. If you desire to become a musician without hard work, get a job slugging the tom-tom in a Chinese "orchestra" or do the circular work with a hand organ, while a nimble anthropoid climbs to the second story with a tin cup to get the pennies. That will reward your skill. Unfortunately there is a large class who are ever hunting for a royal road to music, and it is from this class the patent fiend, and the simplified fake get their patronage. Music can not be successfully taught "by mail," telephone or carrier pigeon, neither can the mastery of an instrument be acquired without hard work and plenty of it; and the buyer of fake instruments and the patron of "easy method" teachers are wasting both time and money. The apologist of the patent fiend and the fake teacher will tell you we must all live, that we must not blame them for the abnormal development of their commercial instinct, etc., etc. True, we must live and how to do so is often a difficult problem. As the ravens, which gave the prophet the free blow out in the desert, seem to have retired permanently from the restaurant business, we must either pay board or rob our own trunk, and decamp by the fire-escape. In the face of these stern alternatives, let us strive to be good. Honesty pays a dividend, so in justice to yourself, you can't afford to be other than an honest man. If you have a patent banjo, guitar or violin concealed about your person, burn it at once, scatter the ashes on the sea and pray earnestly for forgiveness. If you have ever tried to make any one believe he could become a musician in two hours, read about Annanias; or if you be-

lieve it yourself, go with a contrite and humble spirit and seek admission to the incurable ward of some asylum for the feeble-minded.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE —.

BY C. A. P.

He owns a little violin,
Which he plays with a skill that's rare;
And the melody that he draws forth,
Proves 'there's music in the air.'

The bow is made from snakewood true,
And is handled with great care.
The way he plays upon the strings,
Shows 'there's music in the hair.'

The only son of his parents,
All the world to the pair.
They think the pieces played by him,
— 'There's music in the heir.'

Answers to Musical Correspondents

Do not send questions in same letter with money, but you can send money in same letter with questions. Write on one side of the paper, we want to use the other. Be sure and write the questions properly. Never mind the address, as you can send the letter to anybody. When we send to you for the membership fee, do not write back to tell us that you are dead or gone to Europe.

NOTICE.

No dangerous questions, such as, "Why did Sue Brown let John Jones, instead of myself, go home with her last Sunday?" Parties desiring answer by mail will enclose stamp. Fifty cent Columbia is preferred.

Nat Rural writes,—"Do you think I can put a head on a banjo?"

Ans.—That depends. If you are heavier than the banjo, tackle it by all means. But, Nat, never try to put a head on anybody that weighs more than you.

Major Skales writes:—"What is the origin of the banjo? Was a murder ever committed by a banjo?"

Ans.—We respectfully refer you to Com. Jones. We will furnish you with a letter of introduction for five dollars and he won't charge you more than ten; you will be getting at it cheaply. Yes, a banjo in the hands of an amateur did crack the skull of a Hotentot. First negro's skull ever broken. Score one for the banjo.

Ada Gio writes,—"How shall I hold a mandolin?"

Ans.—"Hold it in your arms, my dear. If you cannot do so gracefully, try holding a man without the dolin."



A. A. FARLAND

The Banjo Virtuoso.

The *Louisville Courier Journal*, Henry Watterson's *Courier*, spoke truly when it remarked that: "People are willing to believe in miracle when they hear Farland." Nothing said in these columns, nor the columns of other Journals, can adequately convey impressions of the artistic abilities of Mr. Farland's manipulation of the truly American instrument. He is besieged with requests to perform and inquiries as to when he can favor this, that and the other community who have already listened to his playing, and also those whose interest has been fired. He is now booked for engagements in Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Mississippi, and North Carolina.

His concert in New London, Conn., August 24th, was thus spoken of in the *Morning Telegraph* of that city, the following day:

"The banjo recital given in the roof pavilion of the Mohican Hotel last evening by Alfred A. Farland was a greater success than that given last year. There was a large audience which appreciated most heartily every number on the admirable programme. Mr. Farland is without question the greatest master of the banjo in the world to-day and his playing shows that the instrument is practically without limit.

MY BANJO.

BY ELIZABETH BARKER

There's a reprobate darkness about you,
There's finger marks blurred o'er your head,
Your youth is long past, I've fret you too much,

Your age it was better unsaid.

Still they call you unclassic and twangy,
When much of my heart's melody,
Lies 'neath all your rakish appearance;
You're as sweet as the viol to me.

Your strings are all threaded with feelings,
Of love, sorrow, hope and despair,
Like beads of many odd meanings,
Each string is a rosary there.

So because you are worn with my sorrows,
And love and entwined with my heart,
Dear old banjo and innocent new one,
With you can't induce me to part,

—Detroit Free Press.



AN AX TO GRIND.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL,

DEAR SIR:

At frequent intervals of late, my mail has been cumbered with papers and magazines "Devoted to the interests of the banjo, guitar and mandolin." Under the shadow of this affliction, I am tempted to believe that every pin-headed paranoiac that can get trusted for a bottle of ink or stand off a printer for labor vainly performed, is appointing himself a committee of one to look after the "interests" of the banjo and other instruments. Most of these publications are shooting the chutes in the direction of innocuous dissetude, therefore we can hardly blame them for using their boot heels for a brake or clutching wildly at the soaped incline that leads to the slough of oblivion. But when, in their desperation, they attempt to supplant the *Journal*, by mailing their catch-penny literary abortions to our old subscribers, who have followed the fortunes of the old, original *banjo paper* from Arch Street to its present home with unflinching zeal and devotion, they build their hopes upon the shifting sands. In common with hundreds of others, I have received every copy of the *Journal* that has been printed up to date. When we consider the masterly technical knowledge imparted through its columns by such able men as Stewart, Armstrong, Newton, Gregory and a host of others, at the subscription price of fifty cents a year, we can scarcely be blamed for our allegiance to "the ship that carried us over."

Speaking for myself and friends, and perhaps, unconsciously for many who are strangers, I can truthfully say that much of the knowledge of banjo technique, so essential to success in teaching and playing that difficult instrument, we distinctly owe to the *Journal*, and to the great minds who have made it the teacher's best friend. I was prompted to write this letter by receiving a magazine from the "wild and woolly" occident. The editor of this literary joke says, in regard to premiums, "One thing is morally certain—it is impossible to give a premium worth 50 cents with each 50 cent subscription, or ten dollars worth of merchandise for ten dollars worth of subscriptions, without losing money on the publication. Publishers who make a practice of this sort of thing expect to make the difference out of their patrons in some other way, and they generally succeed." Horrors! How subversive of all trust and confidence is the thought expressed above, when we reflect that the *Journal* gives premiums!

Hereafter as we plod shudderingly homeward through the dim lit suburbs we will peep into dark corners with beating heart and eyes protruding like those of the lob-

ster, nor shall we be able to pass gloomy, cavernous alleys without a frightful anticipation of a tumultuous attack from the Editor of the *Journal*, who, accompanied perhaps by the devil, may emerge from the murky depths armed with bludgeon or snickersnee, in the hope of recovering by violence an equivalent for the premium we received for subscriptions the day before.

The editor of the magazine further says, "No music journal managed on legitimate lines can afford to offer such premiums regularly and the high-class publications avoid such offers."

In answer to this assertion we will simply say all first-class magazines published in this country, with possible rare exceptions, have offered premiums to subscribers from time to time and are still doing so. The editor next states that his paper "differs most essentially from all its contemporaries who ever have or are liable to happen." For this may Heaven be most devoutly praised. He also insists that he has no "ax to grind," and as his paper cuts very little ice we have no reason to doubt the truth of that assertion. Effort without an object is, to use the language of Victor Hugo, "Like a shooting match without a target." A paper to be successful, must, like the hero of a novel, go somewhere and do something. The editor must "multiply himself, among mankind the Proteus of their talents," and incidentally he must have the "long green." As long as the effort to get hold of this indispensable article is supplemented by an honest and successful endeavor to give to patrons and subscribers an adequate compensation for the money they expend, there will be nobody hurt. Still, the editor must have an "ax to grind" or, in other words, an object to attain. Every reasoning being, from the President to the boot-black, who may become President, has his piece of cutlery to apply to the revolving stone. The only reprehensible feature of the ax-grinding process is the attempt, so frequently made, to avoid paying the man who turns the grindstone. Now, Mr. Editor, we know the *Journal* has an ax to grind and the banjo players of the world have been doing the "circular work" for lo! these many years; but, to the credit of the *Journal* and its great founder be it spoken, it has always paid us in kind for our labor and who have for so many years renewed the edges of our axes at the *Journal's* stone, will hardly grudge you any pecuniary advantages the *Journal* may have gained by its efficient efforts in advancing the interests and increasing the emolument of the teachers of the banjo, guitar and mandolin.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

August 22, '98.

PUBLISHERS OF THE JOURNAL,

DEAR SIR:

I notice in the editorial column of your last issue a paragraph concerning the proposed publication of a new *Journal*. In company with many others, I have received a circular announcing same and asking my support. I wish to say I have no desire to

be identified, nor accept propositions, and will not go back on old friends. Card herewith.

Yours,
H.

SIMPLE RULES

For Transforming a Talented Music Teacher Into a Hopeless Lunatic.

RULE FIRST—Visit his studio with a cigar that suggests a mortal combat between a pair of skunks in the basement of a glue factory, and smoke incessantly during your visit.

RULE SECOND—Tell him about the wonderful playing of the Southern Negroes. It's a villainous falsehood, of course, but don't let a little thing like that stop you.

RULE THREE—Buy a three dollar "Made-in-Germany" guitar. String it with wire, and after the bridge comes off, glue it on a half inch from its old position. Every note on the instrument can be made false by this method. Then start with lessons.

RULE FOUR—Don't forget to tell the teacher that his mandolin looks like a potato bug. This joke has only been sprung 500,000 times in the past 60 years and is still very, very funny.

RULE FIVE—Avoid paying for lessons in advance, if possible. This will enable you to journey, without notice to your teacher, to picnics, ball games or dog fights, at hours appointed for lessons, while the teacher vainly awaits your coming at his studio.

RULE SIX—When pay-day rolls around leave your pocket-book at home, and tell the teacher you forgot it. Leave town next day, if possible, for a two months' vacation. The teacher can tighten his belt a few holes, and fast till you return.

RULE SEVEN—Insist upon taking the Spanish Fandango as early in the term as possible. We all have our enemies, and with that composition you can carry on a vendetta without being amenable to the laws.

RULE EIGHT—Never practice scale or finger exercises. Tell the teacher you don't like them, but insist upon taking pieces full of difficult scale passages.

RULE NINE—If you play a mandolin, try to join a club at once. Don't practice with the club, but be with them when they perform in public. Of course you will break down when the director looks at you with the expression of a tiger with the toothache, and be sure to tell him you haven't touched your instrument for a month. Then get a policeman to escort you home. At this stage of your experience your teacher will be talking wildly to the wall paper, and vaulting nimbly over the farmers' horses that are hitched around the public square, and you can reflect with pride that your mission is accomplished.

LASTLY—If you break each of these rules and follow the dictates of common sense and a good conscience, don't be surprised if your teacher casts frequent furtive glances at your back with a hopeful expectation of discovering a pair of high-g geared '98 model wings attached thereto.

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MANDOLIN

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STEWART & BAUER'S

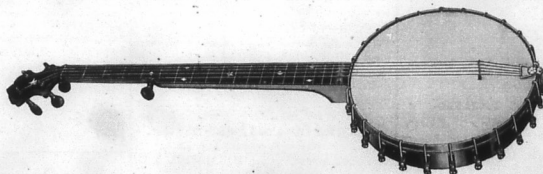


MONOGRAM BANJOS MANDOLINS and GUITARS

The Best in the World for the money. A truly good instrument at a very low price.

WE HAVE just completed a new line of Mandolins, Banjos and Guitars, which we will handle in connection with the **Celebrated Geo. Bauer Mandolin and Guitar** and the **World-Renowned S. S. Stewart Banjo**, under the name of **"Monogram S. & B."** This line is made in the Stewart & Bauer factory and fully guaranteed. They range in prices from \$6 (retail) to \$18 each. (Stewart Banjos and Bauer Mandolins and Guitars retail from \$20 upwards to \$150.) We solicit a trial order on same. We are positive these instruments will meet with your approval as they are well made and low priced.

These fine instruments briefly described are as follows:



BANJOS.

- | | |
|---|---------|
| No. 6—10 or 11 inch, twenty latest style brackets, with protection nuts and grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, German silver covered rims, best strings, selected head, polished arm, Rosewood fingerboard, pearl positions, raised frets, | \$ 6 00 |
| No. 8—10 or 11 inch, twenty latest style brackets, with protection nuts and grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, German silver covered rims, double spun wire edge, selected head, best strings, polished arm, rosewood fingerboard inlaid with pearl, raised frets, | 8 00 |
| No. 10—10 or 11 inch, twenty latest style brackets, with protection nuts, heavy grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, heavy German silver covered rim, double spun wire edge, Rogers' selected head, best strings, polished cherry arm, ebony fingerboard, inlaid with pearl; raised frets, | 10 00 |
| No. 12—10 or 11 inch, twenty-four latest style brackets, with protection nuts, heavy grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, heavy German silver covered rim, double spun wire edge, Rogers' selected head, best strings, polished cherry arm, ebony fingerboard, pearl inlaid, raised frets, | 12 00 |
| No. 14—10 or 11 inch, twenty-four latest style brackets, with protection nuts, heavy grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, heavy German silver covered rim, double spun wire edge, best Rogers' head, best strings, richly polished cherry arm, thick ebony fingerboard, rich pearl inlaying, raised frets, | 14 00 |
| No. 16—10 or 11 inch, thirty latest style brackets, with protection nuts, heavy grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, heavy German silver covered rim, double spun wire edge, best Rogers' head, best strings, richly polished cherry arm, thick ebony fingerboard, richly inlaid, raised frets, | 16 00 |
| No. 18—10 or 11 inch, thirty latest style brackets with protection nuts, heavy grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, heavy German silver covered rim, double spun wire edge, best Rogers' head, best strings, richly polished neck, elaborately inlaid ebony fingerboard, pearl design in ebony cap above fingerboard, raised frets, | 18 00 |



Mandolins

- No. 6—9 strips. Rosewood and mahogany, redwood inlaying between strips, with rosewood cap and sides; neat, plain inlaying around sound hole and front edge; rosewood fingerboard with 3 position dots inlaid; good machine head and sleeve protector tail piece. In every way a good instrument for the money. \$ 6 00
- No. 8—13 strips. Rosewood and mahogany, redwood between strips, with rosewood cap and sides; fancy inlaying around sound hole and front edge; mahogany neck; rosewood fingerboard with three pearl inlaid position marks; good machine head and sleeve protector tail piece. 8 00
- No. 10—13 strips. Full rosewood, white holly inlaid between strips; rosewood cap and sides; rich inlaying around sound hole and front edge; mahogany neck; ebony fingerboard; 5 pearl inlaid position marks; good machine head and sleeve protector tail piece. 10 00
- No. 12—13 strips. Full rosewood, white holly between strips; rosewood cap and sides; rich inlaying and white holly binding around sound hole and front edges; mahogany neck; with rosewood veneer on front of head above ebony fingerboard; 7 pearl position marks, good machine head and sleeve protector tail piece. 12 00
- No. 14—15 strips. Full rosewood, white holly between strips; rosewood cap and sides; handsome inlaying and celluloid binding around sound hole and front edge; mahogany neck with rosewood veneer on front of head above pearl inlaid ebony fingerboard; nickel-plated machine head, sleeve protector tail piece. 14 00
- No. 16—17 strips. Full rosewood, white holly between strips; rosewood cap and sides; elaborate inlaying around sound hole and front edge; celluloid binding around top and bottom of cap; mahogany neck, with rosewood veneer on back and front of head above finely inlaid ebony fingerboard; enclosed machine head, protector tail piece, etc. 16 00
- No. 18—Same description as No. 16, but with 26 strips. 18 00



Guitars

- No. 6—Maple imitation rosewood, colored inlaying around sound hole and front edge; convex rosewood fingerboard, with 3 pearl inlaid position marks; good machine head; a splendid instrument for the money. 6 00
- No. 8—Mahogany; inlaid around sound hole and front edge; convex rosewood fingerboard, with 3 pearl position dots; good machine head; rich, powerful tone. 8 00
- No. 10—Rosewood; highly polished convex rosewood fingerboard; ornamental inlaying around sound hole and front edge; an elegant instrument. 10 00
- No. 12—Rosewood; highly polished; convex ebony fingerboard; ornamental inlaying and white holly binding around sound hole and front edge. 12 00
- No. 14—Rosewood; highly polished; convex ebony fingerboard; ebony heel; inlaying and celluloid binding around sound hole and front edge; rosewood veneer on top of head above fingerboard; fine pearl inlaid position marks; elegantly finished and polished. 14 00
- No. 16—Same as No. 14, but with strip down back; celluloid binding around front and back edges, better machine head, and more inlaying on fingerboard. 16 00
- No. 18—Same description as No. 16, but with more inlaying around front and back edges, and more pearl inlaying in fingerboard. 18 00

The foregoing are all Standard sizes.

Concert Size Guitars, same as foregoing, - - \$1 50 extra

Grand Concert Size Guitars, same as foregoing, - - \$3 00 extra

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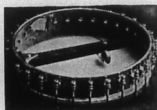
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