

STEWART'S

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THE P. R. R. BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUB.

This celebrated Philadelphia organization give their Third Annual Concert on April 11, 1899, at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, and great efforts have been made to ensure the event being a success. The Club will be assisted by the following well-known talent: Miss Caroline W. Kendrick, *Soprano*; Miss Martha Jones, *Contralto*; Miss E. Broome, *Reader*, and Mr. Samuel B. McGillkin, *Baritone*. Through integrity of members, and valuable assistance of the instructor, Mr. Paul Eno, the Club has made further rapid progress, and attained even a higher standing than previously. One new feature this year, has been the development of the Mandolin section, under the able leadership of Mr. Harry Boyer. To use the vernacular, "their hustling is certainly getting them there." Mr. Frank Gibbons, leader of the banjo section, is a "live man," and has much aided advancement. The Club has been entertained at a large number of social events during the past season, and, of course, their playing has been thoroughly appreciated. They have quite a number of engagements still to fill, and will end this season with bright prospects ahead for next season. Mr. C. H. Garretts, the manager, better known as *Uncle Dave B. Hill*, has kept all the boys right at their

work, starting out with the determination of making the Club a first-class organization, and "some do say" that Dave is "getting there." Several new members have been added this year, and to them the Club largely owes its advancement. Among the new members are: Mr. H. H. Briest, *Banjo*; Mr. F. Blokson, *Guitar*; Mr. J. Jux, *Mandolin*, and Mr. J. E. Dodson, *Banjourine*. Mr. J. H. Walters, *Bass*; Mr. H. H. Hunter, Mr. W. Woelpper, and Mr. Percy Steel, *Mandolins*; Mr. Joe Sellers and Mr. H. Maguire, *Banjourines*, who all performed with the Club last year, are still working hard for its interests, as is also Mr. Fred. Brown, *Guitar and Mandolin*, although he is compelled to be absent from some meetings on account of business pressure. Mr. Joe Wills, the former leader, and who resigned that post for similar causes, is still a member and heartily puts his shoulder to the wheel whenever he has opportunities. The boys anticipate a trip to Newtown, Pa., in which event they will captivate the girls of Bucks County, and *Uncle Dave* will have his hands full to keep the boys in line. *Uncle Dave* will be lucky if he does not lose his own head, to say nothing about the wig.

The Bug Johnston Papers.

No. 4.

Special to THE JOURNAL

Since writing my last article to the Journal, the gallant boat, "Thoroughbred" has drifted far to the southward, and although it is quite cold here, we nightly attract large crowds to the river side to witness our entertainments. I enclose a copy of our new show bills, written, as you will doubtless surmise, by the talented Gunerson.

GRAND FREE ENTERTAINMENT

THE GORGEOUS FLOATING PALACE

"THOROUGHbred"

IS NOW IN YOUR MIDST, AND

TO NIGHT

BUG JOHNSON AND TOBIAS GUNERSON

The Mighty Monarchs of Mirth, Music, and Magic, clad with a scintillating sumptuousness of spangled splendor that shames the starry spheres, will positively appear in a rich, rare, and racy programme, replete with songs, dances, music, magic, juggling, and ventriloquism.

MR. BILLY DUKANE

The Wizard of the Banjo, the Master of the Mandolin, the Sweet Singer, the Delightful Dancer, whose services we have secured at an enormous expense, is performing nightly with this artistic aggregation of Titanic Talent.

THE TRAINED GOAT KATAHDIN

An animal whose inspired intellect enables it to transcend the traditions of instinct in stupendous facts that baffle the conceptions of the human mind, and encroach upon the domains of the miraculous, will entertain you with card playing, ladder walking, pistol firing and arithmetic.

This wonderful goat will actually stand upon its head on a high pedestal without any help whatever.

This entertainment will be given upon the deck of our floating theatre, with all the scenic accessories that lend enchantment to the actor's art.

N.B.—Before the close of our last act, which is entitled "dissection," Dr. Tobias Gunerson will deliver a brief lecture on his "Death Defying Resurrection Powders," and "Supernatural Corn Exterminator."

Ladies are especially invited, and nothing will be said in song or speech to offend the most fastidious.

Col. Atwood Binns made the complimentary remark that the above circular "would entice a man away from his own funeral," and it reminds me of a remarkable testimonial received by Tobias a few days ago. Here is the letter which is unsigned for reasons explained therein.

Mr. Tobias Gunerson:—Awe aspiring and Reverend Sir:—My death occurred in a small town in Arkansas, in January of this year. (I enclose newspaper clipping) In obedience to a request made on my death bed, my gold watch was buried with me. Two of my relations having knowledge of this fact broke into my coffin some time afterwards, for the purpose of pilloining the time-piece. By a lucky chance one of them attempted to take a dose of your "Death Defying Resurrection Powders," while bending over my cadaver, and being, quite naturally, a little nervous, he dropped the open bottle in my face. My mouth was open. In fact, being a politician, I have never been able to keep it shut. Some of the powder went down my throat. I sneezed and sat up. My relations disappeared with the celerity of a well lubricated streak of lightning. I sought my home, a short distance away, and let myself in with a night-key, which had been overlooked in my burial clothes. Lighting a lamp, I stole softly to the old familiar

bed-room, and discovered that my wife had married the hired man. My happiness was complete. I burst into a wild fit of laughter. The happy couple arose from their slumbers, gave me a specimen of their vocal ability, and sauntered carelessly out through the front window, without taking the trouble to dress, or raise the sash. In our well-known hiding place, I found the money my wife had obtained from my life insurance policy. After penning a letter of condolence to the hired man, I took the money and came west to start in business under an assumed name. I have joined church, and hope to find a better climatic condition at my second demise.

Tobias has just completed the following poem for the JOURNAL:

THE WASHBOARD MANDOLIN.

A youth in the wildest wooliest West
Decided to purchase a mandolin;
He also determined to buy the best,
So he read the papers, and saw therein
An ad. of the Washboard Mandolin.

He read of the ironclad guarantee,
Of contract and finish and finger-board,
"It's the only instrument built for me,"
Said the spell-bound sucker, "upon my word"
"I'm in love with the Washboard mandolin."

Soon after, that sucker was seen again,
Slow wending his way with a sigh and a sob,
While tears fell down from his eyes like rain
And beat the street sprinkler out of a job,
He was cussing the Washboard Mandolin.

He had bought! The finish and all was there,
Or nearly all, but one thing alone
Was missing, and hence did he cuss and swear.
The eight stringed fake was without a tone,
'Twas a genuine Washboard mandolin.

Said the youth as he coughed up fifty cents,
"I'll take the JOURNAL from this forth."
"By reading its columns, I'll save expense,"
"And when buying, I'll get my money's
worth,"
"Nor monkey with Washboard Mandolins."

A pecan headed barn stormer was recently touring this part of the country, and claiming to be the champion mandolin player of the World. When asked his opinion of the World's championship, the great Gunerson gave us the

FALE OF THE ELEPHANT AND THE PORPOISE

An Elephant who possessed a phenomenal chest expansion once devoted himself to the cornet with such success that he soon came to regard himself as the "whole procession." As he could easily produce a louder tone than any beast in the jungle, he soon challenged all the creatures of the Earth to compete with him in a tournament, so that he might establish his supremacy, and take the title of Champion Cornet Player of the World. Among the creatures at the tournament, a Porpoise attracted the most attention, but the Elephant regarded this humble fish with the unutterable scorn of a Giraffe contemplating a five cent pie, and snatching up his cornet, he played "All fish look alike to me," with ten variations, in a tone so loud that the grand stand was strewn with broken ear drums. "Well," said the Porpoise, when the solo was finished, "I must admit that you are somewhat of a blowhard, but you will never be able to hold down a good thing like myself with that kind of rustic work." The Elephant's blood boiled at this remark, and thirsting for revenge, he secretly took from his trunk a boarding-house biscuit, and after thrusting it firmly into the large end of the cornet, he handed the instrument to the Porpoise. The unsuspecting fish took the cornet and blew a blast upon it that sent the biscuit through the Elephant's heart, and mortally

wounded a Hippopotamus who was acting as Judge. "Those land lubbers certainly take the cake," said the Porpoise, as it pinned on the prize medal. Thus the wretched Elephant fell a victim of his own dishonest methods and overweening self conceit, and not a tear was shed except by the Crocodile.

No matter how skillful you may become, always remember that "there are others."

We spent a very pleasant week in the city of St. Louis some time ago, where we were lavishly entertained by the new Lodge, The Fraternal Order of Legitimate Banjoists. A committee of three came on board the Thoroughbred, to invite us to attend one of their lodge meetings. As each member of the order wears a button with the letters F. O. O. L. in the upper circle, and the picture of a bee underneath, the effect of their appearance was startling, to say the least. We eagerly accepted the invitation, and soon found ourselves at the door of the lodge ante-room, where we were confronted by an officer, who placed a banjo in our hands, and a sheet of music for the instrument before us. We played the music, and were immediately ushered into the lodge room where we were welcomed by the chief officer, who in very complimentary speech introduced us to the lodge, and a kind reception from all soon removed all feeling of embarrassment. The lodge was soon called to order and we followed with the deepest interest, the business routine of an order, which from a small beginning, will soon grow to gigantic proportions and be represented in every city in the union. The Fraternal Order of Legitimate Banjoists was organized for the purpose of helping both teacher and student in the development of their musical talent, and to furnish a club room for musicians, both local and transient, where they can meet to exchange ideas which may lead to the improvement of their technique and the betterment of their condition in life. The Order proposes to change the notation of the banjo, on New Year's Day, 1900, and in order to do this without injury to the teacher, they are now busily engaged in studying the new notation, which simply raises the natural key of the banjo from A, where it is written, to C, where it is played. I asked a bright young teacher if they would be ready for the change at the specified time. His answer was, "We are ready now, but the movement must be general and not a mere local affair." He then asked me what position I thought the JOURNAL would take on the proposed change. In reply, I pointed to a large portrait of S. S. Stewart, which hung over the presiding officer's chair, and said, "My friend, the Founder of the JOURNAL was the very embodiment of progress, and you will find that his successors are in no way bound to the traditions of the past. Write to them and freely express your views, and if you can win for your views the approval of a majority of the banjo players of this country, you can rest assured that the JOURNAL will throw no obstruction in the way of musical progress, and yet the JOURNAL has the largest stock of music plates of any publisher of banjo music in the World, all engraved in the present notation. The F. O. O. L. B's is in charge of the following officers: The Lofty Grand Plunker, who is the presiding officer; the Worthy Chief Scrawl, who acts as secretary, and the Supreme Spell Binder, whose duty is to gain new members, keep down jealousy and dissension, and promote good fellowship. The Exalted Grand Scrapper keeps the door, and is assisted in his duties by the Custodian of the Sacred Sand Bag, who must go to the assistance of the Grand Scrapper when it is advisable, and biff any Yokel in the neck who gets gay, or tries to work his way into the lodge by the "simplified" method. No grips or pass words are used to gain admission to the lodge. It is only necessary to play a piece

of music, selected at random, by note. Mandolin and Guitar Players are admitted after the same test, each playing upon his favorite instrument. The lodge gives frequent public concerts where admission is charged, and as the programmes are always first-class, the attendance is large. By this method sufficient money is obtained to pay running expenses, and leave a fund for sick benefits. Lectures on musical subjects are given from time to time, either by members or visiting musicians. Fortunately on the evening of our visit, a gentleman from Kansas was billed to lecture to the lodge, on "The Utilization of Wasted Energy for Self Accompaniment." After the regular business of the lodge was finished, the chairs were arranged to face a small platform, and the Lofty Grand Plunker arose and said, "Brethren and visiting Friends, I take great pleasure in presenting to you this evening, that distinguished musician and wonderful inventor, Mr. F. E. Smith, Topeka, Kansas, who will address you on a topic which is of great interest to you all, especially those among you who are like myself, married men." (great applause) Mr. Smith next arose and said, "Gentlemen of the F. O. O. L. B., I am here to-night for the purpose of introducing a new power, which, like the discovery of steam power, bids fair to revolutionize the world. When the obtuse Mrs. Watts swatted her precocious kid, for rubber necking at the tea-kettle, how little she dreamed that her boy was even then upon the verge of a discovery, second only in importance to my own. Gentlemen, I shall, in a few moments, upset all of your preconceived ideas of accompaniment, by showing you how with one hour's practice you can play your own accompaniment to the music of the Banjo, or Mandolin. Most of you have read a short account of my discovery in a recent number of the JOURNAL. I have since received many letters in regard to my invention. To be brief, the idea came to me at a political meeting, where, after listening to a single speaker for two hours and a half, I arose, shouting EUREKA! till the rafters rang. I noticed the phenomenal muscular development which distended the speaker's jaws, and gave him the appearance of a prosperous pocket gopher. I said to myself, why not utilize this tremendous force? The rag chewing which takes place in the average family would, if properly applied, furnish sufficient power to run the sewing machine, the wood saw, and the cradle, with enough left over to keep the "growler" traveling between their residence and the saloon, with the regularity of a pendulum. Such is the wonderful force of the human jaw, that it runs the politics of the World, without an effort. But it remained for me to apply that mighty force to nobler purposes. The electric light plant of Topeka is now run by energy, derived from the tireless jaws of the New Women's Club, and by diverting this force from the old channels, I have gained the gratitude of every married man in the City. But being a man of deeds, rather than words, I will have done with the language and fall to action." With these words, the speaker reached for his hip pocket, and under the impression he was going to shoot, the audience arose with a yell of terror and started down the stair. After walking over a "sea of upturned faces" to reach the door, I found, to my horror, the Exalted Grand Scrapper had locked it and decamped with the key. Gunerson, by standing on our heads, managed to reach the transom, crawl partly through it, but as it was too small to admit the passage of his body, he remained suspended in mid-air. At this juncture Mr. Smith appeared in the stairway, and assured us of his peaceable intentions, so we returned to the lodge room where he explained his suspicious actions, by drawing a plug of Battle Ax tobacco from his pistol pocket. After taking a chew and seating him-

self on a covered chair, which concealed his great musical invention, the Banjawtoharp, he affixed two wires to his jaw, which furnished the motive power, and proceeded to accompany himself in a number of beautiful banjo selections. Between his skill as a performer and the accuracy of his target practice at the cuspidore, we were delightfully entertained. The lodge has conferred upon me the title of Itinerant Spell Binder. Mr. Smith will start a lodge in Topeka, at once, and promised to report progress in the JOURNAL. He also wrote the following inspired lines to Katahdin.

SAD TALE OF A TAIL.

Bug Johnston had a billy goat,
Kathadin was his name;
He was a fighter from up the creek,
A scrapper always "game."

His hide was full of cockle-burrs,
His whiskers long and red,
His tail was short and stubby,
And he was a Thoroughbred.

This goat could play the banjo,
And run a three-shell game,
He could ride upon a bicycle,
And spell, and write his name.

He followed Bug to church one day,
And trotting up the aisle,
Laid down in Billy Dukane's pew,
To chew his cud a while.

Dukane rose up in mighty wrath,
Resolved to do or die,
He raised his number thirteen boot,
And smote him, hip and thigh.

Kathadin rose and shook his head,
And wagged his stubby tail,
Drew in his breath a time or two,
And into Bill did sail.

He sprawled Dukane upon the floor,
And walked all o'er his head,
And then he ate his hair all off,
And left him there for dead.

Toby Gunerson to the rescue came,
His face made the goat turn pale;
He grabbed his long beard in one hand,
With the other caught his tail.

He slammed Kathadin on the floor,
And kicked him all about,
And then he caved five ribs in,
And smashed him on the snout.

"Sic semper McGinnis,"
The brave old Toby cried,
Which, in classic English means,
"The tail goes with the hide."

For in one hand Kathadin's tail,
Lay torn off clean and sleek;
In the other were his whiskers long,
The color of a brick.

Kathadin goes to church no more,
But chews his cud at home;
Without his whiskers, minus tail,
He must forever roam.

A FEW WORDS ON TEACHING.

By Bert. S. House.

Much has been written from time to time about the prevailing situation in the teaching field. Every now and then some hard-headed old pessimist pops up in print with a lament that the profession is going to the demnition bow-wows, and pictures a state of things which presages an early death to music in general. Truly, it is a sad prospect, if such a thing were likely to happen. But it won't, my friends. There will always be croakers, and you can safely wager that a man who writes in that strain is telling his own experience, and in nine cases out of ten the trouble lies with himself.

I have in mind a teacher of some thirty years standing who belongs to this class of grumblers. When I first determined to learn the banjo, I called on this gentleman to arrange for lessons. Instead of offering me the encouragement I expected, he at once commenced to pile up difficulties in my path which would certainly have discouraged anyone less anxious to learn than I was. I began with him,

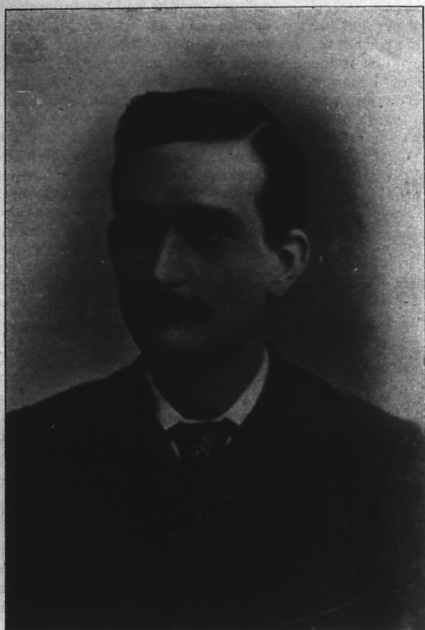
and soon realized that the difficulties he spoke of could be overcome a great deal easier without his valuable (?) aid. His methods were those formulated when the banjo was in its infancy, and he had not progressed with the rest of the world. I soon left him and found another instructor. Years of study and hard work passed, and I opened a studio for myself. One of my first callers was this same gentleman. He did not understand the new-fangled ideas. 'Twas the same old tale. The profession was going to the dogs and I was foolish to enter it. Strange to say, after several years of teaching, I am still doing business despite his predictions. Of course I do not mean to say anyone can take up teaching as a profession and retire in a few years with a fortune, but I do claim that a good hard worker, with a thorough knowledge of his art, coupled with the necessary business ability, will have no difficulty in making his bread and incidentally get enough ahead to indulge in the luxury of butter once in a while.

In our branch of the profession, namely the banjo, mandolin and guitar, a great many expedients are necessary to keep up the interest in these instruments. Too many people look upon them as a fad which will soon have its run. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and yet it would seem that such is the case in a great many localities. This I claim to be due to incompetent teachers and their methods more than anything else. A student will be attracted by an advertisement where a teacher guarantees to teach him to play in a few lessons, ten I believe is their favorite number. Very good. Mr. Student gets his ten lessons and perhaps learns to play two or three little jigs, etc., and considers himself an artist. His musical education is lost sight of in the rush to play pieces. Left to himself these little pieces which in the beginning seemed so much to him soon get stale, and when he tries to play something new on his own hook, then the trouble begins. Right here, in nine cases out of ten, the student who might have developed into a good musician with the proper instruction is lost forever. Score one for the lightning method fiend. The silvery gleam of the almighty dollar dazzles the eyes of a great many of our profession to the ultimate detriment of their own interests.

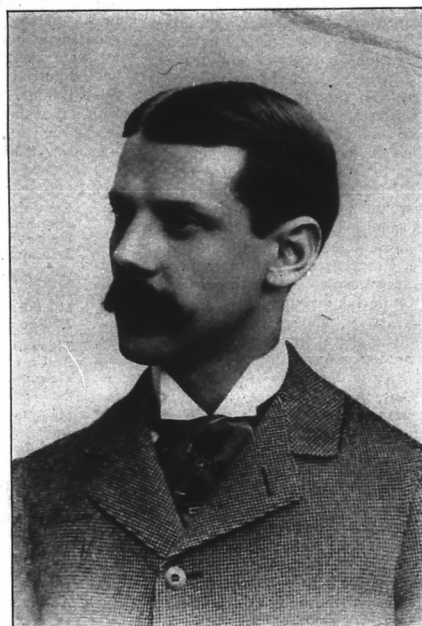
In my own experience I have found that success depends mainly upon the methods I take to keep my pupils interested. Some teachers will say that you must not teach a pupil too much; that he will injure you in after years by usurping your position. In my opinion that is all rot. A teacher who loves his art will not think of that; rather will he take pride in his pupils and aim to bring them to the highest state of efficiency. I claim that a club is the very best help a teacher can have. It is not only a first-class advertisement for him, but it provides a training school for his pupils. I have such a club, and have never regretted the one evening a week that I gave to them. When I take a new pupil, he understands when he arrives at a certain degree of proficiency he is eligible to membership in the club. At first he only plays a light part, being advanced as he progresses in his work, and finally reaching a point where he can safely be turned loose. I would recommend this plan to any teacher who has any trouble about holding his pupils.

Now, brother teachers, don't get discouraged. If you are not up to date, get to work and pull yourself up as soon as possible. The world is progressing all the time, and we must all keep a grip on the front row if we wish to keep up with the procession. Seek to elevate the profession instead of trying to drag it down. Set up a high standard and work to it. Then if you do not succeed, you will at least have the consciousness that it is not your fault.

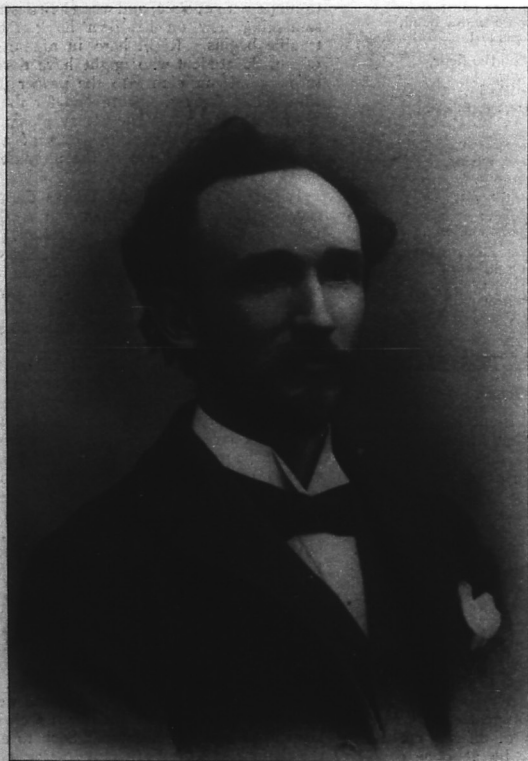
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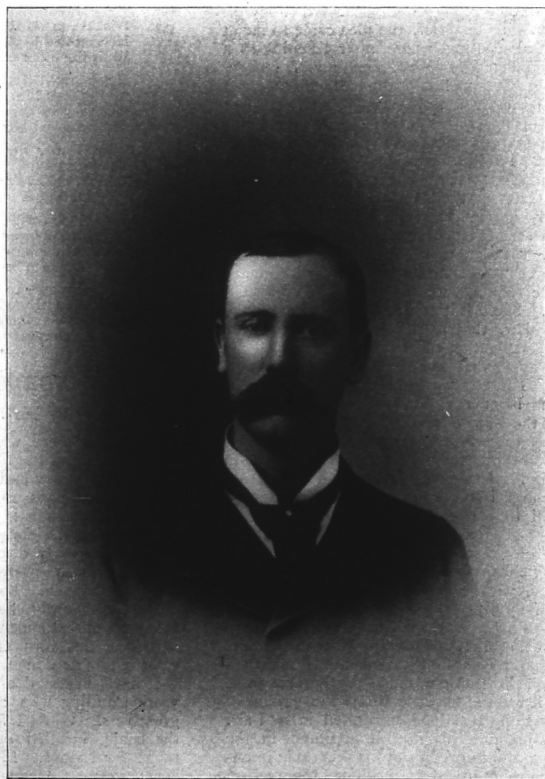
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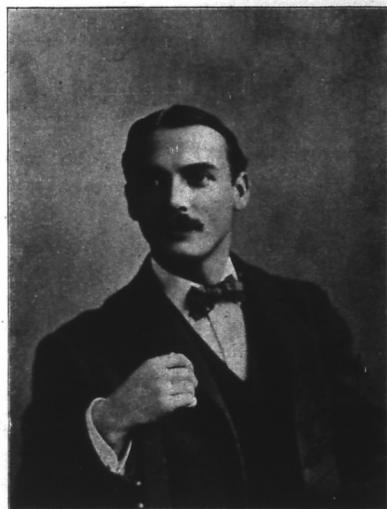
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(This Gallery will be Continued.)

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.

A System of Technique for the Guitar.

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By C. F. ELZEAR Fiset.

Continued from last Issue.

ARTICLE II.

The manner of playing chords on the guitar embodies various styles. There is the slow and rapid arpeggio, the "draw," the ordinary picking and the sweep or, as called by Romero, the "thumb glide," which is an arpeggio played with the thumb very rapidly.

Signs are sometimes placed before a chord to indicate in what style the composer or arranger wishes the chord played. Generally the signs are omitted and the player is then left to indulge his own taste. Some composers do not employ the "sweep" or the "draw," but the advantages in using them are so obvious as to incline one to the belief that an artistic performance is impossible without their employment.

One of the most beautiful effects in guitar playing is produced by the sweeping of a chord. One can in this manner bring forth all the tonal power from the instrument without any snapping of the strings against the fingerboard; and also by playing with less strength, get wonderful sweetness combined with that rare and much-to-be-desired quality, clearness.

With the draw, one can obtain greater power and rapidity than by merely picking the strings.

The ordinary mode of picking has its distinctive place and must not be neglected.

A few words here as to the finger nails. My attention was drawn to a paragraph in two instruction books by American authors, I am sorry to say, which advised the growth of the finger nails to such a length that the strings be picked with them and not with the finger tips.

Allow me to state that this idea is erroneous. I have heard several guitarists who picked with their finger nails, and in all cases have they produced a markedly scratching tone. The nails should be filed down so as to conform to the contour of the finger tips, from one to two millimeters below the extreme tips of the finger, and then smoothed with an emery board.

In picking the strings, if the tip of the finger is placed about three or four millimeters below the level of the string, the best tone will be obtained.

Only poor results are secured by picking with the nails, or by plunging the tips half an inch below the strings.

The fingers of the left hand should be placed very close to the frets and not midway between them, since by the latter manner an extremely disagreeable jarring noise mingles with the tone.

Keep the fingers of the left hand curved somewhat over the strings, so as to be in readiness to fall on the note desired, and allow them to fall so that the distal phalanx will be perpendicular to the finger board. An exception to this is, of course, the barrer where several strings are held with one finger.

The muscles of neither hand must be held rigid. The hand soon tires and cramps that is held stiffly. Keep the hand as much relaxed as is compatible with the production of a clear tone. Especially is this necessary in continuous chord and rapid scale passages.

A word also in regard to the little finger of the right hand.

A few methods direct one never to allow it to touch the sounding board, claiming that its contact diminishes the volume of tone. If its contact does diminish the tone volume, the extent of its lessening is so inappreciable as not to be worthy of notice.

The greater majority of guitar virtuosi allow it to rest on the sounding board, especially in scale and other passages where the thumb, index and second finger only are used; as it serves as an invaluable aid in steadying and guiding the hand.

It is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules as to its use and non-use in this respect. However, this much may be said, always rest the finger lightly in playing scale passages.

THE SWEEP OR THUMB-GLIDE.

To practice this take first the tonic chord in G major.

Play as marked under II. Roll the thumb over the six strings, slowly counting aloud one, two, three, four, five, six. Play the notes evenly, giving exactly the same pressure and time relation to each note. The thumb must slip easily over each string, resting momentarily on the next note above.

Now practice in this manner as rapidly as one can count up to six, make the sweep broad, and keep the wrist relaxed, as the movement is almost entirely one of the wrist. After one has acquired the ability to play the chord evenly, and as fast as one can count the individual notes, he is ready to attempt it more rapidly. At this stage when the highest note is reached turn the thumb tip upward slightly.



Now practice sweeping as a regular chord, taking great care to play *evenly* and *crisply*.

THE "DRAW."

In distinction from the sweep, which is indicated by a curved line before a chord, the draw is indicated by placing a bracket before the chord to be played.

The chord is played or struck entirely with the thumb and index finger of the right hand. Rest the thumb on the bass note A, and the first finger on E, the soprano note. Strike the bass note with the thumb, at the *same time* drawing the first finger over the treble strings. The first finger comes toward the thumb obliquely and somewhat toward the palm of the hand.



In executing the draw it is better to raise the hand, as the first finger will thus strike the notes more easily and clearly.

Chords may be drawn entirely with the index finger without the thumb, (see chord marked B,) in which case it would seem advisable to indicate them by a bracket with lower end left off.

Where a succession of chords requires to be played very rapidly, a good idea is to play with the draw, but to alternate with the second and first finger of the right hand; that is, draw the first chord with the thumb striking the bass, and second finger the treble; the second chord, the thumb striking the bass and the first finger the treble.

This is illustrated here, the alternation of second and first finger being marked above the chords.

Exercise III is an excellent one to practice the sweep and draw.



Exercise IV has several examples of the draw, sweep, and the draw where the thumb is not employed. Notice the fingering in the fifth measure. The alternation of the thumb, second, first would here be more laborious to acquire than the fingering marked.

Exercise V is excellent to acquire command of a rapid sweep. Take care to accent the melody.

Exercise VI is for the practice of the regular thumb, second, first alternation, accenting the thumb note as it is the first note in the triplet.

(To be Continued—See Music Supplement for Exercises.)

CHATS ON PROBLEMS OF THE DAY.

By THE EDITOR.

Chat No. 2.

DOES ANTAGONISM OF DEMOCRACY AND ITS DOCTRINE EXIST TOWARD MUSIC INFLUENCE?

"He that is without restraint is lower than the animals."

I am well aware the subject of this chat is a delicate one, one for controversy almost without end; and, therefore, I merely propose to submit certain facts and aspects for the present, with the hope they prove interesting.

I may say that I have been designated variously as "an absurd optimist" and "a chronic pessimist;" the two extremes you see. However, I only believe in cold facts, accepting the world as it is, that the world will continue to progress, that history ever repeats itself, that nations, like individuals, will come and go as heretofore, that ideals should only be striven after when they are practicable, that everything in time finds its proper level, that it is better to do a host of thinking than a host of talking (particularly about the has-been's and ought to have been's), and that we know little or nothing about nature, but *can* learn a good deal if we want.

A consideration of our subject naturally first calls for a plain definition of what Music Influence is, but before that can be attempted, music itself must be characterized, and also a few other elements.

There are two kinds of music, good and bad, and the bad most often passes muster for the good. Good or bad, however, they can be classified as follows:

(a) Music as for regulating and for representing motion.

(b) Music as and for representing tonal structures erected on mathematical laws.

(c) Music as and for representing emotion, which is of the Spirit.

Under the first heading we classify all forms of dance and march music. Time is the prime object in these, and beauty is not always necessary. This music is for regulating or describing the motions of tangible animates. Its objects are limited, but not its grace or originality of melody and rhythm.

The second class comprises part of what are termed classics and modern compositions written upon given bases or themes, upon which superstructures are erected, while strictly observing defined laws.

The third class, originating with the romantic Italian school and Beethoven, has shown us the highest aims of vocal and instrumental music.

While bearing the foregoing in mind, let us turn to another subject.

Every individual has two bodies, the tangible and the intangible. A separation of the two causes the tangible body to become inanimate and decay. Whither the other body has gone, our intangible bodies cannot see through the organs provided for its sight by the tangible body, nor can we see the process of dissolving partnership. The intangible body, temporarily imprisoned in the tangible body for sake of development, has two personalities, the intellectual and the moral. That this is so needs no comment, for we know by experience that an individual may be intensely intellectual and yet be without a vestige of morality. The intangible body, while imprisoned and thus having a go between itself and nature pure and simple, can only operate through the faculties provided by the tangible body; but, if the intangible body has the desire, it can raise or lower the standard of the faculties.

Now, it seems to me, the three classes of music stand in relationship to mankind as thus:

MOTIONAL MUSIC—Movement of tangible body.

MATHEMATICAL MUSIC—Intellect of intangible body.

EMOTIONAL MUSIC—Morality and spirituality of intangible body.

Any realization, of course, can only depend upon the individual who is a free agent just so long as the tangible and intangible bodies are united.

We are just beginning to really learn something about the elements of the universe, of the invisible elements whose existence has so much to do with our own. We know that light and darkness to us are not the same to all creatures of the animal world, and we know that certain apparently feeble rays of light can penetrate solids and lay bare what is on the other side. And we also know that just as soon as it is possible to control other apparently feeble or invisible rays of light, whose vibratory action possesses immense power, so soon will it be possible to reveal, by aid of photography, that which our visual organs are not constructed to perceive.

Claims have already been advanced of the practicability of photographing the intangible body at the time of its separating from the tangible body, and the proofs shown of experiments made give encouragement for a steadfast prosecution. It seems to be chiefly a matter of determining the quality of the rays, in other words the rapidity of impinging vibrations which will expose instead of penetrating as our own eyes do, and determining the degree of sensitiveness of the emulsion with which photographic plates are to be coated. It may be that the best results will be obtained by an emulsion that is sensitive only to what at present we popularly term partial non-actinic rays, and not to white or blue rays. And, if these experiments do lead to ultimate success, we may expect all controversies upon superstitious theories will be set at rest, and many "dear creatures" who now labor to delude others and gain a living thereby, will have to begin practising, for once in their lives, a little of the honesty they habitually preach. They are at their wit's end already, for the age of bluff is giving way to an age of reason, to a better knowledge of nature, and no man need be fooled unless he wishes it.

Sounds, like light and much else in nature, are simply vibrations, and sounds that reach our intangible bodies, through the organs of the tangible body, do *not* lie within the region or scale of vibrations that can be harnessed as forces for utilitarian purposes, and "there are others," besides Keely, who knew of this fact many years ago. Mechanical soulless music we may produce, but use it for any other than the three objects I have indicated? NEVER!

As to the dominant influences of the three classes of music.

MOTIONAL MUSIC.—When it is pompous, it can increase the pomposity of pomp. When it is *militaire*, it can impel the weary soldier forward to do some more slaying. When it is sensuous it can assist abandonment. When it is vulgar, ragtime, etc., it assists a sinking to the lowest depths of depravity (always providing the intangible body does not desire to be the ruler of the tangible faculties). The only form of motion-music that touches emotion, is that of the order of the funeral marches of the old masters.

MATHEMATICAL MUSIC.—Beautiful it may be, and most often is, but the feelings aroused in us are those of admiration for the composer's cleverness, and to see how he built his tonal structures pretty much as we would try to work out algebraical problems. Our intellects are appealed to, and may be sharpened to advantage, but nothing more. I knew a remarkably hot-tempered, clever intellectual musician, whose technical performances were above criti-

cism, and he had earned the sobriquet of Fugal Jimmy. He never would or did perform in private or public anything else than Fugues, after learning one of Bach's incomparable mathematical structures of tones, and as far as I can learn he is still at it. Of course, he displayed excellent intellectual taste, and he is an example of the amalgamated tangibles and intangibles who can neither see nor feel any good in music unless it appealed solely to the intellect and contained a problem worked out on strict laid down laws.

EMOTIONAL MUSIC.—May be simple little songs, and songs without words, up to grand operas, oratorios or orchestral symphonies. Words are adjuncts; they are not absolutely necessary, but the blending of the two may assist interpretation. The influence of these can only be experienced by those having willing or developed susceptible natures. Susceptibility is of the intangible body. Its real meaning is tenderness allied to reason, and not weakness as too often interpreted. And, any individual who is susceptible to the awakening of enjoying and putting into practice the influence of simple folk lore songs which tell of things below the surface, of songs without words which tell of emotions that no words can express, of grand operas, oratorios, etc., which, apart from any scenic adjuncts or reference to language of vocal portions, tell of the triumphs of justice, of the inexorable natural law that every wrong must be atoned for, tells of hope, of love for the pure, of humility, and of reverence for the great Unknown Ordainer, such susceptible individuals, I maintain, are not weak. They are strong in admitting and feeling the existence of a greater power than themselves. They, and they alone, know the indescribable real meaning of music influence. And, they may number but very few among performers or audience.

All men need a controller, and they who find are the happier.

Now what is Democracy, or rather, the fundamental doctrine of Democracy? Simply the elevation of the masses in place of the individuals. It is the grandest doctrine ever promulgated. But how does it work? It affords opportunities for individuals of the masses to become little bosses, and the individuals strive to become little bosses and outdo each other by every imaginable crooked route. It has developed a condition of intellectuality that knows nothing about morality. Democracy has brought out the best and the worst in mankind, and the worst has been on top for a long time in the shape of a shibboleth, competition, the curse of the whole world to-day. We used to hear a lot about the blessings of competition; that it was the soul of business, etc., etc. Exactly, and like all else invented by man it worked for a while, then becomes a menace, has to be pruned and find its proper level. Competition is responsible for the curious state of affairs which allows a running side by side of two extremes, over-production and under-consumption. Competition has developed a frightful mental aberration, and given us a present day civilization that is nothing save a veneered barbarism. What professional, commercial or laboring man who has that accursed shibboleth stuck before his nose and mind all the days of his life, and has hard work to provide for material needs; what time has he to spare for enjoyment of any influence for the betterment of his moral character, for enlightenment and knowledge of things beyond the mundane? Not much and what little time he may have is generally given up to the influence of excitements in temporary stimulants, of which bad Motional Music is one. And what of many people who have time, and abundance of it to spare? Visit the grand opera on a fashionable or any other night, and if you can gaze elsewhere than on the stage,

you will see various kinds of competition prevailing, and an atmosphere pervading that breathes "d—the music, let's compete, that's what we're here for."

It is here that we may raise the question: "Does antagonism of Democracy and its doctrine exist toward music influence? If antagonism is admitted to exist, then the causes partly originate from conditions and circumstances to which mankind is subject, although, as already stated, every individual is a free agent."

We are now passing through one, if not the most momentous, evolutionary period in history. Many economical problems have been solved, but the greatest are yet waiting. The strongest, mentally and physically, nations of the world are coming nearer and nearer together, like the members of a family who have long been separated, and because of diverse aims have been unconsciously steadfast in practicing the art of misunderstanding. As an eminent writer says: "Human action must depend upon an interpretation both of adversaries and friends, and perfect accuracy at all times and upon all subjects in that interpretation, is not given to mankind. We have to work with the instruments we have, as we have to plow such land as Nature affords, and the instruments being human, with carefully hidden brains, and nerves liable to incessant impact from without and eyes of which no four have the same range and clearness of vision, the only wonder is that immense errors are comparatively so few." Fortunately the average life of amalgamated tangibles and intangibles has not exceeded three score years or we would be in a stew. A matured reason, of a kind, has resulted from the experience of running alone, and the nations have learned, or are learning, that combination and co-operation with legislation founded on righteousness works the best. Of course, it may be essential that one big clash is necessary to convince all individuals of the truth of this. Anyhow it will be progress, inasmuch as obstacles will be removed. Just as with nations collectively, so it is with nations individually, so it is with communities, so it is with families, and so it is with individuals, that combination and co-operation can prevent the terrible waste of energy caused by competition. And progress is fast being made towards an inevitable and most desirable end.

A recent issue of *Music Trades* contained a very interesting article, and as it contained remarks that are very similar to what I had already written to close this chat, I prefer to drop my own and give you some extracts from said article. The writer puts to shame all those carpers who insist that the world is going back all the time. We may have evil times but that don't stop the progress of the universe, of which the earth and we are but specks, and yet a part.

"The luxuries of one generation are the comforts of the next and the necessities of the next."

"Trusts are the stepping stones on the road of progress."

"Men are organizing Trusts to prepare for the public ownership of all public utilities. First, we had the individual producer or business man; then came the firm; then the corporation, then the Trust or syndicate, all of which is simply organization towards a definite end."

Then follow a few expressions by one of our leading bright men of the middle West, indicative of the advent of a time when music influence will have a chance to assert itself.

"The Trust makers are pioneers of progress."

"They are working for the future benefit of man."

"They are getting things ready for a higher and a better industrial life."

"Perhaps not one of them sees or knows this."

"Perhaps every one is induced to do as he is doing

solely by greed of gain or of power, but the end will be the same."

"It may take centuries; it may not take half a century."

"Look how Nature has worked. How from the simplest cell, from protoplasm, she has gradually, through an infinite evolution, built up man."

"That is her material issue."

"She has other issues: Social, intellectual, moral, spiritual."

"She will work out all these issues by evolution."

"No power can stay her; for she is working according to the inexorable law of constant progress, though that progress can only be accomplished by struggle."

"The world is not working towards greater slavery, but towards greater freedom."

"We are going to do something more than make and sell things. We are going to have leisure, opportunity for recreation."

"We are going to be more at home and less at work."

"We shall do more for our intellectual and spiritual life, because we shall not need all our energy to secure our material wants."

THE CHRONIC KICKER.

Among the expressive words added to the English language by the American people, not one is more appropriate than the term "kicker," as applied to a chronic grumbler and fault-finder; and among all the kickers of the earth, the multitudinous musical kicker has succeeded best in his great impersonation of a microcephalus ass.

Kickers may be divided into three distinct species: The spasmodic, the straight and the side kicker. All forms are chronic, inasmuch as no kicker has ever been known to reform. Emerson once said that every sick man becomes a villain. If that is true the spasmodic kicker who only relapses occasionally into morbid grumbling may find some excuse for his conduct, in the theory that his cussedness is caused by sickness. The straight kicker comes directly to you with his grievance, and you can often settle everything by simply allowing him to masticate the rag for a while till his anger evaporates. Mark Twain says: "It takes two to wound you to the heart, an enemy to talk about you and a friend to tell you what he said." The side kicker works on that principle. He never talks to you, but about you, trusting to some mutual acquaintance to carry his poisoned arrows and thrust them in your heart. The side kicker enjoys the same immunity from punishment as the skunk, and for practically the same reasons. The moral stench arising from his miasmatic soul is a better defence than a Gatling gun. He is the bane of every society and the scourge of every circle where man seeks to meet with his fellows for the betterment of his social conditions. He supplants love by jealousy, respect by contempt and sweet content by a pessimism that sees neither pleasure in life or hope beyond the grave. In Goethe's immortal tragedy of Faust we meet the most acceptable conception of a Devil to be found in all the range of literature, for Goethe's Devil is a "kicker" from first to last. The kicker begins operations at a time of life when he is as destitute of teeth as a jelly-fish and as innocent of hair as a door knob. His first yell is doubtless a protest at the kind of board he is forced to put up with. During his infancy he sleeps as sound as Rip Van Winkle during the day and then howls like a ghost dancer during the night, taking a fiendish delight in driving others from their slumbers. But it is not with the youthful kicker we have to deal, nor is it, in fact, with any of the different brands of kicker save the musical variety alone. This variety will keep us busy. When he buys his first instrument he is not satisfied. He exchanges it, he buys again and abuses all the makers of instruments without discrimina-

tion. He changes teachers frequently, and to each new teacher he condemns all the others as palpable fakes and humbugs. When sufficiently advanced he seeks admission to some musical organization, and at his advent meek-eyed Peace throws a fit, Harmony packs her grip and the Three Graces take to the woods. The kicker soon disrupts any club, band or other organization with which he is connected, unless he is unceremoniously fired at his first outbreak. He cannot be conciliated, kindness is thrown away upon him; generosity warms him as little as a candle would an iceberg. He can only appreciate a shampoo with a paving brick, or a massage treatment from a fist as large as the clenched hand of Providence. We have known one musical kicker to prevent for years the formation of a band in a city of considerable size, and abounding in musical talent. Being somewhat of a liar himself the kicker never believes anyone else capable of telling the truth, and being himself the very personification of selfishness, he never fails to attribute every generous action of others to some base and sordid motive. No matter how dismal a failure he makes of his own business, the kicker always knows just how others should manage their affairs. Ah! how well we know the kicker; we have seen him in all his changes of character. Give him a moment's triumph and he boasts like a Falstaff, but in the presence of danger he develops a skulking disposition that would bring disgrace to a burrowing owl. To the most critical observer the kicker seems to occupy in the universe a position as superfluous as that of the mosquito, the tarantula, or the accordion. No intelligent excuse has ever been offered for his existence. He may have been placed on earth merely to furnish an unanswerable argument in favor of cannibalism. But this is mere speculation, and the kicker is a fact and must be met and dealt with according to our lights. Some ignore him, others pray for him, labor with him and endeavor to awaken his shriveled soul to a sense of duty. But the man after our own heart hunts him up with a war club inlaid with shark teeth, and cudgels him into an attitude of respect. For this, oh, believe me, brethren, is the only argument a kicker can ever hope to appreciate.

JIM, OUR BOY.

By C. A. P.

Our Jim ter Harvard College went,
When he cum home an instrument—
(A banjo is its name I think,
Per'aps you've heard its merry plink)
Wuz in his hand, and we heard him say
"Folks, very soon
This I will tune
An' then you'll hear your boy Jim play."
He played just ez he said he would
An' say you bet he was right smart good,
Marches, waltzes, galops an' such
Per'aps you think don't 'mount er much,
But the ones he played that day—
But I can't tell,
'Twas grand an'—well—
You orter hear our boy Jim play.
The banjo fairly spoke out words,
He imitated the song birds,
That sittin' outside in the trees
Grew jealous 'cause they saw with ease,
He beat them all to shucks, 'Twould pay
Lessons ter take,
Their songs ter make
Sound good as those our Jim kin play.
He giv' a concert in Town Hall
I swar we could'n't seat them all,
He played till twelve o'clock because
The people held him with applause.
Uv course our Jim could not say nay
As he'd offend,
But say, my friend,
Drop in sum time an' hear him play.

S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

CHARLES MORRIS, EDITOR.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. S. PATTY, PAUL ENO, C. F. ELZEAR FISET, BERT. S. HOUSE.

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APRIL and MAY, 1899

EN PASSANT.

There's a dearth! not of subjects, for since our last issue events have multiplied so rapidly as to afford enough subjects to fill every page of this number with editorials. Numbers of these subjects demand comment, but, as the Editor looks upon his desk and sees the stack of manuscript specially written for this column, and sees another and bigger stack of articles, correspondence, notes and news, from all parts of the English speaking world, that ought to appear in this issue, he is constrained to exclaim, "There's a dearth of room!" and the JOURNAL therefore craves the indulgence of any friends who may feel disappointed by the non-insertions, or the brevity of the following: With this issue, the JOURNAL appears in a new guise, which it hopes will please all, including the many contemporaries who have been saying very kindly words of late. The portrait gallery now begun, will be continued indefinitely, and will include all JOURNAL contributors. The photograph of our esteemed friend, Tom Midwood, has not arrived from the antipodes in time for this number.

The inaugurated new series of articles upon Election, by Mr. John Conolly, will be found very interesting and instructive. Our concert programmes now usually contain one or more Recitations and Readings, so it is in line with the JOURNAL's ideas of progress, that articles by acknowledged authorities should appear. Musicians can never know too much of any branch of art. Collectively they lack the broad knowledge, which makes the man of to-morrow, all because of too much sentiment. The JOURNAL aims to give a variety of that will please, and do its little towards bringing the time nearer when the term musician will be interpreted to denote all that is gentlemanly and lady-like. Concerts have been given galore, and many are announced for April, which will be duly reported in our next issue. Philadelphia has a treat in store, on April 17, when Farland gives a recital at

Witherspoon Hall, and will be assisted by Miss Emily Hasting's Club of 30 ladies, also by a club of all prominent local players, viz: T. J. Armstrong, O. H. Albrecht, Paul Eno, Rudy Heller, R. L. Weaver, John Minges, Geo. Wertz, C. A. Dampman, Geo. Flora, Ed. Fisher, John C. Folwell, Fred. Stuber and Henry Meyers. Vess L. Osman has made a big hit in New York City, playing with the orchestra of the Manhattan Theatre, and is engaged until end of season. The JOURNAL won't be a bit surprised soon to hear that orchestras are not considered complete without Banjos. C. F. Elzear Fiset has been touring Minnesota, with the University Glee and Mandolin Club, as Guitar Soloist. They brought pleasure to many listeners. Mr. Claud C. Rowden has quite won the hearts of concert goers.

Mr. Samuel Siegel appeared at Brooks & Denton's 13th Annual Banjo Concert at Chickering Hall, New York City, and also at several other places since our last, and on every occasion he has scored wonderfully. His manager has already sailed for London, and during the interim of Mr. Siegel's appearance there, a deserved and truly artistic reputation is being achieved. Mr. Philip Nash, the JOURNAL's traveling representative, is on an extended tour, and many of our clubs and friends may expect him to pop in upon them, and report their progress.

Amidst all that is, or seems cheery, and tells of prosperity, there stalks the hand of death. And the JOURNAL has to record the sudden death of Van L. Farrand, of Menominee, Mich., which, occurred on March 22d last. His name was a familiar one, both to readers and non-readers of our columns, and he will, indeed, be sadly missed in many circles.

IRELAND.

BELFAST—A happy possessor of a Thoroughbred was so delighted with his instrument that he could not leave it at home when going for his holidays. One day on a yachting tour on the Clyde, he left his banjo and case on deck. A sudden lurch of the boat caused the banjo and case to try and make a voyage on its own account. Over dived the banjoist, without thinking of disrobing, to secure his sinking treasure. The sequel proved the banjo was not hurt in the least.

February 27, 1899, Esmond, Va.:—"I find it impossible to do without the valuable Journal. One music selection alone is worth a year's subscription." Daniel Martin.

March 13, 1899, Westfield, N. Y.:—"Enclosed find remittance for renewal of my subscription to the Journal. I cannot get along without it." C. S. Manton.

March 14, 1899, Clifton, Kas.:—"The Journal came all right and is a jewel. We can't keep house without it." E. H. Williams.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are pleased to state that the next issue of the JOURNAL will contain the opening chapters of an entirely new and original serial descriptive and character story, entitled IZUMA, by Cyril Dallas. It will appear solely in the JOURNAL prior to its publication in book form in America and Europe, and whilst not being entirely a musical tale, we think it will afford much interest and instruction to JOURNAL readers, concerning a country that is attracting wide-spread attention.

PRAISE FOR THE JOURNAL.

January 27, 1899, Dubuque, Iowa:—"I want my subscription continued as I think there is nothing better than the Journal for a Banjoist, if he wants to keep abreast of the times." J. H. Kabat.

January 27, 1899, Chicago, Ill.:—"Enclosed please find subscription for the valuable Journal, which I wish continuous success." Ed. Ruhien.

January 28, 1899, Fitchburg, Mass.:—"Please find renewal subscription enclosed for the Journal. I find the Journal as entertaining as ever, and would not like to be without it." W. E. Baker.

January 28, 1899, Chicago, Ill.:—"My teacher says there is no paper like the Journal." E. Rubim.

January 29, 1899, Pittsburg, Pa.:—"Please find subscription enclosed for the Journal. The Journal is up to the times." S. T. Greaves.

January 30, 1899, Belfast, Ireland:—"Enclosed please find subscription for the Journal. I would not care to be without it. It is the best Journal on banjo work, and I am always glad when it arrives." Jas. Davidson.

January 30, 1899, Scranton, Pa.:—"Enclosed please find one dollar, for which renew my subscription to the Journal for two years. The Journal is as good as ever, and I hope for its success." Louis Housath.

January 30, 1899, Youngstown, Ohio:—"Enclosed please find subscription for the Journal. I consider it the best paper of its kind published." J. L. Botsford.

February 2, 1899, Winder, Ga.:—"Enclosed please find subscription for the Journal. Please send me copy containing the account of Mr. Stewart's death, and then begin with current number. Much success to the Journal." F. M. Dozier.

February 2, 1899, Chicago, Ill.:—"My only regret is that I did not form the acquaintance of the famous Journal at the time I began to study the banjo, as it would have helped me greatly." Ed. Ruhien.

February 2, 1899, New Haven, Conn.:—"I will say that I was greatly pleased with the Journal, and would not be without it." W. E. Garlick.

February 6, 1899, Malvern, Ark.:—"Enclosed find amount to pay subscription for the Journal. Please send the Journal to my wife, as she can't keep house without it." W. S. Wolfe.

February 7, 1899, Long Island City, N. Y.:—"Please continue my Journals, as I would sooner go without a meal or a chew of tobacco than without them." W. H. Didway.

February 7, 1899, Peoria, Ill.:—"Enclosed please find order for renewal of my subscription to the only Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Journal ever published. When you decide to publish monthly, draw on me for the additional amount." W. B. Evans.

February 8, 1899, Derby, England:—"I wish the most instructive Journal long life." George T. Stevenson.

February 9, 1899, Clarendon, Texas:—"I am highly pleased with the Journal. I have been a reader for several years, and only dropped it to fight the Spaniards. Now that all is serene, I am more hope to keep in line. My thoroughbred, like good whiskey, improves with age, and I would not swap for a farm in the Philippines." C. S. McCulloch.

February 17, 1899, Mayfield, Ky.:—"I failed to receive my Journal and feel lost without it." Have you mailed it? Jeff J. Willard.

February 18, 1899, Freeport, L. I.:—"Permit me to compliment you on the excellent style of the Journal and its entertaining matter from cover to cover." E. V. Baldwin.

February 21, 1899, Norwich, Conn.:—"I was quite pleased with the Journal and must say it is the best I have ever taken." Frank N. May.

February 22, 1899, New Orleans, La.:—"I am well pleased with the Journal and hope for its long life and prosperity." J. G. Kamlade.

February 22, 1899, L'gourney, Iowa:—"I cannot do without the Journal and think more about the loss of a copy than the loss of ten dollars. My copy must have gone astray. The No. 109 was a crackerjack." L. G. Chrisman.

February 23, 1899, Port Huron, Mich.:—"As I have not received the last issue of the Journal. I conclude my copy has gone astray. Please attend to the matter. The Journal is so welcome a visitor and so instructive, that one cannot afford to miss a single number." Thos E. Rollo.

February 23, 1899, Lawrence, Kan.:—"Please renew my subscription to the Journal. It is always so interesting that I cannot do without it." Percy Leach.

February 25, 1899, Mayfield, Ky.:—"Journal No. 110 is fine and instructive." Jeff J. Willard.

February 28, Madison, Wis.:—"I feel lost without my Journal, the much needed article. Please see if my copy was mailed." J. A. Williams.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

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BY JOHN CONOLLY.

ARTICLE I.

"A good reader summons the mighty dead from their tombs and makes them speak to us."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

For the improvement and general toning up of the whole body there is nothing so beneficial as the development and proper cultivation of one's latent elocutionary powers. In this connection, voice culture is not the least important factor, and to use the vocal organs, as nature intended, we must start at the beginning and master the art of breathing properly, technically termed "deep breathing." I have mapped out a series of breathing exercises below, or as I prefer to call them, "lung gymnastics," which if conscientiously practiced day after day, will result in the general health being wonderfully stimulated, the blood purified, and the lungs put in capital working order.

One of the primary difficulties is to find an instructor who will direct his or her energies towards arousing the dormant originality which every individual possesses to a greater or lesser degree, and not depend upon the pupil's imitative ability as the sole means to the end. To many teachers this latter course seems the best one to pursue, especially when dealing with a brain not wakened and tuned up as it were to concert pitch.

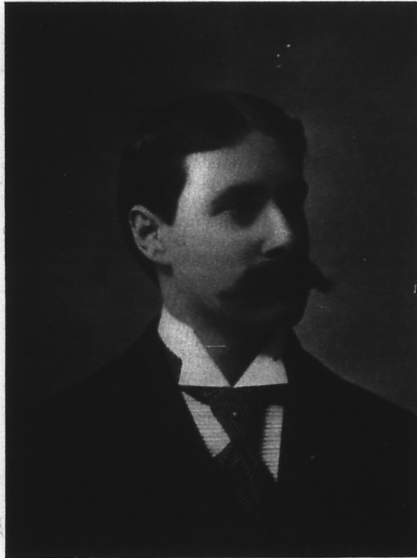
A young man, of a rather phlegmatic temperament, came to me quite some time ago and confessed that, while he had had no previous instruction, he was very desirous of participating in a public entertainment, and in fact had made up his mind to recite one of Longfellow's poems entitled 'The Leap of Roushan Beg,' and wanted to arrange for some coaching. You are doubtless familiar with this selection, probably have worked on it; if so, you can all the better sympathize with me in the task suggested.

In the first place this human battery required exciting, so that he might intelligently comprehend the amount of study and mind picturing a proper conception of the reading would involve, in order to unfold it satisfactorily to his audience. I suggested that he take the poem and his dictionary, and study the lines word for word, until each thought was thoroughly digested, work out the scenes systematically, cluster around each thought direct, indirect, and analogical associations, which would serve as a mighty reserve force when elucidating his reading. I added that his voice required attention, that certain constricted parts needed relaxing by judicious exercises, and last by no means least his imaging powers would have to be strengthened so that as he journeyed through his reading, his auditors would be transported from the crowded (?) hall to the scenes depicted, and his characters, if faithfully drawn, would appeal strongly to their emotions, and they would laugh, weep, sympathize, and encourage in turn. The Reader becomes no less and no more, a talking cinematograph, provided of course, voice and parts are in perfect unison. My friend was rather discomfited, but rattled on that he had no time to spend working the thing out, that he was willing to pay for my experience, and was sure that in several lessons he could mimic my tones and gestures in a manner that would be highly flattering. I tried to persuade him to dig for the foundation and build his house on a rock as it were, but he would have none of it. I take especial pride in recording here, that I did not take my gentleman on such terms, but he succeeded elsewhere, and shortly afterwards

I received a program, and beheld on the outside cover his name appearing in bold type, and underneath, the word "Reader." Thus was I snubbed in the heyday of my career!

Often have I seen this word adorning the name of some embryo reciter who has reached the stage of "I can speak a piece," and who has so strutted round in this borrowed plumage of "Reader," that friends and relations were almost wearied to death. Probably you can recall an occasion when, for two mortal hours, you were seated on a hard provoking chair, and presumably in a semi-conscious state while one of these Readers(?) mouthed a lot of lines, stopping short once or twice at the least for want of breath, or maybe loss of thought, and after each lapse, on, on, pell-mell to the finish with redoubled vigor; and for the life of you you couldn't tell what it was all about. You almost prayed for a breakdown, I know you did, that you might witness his or her confusion.—Oh I believe you!

In commencing this delightful study have in mind, first and forever afterwards, that there is no royal road to the grand result along which you can lazily saunter; to pick a little fruit from this tree, and two or three blossoms from that flower-garden over there that others have planted and watered. If you have had this



idea, break loose from it, as it is better not to study it at all, than to commence with such a spirit. It is work, work and hard work.

In order to make a proper use of the agents at your command, viz: the voice and body, it is necessary that you first establish absolute control over them. As an artist uses his paints, brushes, etc., so must you adapt yourself to your instruments. You must overcome awkwardness, or in other words, self-consciousness. How can you do it? Simply by surrendering yourself to nature's laws, not by fighting against them, assuredly. By making a complete surrender to nature, we obtain rest and renewed vigor.

Another very important point in commencing is the ability to make a selection that appeals strongly to your own emotions, to study it until you are letter perfect; and if you should appear before an audience with it, *read to please your hearers*, not yourself. Study them and make your descriptive work so vivid, and your character dialogue so plain, that you cannot be otherwise than convincing; and lastly, enunciate distinctly, don't gabble. Remember this from the start.

As the painter illustrates the charming side of nature on canvas, in your art do likewise. If you ask how to charm, I reply, be graceful. And what does grace call for? Ease. What else? Precision; next, harmony of all parts.

You are able to talk, but the usual conversational style hashed out by a great many of us every day, is an Irish stew sort of jumble, with little regard for quality of tone, inflection, or anything else, so long as it is out of one's mouth, or, to speak strictly as veracity dictates, out of the way. There are, of course, exceptions. Well, in any case, it is my experience that the voice must have individual attention, and the body training by gymnastic exercises without implements and by pantomime work.

Now then, we aim to train the body, to train the voice, how to make a selection, how to study it properly, and deliver it as becomes a true artist—that rarest of beings.

I feel that your attention is mine by this time, and if so, my design is successful in launching this first of a series of articles on matters elocutionary, without begging language from the clouds, or serving up a consomme of technical phraseology, into the sea of your favor; and this in itself, ought to be a strong recommendation.

As I commenced with a quotation I will conclude with one to make all things even. I cannot do better, I think, than quote John Ruskin: . . . If I could have a son or daughter possessed of but one accomplishment in life, it should be that of good reading.

LUNG GYMNASTICS

The following exercises should be practiced, say for the first three months, in a recumbent posture, with the head level with the rest of the body, the hands on the hips; probably at night after the clothing is removed, or before rising in the morning, whichever suits your convenience best. After you have practiced diligently for the time specified above, you may adopt the standing position as final.

1. Sip the air in slowly through the nostrils; with each sip expand the waist a little more, until the lungs are charged; then exhale normally through the mouth, the waist contracting in the effort.

2. Take in breath rapidly through the mouth, hold until you count ten (mentally), then exhale on the sound "a" as in father, until the breath is exhausted.

3. Repeat second exercise, but exhale on the sound "aw" as in paw.

4. Repeat again, but exhale on the sound "o" as in show.

5. Inhale slowly through mouth, expanding waist, sides and chest, and hold for a few seconds; then recite the vowels in expelling the breath, to the following sounds:

a—as in 'father'; make this very bright.

e—as in 'deep'.

i—as in 'shy'.

o—as in 'show'.

u—as oo, in 'coo'.

6. Take in air quickly through the nostrils, and allow it to escape as in the act of whistling, through the half-closed lips.

7. Open the mouth as if to yawn, and inhale. Close the mouth and then sip more air into the lungs through the nostrils; in other words, pack the lungs with air to their utmost capacity, and, when further effort becomes painful, open the mouth wide and expel the air all at once by a quick contraction of the diaphragm.

NOTE.—At the first sensation of pain or dizziness, desist for the time being. The greater the disquietude the more you need this work.

GLEANED FROM SHAKESPEARE TO MEMORIZE AND THINK ABOUT.

All that glistens is not gold.

Talkers are no good doers.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

(To be Continued.)



NOTES OF A. A. FARLAND'S TOUR.

Following are dates of filled engagements since the appearance of our last issue:

Gloversville, N. Y., March 7.
Canajoharie, N. Y., second time this season, March 8.

Johnstown, N. Y., March 9.
Union Springs, N. Y., March 10.
Toronto, Ont., third time, March 14.
Joliet, Ill., second time, March 15.
Kewanee, Ill., March 16.
Omaha, Neb., third time, March 18.
Havelock, Neb., March 21.
Stockton, Kan., March 23.
Sedalia, Mo., second time, March 25.
Russellville, Ky., March 27.
Aurora, Ill., fourth time, March 29.

Bookings for April include: Cincinnati, O., April 3; Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, and probabilities for balance of April and May include points in Pennsylvania; also, Jersey City, Auburn, N. Y., Fort Plain, N. Y., Amsterdam, N. Y., Providence, R. I., Halifax, and other Nova Scotia centres.

Referring to reports of concerts given on dates mentioned in our last issue, the *Palestine, Texas, Advocate*, of January 17, 1899, said:

Last night at Temple Opera House, Mr. Alfred A. Farland gave on the banjo the most artistic and high-class musical performance ever given in Palestine. Mr. Farland is all that he is claimed to be, and more; his technical skill is wonderful, his interpretation is that of a master, and his music magical. He has lifted the banjo to the level of the king of instruments, the violin. Those who fail to hear him will be the losers. In addition to his regular programme he played by request a Beethoven Sonata and variations of "My Old Kentucky Home." His encores included a beautiful arrangement of "Dixie," the song of the South.

The *Arkansas Gazette*, of Little Rock, Ark., remarked in its issue of January 24, 1899:

Mr. A. A. Farland, the world's greatest banjoist, again played to a good-sized audience at Y. M. C. A. hall last night. Mr. Farland is an artist with rare attainments and will long live in the hearts of the music-loving people of this city.

In the *Wilmington, N. C. Messenger*, of February 4, 1899, there appeared the following:

"The course of entertainments at the Y. M. C. A. are invariably of a high rank, and so was the banjo recital last night by Mr. Alfred A. Farland, of New York, the banjo virtuoso. There was a large audience and he treated them to a programme of classic music by eminent composers. There were fourteen numbers on the programme, but so highly appreciated was the player's artistic performance on his banjo that he was encored after every selection. Among the selections was "Variations of My Old Kentucky Home," arranged by Mr. Farland himself, and it was superbly rendered. He also played "Dixie," and caused the house to storm with applause. Mr. Farland is a banjoist of the most wonderful genius and skill. While he is playing a solo, it is hard to realize that he is not accompanied by two or three more players. His recital met with high appreciation and he will always have a good audience if he should reappear in our city.

The *Star* of same city had this to say:

The banjo recital by Mr. Alfred A. Farland in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium afforded really delightful entertainment for a large and representative audience last night. The Star Course Committee is to be congratulated upon the splendid success which has attended the course thus far this season.

Of the concert given in Norfolk, Va., the *Virginian Pilot*, of that city, said on February 8, 1899.

Many persons are of the opinion that there is no music in a banjo, while others think that the only species of music that can be gotten out of it is that now commonly known as "ragtime music" or "coon songs." At the banjo recital given last night in Y. M. C. A. Hall, by Mr. A. A. Farland, of New York, it was clearly demonstrated that when the banjo is in proper hands it will give forth the sweetest of music. Mr. Farland is without a doubt a banjoist. He handled the many difficult numbers given in the programme with great skill, and brought out all the music that the various pieces contained, in a beautiful manner. The audience, which was a good one, notwithstanding the inclement weather, showed their approval frequently by prolonged applause.

Mr. Farland had difficulty in getting through the blizzard in time for his appearance in Manchester, N. Y., February 13.

Of the Concert, the *Mirror* remarked:

Mr. A. A. Farland is certainly a wonderful player. He throws life and feeling into his banjo, such as one scarcely expects from that instrument. That he is a master of the banjo cannot be denied. And, by the way, the number that braved the elements to listen to Mr. Farland was quite a tribute to the reputation of the banjoist in this city. The house was comfortably well filled, and the work of the artist was highly appreciated. Mr. Farland plays some of the most difficult of music, and he interprets it with a master spirit. His part of the programme included selections from Beethoven, Hauser, Haydn, Rossini, Verdi, Paderewski, and Mendelssohn. Among the others who appeared on the program were the Imperial Club of seventy-five persons, Miss Ella Gingras, reader, Mr. W. H. Sullivan, soloist, the Seaman brothers, banjo and guitar duet, the Manchester Banjo and Mandolin Club, and Mr. F. W. Chamberlin, impersonator. All acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner, the whole making of the evening one of much enjoyment.

CORNER CHIT CHAT.

Mr. Alfred Stewart of Poole's Myriorama, England, recently wrote to the *JOURNAL* to tell how much his Banjo is admired among our cousins.

Mr. F. L. Garland, St. Louis, Mo., is an authority on the banjo.

Richard R. Wells, of Charleston, W. Va., is enthusiastic in promoting a love for the banjo in his district.

A regular *JOURNAL* correspondent at Napier, New Zealand, writes that the English monstrosities won't go down in Napier, and that in Christ Church there exists a club performing on locally wire made banjos. He wants to know when Farland is going to visit Australasia, and hopes it will not be long before a visit is made.

Mr. W. E. Temlett, the noted Banjo Maker, of London, England, gave a very successful Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar concert, on January 25, at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, W. C.

Our friend Arthur S. Barnard, of U. S. S. Dixie, sent the *JOURNAL* a request for insertion of a very good story that room may be found for in the near future.

The banjo pupils of Mr. Chris. Wetzel, New York City, are making good progress. ■ ■ ■
Mr. N. S. Lagatree, of Detroit, Michigan, will mail a picture to anyone sending him a stamp for postage.

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.

ITHACA—Mr. Chas. H. Wise is fast making a reputation for his new banjo and himself in this district. He has a large class and has been engaged to lead and instruct a large club in an adjoining town which he visits each week. His own fine club of twelve members, in Ithaca, is in great demand. Two engagements were filled during the second week of March, and others are under consideration.

On February 23d, Mr. Wise took part in the Mandolin Recital of Valentine Abt, at the Library Hall, the programme of which is here given:

a. Overture, "Wanderer,"Amsden
b. At an Alabama Cake WalkWeaver
SERENADERS

"Because of Thee,"Berthold Tours
(WITH VIOLIN OBLIGATO)
MISS LUCY I. MARSH

a. Andante, Concerto, op. 64Mendelssohn
b. PrizzicatiDelibes
c. Cradle Song (duo for one Mandolin) Hauser-Abt
d. Golden Rod (national flower) BarcarolleAbt
e. Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2Chopin
f. Perpetuum MobileRies

MR. VALENTINE ABT

a. Story Teller WaltzesFarrand
b. Rag Time MarchWeaver

SERENADERS

a. "If I But Knew,"W. G. Smith
b. "With a violet,"Ed. Grieg

MISS LUCY I. MARSH

a. Fifth Air VarieDancila
b. Annie Laurie (Varie)
c. Spring Song (duo for one mandolin)

Mendelssohn

d. ManzanilloRobyn
e. IntermezzoMascagni
f. Valse BrillanteAbt

MR. VALENTINE ABT

Those who assisted were: Miss Lucy Isabelle Marsh (solo) and Wise's Serenaders consisting of Mandolins; Miss Katherine Clinton, Miss Effie V. Crum, Mr. A. S. Price, Mr. J. Bushong, Mr. R. Turnbul, Mr. L. Quick and Mr. C. H. Wise, Guitars; Miss May Holmes, Mr. C. H. Wise, Mr. G. H. Carrier, Mr. R. Follanshee, Mr. L. C. Clinton. Mrs. C. H. Wise also acted as accompanist.

WATERTOWN—The Imperial Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Orchestra, gave one of their enjoyable concerts in Washington Hall, Tuesday evening, February 28. The hall was filled with an appreciative audience, and the work of the orchestra, was, as usual, beyond criticism.

Mr. F. Grafton Bragger, mandolin soloist, captured the audience at once. His rendition of Singalies Fantasie, "La Somnambula," air varie, was a revelation, and won the hearty applause of the large audience. He kindly responded to an enthusiastic encore.

Mr. Bert House was on for a banjo solo. His work is too well-known to need explanation.

A recent addition to the club is Mr. Arthur House, who possesses a fine voice of wonderful power and depth of tone. His number also captured a recall.

The other numbers on the program were rendered in the orchestra's usual fine style.

The Ladies' Mandolin Club, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., is a new organization composed of the prominent society people of that village. The members are as follows: Mrs. Nellie H. Cornwall, Mrs. J. T. Cornwall, Mrs. Harvey Cornwall, Raymond Cornwall, Mrs. Dr. Campbell, Mrs. C. Emerson, Mrs. Walter Fox, Miss Jessie Walton, Miss Mamie Hayes, Miss Grace Patterson, Miss Elizabeth Romley, Mr. Louis Hartman. The club has secured Mr. Bert House as teacher for the balance of the season, and expect to be in shape to entertain their friends on the St. Lawrence River the coming summer.

Mr. Otto Gaebel, zither soloist, with the Imperial Orchestra, will be obliged to leave that organization for a time as his regiment, the 9th U. S. Infantry, is ordered to Manila. We shall regret to lose him as his work is always very popular with his audiences, and in addition, he is a genial, wholesome companion.

FREEPORT, L. I.—The Nassau Glee Club of Rockville Centre have established a good reputation for themselves at Atheneum Hall. There are fifteen members and they are smart in their lines. Geo. Geroux, Wm. DeMott, Fred Meyers, J. Hunter, Geo. Pettersson, Henry Arends, Edward Tembroeck and Roy Bedell are all encored in their solos, and they deserved it. E. V. Baldwin of Freeport is an expert on the banjo and Roy Bedell's jig dancing was superb and he was called out four times. Miss Ida Tembroeck, a miss of twelve summers, made quite a hit in her solos and received bouquets. It is probable that the Nassau Club will appear at Sea Cliff and Freeport in the near future.

CONNECTICUT.

NORWICH—Mr. Frank W. May is among the prominent teachers in this city, and has an increasing circle of pupils who think very highly of the JOURNAL.

NEW HAVEN—The Apollo Banjo Club of Yale has been chosen of those men who were successful in the competition trials recently held. This club is a second organization excelled only by the 'Varsity Banjo Club. They number eight Banjeurines, three Banjos, two Piccolas, four Mandolins and nine Guitars.

The Junior "Prom" week at Yale, commenced February 23, with the concert by the Glee and Banjo Club. The work of the club was excellent. It should be stated, that during the playing of the Banjo Club, the Freshmen kept very quiet, never once interrupting the program or distracting attention from it.

Mr. W. E. Garlick played the "Lokah" Schottische, at a concert given in the Parish House of Church of the Ascension, and made a great hit with it.

MASSACHUSETTS.

PITTSFIELD—The Alpha Mandolin and Guitar Club, of Springfield, gave a concert at the Y. M. C. A., February 2, to a very large and enthusiastic audience. This is the fifth appearance of the club in this city. The club is a great favorite, and always draw large audiences. The programme was well carried out, and every member heartily encored.

DANVER'S ASYLUM STATION—For the first time the banjo and guitar club of this place came before the public, on the evening of Friday, January 20, in a local minstrel show, and scored a big hit. Two encores were received, and responded to, and then the audience called for a third. Mr. C. S. Neal is a prominent member of the club.

VERMONT.

BRATTLEBORO—Miss Cox reports business unusually good, with bright prospects for the Spring season. Several of her pupils have formed a Banjo and Guitar Club, and are practicing hard, preparatory to giving a musical later on.

PENNSYLVANIA.

SLATINGTON—The annual fair of Council 216, O. U. A. M. held at Andrew's Hall proved, as in former years, a very enjoyable and successful affair. Excellent music was furnished nightly by Slatington Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Philadelphia.

The Girard College Alumni Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club was organized in October, 1898, with the following members: James McCallion, Edward Lampert, E. Forrest Powell, Harry H. Davis, Frank Heitler, Fred Stapf, Fred Naegele, Samuel Keim, John P. Brehm, Leader; Fred Unrath, Secretary-Treasurer, with Otto Dreger as Instructor. This is a young organization but has met with much success during its existence, and has already appeared at several concerts, the most notable of which was one in connection with the Girard College Alumni Dramatic Association, given at Mercantile Hall (Broad and Master Streets), on February 28, 1899. This is the arrangement of the concert which was followed by a dance and was highly appreciated by those taking part.

A Russian Honeymoon: A Comedy in Three Acts. Adapted by Mrs. Burton Harrison from the French of Eugène Scribe.

Cast—Alexis Petrovitch, Mr. Lang; Koulikoff Demetrovitch, Mr. Douglas; Osip, Mr. McCadden; Ivan, Mr. Rupp; Poleska, Miss Riedel; Baroness Vladimir, Miss Hartman; Micheline, Miss Ferdinand; Stage Manager, Mr. Rupp; Master of Properties, Mr. Windle; Prompter, Mr. E. Keck.

Music by Girard College Alumni, Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club. Otto Dreger, Director.

Overture, "Merry Traveler's Quickstep".....Dreger
Pickaninnie Dance.....Folwell
Waltz, "I Met Her at the Alumni".....Dreger
March, "United States Military".....Albrecht
March, "La Vidette".....Minges

The efforts of the Banjo Club were appreciated and frequently applauded, and they were satisfied with their success. There was no nervousness or stage fright, and the music was played without error. The club, with one or two exceptions, have the Thoroughbred instruments and speak very highly of them.

Just when going to press the JOURNAL learns that all arrangements have been completed and success is assured by the great interest and sale of seats for the following events:

Wm. Penn Charter School Club	March 24
Mt. Vernon Club	April 5
Central Branch Y. M. C. A. Club	April 6
Manheim Club	April 10
P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. Club	April 11
Mt. Holly Club	April 12
Hamilton Club	April 20

Considering the fact that the Wm. Penn Charter School Club has been organized but about two months, they are playing exceptionally well; each member has studied faithfully the parts assigned him, and has attended the rehearsals with great interest. We congratulate these young men and wish them every success. All the above clubs which are under the direction of Mr. Paul Eno are doing better work from season to season, and their concerts are affairs of the highest order.

The following program was rendered in an efficient manner at an entertainment meeting of the Pennsylvania Lodge, No. 144, A. O. U. W., on March 20, 1899, at Friendship Hall:

"Hot Corn".....Paul Eno
P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

"Nearer my God, to Thee," with variations—Violin Solo.....C. L. Bowman
Bro. A. K. Whalen, accompanied by Miss B. B. Boyer.

Competitive Drill, for medal given by Pennsylvania Lodge No. 144, A. O. U. W., for the one most proficient in the Drill, by the Temple Guard of Christ Memorial Church, of West Philadelphia.

"Tres Jolie" Waltz—Violin Solo.....E. Waldteufel
Bro. A. K. Whalen, accompanied by Miss B. B. Boyer.

"Whistling Rufus".....Kerry Mills
P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—Mr. Edward La Van is now located permanently in this city, and has quite a number of banjo pupils.

NEW JERSEY.

MOUNT HOLLY—The Mount Holly Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, composed of twenty-six of that town's most popular young men, made its bow to the public on Tuesday Evening, February 21, in the cosy little Mount Holly Opera House, to a large audience, composed of the leading society and business people of the town. The club has been organized since April last and have been receiving weekly instruction from Prof. Paul Eno, of Philadelphia, and their rendition of the numerous selections on the program showed them to be apt pupils and spoke very loudly for the accomplishments of Mr. Eno. The audience was loud in their praise of the entertainment, and that their expectations were not only realized but exceeded, was manifest in their countenance. The first part of the program consisted of four double numbers of club music and three selections by the Club's own glee. Prof. Eno rendered a pleasing solo and responded to two hearty encores. The selections played by the club were as follows: Overture, "Martaneaux," Vernet; Patrol, "Colored Band," Paul Eno; Hoe Down March, "Rastus' Honeymoon," Meacham; Dance, "Away Down South," dedicated to the club by Paul Eno; Two Step, "At a Georgia Camp Meeting," Mills; Waltz, "Cedar Lake," J. C. Folwell; March, "Good Roads," Paul Eno; Dance, "Cotton Gin," Paul Eno. In the last two selections the Club was assisted by the Lotus Club, of Mount Holly, composed of fifteen young ladies and gentlemen, who are also scholars of Prof. Eno. The combined clubs made forty performers and they were heartily encored. Besides being musicians the club has several versatile artists of no mean ability, and in order that the "sublime and ridiculous" should both have a fair chance, the entertainment closed with a three-quarter hour minstrel, first part composed of twenty-three people and one of the richest stage settings ever seen in this town. The club had intended holding their entertainment on Tuesday Evening, February 14, but owing to the blizzard it was deemed best to postpone it until the above date, and considering the Lenten Season the club did very well financially. The entertainment will probably be repeated after Easter. Following is the personnel of the club: Banjeurines, Ernest D. Holeman, W. Harry Mason, Jr., Harry P. Cox, A. Montgomery, Harry Abbill, Clifford Bower; Banjos, W. Frank Dean, John M. Huff, Wilson Matlack; Piccola Banjo, William Randall; Bass Banjo, Charles R. Fenton; Mandolins, Beverly C. Kingdon, Elmer J. Shinn, Walter T. Stewart, John Wright, Elwood T. Kirby, Albert Wright, Albert Ridgway, William Stillwell; Guitars, C. C. Cowperthwait, Frank Elbersson, Frank Garbarino, Ed. S. Troth. Directors of B. M. & G. Club, Ernest D. Holeman; Director of Glee Club, John M. Huff; Business Manager, Ed. S. Troth.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO—Messrs Mark & Theel, Banjoists, on January 18, 1899, played at a public installation of officers of the III. Naval Veterans Association, and took the house by storm. Encores were demanded, and responded to. Our friends have gained more than a local standing and calling, by their performances in public, and they affirm their instruments sound brighter and better every time, and are not for trading away for any amount.

INDIANA.

ANDERSON—On Monday Evening, March 6, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Sherman were entertainers at the social given by the Court of Honor Lodge. The selections played by them were, banjo, guitar, and mandolin solos and duets, which received rounds of applause. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman use and endorse the Thoroughbred Banjo, Mandolin and Guitars, and their repertoire consists mostly of compositions found in the Journal and catalogue.

MICHIGAN.

SAGINAW—A fine and appreciative audience assembled at Bremer Hall, March 10, 1899, to witness the first appearance of the Y. W. C. A. orchestra. The young ladies all wore uniform white shirt waists and black ties and presented a pleasing appearance. The proficiency of the orchestra was a great surprise to the audience. The opening number, "The Street Fair March," composed by N. S. Lagatree, the efficient director, was given in fine style. The others numbers, "Dancing Moonlight" and "Silver King," a pleasing song and medley, were equally well rendered. The tempos were well taken, the shading good, while the general ensemble playing reflected great credit upon the individual members as well as upon their instructor. Miss Callahan showed great ability as a reader. Her recital of "Wild Zingarella" is especially worthy of mention and gave evidence of much dramatic talent. Mr. Lagatree again demonstrated that he is a thorough artist. A double number on the mandolin—"Intermezzo" Mascagni, and "Magic Piccolo," Carpenter, was faultlessly given. His banjo selections, "Loin Du Bal" and "Darkies' Wedding," with piano accompaniment, were played in a masterly style. Schubert's "Serenade," for the banjo alone, was listened to with rapt attention, the tone production being exquisite. He was obliged to respond to several encores. Miss Harriet Bigelow at the piano added materially to the pleasures of the evening. The music-loving people will gladly welcome any future appearance of the orchestra or their able assistants.

Personnel of the Y. W. C. A. orchestra, N. S. Lagatree, director; Mandolins, Miss Henrietta Wurtzsmith, Miss Martha Henning, Miss Mittie C. Good, Miss Mazie Wilson; Banjo, Miss May Piper; Guitars, Miss Ella Globensky, Miss Florence Austin, Miss Florence Helker, Miss Jennie Rankin, Miss Winnie Schaffer, Miss Laura Kondal

Complete programme was:
March. "The Street Fair,".....Lagatree
Recitation. "Wild Zingarella,".....Anon
Miss Alice Callahan.

Mandolin Solos. {a "Intermezzo,".....Mascagni
{b "Magic Piccolo,".....Carpenter
Mr. N. S. Lagatree.

"Dancing Moonlight Mazurka,".....Farrand
Banjo Solos. {a "Loin du Bal,".....Gillett
{b "The Darkies Wedding,".....Eno
Mr. N. S. Lagatree.

Recitation. "Archie Dean,".....Gail Hamilton
Miss Alice Callahan.

Banjo Solo. "Serenade,".....Schubert
Mr. N. S. Lagatree.

"The Silver King,".....Bloomery
FLINT—The concert given in Stone's Opera House, by Milliken's Band and Orchestra, on the evening of March 9, 1899, was an event indeed.

Mr. N. S. Lagatree, of Saginaw, charmed his hearers, by his skillful playing of the banjo. The instrument assumes a new guise under his manipulation, and encores were demanded by the enthusiastic audience. The soloists were: Miss Anna Louise Gillies, soprano; Mr. N. S. Lagatree, banjo; Mr. John C. Reichert, tuba; Mr. Herbert A. Milliken, violin; Mr. G. Arthur Depew, accompanist.

The full programme was:

Orchestra. {Selection from the Comic } De
Orchestra. {Opera, "The Highwayman"} Koven

Banjo. {a "Loin du Bal,".....Gillett
{b "La Tipica" Polka,.....Curti

Soprano. "Hindoo Song,".....Bemberg
Violin. Concerto, Op. 99.....DeBerio
String Orchestra. "Flirtation Waltz,".....Steck
Banjo. {a "Wiegand,".....Hauser
{b "Old Kentucky Home," (variations)
Soprano. "A Madrigal,".....Victor Harris
Tabla. "The Storm King,".....Ringleben
Band. March, "Our Senators,".....Chambers
Band. "The Racket at Gilligan's (Irish Overture)
"Old Country Party,".....De Witt Band.

WISCONSIN.

MADISON—The University Banjo Club, under direction of J. A. Williams, is progressing. A programme is being prepared, and the Club hopes soon to be in shape for the annual Glee and Banjo Club trip. The Club gave two very fine selections at the Philomathian Sophomores debate.

The concert given at Library Hall, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., proved, as was predicted, to be one of the best of attractions. A fair-sized and thoroughly appreciative audience greeted the University musical organizations in their initial appearance and gave them well earned applause. The selections were mainly classical and well chosen, and the entire programme was such as to please every lover of music. The selections by the band were generously applauded, and showed the marked improvement that it has made under the direction of Professor Nitschke. The Glee and Banjo Clubs gave very pleasing selections, both organizations giving evidence of faithful practice. Professor Nitschke rendered "Souvenirs de Bellini" in a truly artistic manner, which proved him to be a master of the violin. The Norwegian selections by Mr. Edward A. Snow were a most pleasing part of the entertainment. He showed himself to be possessed of rare gifts as an impersonator. The vocal selections by the Misses Helm, Smith and Westenhaver, and the piano solo of Mr. William Fowler, formed a prominent part of the programme. Each number was accorded a hearty applause.

A pleasant party was held at the home of Mrs. Lucy A. Twist, 514 Lake Street, during February. About 15 students were present, including Charles W. Garr, George I. Haight, J. A. Williams, Miss Mabel Stewart and Miss Ruth Stockman, and others. It was a jolly informal affair, with dancing and refreshments. Music was furnished by the Banjo Club.

IOWA.

DES MOINES—A Mandolin Club, composed of 10 of Mr. J. E. Agnew's pupils, was a special feature of the concert given at Grace Church, March 9. The Club's playing was highly appreciated by every one present.

Mr. Agnew's Mandolin Club of 10 pieces gave several selections at the entertainment given by the Gus Smith Camp, M. W. A., at their Hall, March 7. Their playing was considered better than ever.

SIDNEY—A new Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club has been organized here by Mr. H. H. Stich, who is quite an experienced musician. They are making nice progress.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA—There was another interesting musical at the residence of F. E. Smith, Saturday night, February 18, composed of the following: H. S. Lawrence, guitar; Robt. Smith, mandolin; H. B. Stillman, J. O. Langston, E. G. Miner and F. E.

Smith, banjos, Mrs. F. E. Smith, piano. The usual pieces were gone over thoroughly, and the evening was very profitable to all.

The Banjo Recital at F. E. Smith's, Saturday Evening, March 11, was well attended. The program was as follows:

Blue Ribbon March }.....R. Grogan
Hunters Tarantelle }
Dickie Dance }.....F. G. Miner
Belle of the Cake Walk }
Arena Polka, Mountain Galop.....J. S. Langston
Darkies Dream }.....F. E. Smith
Darkies Awakening }
Piano Accompanist.....Mrs. F. E. Smith

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON—The concert given in the Horticultural Hall, February 8, 1899, by the Georgetown University Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, was one of the most successful entertainments ever produced, and will live long in the memories of performers and listeners. Programme, in three parts, was as follows:

Estudiantina, Glee Club.....La Come
Simple Aveu, Mandolin Club.....Thorne
The Water Mill, Glee Club.....Macy
Transit of Mars, Banjo Club.....Callan
March, The Fortune Teller, Mandolin Club,
Herbert
Night, Glee Quartette.....Pache
Spring Song, Mandolin Quartette.....Mendelssohn
March, The Twin Star, Mr. Cullen and Mr. Gilbert.....Cullen
Uncle Sam's Party Glee Club.....Steele
March, The Charlatan, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs,
Sousa

I've Gwine Back to Dixie, Glee Club.....White
The Dandy Fifth, Banjo Club.....Farland
I Love Nobody But You, Mr. O'Connor.....Sully
Sons of Georgetown, Glee, Banjo and Mandolin
Clubs.....Carmen Georgiopolitaneum

The personnel of the Glee Club. George Herbert Wells, Leader. First Tenors: J. A. Starr, John A. Connolly, S. Logan Owens, C. Moran Barry, J. E. Drum, Francis L. Groskie, Maurice B. Kirby, Edward J. Brady, P. H. O'Farrell. Second Tenors: Thos. Bryan Huyck, Stephen A. Douglass, R. A. Warner, P. J. Fleming, Arthur L. Wasserbach, Leo B. Dannemiller, W. L. Hurst, C. J. Hagan. First Bass: A. Saunders Worthington, W. H. Merrill, Jas. P. B. Duffy, P. J. O'Donnell, Paul J. Brown, John E. Laughlin, Thos. A. Ferneding, Second Bass: George H. O'Connor, Chas. W. Moore, J. Barbour Daingerfield, John J. Corbett, Paul J. Head, John T. Keane, Albert L. Grace, J. Stanley Brady.

The personnel of the Banjo Club. J. O. Gilbert, Leader. First Banjo: J. O. Gilbert, Horace Alexander, W. Espey, J. O. Cullen. Second Banjo: J. M. Barrett, J. I. Duggan, W. Kurtz Johnson. Banjeaurines: A. H. Sefton, C. Laughlin, L. A. Callan. Mandolin: A. E. Murphy, J. W. Hallahan. Guitar: B. Judson, J. Whitehead, Conrad M. Puckett, W. Rabbett, J. E. Hegin.

The personnel of the Mandolin Club. John William Hallahan, Leader. First Mandolin: E. L. Byrne, L. B. Dannemiller, J. W. Hallahan, F. J. Howe, A. E. Murphy, A. A. Ryan, F. W. Romaine, W. E. Todd, Jr. Second Mandolin: L. A. Callan, H. H. Craigie, E. E. Schultz, H. White. Bandola: L. B. Ellert. Guitars: B. Judson, J. Whitehead, W. Rabbett, Conrad M. Puckett, J. E. Hegin.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA—Friday afternoon, February 10, the Officer Club, of the High School Cadets, gave an entertainment in the large Class Hall, in the High School, of Omaha, Neb. Among the participants was George F. Cullenbeck, the Omaha banjost, who played "Miserere" and "Old Black Joe," varied, and responded to five encores. The banjo is very popular in Omaha.

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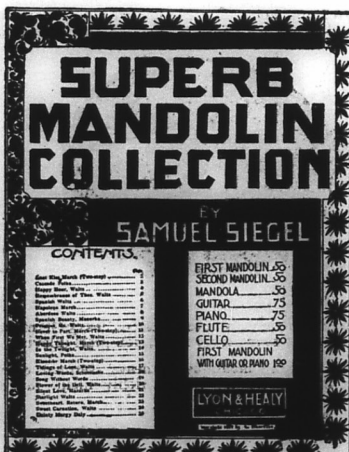
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The theoretical part of the work is entirely free from the dry, prosy methods generally used in instruction books. In this work will be found much valuable information pertaining to the banjo in general, such as proper stringing, proper adjustment of the bridge and numerous other points essential to all who would have a correct knowledge of the banjo and its great possibilities when rightly explained and understood. Taken in its entirety it is by far the best, most concise and most thorough method of instruction ever offered the public and the profession. The book is printed from stone by the lithographic process, bound in flexible, olive green covers, and sells for One Dollar per copy. To be had of all music dealers, or of the publishers,

LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.



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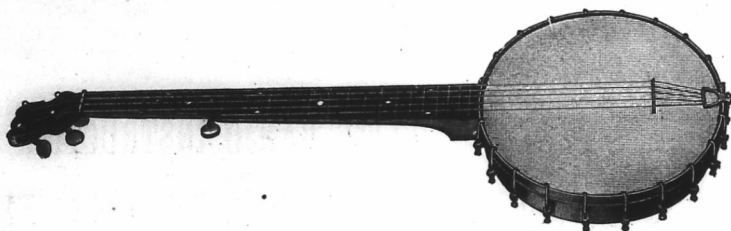
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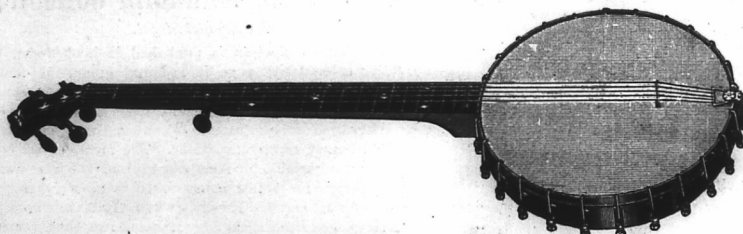
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- No. 16—10½ or 11 inch, thirty latest style brackets, with protection nuts, heavy grooved top hoop, all nickel-plated, heavy German silver covered rim, double spun wire edge, best Rogers' head, best strings, richly polished cherry arm, thick ebony fingerboard, richly inlaid, raised frets..... 16 00



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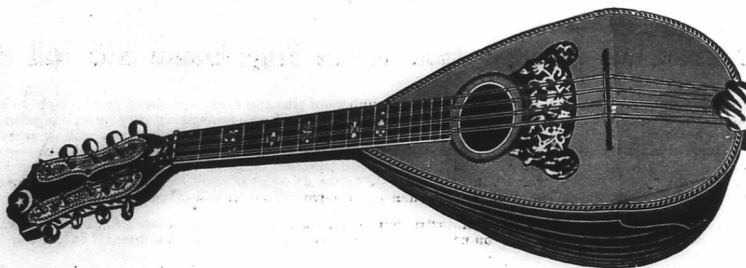
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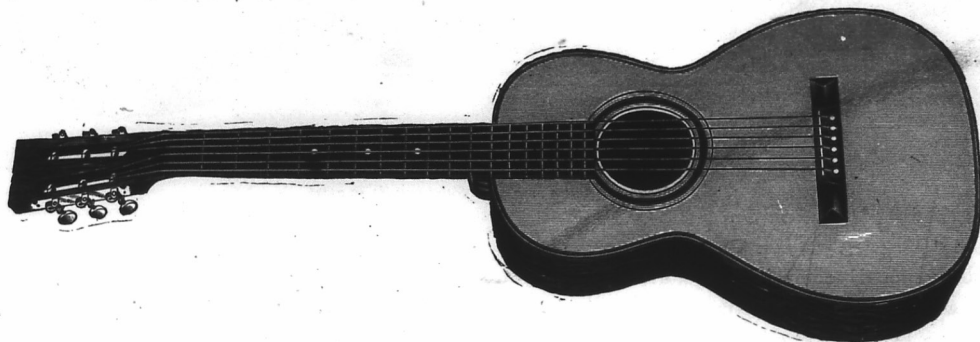
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