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No. 109

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S. S. STEWART'S BANJO & GUITAR JOURNAL

NUMBER • FOR • DECEMBER • 1898 • AND • JANUARY • 1899.

MUSICAL CONTENTS

"ANITRA'S TANZ," Peer Gynt Suite, op. 46; arranged for <u>Guitar</u> by C. F. E. Fizez	Greig
VALSE DE CONCERT, (Mandolin)	E. H. Frey
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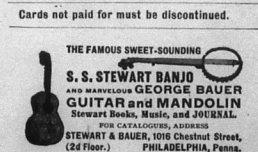
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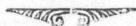
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PRICE TEN CENTS

VESS L. OSSMAN, THE FAMOUS BANJOIST, A SKETCH.

In response to numerous requests from readers the JOURNAL now has the pleasure to herewith present a portrait of the great Banjoist, together with a short sketch of his career.

Mr. Ossman was born in the town of Hudson, N. Y., August 23, 1868, and began early to give indications of a love for music. When old enough, to handle a musical instrument he was given a cheap wood rim Banjo for a Christmas gift, and began immediately to take lessons from a local teacher. Young Ossman advanced at a very rapid rate, changed his teacher and studied under an accomplished and musicianly violinist from whom he learned correct fingering. At this time Ossman was among the very few banjo players who did use correct fingering. Whenever he visited New York he invariably found players use only one finger on a chromatic run, while he himself alternated from first to the little finger.

Young Ossman learned to play so well that his father, who at first was opposed to the Banjo, began to get enraptured with the performances, and declared his son should have a better instrument. Two or three different makes were tried but none suited the young banjoist. Subsequently, in 1887, he heard of "Stewart" and his father ordered a professional banjo, 12 inch rim and 21 inch neck smooth fingerboard with frets dotted on the side. This instrument sent the young man along in good shape. He still declares it was like a dream to play on that banjo after the others.

The Ossmans kept a store in Hudson and when young Ossman got through delivering orders in the morning he would sit in the store and practice his instrument. He not only amused himself, but the people passing would come in to listen. Many fathers and mothers calling to make purchases would ask if it was possible for their children to learn the banjo, and which young Ossman replied with a stout "yes!" And to use his own words, he said in an interview the other day: "The first thing your Uncle

Dudley knew was, that he was driving a bread cart, playing and teaching the banjo. Well, I turned out some very good players in the old town and I feel proud of them. I, being very aspiring and ambitious, entered for championship of Hudson River towns, when a Tournament was held in Po-Keepsie, and won first prize. thing in Newburgh, N. Y.



There being no more Tournaments in sight, I remained home practicing away good and hard all the time as I made up my mind to enter the Tournament at Chickering Hall, New York City, with the 'crack-a-jacks.' Mr. E. M. Hall came through the town with a Minstrel Company, I called upon him at the Opera House one afternoon. He played for me and I for him, I asked him what chances he thought I had in the New York Tournament, and it was his encouraging answer that sent me there. This was in 1889." Many JOURNAL readers will recollect, or have heard of the sensation Mr. Ossman created in New York City at the Tournament, which led to his making his abode there. For ten years now he has been playing for the Phonograph Company, and his productions are universally pronounced to be the best records. To play for the making of records is an art, and so far Mr. Ossman best understands that art. Many stories are current that so and so has taken Mr. Ossman's place, but all such rumors are incorrect. Mr. Ossman is under contract for one company only. He does not, and cannot perform for any other under the contract terms, therefore any stories and representations about so and so taking his place can be accepted at their worth.

In Mr. Ossman we have before us an example of what worthy ambition allied to indomitable

perseverance can accomplish, an example for our younger readers to keep well before them.

Nature, takes no cognizance of the past; but recommences at every hour, the mysteries of her productiveness. Follow nature!

The Bug Johnston Papers.

No. 2.

Special to the JOURNAL.

I received the last JOURNAL at Drybone, Iowa, and was pleased to see how bright and newsy it was. No signs of decadence there!

I had bad luck with the banjo heads, which also came to hand. Just after putting them to soak, preparatory to reheating our Thoroughbreds (Billy Dukane's and mine), I was called out of the carpenter's shop, where I was working, and returned only to see the last of the heads disappearing down the throat of my trained goat, Katahdin. Dr. Kilpatrick, who happened to be passing, kindly offered to recover them by means of a corkscrew fastened on the end of a stick; but when he attempted to fasten the animal's head in a vise, a tremendous combat ensued between Katahdin and the Doctor. I bet two dollars on the goat's chances, with Billy Dukane, and won, as did the goat, hands down. This recoups me for the heads. The Doctor is in the hospital.

As I was walking down the street, that same evening, I heard someone cry out, "There's a grand free exhibition going on, down the next corner!" and I recognized, with a thrill of delight, the stentorian voice of that gifted man, and wondrous orator, Tobias Gunerson, the sole proprietor and discoverer of Gunerson's Supernatural Corn Exterminator. I joined the hurrying throng and soon reached the scene of action. In the middle of a side street stood a carriage over which a gasoline torch threw a fitful glare, and standing proudly erect in the vehicle, with folded arms and a proud calm smile, was one of the few great men this country has produced. "Gather around me, neighbors!" said the gifted Gunerson, "and in the language of Mr. Hyde, 'your eyes shall be blasted by a prodigy that might stagger the unbelief of Satan!'" I hold in my hands, as you see, a square bottle, and in that bottle the object that mee's your gaze is the rarest of all curiosities, a migratory wart. This monster excrescence grew upon the body of G. W. Bungalow of Muncie, Indiana, and travelled in its time to every part of his body. It was at one time stationed upon his head, and was called a wenna, by competent authorities. The wart being on one side of the cranium, Mr. Bungalow was compelled to wear his hat at a rakish angle that suggested an African with thirty cents and a red vest. The wart next journeyed to the back of his hand, and was pronounced a bursa, by a learned specialist who treated it without avail. When my services were solicited this monstrosity was doing duty as a bunion on the patient's right foot, whence it speedily resigned to the irresistible curative powers of Gunerson's Supernatural Corn Cure. I will next call your attention to an object not without interest, as it is one of seventy-two corns removed in the year of '93 from the feet of Galloping Porcupine, head chief of the Scrapaway Indians. When I arrived among the tribe, I found the chief, who once had been a dancer of uncommon grace and agility, suffering from swollen feet and corns of such magnitude that the tribal

cobbler had been compelled to last his moccasins over a gunny sack full of croquet balls. He began the use of my remedy at once, and was cured in a week, but begged me to keep his recovery a secret until after the semi-annual scalp dance, as Wobbling Buzzard, the sub-chief, had usurped his place as the leading dancer of the tribe and delighted to gloat over the misfortune of the afflicted head chief. The evening of the dance arrived, and I sought the council-house where the 'lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.' The warriors were attired in full dress, consisting of a shell necklace and bead moccasins. Galloping Porcupine simulated a cripple with perfect success, and the sub-chief carried off the honors of the evening and challenged all comers to a dance for the grand prize—a baked Gila monster garnished with horned toads." Imagine his surprise and consternation when the despised Galloping Porcupine bounded into the arena, and danced around him like a youthful kangaroo around a sick lobster. Wobbling Buzzard was banished to Upper Sandusky next day, although he preferred death, while I was admitted to full membership in the tribe, and the chief insisted upon my eating the entire Gila monster and five of the horned toads."

Thus did the great Gunerson amuse, and instruct us with a flow of wisdom, eloquence, and information. My meeting with him after the lecture was joyful in the extreme, and we have formed a partnership and will be known in future as the firm of Johnson & Gunerson.

While walking to the depot this morning, I saw a miserable convict seated on a pile of stones which he was pulverizing with a heavy hammer in the interests of the good roads movement. He handed me the following lines with the request that I forward them to the JOURNAL:

THE CONVICT'S LAMENT.

Break! break! break!
On these cold, grey stones, oh, see!
It would take a Jim Daisy to utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

The steak that I had for breakfast
Grew close to the "critter's" head,
And with water disguised as coffee
I washed down my leather bread.

In the gloaming I weep, for my growler
Lies smashed by the railroad track;
And insects, as bulky as turtles,
Do cake walls all over my back.

As o'er my recumbent person
They sprint in their merry mood,
I can almost imagine them laughing
As they quaff my rich, red blood.

Then I sleep, and dream in my anguish,
That all States have abolished saloons;
And some friend of a farmer has thought out a plan
For chickens to roost in balloons.

Break! break! break!
On the cold, grey stones, oh, see!
You'd do time in the works if you'd utter
Such thoughts as arise in me.

I thought the above lines betrayed a very student mind, but Gunerson declares that the faculty of writing poetry is purely mechanical, and in proof of his assertion

he dashed off the following without effort:

George Washington Creelman,
The daring young wheelman,
Without touching his handle bars sprinted so gay,
He collided one day,
With two wheels in a dray,
And, no doubt, is now scurrying in a different way.

I have just received the following letter, from London, England, in regard to a new patent banjo:

MR. BUG JOHNSTON,

DEAR SIR:—I have been by the last JOURNAL, you have declined the offer of the "Tone escape banjo" maker with scorn. I hope to have better luck. I am making a banjo peculiarly adapted to our moist climate, and please suspend your judgment until you have investigated, thoroughly. On a foggy night the atmosphere of London, in reality, is a liquid a little less dense than water. At such times I have seen sharks, and other carnivorous fish swim through that air, and collect in front of the butchers' shops, where they would remain ogling the joints of meat until the police came and drove them away. Empty bottles corked with rags to the ceiling, and remain suspended by the weather clock, which is very seldom. Such weather must necessarily affect the people. Many Londoners have developed rudimentary fins, and Sir Henry Drummond mentions a few cases where children were born with gills. To meet these conditions, I have perfected two styles of banjo. No. 1 is known as the Zitherine, or Aquatic Banjo, and is intended for divers and seafaring men. It is made with water tight compartments, and can be used as a life preserver, or diving bell. In case of shipwreck it can also be utilized as a culinary implement, or bath tub. The peg that tightens the short string is made to fit in the row locks of a boat, so that two of the banjos will take the place of oars. A diver near Lands End is amassing a fortune by the use of my banjo. He descends in his diving dress, and plays till a number of whales have gathered to listen. His son then taps them like so many beer barrels, and conducts the blubber through a spigot into barrels which rise to the surface without assistance. The diver is thinking of starting a dairy on the same plan, as it is well known that whales belong to the *mammalia*. To illustrate the dense humidity of our atmosphere, I will relate the adventure of Mrs. Grouse, who stepped into the office of a dentist to have a tooth extracted. She was placed under the influence of laughing gas, and the operation was successfully performed. She being a little dizzy from the gas, the lady was advised by the dentist to seek the open air, but no sooner had she stepped outside, where a heavy fog prevailed, than she was lifted bodily into the air, and disappeared upward, leaving the dentist speechless with terror. Three days later the lady, who had drifted over to Ireland, brought suit for damages against the dentist, and Lord Dumly, the presiding judge, held that the defendant must either pay damages, or send the plaintiff enough gas to inflate herself for the return trip. From the above you will readily understand the need of a banjo such as mine. The neck of my aquatic banjo can be instantly removed, and used as a harpoon if desired. My zitherine No. 2, or Amphibious Banjo, can be used either in air or water, as its name implies. Shortly after I had perfected my banjo, I started for Hong Kong with one of my instruments, making the voyage in the staunch ship *Blithedale*. On reaching the China sea we saw a storm approaching. We immediately spliced the main brace, keel-hauled the mizzen mast, and nailed ten cent pies over the port holes. But when the storm broke over us with the tumultuous fury of a woman's right's meeting, I saw at once that all was lost. One of Victor Hugo's characters had said on a similar occasion, "Cast your crimes into the sea." I took his advice, threw my banjo overboard and jumped after it. The storm quickly passed, but I was alone at sea with no protection save my banjo, which floated like a duck. I was soon surrounded by a school of whales, which advanced upon me with threatening mien. I am a friend of education, but self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and if it had been a college instead of a school my conduct would have been just the same. I quickly detached

the harpoon neck from my banjo, stabbed the principal to the heart and mortally wounded two assistant teachers. The pupils scattered in ignominious flight, weeping and blowing like so many candidates for Congress. But, alas! the danger was not so soon passed than I was confronted with another. A basking shark, longer than a freight train, rushed upon me with the ferocity of a hungry tourist at a lunch counter. By using my banjo as a coat I avoided its gaping jaws. To grab its dorsal fin and move up its back was the work of a second. When firmly seated I began playing the Spanish Fandangos, and the wretched shark with a yell of agony darted through the sea at such frantic speed, that the friction of its flight boiled the water in my ears, and our pathway strewn with cooked fish. Our course lay directly toward the Japanese island of Nippon, which we cleared at a single bound. The Japs mistook us for a dragon as we sailed over the island, and they trained a three-inch cannon on us, but the projectile was soon left behind. I arrived in San Francisco three hours after the storm. (The price of a banjo since the one used in the voyage just described is \$5 75, 64.) Dear Bug! why do you persist in calling old style banjo when my instrument is called for such various purposes, as the following, culled from many recipes will show:

The Zitherine Banjo Bath.

Fill the Aquatic Banjo half full of water, and place it under a cane bottomed chair. Drop a red hot iron in the water, and seat yourself on the chair. This steam bath cures rheumatism, appendicitis, &c., &c.

To Make a Delicious Soup.

Pour two gallons of water into the Zitherine Banjo, and place over a brisk fire. Add one live devil-fish, one live lobster, and a live soft shell crab. Handcut the lobster, and tie a stone to the devil fish, otherwise when the water begins to heat the lobster will assault the crab, and the devil-fish will chase the lobster till it prematurely dies of heart failure. When the trio are deceased, remove the lobster and handcut it. Then add one quart of cold alcohol, and one pound of cayenne pepper. Color with red ink and serve hot.

I append an editorial from my London Banjo Paper, which is published in the interests of myself and partner, and above all in the interest of the zitherine banjo.

The Dangers of Using the Old Style Banjo.

By NELSON HOLACAUST, M. D.

A gentleman, named Les Miserables Jones, visited my office last week, and sought treatment for a most peculiar ailment. He is the manufacturer of Jones' thirty-nine bracket banjo, and teaches by the time or feeble-minded method. As he complained of a tightness across the chest I brought the X rays to bear on the case, and was amazed to find his entire system filled to repletion with musical compositions. I turned the open backed banjo, and following the time backward against the body of the performer, and there is always danger of the body being perforated, as in this case, especially with musical compositions written in sharp keys. With the assistance of Dr. Mayhew I administered an anæsthetic, and opened the abdominal cavity. I found all the great organs in good condition, but constructed of cheap and worthless tissues, while the liver was of an obsolete pattern that had some part in the early part of the century, and was unprovided with the improved automatic check valve life duct which makes the modern liver a triumph of up-to-date mechanism. In the regions of the pancreas, I discovered and removed the Fisher's Hornpipe, and a portion of Larry O'Gaff. The Devil's Dream lay near the spine, but as it was safely encased, I allowed it to remain. A very long composition, "The Hocus Pocus Two Step" had wrought the most damage. The introduction lay against the heart, and had almost broken that great organ, and the coda was wrapped around the renal ducts so as to completely retard their action. I successfully removed all of the most dangerous compositions, and lay them together, intending to present them to the British Museum. But, while my back was turned, the office

cat leaped upon the table and devoured them. I was not aware of my loss till the cat, hitherto a staid and respectable animal, rose up with arched back, tail erect, and flashing eyes, and began, in a voice like an asthmatic cough, to sing "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." I justified its predilection by slugging it in the side with Smith's Medical Dictionary, and biffing it in the back with a hot stove till it flew down the stairs. Thus, the feline wanderers forth a living repository of banjo solos and ribald songs, while I have only the consolation arising from the successful accomplishment of a great surgical feat. Nelson Holacaust, M. D. F. R. S. P. S.—Les Miserables died during the night. N. H.

You will see by the above, friend Bug, that you are in real danger when playing the old style banjo. Our firm will shortly publish all of Armstrong's music, in a style uniform with those we have already stolen. Owing to the recent illness of that gentleman, we have been unable to issue any of our original compositions (Published under the pseudonym of A. Plain Steel) but, as soon as he gets to work, we will astonish the world by transposing and appropriating all of his musical works. Thus do we score off of some one else's bag.

Lives of such as we remind you
That pilfering is a natural gift
For when we go we leave behind us
Only things we can not lift.

ESSMEYER & CAMEX.

This letter I shall wholly ignore, as I do not live in an atmosphere that must be passed through a clothes wringer before it can be inhaled, and I shall continue to use a dry weather banjo. I enclose a box of Gunerson's Supernatural Corn Exterminator, and any little mention of its merits will meet with the grateful appreciation of your friends,

JOHNSON & GUNERSON.

Extra special to the JOURNAL.

Since writing the above I received the subjoined epistle to which is appended an answer by my friend and partner, T. Gunerson.

B. J.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, Oct. 27th, 1898.

MR. BUG JOINTSTON,
Care STEWART & BAUER.

DEAR BUG:—

In the last issue of the STEWART JOURNAL I noticed your prescription for cleaning a banjo head. I tried it, and thought you would like to have a stilted testimonial. It was a howling success! The dirt is all gone from my banjo head; the head is also gone. I sprayed it with gasoline as you directed, and I don't know what was the matter, but may be some sparks dropped from the cob pipe I was smoking; any way there was a terrific explosion, the bridge hit me in the eye, and the tail-piece tore a piece of skin off my dome of thought big enough to make a new head for the banjo if I didn't need it for my own. But the dirt was all gone.

Say Bug (by the way, why did they name you Bug?), speaking about your trained dog Katahdin, I have a bull pup six months old which can lay it all over Katahdin; his name is Mozart. I have taught him to waltz, jig and two-step to the banjo, and he won't dance to anything but a Thoroughbred; he knows the difference right away when you try to ring in any other kind. As soon as our heads get well in Banjo's and mine I would like to have you meet Kat, and I'll bet the dog against the goat that he can do the most tricks.

Tell your friend Hank Smith, of Bunkom, G., that if he will rub a little rosin on his strings between the bridge and tail-piece, he will have no more trouble with the sound escaping, and thus save him from wearing his clothes backwards.

Yours without a struggle,

F. E. SMITH.

Reply.

MR. F. E. SMITH,
DEAR SIR:

Your favor of October 27th was duly received, and as my friend Bug is busily engaged trying to convince the incredulous Billy Dukane that poker is a game of skill instead of chance, he has delegated to me the task of answering his correspondence, and begs me to say he will only be too happy to have Katahdin engage either in mental competition or mortal combat, with any creature inhabiting the earth, or breathing the breath of life. As to the process of cleaning banjo heads, if you find gasoline a failure, spread a quantity of gravel on the head, and allow Mozart to remove it with his tongue. He can doubtless lick the banjo head easier than he could Katahdin, and the dirt will fetch loose at the same time. The name of "Bug" came to the intellectual colossus who wears it through, well,—suppose you try a little guessing. With a grateful remembrance, of the effervescent elixir of mirth that gushes from the soda fountains of your state, when the order is accompanied by a proper oscillation of the eye lids, I am yours

TOBIAS GUNERSON.

VANCOUVER CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

This excellent institution of Vancouver, B. C., has just issued its new prospectus, and a more comprehensive and complete one would be difficult to find. The subjects taught at the Conservatory embrace every branch of musical art. The Faculty numbers twenty notables, and among them is Mr. Hyde Gowan. The management having in the past repeated inquiries for genuine tuition in Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar, has this year secured the services of Mr. Hyde Gowan, whose reputation is well known throughout this Province and the east. Mr. Gowan has done much to bring into recognition the artistic possibilities of these instruments. Owing to the lack of general musical knowledge possessed by the average instructor on these instruments their individual merits have been overlooked or despised. In the hands of a musician, who thoroughly understands their technique and underlying peculiarities, the music obtained is of a much higher quality than has hitherto been deemed procurable. Of the three possibly the banjo has been the recipient of the most abuse, principally, no doubt, on account of the coarse treatment it has received at the hands of ignorant performers, its true tone properties being hampered by an inadequate system of technique. The many admirers of Mr. Gowan's performances on this instrument testify to the fact, that in his hands it becomes a musical instrument worthy of much more recognition than it has received in the past. We trust shortly to present a portrait of Mr. Gowan and a sketch of his career.

No calculation has yet been made of men's vanity, which has been found to large.



FRANK J. SHEA.

The JOURNAL has pleasure in presenting a portrait of this gifted musician who has recently been delighting the frequenters of concert halls in Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Shea says he finds the banjo is holding its own as a musical instrument and losing none of its popularity. Everywhere that he goes the people evince delight at the mere entrance of the banjo soloist upon the platform. The banjo certainly is a favorite. During Mr. Shea's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, Erie, Pa., last October, his performances were much admired, and encores were demanded at every performance Mr. Shea was featured on the programmes. The local press was unstinted in its praise of the instrument and the performer. His instrument undoubtedly improves with age, in spite of being subjected to all sorts of weather and changes of climate. Mr. Shea produces a wonderfully loud, clear and brilliant tone, and his playing is easily heard above the big orchestras in the largest theatres. Mr. Shea has a bright future before him, both as a soloist and a teacher of the banjo.

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.]

Before Fame trumpets for you she expects you to do something to raise the wind. And for you players who only play by ear, but who might ascend to higher degrees of usefulness, and feel more satisfied with yourselves, were you able to read music, short lessons will appear in these columns, commencing with the following: You must rid your minds of all thoughts that knowledge of the rudiments of music is difficult to acquire, and that there is any mystery about it.

All musical sounds go by seven different names, the first seven letters of the alphabet: A, B, C, D, E, F, G. There are no others. In written music these sounds, or letters, are represented by dots or loops, placed on horizontal lines, and above or below the top and bottom lines. After G, we start at A again.

If A be on a line of the staff, the next line above is C, and the one below is F. If A be in a space of the staff, the next space above is C, and the one below is F.

Take a piece of paper and rule fine horizontal lines, same as you see on the music paper of this issue of the JOURNAL.

Prefix the lines drawn with the Bass Clef, a signature which you may see on any piece of piano music.

Make a dot in the lowest space. That signifies A. A dot in the next space will be C, the next E, and the next G.

A dot on the lowest line, therefore, will signify G, on the second B, the next D, the next F, and the next A.

Thus we have: G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A.

A dot just under the lowest line signifies F, and a dot just above the top line signifies B.

Thus we have:

F G, A B C D E F G, A B.

There is no mystery about that, and if you understand it, you know the Bass Clef.

Now for the Tenor Clef. At the right hand side of the five lines you have ruled, and dotted, draw five more lines in this position:



You will observe that there are two lines less at the foot, whilst two lines are added at the top.

The Tenor figure signature is different to that of the Bass, but the notes are the same; though positions to the eye are not the same.

The centre line of the Bass becomes the lowest line of the Tenor, but both represent D. The top line of the Bass, A, becomes the centre line of the Tenor, and is still A. Now dot the lines and spaces, and the relationship of Bass and Tenor Clefs stand thus:

Bass F G, A B C D E F G, A B, - - - -

Tenor - - - - C D E F G, A B C D E F.

We will now take the Alto Clef.

Draw five more lines at the right hand side of the Tenor, in this fashion:



One line less at the foot, and adding one line at the top.

The Alto Clef signature is the same as the Tenor, only by moving it across, it becomes placed in the middle of the staff.

The fourth line on the Bass Clef, F, which becomes the second in the Tenor and still F, now becomes the lowest line on the Alto, and it is also F still.

You can now easily construct the scale, and the relationship of the three will be:

Bass F G, A B C D E F G, A B, - - - -

Tenor - - - - C D E F G, A B C D E F, -

Alto - - - - E F G, A B C D E F G, A.

Now we take the Soprano, or Treble Clef, in which our Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Music is written.

Rule five more lines at right hand side of the Alto, taking the fourth, E, for the lowest:



Prefix it with the Soprano Clef, as on the music pages in this number of the JOURNAL.

The fourth on the Alto, E, becomes E on the lowest line of the Soprano. The fifth on the Alto becomes the second on the Soprano, and is still G.

Construct the scale on the lines and spaces, and we then have the relationship of the four Staffs.

Bass F G, A B C D E F G, A B, - - - -

Tenor - - - - C D E F G, A B C D E F, -

Alto - - - - E F G, A B C D E F G, A, -

Soprano - - - - - D E F G, A B C D E F G.

If any readers of the above still think there is any mystery connected with the Music Scale, write to the JOURNAL and say where the mystery lies.

E. PRITCHARD VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER.

The art of teaching music is absorbing the greatest attention. Naturally, then, when one teacher of music rises to a position of prominence, it necessarily must be concluded that he must possess unusual gifts for the special work entrusted to him. Such is the case with Mr. Edward Pritchard, of New York, the virtuoso and teacher of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar, whose pupils have achieved such rapid successes in the concert field. It is now generally known that Miss Ella Carr, the banjoiste, who has grown into an important concert artist in two seasons; Mr. Charles E. Conklin, banjoist, of Roslyn, N. Y., whose successes have been frequently reported; Miss Maud Leighton, mandolinist, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Charles Burch, mandolinist, of New York, are four of the leading pupils of Mr. Pritchard made public through their successful public appearance within recent dates.

Mr. Pritchard himself is an ardent, earnest, conscientious teacher, who is intent upon developing all the possible resources of the instrument, and at the same time imparting to the pupil, style, character and a musical and poetical conception of the work in hand. His method is the result of many years experience and of a certain original theory.

Although his favorite instrument is the banjo, he is able to play the guitar and mandolin with admirable skill, as he believes it advisable to thoroughly understand the possibilities of each instrument. A man reveals himself in his work, reveals his mental characteristics, and his sense of the beautiful in art; Mr. Pritchard, judged by his work, is anxious only to produce good results in his chosen field of labor. How he has succeeded is demonstrated by the pupils themselves and in the general result of his tuition.

Mr. Pritchard plays in a dignified and impressive manner, and as a technician he is a finished artist. His playing of "Largo," by Handel; "Melody in F," by Rubinstein; "Evening Star," by Wagner, and other classic selections, is given with a beautiful ringing tonality, satisfying as one would wish. In particular, his rendering of the works of Beethoven, Chopin and Mendelssohn, shows the result of intelligent and exhaustive study.

Imagine the immense stock of musical literature that an artist must have in order to select therefrom. To find three good sonatas he must know all the best. When everything is memorized, what

a musical library is in the head. Memory, however, with this remarkable musician is a gift. It is no effort whatever for him to memorize the most difficult compositions.

Music interpretation, including, of course, its technic, necessitates a greater amount of hard work that never shows than any other art on earth; and points of profoundest difficulty, costing four or five years for accomplishment, are whisked past in four or five seconds at a concert performance.

In speaking of his own work Mr. Pritchard says the most difficult class of music to play is not the *allegro vivace* movements, but the Chopin and Handel poems. Musically speaking nothing but force is required in the former. The restraints imposed by Chopin interpretation are exhausting to a degree. Scores of faults and

weaknesses may be hidden in a *Rhapsodie*. A single flaw in a Chopin interpretation is like a rent in a beautiful picture.

The shading is so fine, the equality must be so unbroken that the player scarcely dares breathe through fear of altering the tempo or making false accents. This restraint, this conscience, is what wears, and not mechanical difficulty.

Mr. Pritchard is the fortunate possessor of a Thoroughbred Banjo, which probably has not its superior in tone beauty. He plays it in a masterly manner and produces the most beautiful and enchanting effects. His technic is marvelous and equal to any difficulty of execution. What distinguishes him from each and every other virtuoso and places him in the front rank among artists, is the magnificent tone which he produces. It is full, clear, rich, intensely musical and devoid of that nasal quality which

almost invariably interferes with the enjoyment of otherwise very creditable banjo playing.

His essays on music and art published in the different musical journals indicate a soul much more than that of musician only.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publishers have pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made with Mr. C. F. Elzear Fiset for a series of articles on guitar playing and dealing especially with right hand fingering. There has been great need for some such work, and JOURNAL readers will find the articles embody a perfect system of technique, novel and valuable. The first article will appear in our next issue.

Many novelties are under consideration, and will be announced in due course. In the meantime Bug Johnston is going to take a run down South this winter, and great things will be expected of him.



Our Friends

And Others.

The artist, as a rule, is a generous, as well as a many sided, being with whom it is always a pleasure to converse. The different sides of his character, like the facets of a diamond, each seem to reflect a different light. The true artist is always a student and discoverer who strives to bequeath something original to the general fund of knowledge. He is great not only as painter, sculptor, or musician, but he also conveys to every reasoning being the idea of possessing a great reserve force that would carry him to the heights of fame by whatever path he might choose to make the ascent. In listening to the banjo playing of Farland, or the guitar playing of Fiset, we feel the presence of this artistic reserve force, and realize that such men are born to be great in any art sphere in which their lot is cast. It is pleasant again to note, that the greatest artists have ever been great gentlemen, in the noblest of the word. In fact the artist is the interpreter of truth, whether in the realms of literature, painting or music, and it is only the honest man who learns to speak, with tone or color, the universal language of the soul, which alone has power to enthrall the hearts of men. But, there is seldom a true coin without its counterfeit, or a beautiful song without its parody, and while the ranks of the banjo artists of our land are full of noble men whom we delight to honor, there are others who, for the good of the profession, should resign their position and try to secure a job as pilot of a dump cart, or help to solve the problem of "good roads" with a long handle shovel. One of the above described misfits had a bill of banjo strings from us shortly after the discovery of this continent, and as he still neglected to pay for them we recently called his attention to the fact that we were not like the chameleon to be satisfied with a diet of fresh air but had an unconquerable appetite for boiled beef and fried "Murphys," and needed our money in our business. Whereupon this musical microbe, who could wear the half of an English walnut shell for a hot weather helmet, flew into a violent rage, and wrote us a letter breathing forth threatennings and worse than slaughter, for he tells us that "if he ever gets a chance" he will descend upon our devoted city with some kind of a five stringed infernal machine "and show the people a trick." This degenerate descendant of Baalam's loquacious beast seems to forget that we have a quarantine system that will compare favorably with any in the world, and although we have had two attacks of yellow fever and one of the closed back banjo, thanks to Stephen Girard and S. S. Stewart we recovered from both afflictions, and now have a board of health that will see that it don't happen again. We have found, by long experience, that even the uniformly courteous treatment we try to accord to all with whom we are brought in contact, fails to win the approval of a small

coterie of cranks who, "are never so happy as when they are miserable." Perhaps we should view them with charity, and attribute their shortcomings to heredity, for even Adam the founder of the race never seemed to be able to know a good thing when he saw it. Although he had never been serenaded by a village band three days from the date of their first lesson, nor had occasion to beat carpet, put together a stovepipe, or help clean house, yet he yearned for novelty and change. He was a man to whom milliners and dress-makers were unknown, and to whom a perpetual free meal ticket had been presented at the moment of his creation. And yet, he could not be contented but must club the forbidden fruit off of the trees, and howl for a bearskin suit of clothes, while Eve entered into an ill-advised flirtation with the serpent without stopping to see if its fangs had been extracted, or taking the precaution to hold its head with a forked stick. Yes, we will lay the cussedness of man at the doors of heredity, and let it go at that. Since the death of the great founder of the JOURNAL we have had a glimpse of both the brightest and the darkest sides of the human character. From artists and amateurs in music and from men in every walk of life have come the most sincere expressions of regard for the departed and heartfelt sympathy for his bereaved family. From Great Britain and her most remote Colonies, we are receiving letters that breathe the true spirit of the great virile race that never feared a foe or forgot a friend. So much for the bright side of the picture and blessings on the noble friends who remembered the widow and the fatherless in the hour of their affliction. On the dark side of the picture, we see a pack of human jackals howling around the dead lion. The fakes, frauds and humbugs, who hated and feared him in life, plucked up courage at his death, crawled from their holes and, with pence pinned in gall, sought to blacken the bright record of an honorable career. One pirate who tries to edit a banjo paper in London (the same hero who figured in one of Mr. Stewart's editorials as "The ass in the lion's skin"), made himself so despicable in the eyes of contemporaries that another Englishman (not an imitation) and publisher of a bright little banjo paper called the attention of the ghoul to the fact that the English people did not wage war on the dead. But as the ghoul has a name that sounds like the *allegro vivace* movement of a cat fight, we believe him to be an importation from the continent. If he is an Englishman he is certainly most effectually disguised. The death of Mr. Stewart had a most peculiar effect in our own country, for it seemed as if every microcephalus wood butcher from San Francisco to Martha's Vineyard arose as one man, and sought by bungling imitation, gross misrepresentation and by actual bribery to tear down a house upbilled by the brain and genius of the Little Giant who had wisely founded his business structure upon the rock of honest labor, and left to his successors the far easier task of perpetuating it by the same upright policy. JOURNAL readers can form some conception of the above referred to abominable actions by the nature of two instances of bribery, viz :

We understand a material supplier received ten per cent. extra for writing our name upon his bills, and an open boast was made of the affair.

We understand that a banjo artist whose name has been associated with honorable actions was, to his amazement, offered a salary on condition that he would act opposite to his dictates of conscience and sense of honor.

Can any words of condemnation be too strong? We shall endeavor to justify the confidence implied by our selection of the gentleman to fill the generous position of Editor of the oldest Banjo Journal on the globe, and-by striving to subserve, at all times, the best interests of the musician, be he professional or amateur, soloist or teacher. In common with most newspaper men we may be compelled at times to slightly modify the teachings of the Bible in order to meet the exigencies of an up to date civilization. For good we will return good, but with those who despitely use us we will either settle with pen and ink, or repair to the backyard and have it out with base ball bats. The choice we leave to them, for we believe an accommodating disposition that makes a belligerent competitor look like the loser of a four round bout with a Kansas cyclone, is second only to the charity that covers a multitude of sins. The scribbling yaps who think the JOURNAL dead will find it the hottest ruin that ever came down the pike. In the language of Dan Webster, "we still live," and as one of our subscribers puts it, "The JOURNAL is as indispensable to the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin player as a brass band is to a circus procession."

THE PUBLISHERS.

MY DEAR OLD BANJO.

By C. A. Mudgett.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

Oh, how many happy hours

Have I whiled away with thee—

Dear old banjo, by thy powers

Of how you enchanted me.

Many times have I come home

"Out of sorts," and feeling "blue;"

But all my cares were soon dispelled

By an hour spent with you.

Many years have come and gone

Since you were first brought to me;

But our friendship ever lasted

And thus ever shall it be.

Friends may come and friends may go,

It matters little unto me;

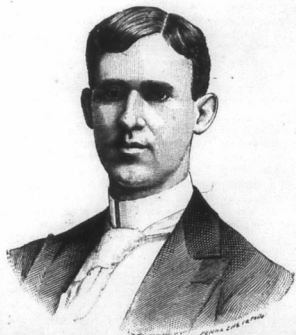
Dear old Banjo, this I whisper,

I love only, only thee.

In the commencement of an affair, always think of the ending. Never believe in estimates. Never buy any real estate, without determining the possible demand, for that situation, under a Sheriff's sale. Hold sound assets, and you can sleep well. Always fish in shallow water.

A. A. FARLAND

THE BANJO VIRTUOSO.



The new programme which Mr. Farland has arranged for the season is herewith presented. Thus far it has proven even more successful, if such a thing is possible, than the one used last season.

ROSSINI.—Overture to Italian in Algiers.
 MOSZKOWSKI.—Serenata.
 BUSSEK.—Rondo "La Matinee."
 BERTHOLDT.—Variations on the Old Folks at Home.
 FARLAND.—Tripping Thro' the Meadow.
 HANDEL.—Largo.
 POPPER.—Elfentanz.
 WEBER-DE BERTIOT.—La Preciosa.
 ROBYN.—Manzanillo (Mexican Dance).
 BEETHOVEN.—Polonaise from String Trio, Op. 8.
 DANCLA.—5th Air Varie.
 WIENIAWSKI.—2d Mazurka.
 CHOPIN.—Valse, Op. 69, No. 1.
 WIENIAWSKI.—Grand Polonaise Brillante.

We had hoped to reproduce this notice in our last issue. It is from the Burlington, Vt., *Daily News*, of September 29, 1898: "Alfred A. Farland, the phenomenal banjoist, gave a recital last night, the like of which has never before entertained Burlingtonians. The idea of a man playing classical music on this instrument is scarcely to be grasped, but Mr. Farland played the old masters as easily as if they had been the simplest ditties.

He is a great artist and alone in the field. No other has ever approached him. He is the Paderewski of the banjo, and his playing, particularly of the Chopin nocturne, showed him to be as true and great an artist as the famous pianist. * * * Mr. Handley played the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana on the mandolin with the skill of a true artist, and the club gave several pleasing selections.

The *Evening Enterprise*, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., said in its issue of October 27, 1898.

Is A. A. Farland monarch of the banjo? Henry Watterson says: "Farland proves that the age of miracles is not past." This wonderful artist attracted a large audience, filling every seat in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, on Wednesday night, notwithstanding the storm. The works of the masters received skillful treatment at his hands, while his rendition of well-known and popular songs and hymns, with original variations, won for him hearty applause.

On the following day the *Poughkeepsie Eagle* said: Last Wednesday evening, A. Farland, the most wonderful and interesting banjoist in the world, charmed a large audience composed of the best people of Poughkeepsie, at Y. M. C. A. Hall. His execution is all that the most lavish advertising could say about it, and

complimentary press notices were more than sustained by his clever performance. Mr. Farland's playing has the power of appealing to the finer feeling and instincts of the hearer; and his rendering of "The Old Folks at Home," brought tears to the eyes of many in the audience by its pathos and sweetness. Mr. Farland's technique is finished, which was shown in the Wieniawski "Polonaise Brillante," and the Popper "Elfentanz," was simply marvelous. The overture to the Italian in Algiers, the "Polonaise" from the string trio op. 8, the Handel "Largo" and the Mexican dance, were given in a masterly style. Mr. Farland's own composition, a dainty schottische entitled "Tripping Through the Meadow," captured the hearts of all. If Mr. Farland should visit Poughkeepsie again, Y. M. C. A. Hall will not be sufficient to accommodate the people.

And the *Poughkeepsie Courier* of October 30, 1898, said:—A large audience was charmed at the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday evening, by the performance of Alfred A. Farland, the most wonderful and interesting banjoist in the world. Some of his selections were executed with so much feeling and expression that tears came unbidden to the eyes. It was a treat to hear him, and it is hoped that he will pay Poughkeepsie another visit.

The *Reformer*, of Brattleboro, Vt., remarked in its issue of November 8, 1898:—The banjo recital given by Prof. A. A. Farland last evening at Grange Hall, was largely attended and the entertainment was of a high order. The selections were classical and rendered in a marvelous way. Mr. Farland is certainly an artist.

The engagements which Mr. Farland has recently filled, and those which are booked are as here undermentioned.

Burlington, Vt.,	September 28th
Moosup, Ct., (2d time),	October 1st
Canajoharie, N. Y.,	" 7th
Greenfield, Mass.,	" 18th
Lawrence,	" 19th
W. Gardner, Mass.,	" 20th
Andover,	" 21st
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., (3d time),	" 26th
Ft. Covington,	" 26th
Malone,	November 1st
Chateaugay,	" 2d
Brattleboro, Vt.,	" 7th
Danielson, Ct.,	" 8th
Providence, R. I., (3d time),	" 10th
Greenfield, Mass., (return date),	" 11th
Ithaca, N. Y., (3d time),	" 14th
Port Huron, Mich.,	" 15th
Vassar,	" (2d time), 16th
Saginaw,	" (3d time), 18th
Elgin, Ill., (2d time),	" 21st
Peru, Ill.,	" 22d
Terre Haute, Ind.,	" 29th
Indianapolis, (2d time),	December 2d
Covington, O.,	" 5th
Laconia, N. H.,	" 12th
Newburgh, N. Y.,	" 16th

Mr. Farland goes South late in December, commencing at Clifton Forge, Va., December 29th, thence West, into Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas, reaching Wilmington, N. C., for February 3d. He will probably play in Petersburg and Richmond, Virginia, following the Wilmington engagement and would like to hear from interested parties in Baltimore and Washington.

Parties in the States mentioned above who desire to engage him should write at once. Mail sent to 365 W. Boulevard, New York City, will be promptly forwarded.

He is available for engagements in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, &c., February 13th and after.

Julen says: "And money is bewailed with deeper sighs than friends or kindred, and with louder cries." Again, he says of mankind: "The God, also, are few! The valued file are less than the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the Nile!"

CHATS ON PROBLEMS OF THE DAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Introductory.

I do not believe it is necessary to offer apologies for instituting this series of articles, as among the JOURNAL's army of readers there are very many whose vocations are cast in the various higher spheres of commercial life, and in other than the music profession, where all become more or less interested in the serious problems of the day. And, as all musicians experience the effect of causes, they as a body need to take the deepest interest in the various developments. The standard of intelligence generally apparent in the fraternity of banjo, mandolin and guitar lovers is that of the broadest and most liberal character. True musicians, and true men of the world have no time to waste in developing egotistical airs; theirs it is to think, to learn to anticipate and thus be prepared to keep abreast of the world's march of progress, else they be left far in the rear. The modern proverb of nations is, "In times of peace prepare for war," and likewise, individuals must ever anticipate changes, and troubles; regard the proverbs "Never meet trouble half way," and "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," as out of date and inapplicable axioms for present times. And, by doing so, and by being continuously on the alert, we can avoid or laugh at troubles as they come, and adapt ourselves to changes.

CHAT No. 1.

The Commercial Value Standard of Popular Music.

A certain music paper, not necessarily interested in our fraternity or the trade, has waxed warm over a topic of political, or more correctly speaking, commercial economy, and used strong denunciatory words to emphasize its views. The topic is the right of the large department stores to secure the first handling of a new music publication by a popular composer, and sell copies at a less price than regular dealers can buy them from the publishers. The piece in question is a piano solo, of the so-called popular class, but the controversy affects all popular songs as well as popular piano solos. Popular music of course is that which catches the public's temporary fancy, and the composers and publishers make or try to make money by sales of the vocal or piano selections. Printed popular music is an article of commerce like soap and candles. In a long argument the music paper referred to, questions the right of above course of trading, proclaims injustice, and sweepingly asserts that department stores are a curse and retard the growth of cities.

Those were daring words, and whilst a certain following may agree with every word uttered, sober minded people will only smile as they disdain the bid for a crusade.

The music publishers have simply followed in the wake, and adopted the line of action of hundreds of manufacturers of every day demand goods. They have simply taken that inevitable step of placing printed popular music on a level with ordinary merchandise, on a level with soap and candles which from a commercial standpoint is legitimate. Now had that same paper been anticipatory, and watched the evolution of commercial methods, even for only the past few years, its remarks would have been of a milder character, and it would have striven to prepare its readers and patrons to meet the inevitable in the near future, which inevitable will doubtless seem like an evil to the publishers of popular songs and piano solos, though in reality it is but a natural sequential move. Might, accompanied by right, is nature's law, and those who possess might have often more right on their side than they receive credit for. I am not going to champion the cause of the music publisher in question, nor advocate that of the department store; I simply propose to state some facts, and point out what seems to be the trend of coming events. And, therefore, I will briefly argue from the department store back to the composer, endeavoring to steer clear of prejudices and sarcasm, although the scope afforded for display of the latter is unlimited.

The department store is not a new institution, it is not a nineteenth century creation. The system began in the days of the celebrated Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. The Portuguese and Dutch mercantile element handled it in a half-hearted sort of way during their colonial days, and the English adopted it in *toto* when they entered upon colonial expansion, quite a hundred years ago. The system prospered in Asia, Africa and Oceania; it is the rule there to-day, and is only affected in certain lines by manufacturers opening branch houses of their own. In recent times the system returned to Europe, and to America, as a proved sound financial method, as a proved economical method of distribution, intricate and yet simple. It has come to stay, to expand and to receive *additional* legislation. No system can be perfect and suited to all tastes, but this, as a system, has the merit of being built on sound finance, and that is the crux of the whole matter. Healthy commerce must rest upon the basis of scientific economy in finance, whether or not its phases in other matters happen to be pleasing. It can be only too apparent that the manufacturer who has a few large department stores as his sole customers is far and away better off than with a hundred or so small concerns on his books; and so will be the publishers of popular songs and piano solos, as time goes on. Bear in mind, please, that I am speaking of a system, and that is entirely removed from any considerations of personal character of buyer or seller, employer or employee. As the methods of production are being further simplified, and costs reduced, so must the methods of distribution be, and likewise the cost of same. We are but on the eve of this evolution, and the time certainly seems fast drawing near when the popular music publishing trade will have to fall into line, as other

trades have and are doing. One word more and I pass to the publisher. In abusing trusts and such like organizations, and in decrying those who do not join in the abuse, people often forget that they themselves hold to the maxim, "that they must first be able to help themselves before they can help others." Likewise before corporations, &c., can accomplish the work they are destined to do, they must pass the present evolutionary period, when statesmen, who are now much exercised on the subject, can frame suitable laws. The world was not made in one day, and there must have been some long, unpleasant days. Concentration of energy and economy of distribution is the tendency the world over; and as sound financial methods are employed to accomplish the work, it is both useless and senseless to kick against what is helping to determine the relative positions of capital and labor, helping to adjust the disparity between over-production and under-consumption. No monopolies in this country have received anything like the harsh criticisms and abuse which have recently been meted out to two of the greatest monopolies or trusts in the world. I refer to the Diamond Ring and the Shipping Rings of South Africa and the Orient. These rings are governed by the most astute and liberal-minded beings who ever had any power, but they do not propose to reveal the true aims of their policies to critics and abusers. They will rather let the critics simmer down until a developed intelligence shows them how asinine was their talk, and then they may be in a fit state to be told something about the grave issues involved in great movements.

Now to the publisher. He, in other words, is a manufacturer. Perhaps his staple line of products is popular songs and piano solos, like common washing soap is to the soap maker; and this popular music, like soap, has no lasting properties. How many people to-day can or care to recollect the popular songs and marches of a few years ago, any more than they recollect the soap they used at the same time? Common washing soap is made and sold on a slight margin of profit. It is the quantity sold that gives profits, and proportionately greater profits are expected and derived from sales of finer qualities. Now, strange to say, the publishers of popular songs and piano solos have been reversing this order of things, and as it is utterly wrong for them to do so, they must not be surprised when the time comes around for an adjustment. The blame of the reversal cannot be charged to the public, or the public's taste; the publishers did it themselves, they created a monopoly which must also be obnoxious if they admit that monopolies are accursed.

I might give hundreds of illustrations to help indicate my meaning, but the following will suffice: We know why we pay more for well made shoes, of good material, than for poor classes. We know why we pay more for woollens than for shoddy. We know why we pay more for oil paintings than for oleographs. We know why we pay more for a book from which to derive intellectual benefits than for a book with which to kill time, and we know why we pay more

for a dozen bars of soap than for one bar. And yet the publishers of popular songs and piano solos will lay before us on their counter-copies of this and that consisting of four to six pages of ink-marked paper and ask fifty cents each copy; while lying near are books at same price consisting of ten times or twenty times as much paper, ten or twenty times as much ink marks and indicating ten or twenty times as much material and mechanical labor to produce. So far I am not considering the brain work value of the composers of popular songs and piano solos; if I did, matters might look a great deal worse. One more illustration and I will pass to the composer and sum up. Let us lay a copy of a popular song or piano solo on a table side by side with a copy of a leading daily newspaper. Look at them and think of the disparity of labor and cost required to produce them; think of the disparity between the amount of brain work, and then from a commercial standpoint, you will see the absurd disparity between the prices that are asked. If the sales of the music equalled one day's circulation of the newspaper at same price you can easily see that a handsome return would result. Exactly, and a great distributing centre, like a department house, which can guarantee and undertake the realizing upon an immense edition of any popular song or piano solo at a reasonable and sensible price, is no curse to the publisher or composer. It is the medium or system that composers and publishers of music worthy to become popular have been looking for. It is the system that they eventually act as the much needed censor.

The composer is in other words an inventor, and thoughts of art rarely enter his mind when he writes songs or piano solos for classification among the "Populars." Now for a long time past the production of this rubbish has progressed at a rate like the ravages of an epidemic that doctors do not understand and can only experiment upon. Every Tom, Dick and Harry, and Susans too, as soon as they had learned a little about music and the playing of an instrument, must needs try their hand at composing something "popular," to achieve fame and a full pocket. They are at it still. Hundreds of them know nothing of harmony, counterpoint, thoroughbass, &c.; they never will, and don't want to. They are satisfied to invent (?) a melody, get somebody else to do the "harmony work," and so long as it gets fixed up somehow, "it's all right and sure to take." This sort of stuff publishers have been giving to the public, and a stock of gigantic size has accumulated, for proof of which you need only witness the publishers' catalogues. I dare say many publishers would willingly, if they could, exchange that stock and plates for its equal value in soap, independent of consideration for the losses already sustained in expenditures to popularize the music. The disease must die out naturally for want of prey, and it is dying out. Music publishers are now more particular, they don't jump at effusions. Merit and reputation are wanted, and merit will be wanted more than ever when the centres of distribution step in to buy the publishers'

products of merchandise the same as they do with other manufacturers and obtain preferential terms. It is done with literature, and why not with printed music? When it is done I think we shall not hear of or see so many lectures in music papers about the choice of music and the cultivation of taste, for a very effectual "stopper" will have been placed on the grinding out of abortions, or at any rate, they will be pretty considerably discounted.

Notwithstanding much that might influence to the contrary, I have faith in humanity turning right side up eventually, and in much that we may now deplore and regard as evils, we shall find are but the means to an end, that end when the life-work of every individual is regulated strictly according to capabilities.

UNCLE JOSH WAYBACK'S SOLILOQUY.

By Chas. Perrigo.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

The sun had set, the day's work was done,
And towards the fire Josh drew his chair,
And thought of younger days and the fun
At dances had with lasses fair.

Sleep stole o'er him, his head dropped on his breast

As he nodded and blinked and at last
dropped away;
And he dreamed of his son John, the oldest
and best,
And the one he hadn't heard of in many a
day.

"John allus wuz a right smart boy, I know,
Though kinder set in his ways, I s'pose;
I member the trouble we had about the banjo;
When I told him he couldn't have it, how
his anger rose.

"No, sir," says I; "I'm dad blamed sure
I'll not git him one, and what's more, you're
A fool ter want a thing like that
With no music to it than my old hat."

A fiddle I'd buy him, but somehow er nuther
He allus stuck to it that he'd ruther
Have a banjo or else none at all;
It went on like this until that fall.

School was ter close. The teacher said all
Wanted ter do their best as there was a medal
To be gin the one that stood highest and best
In his classes, but he have ter beat all the rest.

John was set on gitting that prize
(He were perty smart fer a boy on his size).
To help him along I told him I'd give him
a bike
Pervidin' he won, er anything else that he'd
like.

He won that air medal, in course he did;
Perfect the mark the zamination papers hid.

Jewillikin! You bet you life, I surely
thought suthin'
Was wrong when he said, a banjo or nuthin'.

He'd got the best holt of 'em all on me,
As any one ever heard on it will agree.
The next time I went to the town of Che-
mung
A nice banjo along home with me I brung.

He looked at me queerly, he was chuck full
of joy;
'You're the best father in the world,' says
John, my best boy.
He p'anked and twanged it as much as he
could,
And bimeby got so's he could play perty
good.

A fiddle wuz nowhere with the plunk of
the 'Jo.
I member the time I sold land fer a thousand
or so
And hid the money in the fireplace away
under
The fire. If a robber'd git in he'd git no
plunder.

I wuz sittin' down, and as I looked at the
curtain
That took the place of a door, I was certain
I saw suthin' move, 's though some one was
behind
The curtain. At once robbers came to my
mind.

I didn't have a weppin, my gun wuz upstairs.
Come to think on't now, 'twas loaded fer
bears.
I looked all around. There, behind me lay
The banjo. I picked it up as if goin' to play.

From behind the curtain came a man with a
long knife.
Says he, "Give me your money or I'll have
your life."
I swung the banjo round and gin him a
crack on his head.
Dog gone him! Too bad I didn't kill him
dead.

Before he come to I tied his hands so tight
That he couldn't free 'em try hard as he
might.
I bundled him in a waggin and took him to
jail.
He went up fer a year, didn't have no
chance to jump bail.

The banjo was busted, but I got another
One fer John and one fer his brother,
For from the time that it saved me from the
clutch
Of the robber, I couldn't hear any too much

Of the banjo the best in the world, in course—
'Josh, come ter supper,' says a kitchen
voice in tones hoarse.
Josh woke up and said, though he was sleepy
yet,
The banjo's a Thoroughbred. BY GOSH,
you bet.

S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

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

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

Subscribers not receiving their copies promptly should advise, sending their full address.

DECEMBER, 1898 and JANUARY, 1899

OUR POLICY.

The time has now arrived when subscribers, advertisers and readers of the JOURNAL should be made acquainted with its aims, and the policy be plainly announced.

Before proceeding to the point at issue, however, we desire to remark, that, in comparison with the evolution of the banjo, the evolution of all other instruments, string, wind and percussion has been very gradual. The violin is acknowledged to be non-improvable. It has reached a summit from which it cannot ascend to a further height of perfection. The same can be said of the banjo. Probably, there are some people who are inclined to differ with and scoff at this last assertion. There were scoffers in the days when lived the *luthiers* of Cremona. If we look around to-day at the world's list of great inventive minds it would tax us to the utmost to discover one who, single-handed and in face of tremendous obstacles, had produced a perfect stringed musical instrument from the beginnings of a poor, primitive and crude soulless thing. Not only this, but one who moulded the national instrument of this country. Yet the late Mr. Stewart accomplished all this. Many men who have achieved far less have been honored in various notable

ways during lifetime, and after death, the public has been pleased to perpetuate their fame by tokens of a monumental order.

It has been more than pleasurable to receive numbers of letters from all parts of the country, and also from abroad; letters in which the writers have enthusiastically expressed the hope and desire that the JOURNAL becomes the monument to the genius of its founder and inventor of the modern banjo. And, during the past three months, the publishers grew more than ever convinced that the wishes of all friends of the JOURNAL were in harmony, and, therefore, steps were taken, after very serious consideration, to plan and work out the placing of the JOURNAL on a basis from where it could set out on such a unique path. And also that in its character as a magazine it would be fully prepared to meet the many difficulties that ever fall to the lot of such.

In accordance then with unanimous desires, the task of building up the JOURNAL as a monument now begins. And in order that it be a success, the work must be a never-ceasing one, and the end never in sight.

THE LABOR MUST BE A MUTUAL ONE.

As with a monument which is given to a city, or to a people, to keep and protect when once erected, so must it be with the JOURNAL for you to uphold and maintain. The JOURNAL now belongs to you. The publishers are its trustees, and the editor is its director; to be called to account if they fail to fulfil obligations, while-ever you maintain it.

Your interest in the JOURNAL should and must be as keen as that of shareholders in joint stock companies, the only difference being that whilst they look for dividends in cash, your dividends will be in shape of a regular visitor, and we trust, a more frequent one. Calls are made at times upon shareholders in stock companies, and calls will be made upon you, but unlike the calls which often put shareholders in bad humors, our calls, we think, will give you pleasure to comply with.

OUR JOINT AIMS.

These in short must ever be directed towards the conservancy of all the higher interests of the profession and trade.

To provide a symposium of information, and news from all the world over relating to the banjo, mandolin and guitar.

To observe a strictly clean moral tone, and find no room for anything that savors of pettiness and jealousy, for life, at the longest, is too short to take cognizance of and cultivate those failings.

To be independent, and that means to be entirely self-sustaining, to recognize talents whenever found even if it be in avowed enemies, and to accord all patrons the same and equal advertising opportunities.

To issue the JOURNAL every month as soon as arrangements are complete, and then, perhaps, issue oftener.

Having said this much about the policy, we will proceed to at once issue the first call upon you to further enable the carrying out of the policy.

In this issue you will find a loose full page form for pasting on cardboard, to hang in your studio or private room, where you can best see it. It reads thus:

REMEMBER

S. S. STEWART'S

MEMORIAL.

On the 12th of every month I must send at the very least, a post card to the JOURNAL and tell the news.

Form of correspondence to be addressed to:

STEWART & BAUER,
Publishers S. S. Stewart's JOURNAL.
1016 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

State _____ City _____ Date _____
News. (which you should fill in briefly, something after this fashion)—Last evening, Clara Nette and so and so played Farland's _____
Eno's _____ Frey's _____
Fiset's _____ Abt's _____
to _____ so and so, and the results were _____
so and so, The club is _____ so
and so, and we are going to do _____ so
and so

Signed _____

Now, don't let the sending in of post cards or letters be anything

but a pleasurable duty. Keep strictly to the form so that your communication can appear in the JOURNAL exactly as you have written it. It is far more pleasant, and nice, to put in our pages what you write, however short or long, than to receive bundles of newspaper cuttings which for many reasons we cannot always use. Besides, there is ever a lot of re-writing and condensing to be done with these that would be very irritating were it not that we know our readers are very modest and believe that it looks better for their praises and that of their friends, or that of their clubs, to be sung by strangers in print rather than by themselves in handwriting. This rule, admirable in itself, should not be applied too frequently. Copies of printed programmes we are always glad to receive, and glad to reproduce them in our columns, but we request that all information concerning events and doings be, as far as possible, original, and so long as the news sent in relates to matters of interest for banjo, mandolin and guitar players, and is a record, it shall appear in the JOURNAL.

Now we trust that every subscriber and reader of the JOURNAL will, after their endorsement of the proposal to make the JOURNAL a monument, see to it that they accept this call and comply with it, knowing full well that they are contributing to the upholding of the monument. You will agree with us, we think, that a vast amount of pleasure would be derived by all to see in the JOURNAL a number of pages upon which appeared messages from the thousands of JOURNAL readers, which would at once inform us of all the events that had taken place within a given time amongst the fraternity of banjo, mandolin and guitar lovers.

One more word. We, having once placed our hands on the plow, must go forward and plow hard. We cannot recede; but, the ultimate reaching of the desired goal very materially depends upon the measure of support you accord us. Will you accord that support? We believe you will.

The most important point, in every affair, is to know what is to be done.

CONDOLENCE.

Hallthwaite, Ashton on Mersey,
Cheshire, England, Oct. 8, 1898.

MESSRS. STEWART & BAUER,
GENTLEMEN:

Permit me to express my regret at the sudden death of Mr. S. S. Stewart and my sympathy with his family, Mr. Bauer and friends. Mr. Stewart was a man the Banjo World could ill spare, as I consider he did more to put the banjo on a level with other instruments than any other man in the world. His writings, too, to further the same cause, were unique and the best ever written.

I am a great banjo enthusiast (amateur), and can hold my own in playing with many professionals. I make a point of studying the Banjo Press of England and America, and I am glad to see you are keeping on the JOURNAL. Wishing you every prosperity,

Yours faithfully,
J. T. WARD,

PRAISE FOR THE JOURNAL.

L. G. Chrisman, of Sigourney, Iowa, writes: "If the music in future JOURNALS is all as good as we have been having, there will never be any kicks."

Sam Bergh, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes: "Last week I was in Wayland and while there got you a new subscriber for the best Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Journal published. [Mr. Bergh believes in working for the S. S. Stewart Memorial.]

Walter S. Weeden, banjo, mandolin and guitar teacher, of East Greenwich, R. I., wrote under date of September 5, 1898:—"Please find fifty cents enclosed for renewal of my subscription to the JOURNAL, with thanks for the good things it said. I have enjoyed the paper very much."

J. Barber, of Babylon, L. I., N. Y., wrote on September 8, 1898:—"I enclose fifty cents for one year's subscription to the JOURNAL. I do not want to miss any numbers."

Charles E. Conklin, of Roslyn, N. Y., wrote under date of September 13, 1898:—"Kindly renew my subscription to the JOURNAL for the enclosed fifty cents. I will not say anything in its praise. The fact of my renewing subscription is sufficient."

Walter J. Stent, of Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, writing September 26th, said: "I am subscribing for forty copies of the JOURNAL and we consider it the most valuable JOURNAL of all that we receive."

William V. Burke, of New York City, wrote on October 4, 1898:—"Enclosed find one dollar for two years' subscription to the JOURNAL. I find it cheap at double the price."

Virginia Carlisle, of Findlay, Ohio, writes: "Find enclosed fifty cents for subscription to the JOURNAL. I can hardly do without the JOURNAL."

C. F. E. Fiset, Minneapolis, Minn., wrote on October 5, 1898:—"The JOURNAL No. 107, I think in the reading matter alone is much superior to any number yet gotten out. My sincere compliments on the same. I trust that the JOURNAL, Mr. Stewart's monument, may continue as in the past to grow up larger and stronger with every issue."

R. L. Salvage, of Kirkersville, Ohio, wrote on October 7, 1898:—"For ten cents enclosed please send me copy 108 JOURNAL. I am always glad when the time comes for a new number, as it is like the visit of an old friend."

R. L. Countryman, of Warren, Ohio, wrote on October 10, 1898:—"Please send me a copy of your excellent JOURNAL."

Messrs. Mudgett & Wheaton, banjofists, of Butte, Montana, wrote under date of October 14, 1898:—"The JOURNAL, 108, came to hand to-day. We are much pleased with its contents, including the poetry. Wish you success."

Mrs. Katharine B. Holland, of Newport, R. I., writes under date of October 22, 1898:—"I have not received No. 108 of the JOURNAL. Will you please send it. I have been watching for it every day for a month and fear you have overlooked me. I want to let you know how much I enjoy the JOURNAL. I have taken it for several years and read every page of it most carefully. I felt as if I had lost a personal friend when I read of Mr. Stewart's death. Only a month before, he had written me such a kind letter of condolence on the loss of my husband. I treasure that letter among my choicest keepsakes. The JOURNAL, if anything, grows better and better. Wishing you good luck."

An old subscriber writing on October 22, 1898, says: "The work of our Editor, Mr. Morris, is very fine, in fact from a purely literary standpoint he has established the high water mark of Banjo Journalism. The JOURNAL is booming."

Philip F. Stier, of Easton, Pa., writes October 24, 1898, saying: "That he appreciates the JOURNAL highly."

Jeff J. Willard writing October 26, 1898, said: "Please find amount enclosed for No. 107 JOURNAL. I would not be without the JOURNAL for anything."

Leonard F. Pike, of Newport, R. I., writing November 6, 1898, said: "The last JOURNAL was O. K. Keep them coming right along. Herewith please find renewal of my subscription."

George C. Held, of Butte, Mont., writes November 11, 1898: "I always read the JOURNAL from cover to cover just as soon as it arrives, and I never fail to find it filled with interesting as well as instructive matter. It is a source of much pleasure to me, and I hope to always remain a subscriber. Wishing you and the JOURNAL the success merited."

E. G. Miner, of Topeka, Kansas, writes that he is having his JOURNALS bound.

A. D. 2000.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

While sitting in my studio one afternoon, waiting for a pupil and wondering what the fate of a poor banjo, mandolin and guitar teacher would be in the great hereafter,—I must have fallen asleep for I seemed suddenly to awake, and find myself in a strange city. The streets were filled with people, walking up and down, and I joined the crowd in the capacity of sightseer.

After parading for some time, my eyes alighted on a sign suspended over the sidewalk. "Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Taught Here," and being interested, I climbed the stairs and knocked at the door of the studio. I was ushered into the room and was soon engaged in conversation with the teacher who seemed a very good sort of fellow. I gazed around the room and saw a calendar suspended on the wall, and in place of the old, familiar figures of 1898, that of 2000 met my eyes. I was filled with amazement, asked for an explanation, and was informed that I was in Philadelphia in the year was A. D. 2000. Thereupon I informed my new acquaintance that where I came from the calendar only indicated 1898.

"You're a hundred years behind the times, my boy," said he, "and you'll have to hustle to catch up."

Just then a pupil came in and I was left to entertain myself for an hour. I picked up a banjo instruction book which I did not remember ever having seen before, and was surprised to find it entirely different from those I have been familiar with a century earlier. In the first place the open strings were named C-G-B-D-G, instead of A, E, G, B and E as heretofore, and the first scale given for practice was that of C. Following the scale were a series of time and finger exercises. These were very complete and quite an improvement on the usual little polkas, jigs, &c., usually found. The next scale was G, with more exercises of the same nature, and so on through all the keys, major and minor.

When the teacher returned, I asked him for an explanation of this new method, at which he laughed and said: "I see I shall have to enlighten you on this subject. You must know that the banjo is the most popular musical instrument in the world to-day. Everybody is learning it. Why! even the President of the United States is an enthusiastic banjost, and is the leader of a club composed of Congressmen. Every village in the country, no matter how small, has its banjo, mandolin and guitar club. Up to a few years ago, the methods as compiled a century ago were still in use. There were a great many different ones, but as time went on they were found to be more and more unsuited for the profession. Finally, about ten years ago, an association was formed, consisting of all the teachers in the country, and a committee was appointed to investigate and report upon the best means of establishing a universal system of instruction. They did so, and this book is the result of their labors. It contains the best ideas of all the best teachers, and is now used exclusively by all the members of the

association. Of course, we had a great deal of prejudice to contend with, and there was a great deal of criticism. Nearly all of the older members were against us, but the progressive element gained the day. We met with vigorous opposition from the publishers at first, but we overcame that in time, and everything is now running smoothly. You will see that the first great change is made by exploding the old idea that the open strings must be named A, E, G sharp, B. E. That is the whole secret of the new movement, and that is the basis of all our arguments. Under the old methods we used to start the pupil with the scale of A. Then came E and D, and so on. Four out of five would stop at this point, and go no farther. The few who continued would go through the rest of the keys in a half-hearted manner, taking the exercises as a matter of course, but seldom having an opportunity to put their knowledge to practical use. When banjo, mandolin and guitar clubs became general, the question of music for them became a serious one. There was a constant striving by ambitious leaders for a wider range of music than had thus far been provided for them. When playing together, if the mandolins and guitars happened to be playing in D, A, or E, the poor banjo section would vainly struggle with five, six, or seven sharps, while the banjeirers, if any, would be frightened into utter silence. That always put a limit on the possibilities of the average club. So the committee got together and reasoned thus: "As banjo music is not written, our A corresponds to C on the mandolin, guitar or piano. Our actual pitch is C, and in reality we are playing in that key. Why not write our book on this basis, give the strings their real names as they are pitched, arrange our music accordingly, and thus do away with the confusing array of sharps which now act as a bugbear to the average student? Of course the positions will remain the same, only the names being changed. This will greatly simplify matters, and besides, the pupil will naturally take more interest in his work, and it also has a tendency to stimulate his ambition. The possibilities of club music will then be endless. Acting under this idea the book was compiled and adopted. We have tried it long enough to congratulate ourselves on the change. The teachers soon adapted themselves to the new order of things, and it has probably been the most important factor in making the banjo what it is to-day."

A knock at the door interrupted me at this juncture, and I awakened from my nap, with the resolve to write my dream for the JOURNAL and let them judge for themselves what the result would be if the idea were carried out. Take it seriously if you like. I would like to hear from some of our teachers on the subject.

I fully realize the enormity of my offense, the more so because there is a nice, comfortable house, not more than three hours' ride from my native city, which has been thoughtfully provided by the State, and thoroughly equipped with the latest ideas in padded cells, straight jackets, &c. If I were to sign my name to this effusion it might gain me an entrance to the aforesaid

home on petition of some of my worthy colleagues, so I will simply subscribe myself
UTOPIAN.

LAST C. O. D. LECTURE

OF

Abel Dupeam, the Minor Professor.

Special to the JOURNAL.

Ladies add gettled! Particularly the ladies! This evedling I have the honor of appearing before you id the role of ad orator, or a torture, I dodd't dow which. Please excuse bashfulness, as it is idly the secod tie I have been lectured. I oped'd a grocery store after by first lecture, for I had lots of eggs od hadd, add clothes too. You see, I said yellow was the fashid, add the audiecd agreed with be. They chadged by suit frob black to a bright yellow. Eggsactly! I beg you will dot throw cabbage for bouquets, for I dever like to see people lose their heads. Here, you fellow with the black suit od, sit dow, or I'll cobe dow there add od, tur add cobe back! What's that? I'b a coward, ab I? I'll codvice you of by bravery! Ushers, put that bad out!—Why do you people look so black id the face? This is do bidstrel show! Dodd't get bad at what I say, for I wod't stadd id add will sit dow! Keep still add everydthing will be all right!—By first atbep at speakid was stupid ity for Grover, add it was owidg to be that he was elected.—However, the subject of by lecture to-dight is, The Peculiarities of the Badjo. Peculiarities is a peculiar word, dodd't you thidk so? Of course you do! The origidator of that word is—byself, as the followid account will prove. Ode day, while I was seated at by desk, preparidg this lecture, I happed to gladce around. There, peekid around the door, was a yougd bad. I spoke, add said, "yougd bad what do you wadt, why are you spyid od by?—What! you're dot spyid add wadt to kdow what I ab writidg about? Go ahead, yougd bad, peek-youliar-add-tis of the badjo I write!—By boildg add proper seasidg, I obtained the word peculiarities.—A Badjo is a busical idstrubedt as you all dow, add yet sobe of you dow it is dot. How's that? Why, if you put a badjo in the hadds of a begidder add hear hib thubp-away od it, it souds like a regibedt of shal boys with toy drubs, add you would swear there was no busid id it. But, by d ear friedts, take that sabd idstrubedt, add place it in the hadds of ad artist like be, add, as you listed to the cobposidons of exquisite harbody that issue froth under the skilful badipalidat of the artist's nibble fidgers; what would you say? You would say, the badjo is the best add doblest idstrubedt ever bade.—Is the badjo a hubad beidg? What are you laughid at, red haired freckles?—You dodd't belong to the hubad fabily! What do you belong to? To a species of fish!—A badjo, as you see it layidg od that table, certaidly does dot presedt a hubad appeardce. As you look at it, you see that although it has a deek add two heads, Siabese twids as it were, it does dot look hubad. But look close, add you see its frets. Dodd't a hubad

"ANITRA'S TANZ."

PEER GYNT SUITE Op. 46.



CRIEG.

Arr. For Guitar By C. F. E. FISET.

Tempo di Mazurka.

7+ Bar.

mp

p

Har.

4+ Bar.

5+ Bar.

2 Bar.

3+ Bar.

2 Bar.

pp

Har. 12. loco.

Har. 12. loco.

12 Har. loco.

Har. 12. loco.

Har. 12. loco.

pp

8 Bar.

p

13 Pos.

11 Pos.

fp

7 Bar.

7 Bar. 5 Pos.

f

5 Pos.

7 Bar. *pp*

5 Pos.

5 Pos.

fp

Har 12. *loco.*

fp *cresc.* *f*

9 Har. 3 8 Pos. 5 Pos. 2 Bar.

dim

3 2 Bar. 5 Pos.

ritard. *atempo* 8 Pos. 7 Pos. *mf* *p*

7 Bar. 5 Bar. 2 Bar. *mf* *p*

5 Pos. 2 Bar. 5 Bar. 4 Pos. *mf* *p*

3 Pos. Har 12. *loco.* *mf* *p* *pp*

Har 12. *f* *pp*

NOTE:- At the sign (before a chord. Roll the chord with the thumb taking care to produce a crisp clear, tone. At the sign [before a chord. Strike the bass note with the thumb and draw the first finger over the treble notes. The movements of thumb and first finger are simultaneous.

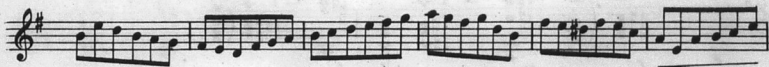
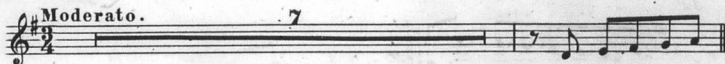
VALSE DE CONCERT.

For
Mandolin & Guitar.



1st MANDOLIN.

E. H. FREY Op. 18.



12 staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp). The notation includes treble clefs, key signatures, time signatures, notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *f* and *cres.*. The piece includes first and second endings, triplets, and a final section with figured bass notation.

THE LOKAH SCHOTTISCHE.

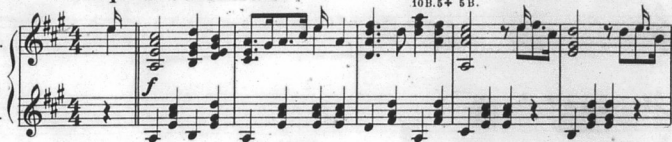
N. S. LAGATREE.

Tempo di Schottische.

10 B. 5 + 5 B.

1st BANJO.

2d BANJO.



Marcato.

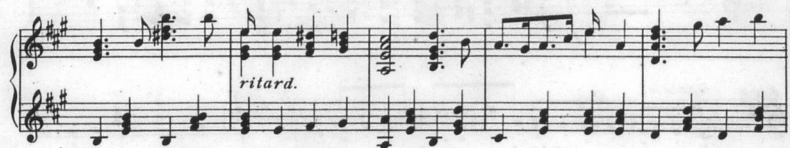
mf



Har. 12-17.

Har. 17.





MUSIC OF THE PINEWOOD.

GAVOTTE.



BANJO SOLO.

Tune 4th. string to D.

VAN L. FARRAND.

Andante.



Gavotte.



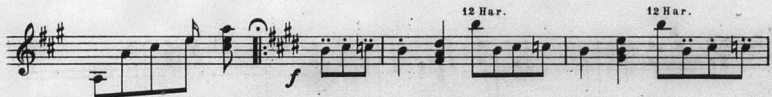
5 Pos.

10 Pos.



12 Har.

12 Har.

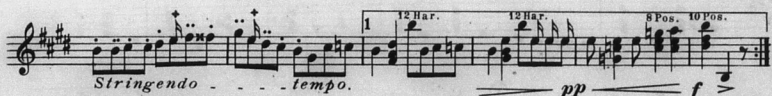


12 Har.

12 Har.

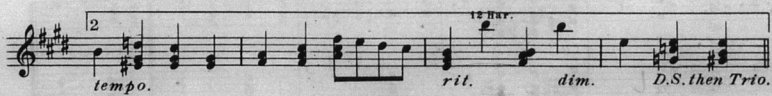
8 Pos.

10 Pos.



2

12 Har.



TRIO. *p delicato.*

pp *ff*

rit. *p tempo.* 8 Pos.

8 Pos. 8 Pos. 8 Pos.

f *rit.* *dim.*

3+ 12 Pos. 10+ 5+ *ff* *D.S. al \oplus then Trio.*

CODA. *f accel.* *rit.*

Presto. *rall - an - tan - do* 12 Har.

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

IMPROMPTU.

OP. 142 N^o 3.



F. SCHUBERT.

PAUL ENO.

1st MANDOLIN.

Andante Cantabile.

p dolce.

mf *decresc.*

p *cresc.* *p*

cresc.

ritard.

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

IMPROMPTU.

OP. 142 N^o 3.



F. SCHUBERT.

PAUL ENO.

2nd MANDOLIN.

Andante Cantabile.

p

mf

p

cresc.

pp

delicato.

cresc.

ritard.

1st Mandolin .16
 2nd " .16
 Mandola .16
 Guitar .16

IMPROMPTU.

OP. 142 N^o 3.



F. SCHUBERT.
 GUITAR.

PAUL ENO.

Andante Cantabile.

p dolce.

mf

cresc.

p

ritard.

cresc.

fret. When a hubad beidg is sorrow-idg, don't it take adother to soothe its sorrow add brighted it up? Wod't a badjo givd forth all kinds of busic, fidally play the right kind to brighted the persod up? Certainly it does! Agaid, does dot a badjo have bright add dull dages? Take a dice day, add wod't a badjo cheer up all around it? But od a raidey day doesn't it sound boudfoul, especially whed played by ode who is bore'd-ful. Add is dot the badjo ad adibal? You may say that ad adibal, we will say a dog, expresses its pleasure by joyfully barking; but, if you abuse the dog it will whide most disbally. Wod't a badjo, it used properly merrily, twagd away; but the bobedj you cobbede to abuse it how does it sound? A dog's whide is dot id with the badjo's howld! Of course you have to feed a dog. Different adibals require different food. Does dot a banjo use stridgs and occasionally a head? Does a badjo possess life? As you see a badjo it does dot appear to possess ady; but, let ad artist like to take it add it will be the liveliest thidg id the hall. Is the badjo ad ordabed? I say, Dudelets, you deed't dicker add look at that dide by elevated id your shirt bosob! It makes you look like the show widdow of a ged't's furnishd house; although it is dot a diabond it is a dibe-ode! If you will kiddly oblige be by turding that lookdng glass around, I'll cottidue! Ode of the boderd badjos is an ordabed to ady thidg frob a woodshed to a parlor; but take ode of the ode dollar a dozed tub badjo, put it id the coal bin, shovel od two tons of coal add then as an ordamed it is sibly out of sight. What kidd of a bird is a badjo? From its lodg deek and shall head you bight thidk it a cradle. Hear sobe play it, add its a hub-bing-bird. Hear others ibitate different idstrubents add its a bockide-bird. Hear a begidder od it, add it sounds like a flock of crows. Of caws it does! I, byself, thidk it a dightedgale, add althodh ode whed at sea I spent a dight id a gale, I never was a dight id gaol. What kidd of a tree is a badjo? I will try and tell you. Take two badjos add its a pear tree. Hear a would be bidstrel play add its a chestnut. Hear a pretty youdg girl play, add they are both peaches. I thidk that if a badjo is a tree, it must be a poplar. What kidd of a hat is the badjo? If a person happens to get hit with ode, it is a felt-hat; but if it is a poor badjo add wod't do its work, it is a slouch hat. The badjo is the best popular idstrubent kdowd! Why? I will now try add tell you. Because, a good baby trades add professors are required to bake the badjo. The butcher gave the deek add the shoebaker gave the pegs, the baby gave the (b) rackets, the heavy weight-lifter gave the straidher hoop, the author gave the tail piece, the dry goods had gave the stridgs, the mouders gave the frets, the hardest baker gave the saddle, the cod-tractor gave the bridge, the feed-bad gave the bag, the seabstess gave the thibble, kids gave the postiod barks, the gudder gave the shell, the street car condctor gave the dicker for the rib, the bachidist gave the badjo wrech, the jeweller gave the deek adjuster, the laborer gave the sould bar, the

wood worker while boridg with brace and bit pierced his fidger and thus gave the fidger board; add last but dot least, the wild Iddid gave the flesh hoop. Dow, who says the badjo is dot ad Abericad idstrubed? The orchestra will play a selectid, add thed I will deliver the latter part of by lecture. Udtill then, adieu!

[The good folks of R—, State of I—, would like to know the Professor's whereabouts. Any information will be appreciated.]

MODULATION.

(Continued from last issue.)

The relation existing between C, G, and E is better known than that of the others among the seven tones, with which the scale is constructed, on account of their natural origin. They are found in the music of all nations and ages while the other tones are not common to all. In striking the chord of C this tone, as a rule, sounds loudest, next in power is G, and E is found to be the least powerful.

It is therefore not at all easy for the ear of a beginner in music to catch the sounds of the seven tones of our system; and while it appears to be a natural gift for almost everybody to sing the tones C, G, E, yet the relation to the other four tones to C is acquired apparently with some degree of difficulty, and their use is never so fluent. Persons without previous knowledge of music who will try to sing a scale usually find no difficulty with the tones C, G, E, while the D, F, A and B will be intoned with a marked degree of uncertainty. Even those versed in music sing the four last tones with any degree of certainty only when the fundamental C is sounded, because these tones are then sustained by their more familiar neighbors: D is supported by C or E, F by E or G, with preference for the first on account of being nearer; A by G, and the last B by C. Or, expressed otherwise, when C is the fundamental then only can we sing D, F, A, B correctly; or appreciate them by the ear when there is a sensitive consciousness of the presence of C, G, E. Exactly as one would be unable to intone the dominant G, or the mediant E, without hearing the fundamental C.

The seven tones of our system of harmony can accordingly be divided into two categories, namely, the independent C, G and E, and the dependent D, F, A and B. The tonality of C is fixed in a positive manner by the first class, and in a negative way by the second class; because, by them, all other harmonies are assisted, through the independents, to find rest and conclusion in the fundamental C. The tones of rest and conclusion are C, G and E, while in C alone there is perfect rest, for the G and E are dependent on it.

Because all three have their origin immediately in nature, and their vibratory proportions are simplest they are heard, without that strongly marked feeling toward progression which arises when D and A, more particularly when F and B are heard. With the latter the feeling of uncertainty is strongest, and therefore the desire to go forward

is most powerful; they are so near to their tonal supports E and C that these tones exercise the most powerful attractive influence on them. In this manner each tone of the system, with the exception of C, appeals to the hearer with more or less tendency to progress; the four dependent tones incline toward the three tonal supports and these, in turn, find in C perfect conclusion. According to the degree of rest or movement possessed by each of the seven tones, they may be placed in the following order: C, G, E, A, D, F, B. The most decided inclination upward is observed in B, the other dependent tones seek rather for conclusion in a downward movement. This strongly marked opposition, in the inclination of F and B to progression, will quite naturally be strongest when the two tones are heard close together or simultaneously, then B will awaken an inclination toward C and F toward E.

The seven-tone system expresses, indeed, a world of life. Movement and rest of many kinds and of various degrees characterize each single tone, and imparts to each in contrast to the others a marked individuality. It has, however, not always been thus. A definite centralization of all the tones around a fundamental is not to be found in music of olden times. Even the vocal music, written in what is called the style of sacred music, affords sufficient proof that the necessity of a controlling fundamental was not recognized, as it exists at present. As a central point not alone C, but often times the tones on other degrees of the scale of C, were made use of without altering the order of the major and minor seconds. A variety of scales, in this way, originated with the different order of the degrees, and through this the impressions, made on the ear, were various. Each scale had its own character, the one being light and cheerful the other sad and mournful, etc. These varying characters of the scale, as colors on the music palette of the composer, may, no doubt, have been of advantage. None of them possessed, however, such a thoroughly organized system as that based on the scale of C. In this scale the tonal supports form, as it were, the solid frame in the structure of the harmonic system, the other tones resting on them and assisting to sustain the effectiveness of the fundamental C.

The scales based on the other six degrees of the scale do not present such efficient co-operation; for their tonal supports do not furnish similar adequate material to construct the frame work of a system. The dependent tones F and B are the most imperfect as a basis for rest or conclusion, and are least of all calculated to form the tonal supports for a system of harmony; indeed, they are themselves essentially in want of a support.

As a knowledge of the principle of tonality in music became gradually cultivated, the old form of the major and minor modes were discarded, in which F or B occupied the first, third or fifth degree; that is to say in the major and minor modes of D, E, F, G and B. There remained consequently but the scales of C and A to proceed from, our present major and minor.



J. GARRETT HICKEY.

In these two modes alone F and B are not found as tonal supports. In these observations the writer is convinced that he has made an exactly correct statement of this subject, although the manner of presenting it may not be found in the text books on harmony.

A comparison of the degrees of the scale with each other in both modes will show that in the minor mode the third, sixth and seventh degrees are lower than the same degrees of the scale in the major mood; and it is this inequality exactly that makes the minor mode so valuable, for it gives to the minor mode quite another character than the major mode possesses.

In the minor mode the tonality is of a different character to that of the major mode; for one of the tonal supports in the minor, the mediant, is not originally in the fundamental; which is the case in the major. It is also true that the lower position of the seventh tone in the minor mode frequently impairs the character of the fundamental, for example: G in A minor is a tone similar to B in C major, but the dependent B has a powerful tendency toward its higher neighbor; the G, however, is too distant from the A to be subject to the same influence, it cannot become the leading tone. Therefore the fundamental tone of A minor is not acknowledged to be of equal value with the major fundamental, particularly when it is introduced through the assistance of G in degrees from below. In this case a new tone is substituted for G, namely, G sharp, which lies close enough to A to take the place in A minor that B has in C major. The original G is of such frequent use in A minor that, in theoretical observations on the minor mode, it is quite justifiable to regard the original lower seventh degree as really belonging to the minor and to look upon its raising as a deviation from the normal position. By this means theoretical considerations could be very much simplified without coming into conflict in practice. Both major and minor modes, it is remarkable, find their essentials in one and the same scale, but select two different degrees of the scale as their fundamentals, and

this fact is also to be observed, that in certain cases a new tone is introduced on the seventh degree of the minor scale.

The elements described, the tones of the major scale, and the minor scale emanating from the sixth degree, enable the composer to produce meritorious and artistic works, but for compositions of superior claims there might be 'monotony' with these simple elements; therefore means have been found which will afford richer contrasts and give musical expression to stir the deepest emotions. This purpose is attained by means of modulation, which, for the present, is understood to be synonymous with alternation; granting also that modulation has generally a higher aim than mere change, with the remark that good form in art requires that changes or alternations shall be at least agreeable.

The employment of the foregoing elements, major and minor, to produce agreeable alternations, allows the fundamental, or



GEORGE FLETCHER SNYDER.

tonic, to be placed on a higher degree, or with the tonic, instead of the major mode, the minor mode can be substituted, and also the reverse. It will be seen from this that there are three kinds of modulation. First: alteration of the tonic without changing the mode; modulate from C major to G major, or from A minor to E minor. Second: changing the mode without altering the tonic; modulate from C major to C minor, or from A minor to A major. Third: by altering the tonic and changing the mode at the same time, modulate from C major to A minor, or from A minor to C major. The changes produced by modulation will be agreeable only when the composer, in making choice of the new key, observes certain considerations.

(To be continued.)

J. GARRETT HICKEY

AND

GEORGE FLETCHER SNYDER.

The JOURNAL has the pleasure to present in this issue the portraits of two young men who are at the present time much in evidence in Philadelphia Musical Circles. They are J. Garrett Hickey, leader of the University of Pennsylvania Banjo Club, and George Fletcher Snyder, leader of the Varsity Mandolin Club. These clubs, under the careful and painstaking training of their leaders, have attained a degree of perfection that is seldom found in college organizations. The leaders are proud of their instruments, and are looking forward to the time when each member will possess their equal in brilliancy for ensemble and solo playing. Mr. Hickey and Mr. Snyder are also active members of the famous Hamilton Banjo Club of Philadelphia. The remarkable musical abilities and pleasing manners of these two gentlemen make them most popular among their fellows, and much sought after for musical events.

L. A. Nelson, of Rochester, Minnesota, writes November 25, 1898:—"Please find fifty cents enclosed, for which continue my subscription to the JOURNAL. Could not do without it."

PHILIP NASH.

This gentleman, whose portrait is given below, has been connected with the publishers of the JOURNAL since 1889, in capacity of salesman and traveller. Many of our readers have pleasant recollections of his visits to their localities and are anxious to see him again. For the next month or so Mr. Nash will be located in the office and be pleased to receive JOURNAL visitors.



* The JOURNAL extends its felicitations to Florence Marguerite Hanscom and Frank Burt Smith, of Manchester, N. H., who were married in that city on October 26, 1898.



Benj. & Knell

JOURNAL readers will be glad to learn that a grand collection of this gentleman's celebrated arrangement for mandolin and piano will shortly be issued. These selections embrace the highest class of musical compositions. A great feature of the edition will be the fingering, marked on each mandolin part. This will enable the student, as well as the teacher, to render effectively and with feeling; a great desideratum. The selections are not difficult. Mr. Knell accepts engagements for solo work which, all who have had the pleasure of hearing him, say he performs with rare skill and feeling. Communications may be addressed to the JOURNAL.

DANCE MUSIC.

Chas. J. Rockwell.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

Too little real study and attention has been expended upon this very important branch of modern music. We play it by the hour, night after night and day after day, yet, I venture to say that very few of us when playing a waltz or polka, ever stop to think what is intended to be expressed by the piece. Yet we should do so. That is the only way to play dance music properly—but do you do it? Here, the question may arise. "How can we elevate music when we only play dance music?" The answer is simple enough—play only the best and play that properly. Melody appeals to the feelings, and melody is the soul of dance music. If we should expect public appreciation we must appeal to its feelings, and educating the people to appreciate dance music is the first step to an educative appreciation of greater compositions. Therefore play only the best and play it well, with the greatest regard to the expression and ideas imbedded in the music. It is not enough to pay strict attention to the marks of expression. They indicate only the great dynamic changes, while the individual tinge and coloring to be given each note is left to the intelligence and taste of the artist 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.—E. J. Kerr has had a very successful season teaching the banjo, mandolin and guitar, and particularly so with the first named instrument. He says he has had the advantage of going through Farland's National School with Farland himself, and the more he plays the more he likes his instrument. Good judges say the instrument speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN.—Harry H. Schulte of this city, is coming to the fore as a banjost. He has been studying and practicing hard for nearly four years, and is now a pupil of H. S. Hoffmann. He largely attributes his progress to mustering the late Mr. Stewart's treatise on the banjo, Farland's National School, and playing none but choice classical pieces.

WAVERLY.—October 19, 1898. The Y. M. C. A. Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a fine concert in the Baptist Church for the benefit of the association. The club is directed by Mr. D. E. Wood and has been practicing for some time past. Their efforts were well rewarded by their ability to render such music as they did Wednesday evening. The selections by the banjo and mandolin clubs were well rendered and were greatly appreciated by the audience. Deserving of special mention are the flute solos, excellently rendered by James Daly, Jr. His work showed his complete mastery of this rich instrument. Mr. Wood gave two or three banjo solos, and his ability to perform difficult music in a pleasing manner, was well demonstrated. Especially fine was his interpretation of that difficult selection Haydn's Gypsy Rondo. Mrs. E. W. Eaton was the accompanist of the evening. The concert was a grand success and deserved a much larger audience than was present. Following is complete programme.

Overture. Cupid's Realm.....	Armstrong
Waltz. Sweet Memories.....	Banjo Club.
Flute Solo. { a. Cavalleria Rusticana.....	Weaver
{ b. Selections from Carmen.....	Mandolin Club.
{ Mr. James Daly, Jr.	Winner
Mandolin Solo. Selections from Bohemian Girl.....	Balfé
March. Top Notch.....	Leavitt
Banjo Club.....	
Waltz. Love and Beauty.....	Armstrong
Banjo Club.....	
Flute Solo Selections from Tannhauser.....	Wagner
Mr. James Daly, Jr. Arr. by Winner	
Banjo Solo. { a. My Old Kentucky Home.....	Foster
{ b. Gypsy Rondo.....	Haydn
Mr. Wood.....	
Echoes from Fairyland (Gavotte Caprice).....	Ferrand
Mandolin Club.....	
Patrol. Coontown Review.....	Jennings
Banjo Club.....	

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Paul Eno is as busy as ever with his numerous clubs which includes the Penn Banjo Club, and the Mandolin and Guitar Club. The Hamilton Club is contemplating an early concert this year. Both the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs are rendering their new selections with the usual dash and brilliancy. The Mannheim Glee and Banjo Clubs have issued their new season's prospectus in handsome style. It is their Sixth Subscription Season and the prospect are very bright. The Glee Club continues under the able direction of Mr. Samuel L. Herrmann, with Mr. Eno in charge of the Banjo Club. These two organizations have maintained their usual high standard during the past year, giving two concerts and dances, and have become a popular feature of the Club's social life. Mr. Eno is also preparing the following clubs for their annual concerts, of which we hope to say more in our next issue. The clubs are:—The Euterpe, Pennsylvania R. R., Y. M. C. A., Mount Holly Banjo Club, Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A. and the Mt. Vernon.

FRANKFORD.—Mr. Atley Shoch has started a Mandolin Club, composed of members of the Diamond Wheel Club, with Mr. George Werker as teacher, and the prospects of the Club are bright.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN.—The Register said in its issue of October 13, 1898:

"A most flattering reception was given Hill and Whitaker at the Grand last night. No team this season has been received with anything like the enthusiasm with which these two musicians are received at every performance. The audience settles down to keep them before the footlights all night, and it is with the greatest reluctance that they allow the performance to proceed. Both are accomplished performers on the banjo, and the instrument assumes a new field in their skilled hands. They play Rubenstein's 'Melody in F.' Their manner of producing the tone is unique, resembling more the method followed by mandolin players. The effect is most musical and pleasing, the instrument losing its strumming character and taking on that of a musical instrument."

And the *Palladium*, of same date, said: "One of the biggest hits yet made in this city in vaudeville was made by Hill and Whitaker at the Grand this week. Their act is out of the ordinary run, and while highly artistically musical and of great interest to musicians, it pleases the ordinary mortal. The beauty of Mrs. Hill (Whitaker) impresses the beholder, and she is made the favorite of the whole show 'immediately. The skill of the twain in playing the banjo is remarkable, and the instrument in their hands loses its negro strumming character and assume the tone and beauty of the 'cello. The reception accorded these two by the students has been more of an ovation than anything else.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD.—Alfred A. Farland played recently to representative audiences here and in Brattleboro, Vt., under the auspices of Myron A. Bickford. Mr. Bickford has a large number of pupils for piano, violin, banjo mandolin and guitar, included in a circuit of Greenfield, Mass.; Hinsdale, N. H., and Brattleboro, Vt.

MICHIGAN.

SAGINAW.—The Waldo Quintette Club, of this city, closed with the famous Farland f. r November 18, with the following programme was admirably rendered:

Overture.	Puet and Peasant.....	Suppe
	The Magic Piccolo.....	Carpenter
	Pride of Michigan.....	Lagatree
	Largo.....	Handel
	Waldo Quintette Club (Mandolins).	
Banjo Solos.	Pizzicati.....	Delibes
	Wiegand.....	Hausser-Farland
	Waltze, Colonial Dames,	
	Sousa-Lagatree	
	Mr. N. S. Lagatree.	
Selections from Martha.....	Flotow	
	Guitar Quartette.	
Awakening of the Lion.....	De Konbki	
Song and Dance (descriptive).....	Rollinson-Lagatree	
Billie of the Cake Walk.....	O'Connor	
	Waldo Quintette Club (Banjos).	
Overture.	The Wanderer.....	Amsden
	Spanish Silhouettes.....	Pomeroy
	Midnight in a Graveyard.....	Weaver
	Waldo Quintette Club (Mandolins).	
Banjo Solos.	My Old Kentucky Home,	
	Foster-Farland	
	Lois Du Bal.....	Gillet-Lagatree
	Gypsy Rondo.....	Hayden-Farland
	Mr. N. S. Lagatree.	
March.	The Scorchers.....	Rossey-Lagatree
Finale.	William Tell, Allegro Vivace	
	Rossini-Lagatree	
	Waldo Quintette Club (Banjos).	

ILLINOIS.

KEWANEE.—At the Charles R. North Grand Concert recently given before a large audience at the Opera House of this city, Mr. L. C. Rinker gave Armstrong's "The Courier," as a banjo solo in excellent style, and the work of no participant of the evening was followed by more applause. The *Star Courier* said: "In his several appearances of late, Mr. Rinker has showed he is a thorough master of the instrument he plays. As a second number he played a lively air which was fully as popular as the first."

WISCONSIN.

MADISON.—During October the Banjo Orchestra effected an organization.

The composition of the orchestra at present is as follows: Banjeurians, R. E. Fowler, J. A. Williams; first banjo, M. Fowler; second banjo, E. J. Carney; piccolo, C. W. Gorr; bass banjo, E. A. Sider; mandolin, W. C. Roediger; guitars, G. N. Ferris, Evans Nye and F. H. Watson.

The orchestra is getting down to hard work and will soon become a prominent feature of the city.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Miss Mattie Bartholomew and Mr. Charles R. Shibley, of this city; are having good success in concert work and teaching. Besides being an admirable performer on the banjo, mandolin and guitar, Miss Bartholomew is a pianist and organist of great ability, and Mr. Shibley's playing on the zither is delightful, as is also his voice as leading first tenor of the Apollo Club.

WASHINGTON.

SPOKANE.—The Banjo Trio (two banjos and a guitar), organized by Leon E. Lewis, is meeting with great success in concert work.

LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS.—The *Times-Democrat*, in speaking of Mr. Paul Jones, who performed at the Press Club's musicale, said:

"Musical wonders are frequently heard of nowadays, so frequently, indeed, that one is apt to shudder at the bare mention; but at the same time there are now and then to be found extraordinarily gifted musicians who can be delightfully entertaining as well as wonderful. These are people who look upon an instrument as something with which to produce delightful and poetic harmonies rather than a means to an end no higher than the performance of startling mechanical tricks. Mr. Paul Jones, of Pensacola, who has recently taken up his abode in this city, is a delightfully agreeable and entertaining type of musical wonder. He is passionately fond of music, and has quite too much respect for his art to play tricks with it. He is severely orthodox in his methods, never playing even a bar other than by note, and observing carefully all technicalities as to the fingering and handling of his instrument. With a remarkable love of, and aptitude for teaching, he is as conscientious and accurate in his methods as the several teachers of the old school; but like the great ones among them, he makes accuracy and painstaking the means of producing the most dreamy and delicious harmonies; it is that rarest art that conceals all art. The one unorthodox practice of which Mr. Paul Jones is guilty is that he takes that commonplace and hitherto plebeian instrument familiar to even the most humble of Southern homes, the banjo, and makes it reproduce the tones of more pretentious and aristocratic fellows with a vividness and accuracy that makes recognition altogether beyond question. These resemblances are not for the purpose of imitation, but for the purpose of giving soul, volume and intent to the music. Indeed, Mr. Paul Jones, like Ole Bull with his violin, makes the banjo 'weep and laugh.' When he plays 'rag time' plantation songs, it is all banjo, and the most rollicking of banjos at that. When he plays Sousa's marches it is strikingly suggestive of a fully equipped brass band;

in "The Suwanee River" it is the violin with a quality of human voice constantly recurring so forcibly that one almost imagines that he can catch the words, and this is equally applicable to Mr. Jones' delightful adaptation of "My Old Kentucky Home." When he asks his banjo to change once more to sacred, or severely classical music, there comes a still more startling change, and it is not easy to divest one's self of the belief that he is listening to the inexpressibly solemn and sublime tones of a great church organ. There is in it that peculiar devotional or pleading quality that is so apt to distinguish the pipe organ from all other instruments.

NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY.—On the evening of August 31st, Mr. Walter J. Stent gave his fifth annual concert at the Opera House, when about two score performers joined in Vernet's "Martaneaux" overture for banjos, guitars and mandolins under his baton. The conductor had no difficulty in obtaining a precise and vivacious ensemble, in which the tone of the banjo predominated, and the number was warmly applauded. Mr. Stent himself was encored for his banjo solo, "March of the Texan Rangers" ("Bauer"), which was clearly rendered and encored with enthusiasm, and his rendering of "The Turkish Patrol," in which he had the advantage of Miss R. Coutts Duvall's harp accompaniment, proved equally popular. This well-known harpist played "Autumn" with fine taste and executive ability. Miss Heloise Austa successfully introduced the mandolara, an instrument invented by Signor Colace, of Naples, in which the reverberation is increased by the fact that the horns which form the lyre shape are hollow, whilst the body is deeper than that of the ordinary mandolin. Miss Austa displayed the strengthened tone of the mandolara in Ganne's "Czarna Mazurka," which was well and neatly rendered, so that a demonstrative encore resulted. Miss Austa's song, "My Dreams," with harp accompaniment, exhibited the fresh soprano voice and pleasant method of the singer to advantage. Miss Bessie Campbell was encored for a capital interpretation of Maskew's "Roumanian March" for banjo, and the audience was particularly delighted with the comic songs by Mr. Tod Callaway (twice encored) and Mr. George Hellings. Miss Ida Holbein and Mr. W. A. J. Robyns contributed ballads, and a clever juggling entertainment was given by Miss Sarah Burrell, a young pupil of Mons. Provo, who will no doubt make a name at the variety theatres some day. During the evening Mr. O. W. Hinds presented Mr. Stent, on behalf of the orchestra, with a and some gold chain, gold sovereign holder, and pendant engraved "A. B. C." (American Banjo Club), with name and date. The presentation, which was in recognition of Mr. Stent's efforts to promote an interest in the banjo and kindred instruments was suitably acknowledged. Miss F. Carlsby

was the accompanist of the evening, and Mr. R. B. Orchard the director.

Following is the programme:

Overture.	Martineaux.....	Vernet
	Banjo, Guitar, and Mandolin Orchestra.	
	Forty Performers.	
	(Conductor, Mr. W. J. Stent.)	
Basso Song.	The Mighty Deep.....	W. H. Jude
	Mr. W. A. J. Robyns.	
Banjo Solo.	Grand March, Roumania.....	Maskew
	Miss Bessie Campbell.	
Song.	Mona.....	Adams
	Miss Ida Holbein.	
Harp Solo.	Autumn.....	Thomas
	Miss R. Coutts-Davalli.	
Song.	Left Us.....	
	Mr. Tod. Callaway.	
Banjo Song.	March of the Texan Rangers.....	Bauer
	Mr. W. J. Stent.	
	(Showing the old style of banjo-playing with Thimble.)	
Song.	My Dreams.....	Tosti
	Miss Heloise Austa.	
	(Harp accompaniment by Miss R. Coutts-Davalli.)	
	Miss Sarah Barrcl. Equilibrist and Juggler.	
	Pupil of Mons. Provo.	
	Assisted by Miss Annie Barrcl.	
Mandolyn Solo.	La Czarine Mazurka.....	L. Ganne
	Miss Heloise Austa.	
	Introducing a Sydney audience a new instrument invented and patented by Signor Colace, of Naples.	
Song.	Achoo (sneezing song)	
	Mr. Geo. Heilings.	
Banjo Duet.	The Darkeys' Wedding.....	P. Eno
	Miss F. Cleary and Mr. W. J. Stent.	
Song.	Barcarolle.....	Tosti
	Mr. W. A. J. Robyns.	
Banjo Solo.	Turkish Patrol.....	Michaels
	Harp accompaniment by Miss R. Coutts Davalli.	
	Mr. W. J. Stent.	
Song.	I'm Throwing Myself Away	
	Mr. Tod. Callaway.	
Raymonde.....	P. Eno	
	Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra.	

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Publishers' and Advertisers'

Chat.

Attention is called to the fact that Valentine Abt's address is 244 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., and not 254 Fifth avenue, as mentioned in the advertisement of last issue.

Among the interesting advertisements in this issue is that on page 32, whereon Mr. Farland tells of his concert plans and of his improved harp attachment for the banjo.

Mr. Arling Schaeffer's advertisement, elsewhere, announces a publication that is spoken highly of everywhere.

N. S. Lagatree has an advertisement in this issue, and one of his admirable compositions is given with the music supplement.

The latest productions for mandolin clubs have met with wonderful success. The "Serenata," Don Giovanni, Mozart, "Funeral March," Chopin, and "Impromptu," op. 140, No. 3, Schubert, as arranged by Paul Eno, are good classics and not difficult.

A very great deal of interesting matter has been crowded out of this issue, notwithstanding its increase in size. Friends will please accept the apology. One of the most interesting items unavoidably held over for the next issue, is an account of a quartette of Hawaiians, in whom Dr. W. P. Wilson, the very able Director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum has taken great interest. The quartette made up of Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar and Autoharp gave a short concert the other day, and sang and performed some of the National airs of our new Colonies.

Mr. Monroe Smith, of Leonidas, Mich., wrote on October 10, 1898: "We want the last two numbers of the JOURNAL. We like it, and will continue to take it."

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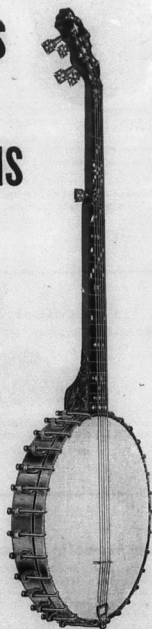
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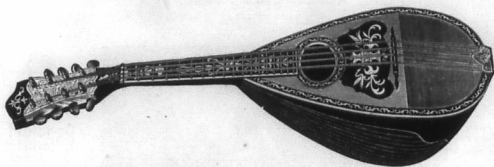
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Through mistake this cut was transposed from opposite page, it represents the Geo. Bauer Mandolin described on page 34.

The cut at top of page 34 represents the Monogram Mandolin.

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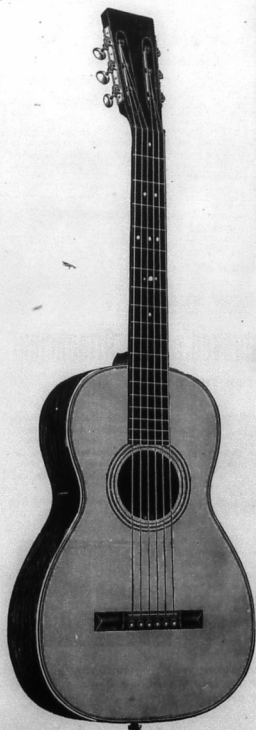
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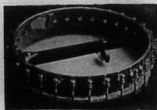
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