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## THE MOUNT VERNON INSTITUTE BANJO CLUB



HE Journal has the pleasure to present herewith a photograph of this well-known Philadelphia Club which took a prominent part in the recent 1899 Festivals in connection with the National Export Exposition. The personnel of this club at present is as follows :

**BANJEURINES.**—Mr. Paul Eno.  
Mr. C. Walter Rhoads.  
Mr. J. Harry Walter.  
Mr. Joseph Wells (leader).  
Mr. John F. Cook, Jr.  
**FIRST BANJO.**—Mr. Frank L. Atkinson.  
**MANDOLINS.**—Mr. Frank W. Ogden.  
Mr. Russell E. Gibson.  
Mr. C. Fred Brown, Jr.  
Mr. Samuel D. Keim.  
**VIOLINCELLO.**—Mr. William Cox.

Under the able direction of Philadelphia's leading banjo instructor, Mr. Paul Eno, and the club's hustling young manager, Mr. W. G. Young, this season's club is the best that has ever represented the Institute.

The Fifth Annual Concert of the Club is to take place on Tuesday evening, April 17, 1900, at the Association Hall, which is situated at 15th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The boys are determined to make the event the finest and best concert of the kind ever given in Philadelphia by a banjo club. The services of Mr. Vess L. Ossman, banjo soloist, whose name and performances are now so well known in Philadelphia, has been secured by the management, and he will assuredly again captivate all his hearers. Other well-known soloists are to appear. Their names are to be announced later.

# .:BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUBS.:

## A Practical Talk on Clubs and their Work

..OF..

### Organization, Membership, Instrumentation and Music.

By BERT S. HOUSE.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

It is always proper for a writer to outline his work at the beginning, and in taking up the subject assigned to me, I am aware that the JOURNAL, as well as most of the other publications devoted to the banjo, mandolin and guitar, have from time to time published articles from the pens of the most prominent exponents of our chosen instruments; in which the subject has been most ably handled. The ground which I would expect to work on has been very effectually covered by other writers, and I shall only aim at a plain, practical statement of the case, giving my views on the subject, and inviting criticisms, opinions and suggestions from any of our club leaders who may care to furnish them. In short, the main object of these articles is to promote discussion, out of which there will surely come something that will be helpful to the cause. Therefore, dear readers, if your opinion differs on any point from those set forth herein, let us hear from you, and your communications will receive attention. Anything that will contribute to the advancement of the banjo, mandolin and guitar will be heartily welcomed.

#### PART I.

##### Organization and Membership.

A few years ago the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club was a comparatively unknown quantity in the musical world. There were, of course, many individual players throughout the country, and a few small organizations consisting of from four to ten members. Several of our colleges and universities also boasted of their glee and banjo clubs. The tendency of musicians in other lines to decry the merits of these instruments had a great deal to do with keeping them in the back ground. But to-day, thanks be to the untiring efforts of our pioneer leaders and teachers, the popularity of the banjo, mandolin and guitar has increased, and became, not the society fad that some of the sore heads would try to make us believe, but a recognized factor in the musical circles of every community. And the end is not yet. The march of progress still goes on. We who have watched this development from a small beginning, should more than ever be encouraged to go on with the work.

In the course of these articles, I wish to address my observations more directly to those who contemplate forming a club in our smaller cities and towns. There are, no doubt competent men, good, conscientious workers for the cause, who have at one time or another started a club, and labored with them until they had reached a point where they would begin to be a credit to their teacher, when—puff—a little breeze of dissension sprung up, and he sees the labor of one or more seasons gone in a moment. Such actions are childish, to say the least, but it is nevertheless, a fact too common to overlook. The cause of the scrap between Cain and Abel has descended upon us and will never be wholly eradicated from our systems, but it should be kept under control, and it can be done in a great measure by proper organization.

Now let us suppose that you are a teacher and have a laudable ambition to start a club. You may not be a teacher, but the argument is the same. You live in a community where you think the conditions are favorable for an organization of this kind. You want a club that will be a credit to themselves and you. You select your players and call a meeting. Right here comes a question to be decided at once. Do you want both sexes represented in your club? In this question you must be governed by the conditions existing in your town. I recommend taking in all the ladies you can get. They not only have a tendency to raise the standing of the club, but the social features are a factor that must not be lost sight of. Of course, if you organize your club for the sole purpose of playing engagements for money, I should say, have the least number of members you can possibly get along with; but if you want to

make it a power in your local musical circles, take in the ladies and thereby promote the outside interest in the club, making it attractive in a social as well as musical sense.

One point in the selection of your club members should be ever in your mind, and make it an iron-clad rule in the by-laws of the club. Never, under any circumstances take in as a member a man or woman who cannot read music. You hear a great deal about those so-called "hot tamales" and simplified method fiends, and probably from these and their friends you will meet with your strongest opposition, but hold fast to the aforesaid rule and you will find that you have taken a long step toward making a successful and permanent organization.

When you have selected your players and talked the matter over, proceed to organize regularly. Elect a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, director and manager. Formulate and adopt a set of by-laws. Inaugurate a system of DUES and FINES. DUES because the club should be self-sustaining, and FINES for non-attendance at rehearsals. I cannot imagine anything more discouraging than poor attendance on rehearsal night with a concert engagement in the immediate future.

Before leaving the subject of by-laws, there is one suggestion I wish to offer, and one which I think could well be inserted as a rule in every well ordered club in the country. *Do not give your services gratuitously.* This is a question that bobs up periodically in every club, and in many cases it causes a good deal of dissension and frequently leads to the disbandment of the club. Why this should be so I will not attempt to say, but as we recognize the fact that it is so, it is well to have an understanding on this point at the outset. Speaking from my own experience, I will say that our club made this rule at the beginning of its career and we have never deviated from it but once, when we played for a large public charity. Take for instance a club made up of young men and women. They are usually drawn from several of the different churches, many of them members of secret societies, etc. The Rev. Mr. So-and-So calls upon the member of his flock who happens to be a member of your club, and requests him to use his influence to get the club for a benefit entertainment for the church. If you have the above rule in your by laws he need have no hesitation in explaining his position to the reverend gentleman. If it is not there he brings the invitation before the club to be acted upon, and if they decide not to accept, the chances are that you will have a dissatisfied member. Absolute impartiality is the only way to prevent this element from gaining a foothold in the club. Then, too, is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Do you think your club would be asked to officiate if it were not considered an attraction? The public pays to hear you. Do you forget the many hours spent in practice, the many broken strings, music, etc.? Do not think that I favor playing for money as a means of adding to your personal income. That is all very well, as individuals, but you have a club treasury and should see that it is never empty. Keep yourselves on a good financial basis. I know that a great many young organizations are anxious to be heard and will seize upon almost any opportunity to gain the public favor. But does such favor prove lasting? Isn't it difficult to command your price after having gained a reputation of being "so obliging." Just think this over, my dear friends, and decide to make yourselves worth having at your own price. But—see that your work justifies charging a price.

(To be continued.)

The JOURNAL wants this page to be a regular feature, where discussions and opinions however divergent can be freely ventilated, for the benefit of the cause. Queries and so forth may be sent to the Editor of the JOURNAL, but in order to save time and that Mr. House may have all questions and opinions before him when writing his articles and reply to all points raised without delay, it is desirable that all correspondence be addressed to:

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No. 2 Opera House Block, Watertown, N. Y.

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 V—Continued.

Ferranti has marked the following passage from one of his compositions, thus:—Pouce et index, meaning the thumb and forefinger alternation.

Example F.



The fingering advocated in this work is the alternation of thumb, second, first finger throughout as follows:—

Example G.



However, should the treble notes be accompanied, we must play the bass with thumb and alternate with the second and first fingers, thus:—

Example H.



Should the runs be on the bass strings with treble notes above, we must be guided entirely by the passage, as to how we can alternate. In some cases we may use the thumb, second first alternation, in others only the thumb and index fingers and in others yet, merely the thumb alone. Examples illustrating this will be found in various parts of this work with fingering plainly marked.

For a good illustration of the thumb second, first alternation in bass runs, see the excerpt from Sor's *Morceau di Concert*.

Example I.



Respecting the right hand alternation in octave passages there is no doubt that it is advantageous to employ the second and first fingers on the upper notes, the thumb playing the lower in passages where the octave is unbroken, as for instance in Example J:—

Example J.



but should the octave be broken there is no gain either in speed or labor saving to alternate. The reason for this statement is that in the latter case the thumb and index or thumb and second fingers, as the case may be, are held somewhat rigid and strike the notes by partial lateral movement of the wrist and forearm conjointly with the finger movement instead of entire independency of the fingers.

Example K.



To show how rapid this lateral wrist movement is, it is but necessary to observe a mandolinist playing a note tremolo on his instrument; the rapid attacks on the same tone in some cases give almost an effect of a continued tone.

From the foregoing scheme presented of the various alternations as used by guitarists of note, the intelligent student will not only cull out the best for his own purpose, but will also employ all in cases where they may be of profit.

To sum up, a few rules may be laid down with the proviso that an exception may occur, the player, of course, to be the judge whether or not a certain passage is subject to the exception.

**RULE I.**—In cases of unaccompanied runs on the bass or on the treble (or both) to be played slowly where a sharp attack or great force of tone is required, the best manner is to strike with the thumb alone.

**RULE II.**—In unaccompanied runs either on bass or treble (or both) strings the thumb, second, first finger alternation is to be used, especially if speed be desired.

**RULE III.**—Where runs on bass strings have an accompaniment in treble and it is impossible to use the thumb, second, first finger alternation (remember in some cases it is possible), alternate with the thumb, and index fingers if this can be used, if not of course the thumb only is left to strike the bass.

**RULE IV.**—In treble runs with bass accompaniment wherever possible\* use the thumb, second, first alternation. If this can not be employed alternate with the second and first fingers on the treble, the thumb taking the bass.

\* See the Excerpt from Ferranti's *O Cara Memoria*.

**RULE V.**—In octave passages (unbroken) take the bass with the thumb and alternate on the treble with the second and first fingers.

**RULE VI.**—In broken octaves, fifths, fourths, thirds, tenths, etc., there is nothing gained by alternating on the soprano note. This is true on account of the coöperation of the finger movement with that of the partial lateral wrist movement.

(To be Continued.)

*See Music Supplement for Exercises.*



# The Apollo Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo Club.

Our cut herewith presented is taken from the latest photograph of this ambitious and high reputation making Western Club. Originally the Club consisted of a banjo quartette, known as the Star Club and was under direction of Mr. B. Sherman. Now however, with increased membership, it presents the following array:

## BANJOS.

Mr. Sherman,  
Mr. Dawson,  
Mrs. Dawson,  
Mr. Howard.

## MANDOLINS.

Mr. Richards,  
Mr. Rude,  
Mr. Dawson,  
Mr. Richards,

## GUITARS.

Mr. Waters,  
Mr. Bryant,  
Miss Dawson,  
Mrs. Sherman.

TROMBONE SOLOIST, Mr. D. Howard.

VIOLINISTS, Messrs. Thomas and Jay Burgett. PIANIST, Miss Vandine.

MR. CARL MCKEE, Director.]

member of the organization deserves special mention, but lack of space prevents. The Club is under the personal direction of Mr. Carl McKee whose work needs no praise from us as it speaks so forcibly for itself. We hope this meritorious organization can be with us again soon. —*Newman, Ill. Independent.*

The musical entertainment given at the Opera House Monday night by the Apollo Club was well attended and enjoyed by all. The club consisted of fourteen members under the management of Mr. Carl McKee, the noted instructor. The program consisted of fourteen selections and each one received hearty applause. The violin solos rendered by Mr. McKee were well rendered and was ample proof that he was a musician of no mean ability.

The Club members were a jolly set of youngsters and were perfect



A highly successful tour has been made, and prospects for next season are very bright, there being many return dates to fill. The Club is held in high favor by press and public, score heavily at each appearance, and will probably make an eastern tour. The instruments employed have high carrying powers, which have been clearly demonstrated again and again. The Club now uses and always will use, one make of instruments.

On the evening of December 23, 1890, the Club performed in the Opera House, Newman, Ill.

Of the performance local papers spoke highly as:

The Apollo Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo Club appeared in our Opera House, Saturday night, December 23d. They fully justified the large and appreciative audience that witnessed their performance. Mr. Sherman's banjo playing exceeded anything seen here before and the Howard Bros. did some phenomenal work on the trombone. Every

ladies and gentlemen, and should they drop this way again would receive a hearty welcome. —*Montezuma, Ind. News.*

The musical entertainment by the Apollo Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo Club at the Opera House, Wednesday evening, by far eclipsed anything of the kind ever presented here for some time past. The company is composed of highly educated musicians, and each artist acquits himself with a marked degree of attainment. The banjo solos by E. B. Sherman met with the hearty applause and encore of the entire audience. Mr. McKee, violinist, rendered a few selections with a degree of attainment that is seldom displayed. Master Jay Burgett deserves special mention for his ability upon the violin, while but a small lad he handles the bow with the grace and air of a much older head, and his selections were enthusiastically received. While each member deserves special mention lack of space will not permit, and in conclusion we might say that the company is thoroughly reliable and fully deserving of the patronage of the best element of the country. —*North Salem, Ind. News.*

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# Izuma

A South African Tale

BY  
CYRIL DALLAS

Author of "The Blokfountain Mystery," "Lost," "Loba Umuzi Yabantu," "Bandoom-ized," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## 6. ZUMA.

Introductions were over almost before we became aware of it. The Colonel apparently was not a believer in wasting moments. Said he, "Lieutenant Armstrong, my sons, Albert and Wilfred,—two rascals,—my daughter Alice, and Miss Atwell;—Mr. Ernest Powell. Now you all know each other. Sit down. Where are the others, Alice?"

"They had to leave earlier than usual today, pa."

"Alright my girl, that leaves us a comfortable seat apiece. Now I'm at home, and I wish you all to be—that is I want you to feel at home as I do. Will you take a little wine, Miss Atwell?"

"I'm just about to bring in the tea, pa," Miss Alice interrupted, "mother has gotten it ready."

"That's right my dear! Have you tasted Natal tea, Armstrong?—No!—Why, how's that? There's no equal to it. I am a connoisseur on tea, and my verdict is that Asian qualities are only apologies. They are not to be spoken of in the same breath with the product of the Natal coast. All honor to the pioneers of the industry here. They have provided us with a beverage for drinking all day long, and with hot and cold meats. Ah! I've got my wife, and Alice, after considerable difficulty, into the right method of making perfect tea. They first heat the pot, an earthen one, then place in it one teaspoonful of the herbs for every cup desired, and one extra teaspoonful for the pot. Then, boiling hot water is poured into the pot, filling it, and it is allowed to stand on the heated hob for half an hour. Simple enough, you see, and by George, you have what I pronounce delicious tea, absolutely non-injurious to the most delicate systems. (Mrs. Sewell winked a knowing wink.) I don't know a doctor, except that homeopathic idiot Jarvis, but who pronounced *our* tea most palatable and invigorating. Jarvis, by the way, has got an agency for a Dutch cocoa. He'll need that agency. Of course you require cream and lump—ah! here is Alice! You're in for a treat, Armstrong!"

The ensuing half-hour indulgence in tea drinking, and thin bread and butter eating, was most enjoyable during the going down of the sun, and opportunity was afforded me to note and form opinions of the company.

Albert and Wilfred, both, were fine fellows; two opposites with only a year between their ages. The one turned thirty, tall, dark, heavy and slow; the other, slight, light, all dash and go. Their sister, recently out of her teens, a brunette, slender and of medium stature, had a sweet face, like her mother's, and in manner was gentle and retiring. Her presence seemed to create an atmosphere of

calm. Miss Atwell, also a brunette of similar stature, was Alice's senior by two years, pretty and intellectual, and I should say possessed of a latent capacity for posing as a woman of society. She, Alice and Mrs. Sewell sat together on a couch in the bay window, Ernest opposite in a dark corner and between the two brothers, while the Colonel lounged in his easy chair next the centre table, I on his left and next to Miss Atwell.

Ernest scarce ventured a word save in reply to questions, and Miss Atwell adopted the same attitude. I could see the unexpected meeting had embarrassed them both, and I felt positive that unless more dissembling was practiced, their embarrassment would become apparent to all and curiosity aroused when we retired to the lighted drawing room for the promised music.

I, like most military men, was not at a loss for conversational topics when ladies were present, but during the whole time of relating some of my Indian experiences I sought to formulate a method of drifting into another subject, a risky one I own, and, I was about to abandon the task as hopeless, when the Colonel suddenly came to my rescue, and without him being aware of it. "Pardon my interruption," said he, "while I recollect, I want to mention a little affair to Powell. I might forget all about it as the evening wears on, and then be compelled to ride over to town in the morning. We are all friends here, so I can speak openly. I have received a letter to-day from a friend in Johannesburg, asking if I know or can ascertain the reputation of a gentleman who, not so long ago, resided in Pietermaritzburg. I don't know him, nor imagine any of us do, so Powell, I will depute you to make the enquiries and answer the letter. Reply is wanted sharp, mind you. A photograph was enclosed in the letter, here are both. His name is James Rushton. You were saying, Gerald—

"Excuse me Colonel," said I before Ernest had time to utter a word, "I know a certain James Rushton and become suspicious now every time I hear the name. (Miss Atwell moved as if interested.) Do you mind me asking Powell if he believes him to be the fellow who was with us at Rugby?—Thanks!—Is it the same, Ernest?"

"It is. He was in Pietermaritzburg two years ago."

"Colonel, there is no need for Powell to institute enquiries," I resumed, "I can tell you what Rushton's character is. (Miss Atwell became all attention.) At school, Jim was a blackleg, and if I thrashed him once I did it a dozen times, and so did Powell. The last occasion I administered a chastisement was nine years ago, in London, when he insulted my cousin Ada. Upon leaving school Rushton entered the ——— Bank, plotted and carried out schemes, finally doing the forging for his uncle Frank Smithson in that robbery which led to the bank's failure in 187—, and—

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, amazedly, "this man, the scoundrel who caused me the loss of all my accumulations! He in this country, and I not knowing it!"

It was now Ernest's turn to be surprised.

"And," I continued, "my aunt's legacy was also lost. I surmise the fellow worked mischief in Pietermaritzburg, it would be a good pasture ground for him as Australia had gotten too hot. (Miss Atwell grew pale.) If ever there was a handsome, polished and fascinating man on this earth, it is James Rushton, who in reality is a heartless vile adventurer, in fact a very devil.—Excuse my strong words ladies.—His father was hanged for the murder of— why, what is the matter with Miss Atwell?"

"She has fainted," Mrs. Sewell declared, "oh dear, dear! Come Alice, let us remove her from this smoke laden room."

"Gerald, Gerald, why have you acted thus?" angrily whispered Ernest, now at my side.

"To save you both from further embarrassment. Lucy will now tell Mrs. Sewell all about it. Cheer up! The Colonel has been bitten, and all will be well."

"You are too daring."

"And you haven't enough."

## 7. ZUMA.

The following morning while Powell, was reading his delayed London mail, and I a copy of the Thunderer, Umquati bounded into the room, breathlessly exclaiming, "*baas!*"

"What's the matter now?" Ernest asked.

"Me wan' go home."

"When?"

"Jus' now."

"What for?"

"*Hau baas!*"

"Go to work! *Suka!* Your month is not up yet. I was right about those coffee beans, Gerald."

"*Hau baas!* me no work!" and as if to emphasize his declaration the lad struck a distressed attitude.

"Why do you want to leave so suddenly?"

"*Hau baas!*"

"Stop that *hau-ing!*"

"*Hau baas!*"

"Don't do that?"

"*Hau baas!* yu' see dose Zulus go 'long jus' now?"

"No!"

"*Hau baas!*"

"Confound you!"

"*Hau baas!*—one ob dem was Senjuna,—he jus' com' fro' Ju'han'sbu'g,—got plen'y money,—had plen'y rum,—he wan' more,—go canteen,—plen'y drink."

"Well?"

"*Hau baas!*"

"You are incorrigible!"

"*Hau baas,* please!—Senjuna plen'y talk,—he go kraal,—tak'e cow,—wan' me *intombi*, (girl)—mak'e *umfazi*, (wife)—me no wan' dat."

"How do you know?"

"*Hau baas!*—'For' Senjuna go Ju'han'sbu'g he wan' me *intombi*,—say he com' back an' take her,—he now say same,—me see him,—*Iquiniso!*" (truth) (This last word was uttered conjointly with a loud snap of the

boy's fingers, not as we do it, he used all four fingers while holding the thumb rigid.)

"Does she want him?" Ernest next inquired.

"No baas!"

"Don't worry then."

"Hau baas!—her baba (father) gib her to Senjuna when he brin' de ten cow,—she nottin' say."

"So!"

"Yah!—Hau baas!—me wan' go home,—get ten cow ob me,—be fust,—me wan' go queek."

There was no mistaking the boy's earnestness, and therefore no room to doubt his statement. And knowing full well that he would leave, with or without permission, Ernest gave the desired assent. Whereupon, Umquati said his return might be expected four weeks hence, he could be relied upon for that, and in the meantime he would send his friend Mafuta to us at once, with whom arrangements were to be made for a substitute. Mafuta worked at a store across the river, on the Zululand road.

In a briefer space of time than it occupies to record his actions, Umquati had doffed his shirt and knee pants, adjusted his *moochi* of leopard tails, and hide belt; pipe thrust through the slit lobe of one ear, snuff box likewise in the other, perspiration scraper and snuff spoon rammed in the wool of his head. Then, with ochre and grease soiled blanket slung over left shoulder, a pair of well worn boots—one black and the other brown—over the right, and a stick in each hand, he trotted away down to the river *drift*, shouting out a *salani kahle* when perceived we stood on the verandah gazing after him.

"Well, well, Ernest!—of all the surprises I've had since coming here this is the queerest. I feel interested, and shall be curious anent Umquati's success."

"I've a kind of a wish that he'll conquer, but it all depends upon the locomotion of the cows. I imagine the race will be exciting. The girl's father won't care a rap which swain wins his daughter, so long as he gets the cows. First come first served you know. Of course if both swains arrive at papa's *kraal* the same time, competition will result and a judging of who has brought the fattest and sleekest cows. And it may be, papa will demand more than the orthodox number of animals; he won't be slow to see he has the best end of the bargain."

"A strange custom."

"Not at all. Its simplicity is refreshing. It compels thrift for a while at any rate. The order of things are reversed with the Bantus. When we marry we have to provide for the wife, aye, spend a good deal of money before she is a wife, and then work harder as the children come. Now, when a *Bantu* marries the wife has to keep him. He rests, eats, drinks, snuffs, and smokes hemp until he thinks he would like to have another wife. Children of white parents bring much anxiety and trouble, while *bantu* children bring riches to their father. The sons go out to work for him until adolescence, thus assisting in the accumulation of stepmothers; and the

(Continued on Page 27.)

## The Mandolin as a Bread Winner.

—BY—

C. S. PATTY.

A severe criticism of the mandolin recently appeared in a brass band journal. After characterizing the instrument as a "musical jimcrack," the writer declared it a total failure as a "bread winner." The best way to refute a calumny is to produce facts that prove the statement incorrect.

I am the director of a small mandolin orchestra comprised of the following instruments: First and Second Mandolin, Flute and Harp. The organization had existed several years before I joined it, and, at that time, used a guitar instead of the harp. Speaking for this organization I will say we are out for cash rather than for pleasure, and we get several good engagements every week and good prices, although there are several good string and brass orchestras in the city. We play for dances in large halls full of noisy dancers. In fact no four pieces in the city can produce more volume of tone than our own. Our business is steadily increasing to the dismay of violin advocates, who think it an unspeakable outrage that such a recent importation as the mandolin should be preferred to the old established violin.

Perhaps some of the Journal readers would like to know how to organize a small money-making organization for dance playing. In the first place you must have the very best and loudest toned mandolins made. When I started out to select an instrument I studied Tom Midwood's pictures on the back page of the Journal, and they helped me to make a selection that I have never regretted. After getting good instruments you must have good professional D. & G. strings, as those sold by the trade are, as a rule, too light. A good supply is necessary as you must play hard, especially quadrilles, and will break more strings than in ordinary playing. Four pieces, or five at the outside, should be the limit as to numbers, for it is difficult to get paying engagements with many pieces. First and second mandolin, flute and guitar makes a fine combination. The flute seems to be perfectly at home in the mandolin orchestra. Many of the larger publishing houses supply flute parts to all music issued, and in case they are not obtainable there are plenty of good arrangers who will write them at a trifling cost. Flute parts can not be written the same for the small and the large orchestra. The part must be much fuller for a small organization. In fact, in quadrilles, where a large number are dancing at the same time, we find it best for the flute to take the lead with the first mandolin. The first mandolin parts should in all cases be written conveniently high, as the tone will be more penetrating than that produced on the lower register. As to the mandolin, you will play as in other mandolin music for round dances, waltzes, schottisches, etc., but for quadrilles I have found it far better to play chords, as you obtain thereby a much larger volume of tone. The harmony you can easily get from the guitar part. As for dance music you should have for a beginning at least eight sets of quadrilles, as many waltzes, two redowas, two good schottisches, two polkas, and polka mazourkas, at least six two steps, one each of Howard Gavotte Rye Waltz, Oxford Minuet and a set of Lancers Quadrilles, and any other dance music that may be popular with the people you cater to. Please don't understand me that the music I have indicated is all you need. Keep buying whenever you find a good thing and remember a penurious policy will only serve to keep you behind the times. You must be "up to date" and you can only be so by buying liber-

ally of all that is best in music as soon as it appears. Let your practice be regular, and appoint one of your number director to see about securing engagements, and to see after the music, buying all that is needed in order to make your organization a success. As what I have written is the result of practical experience with a good paying organization, such as I have described, I hope it will give some of the Journal readers encouragement in their attempts to make the mandolin a bread winner, and take from our favorite instrument the odium that naturally attaches to a "Musical Jimcrack."

## AN ECHO

—OF—

### THE 1899 FESTIVALS.

Whilst having had suspicions, I had hoped that it would not be necessary to refer to past petty jealousies in connection with above events. I find I was mistaken in believing a little common sense would, by this time, have asserted itself amongst the sorely afflicted. A philosophic view of the situation indicates the Festivals are now better known to have been events of more than ordinary import. The grumblers and mischiefmakers who took no part, and feel sore, can keep on growling. I hope it will do them as much good as an antidote. They needed one just after the Festivals were announced to take place. To me, the Festivals have indicated one thing above all others, viz.: that among many of our professionals and semi-professionals there is not, unfortunately as yet, a spirit of fellowship prevailing that will allow of them taking advantage of presented exceptional opportunities to come together in a body and to further the cause which they assert and re-assert to have at heart; no, not even on reasonable financial terms. There is too much straining after individualism. Each Jack wants to be the only Jack, and have all the other Jacks "jacked" out. Policies of this character never do any good, and men of the world do some sharp summing up when such conditions become known to them. Our leading players and teachers, of course, equally deplore these conditions.

A day or two after arrangements for the Festivals were announced to have been made, a bright specimen of a "know all" noised around the startling news that the promoters were to receive \$5000. As a practical joke this was not so bad, to those who knew what was what. It amused me immensely, and I have had more fun than for years, out of the actions and talks of some professionals, who actually believed the yarn and strove to scramble in for a goodly portion by pressing their services at 50 to 100 per cent. above their known ordinary rates. It was really too funny for anything! A vast deal in the musical entertainment way can be done for \$5000, don't you think so? And do you think any body of committee men can readily be found to vote that sum for two concerts? The banjo, mandolin and guitar loving public is not yet so large that prices may be dictated to it in that fashion, and which will be thankfully paid on demand. For many years yet to come, the banjo, mandolin and guitar community must be content to push its way slowly; not demand concessions, but, on the other hand, grant them as did the promoters of the Festivals in only asking for legitimate expenses. Had other than this been done, the Festivals would never have happened. And, had a single one of the growlers and mischief makers conceived the holding of the Festivals and proposed them, that is just as far as they ever would have been able to get. There will be other festivals in due time and meanwhile the field is wide open for all the growlers to try their ways.

CHARLES MORRIS.



# S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

CHARLES MORRIS, EDITOR.

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FEBRUARY and MARCH, 1900

## PUBLISHERS' SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

After considerable deliberation, and receiving of much encouragement, we have decided to raise the subscription price of the JOURNAL to ONE DOLLAR per year, and issue the JOURNAL every month as soon as possible, probably beginning with the number for October 1900. Commencing with No. 117, the next and first number of the new volume, published April 1, 1900, the subscription rate will be One Dollar, and for single copies Twenty Cents. As heretofore, from now on, and until April 1, 1900, yearly subscriptions will be accepted at Fifty Cents, and irrespective of whether the year's total number of JOURNAL copies of the new volume be 6, 9, or more. After April 1, 1900, yearly subscriptions will be One Dollar, half year Fifty Cents, also irrespective of total numbers issued, and single copies Twenty Cents each. Present subscribers will receive their copies for the time covered by subscription, irrespective of the total number of copies. The JOURNAL will continue to increase in size and quality, and all who want to secure a GOOD THING will do well to send in their fifty cent subscriptions before April 1, 1900, on which date the old rate closes.

### A SUGGESTION.

The recent outburst of righteous indignation of banjo, mandolin and guitar lovers in St. Louis, against offensive criticism levelled at their beloved instruments and music, affords another instance of the many, that the cause is really advancing. Just as a person who displays originality and talent meets with harshness and makes ten enemies to one friend, so does an advancing, and so to speak, trespassing cause meet the same treatment. A

man's career, and that of a cause, is valueless, if he or it meet no stumbling blocks. Enemies are the truest friends of progress, and a man without enemies is of no account. The surest sign that a man "has something in him," is to know that he possesses enemies. Enemies of the banjo, mandolin and guitar cause are born of ignorance or a fear of possible influence of the cause. These are the two stumbling blocks to surmount, viz., public ignorance and fears of instrumental musicians generally. They can be overcome, and be used meanwhile for advertising purposes. Now whilst perhaps it may be somewhat early to indicate how it is to be done, the JOURNAL nevertheless would like, in all earnestness and frankness, to state something to help; so here goes. The process is long and tedious, like all paths of art, and requires extreme patience and perseverance. And the process must solely be engineered at the outset by those who will spare time for it, who enter upon the labor without thoughts of immediate personal gain. Individualism must be sunk in a unity of purpose. In various branches of modern art and science, the standard of perfection attained is due to amateurs, to hobbyists more than to professionals, and because the two former were not bothered with the "bread and butter problem" while making experiments, &c. Amateurs have made photography what it is to-day, amateurs have compelled litterateurs to seek new subject fields, ditto in chemistry, &c., &c., ad infinitum. It is amateurs who have made possible the large choral societies, and orchestras, who give renditions of the works of great masters who themselves never had opportunities to hear such interpretations of their works in their own times. It is the amateurs who have made possible the many now existing banjo, mandolin and guitar clubs, spurred on, of course, by performances of professionals. Bands and orchestras have their trade unions, and music teachers their hybrid sort of protective associations; these the JOURNAL has no sympathy with whatever, for they are all based on sordidness, and the community of interest is sunk and fooled away in that of the agitators. Low political intrigues frequently have the ascendancy among them. Trade unionism of any kind is played out, and should be relegated to the ash heap with all other recollections of barbarianism. Now to the point, whether it is or is not premature to make the suggestion, it does seem advisable that the forming of a Guild of banjoists, mandolinists and guitarists be formed, somewhat on the line of the organists' guilds. An institute to belong to which would be both an honor and a guarantee of capability, an institute to which merit and passing heavy examination courses alone was the key of admittance, and an institute based on sound business principles in order to be solvent. The JOURNAL does not suggest any ideal schemes, for idealism is the next thing to insanity, the JOURNAL only advocates what is practical, and what requires neither a permanent building, a capital, nor the soliciting of endowments, &c., &c. An affair of this character should begin only in a modest way, and feel every inch of

the ground of its progress route. Before revealing details of a scheme already worked out, the JOURNAL invites tokens of inclinations or disinclinations from contemporaries to favor the suggestion. A great point could be advantageously settled if the various editors can be prevailed upon to freely correspond with each other for a while, and later endeavor to meet personally at some central point to discuss a definite line of action. Now if the editors of (advisedly set forth in alphabetical order) the *Allegro*, *Cadenza*, *Major*, *Reveille*, *Tempo*, the newly arrived *Washburn*, and others not called to mind for lack of memory, are prepared to enter into friendly discussion with the JOURNAL editor, that is exactly what the JOURNAL would like to see done at an early date. The editors referred to are herewith cordially invited to give expression, privately, or through the columns of their respective magazines. The JOURNAL editor is ready to correspond with them openly, and give details of a plan if there be the slightest inclination evidenced to know what it is and treat it in friendly spirit. What say ye?

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR: December 26, 1899.

Journal No. 115 received. It is indeed a handsome number with its instructive reading matter, handsome engravings and music. It is without doubt the leading Journal of its kind in America, and is well worth more money than the publishers are now asking for it, and if they contemplate raising the price of subscription, and perhaps issue every month, it will be just what the subscribers have been wishing for a long time. Speaking for myself and friend, we can't get it too often. Wishing you the compliments of the season,

L. McCULLOUGH, Oakland, Cal.

P. S.—For stamps enclosed please send me an extra No. 115 Journal.

DEAR SIR: January 16, 1900.

The last Journal came to hand all O. K. and can't be beat. To say the least, the instruction is worth more than the 50 cents, not saying anything about the music. The only fault I find is, the Journal does not appear often enough. I would be willing to pay one dollar or two dollars if it came every month.

L. J. CHRISSMAN, Ligonjerry, Iowa.

MR. EDITOR: January 17, 1900.

I desire to say that in the last Journal (No. 115) appeared a guitar solo "Vacation March" credited to A. J. Dervin as composer and copyrighted by Arling Schaeffer. This piece was published five or six years ago by the Century Music Co., of this city, and was composed by Mr. Chas. Shibley, a guitarist of note and one of my colleagues. The solo is very well known in this vicinity under the title, as given by Mr. Shibley, of "Rosebud March." It is a very strange coincidence that Mr. Dervin should compose this quaint and pretty march over five years after it had been given to the public. Mr. Shibley has had published several other solos all of which on account of their originality and pleasing style can be readily recognized as his own work.

I am suspicious that Mr. Schaeffer has been imposed upon in a most unmerciful manner by this pseudo composer.

C. F. ELZEAR FISET, Minneapolis, Minn.

## A. A. FARLAND NOTES.

Mr. Farland's third transcontinental tour opened very auspiciously at Norfolk, Va., January 16, as the following, from the *Virginian-Pilot*, under date of January 17, shows:

Farland, the banjoist, was at Y. M. C. A. Hall last night before the largest audience of the season and gave the finest of satisfaction. In fact, what he didn't play or couldn't play wasn't in the books or the air, apparently. That charming and talented Norfolk reciter, Miss Sue Russell, assisted him, and, despite the fact that she had a severe cold and worked at a disadvantage, she did excellently and received a warm and hearty welcome on each appearance. But to go back to Farland (everybody had to) and to just one of his selections. It was the old but ever new "Home, Sweet Home" of John Howard Payne, and had Payne heard him he would have wept with pleasure.

From Norfolk Mr. Farland went to Birmingham, Ala., where he played to a very appreciative audience, responding to seven encores in a programme of fourteen numbers—twenty-one in all—and still they wanted more, and this with a tremendous rain-storm beating on the tin roof of the Opera House throughout the performance. The following is from the Birmingham *Age-Herald*:

Alfred A. Farland, the banjoist, appeared at O'Brien's last night under the auspices of the Creche. On account of the inclemency of the weather the audience was not near so large as it otherwise would have been, as a large number of tickets were sold. Mr. Farland's manipulation of the banjo is superb, and the beautiful strains of music that flowed from it under his touch amazed his hearers.

Engagement dates were and are as follows:

Athens, Ala., . . . . .	January 19
Huntsville, Ala., . . . . .	" 20
Aberdeen, Miss., . . . . .	" 25
West Point, Miss., . . . . .	" 26
Starkville, Miss., . . . . .	" 27
Macon, Miss., . . . . .	" 29
Jackson, Miss., . . . . .	" 31
Natchez, Miss., . . . . .	February 1
Port Gibson, Miss., . . . . .	" 2
Natchez, Miss., . . . . .	" 3
Yazoo City, Miss., . . . . .	" 5
McComb City, Miss., . . . . .	" 8
Canton, Miss., . . . . .	" 12
Lexington, Miss., . . . . .	" 13
Durant, Miss., . . . . .	" 14
Winona, Miss., . . . . .	" 15
Water Valley, Miss., . . . . .	" 16
Oxford, Miss., . . . . .	" 17
Holly Springs, Miss., . . . . .	" 19
Camden, Ark., . . . . .	" 21
El Dorado, Ark., . . . . .	" 22
Junction City, Ark., . . . . .	" 23
Prescott, Ark., . . . . .	" 24
Hope, Ark., . . . . .	" 26
Whitewright, Tex., . . . . .	" 27

February 28, March 1 and 2 available for Dallas and vicinity.

El Paso, Tex., . . . . .	March 5
Phoenix, Ariz., . . . . .	" 7
Ontario, Cal., . . . . .	" 9
Los Angeles, Cal., . . . . .	" 12
Pasadena, Cal., . . . . .	" 13
Santa Ana, Cal., . . . . .	" 14

March 15, 16, 17 open.

Hanford, Cal., . . . . .	" 19
Norfolk, Cal., . . . . .	" 20

March 21 open.

Oakland, Cal., . . . . .	" 22
San Francisco, Cal., . . . . .	" 23

March 26, 27, 28, 29 open.

Mr. Farland will play Salt Lake City either March 30 or April 2 or 3, the date not being definitely fixed. Thence East into Kansas, Nebraska, etc. Parties desiring to engage Mr. Farland should telegraph him at once, as the month of

April is all the time he has for points between Salt Lake City and Philadelphia, and a number of places have already bespoken his services.

## PRESS COMMENTS.

Alfred A. Farland gave a banjo recital in the Court House last evening and was greeted with a well-filled house. The programme rendered consisted of classical and popular airs played on the banjo without accompaniment of any sort, and to those who have been inclined to look upon this instrument with disfavor the performance was a revelation. In Mr. Farland's hands the banjo proved itself a wonderfully musical invention, its resonant strings at times volleying forth a wealth of music almost orchestral in its volume, and then at the master's touch sinking into a soothing cadence that had all the searching sweetness of a violin's noblest strains. It is needless to say that the large audience was well pleased with the performance.—*Republican*, Brookville, Pa., November 22, 1899.

The banjo recital of A. A. Farland at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium Monday evening was all that the most sanguine friend of the banjo could wish. The artist rendered the numbers of his programme with an artistic finish and an understanding and interpretation that would have been marvelous on any instrument, but on the banjo was simply astonishing. Mr. Farland labored under the disadvantage of having selected the most disagreeable night of the disagreeable week, and yet his audience was satisfactory.—*Ohio State Journal*, of Columbus, December 17, 1899.

Those who listened to the performance on the banjo given by Mr. Farland at Y. M. C. A. Hall on Monday evening must have had their traditional notions as to the scope and possibilities of that instrument severely shaken. For this young man is not as other banjo players; differing from them in kind as well as degree, he is in a class by himself. The apparently extravagant language of his advance notices might have provoked some suspicion, but this time it was quite justifiable. Mr. Farland has certainly created a new instrument out of his banjo. Its strident twang is there, to appear at his command or vanish and be replaced by delicate Eolian breathings which might emanate from "the low, complaining lute." To this marvelous tone quality there is added a technical skill which establishes Mr. Farland as a true virtuoso. His audacity in playing (at full concert tempo) the last movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, or the allegro vivace from the "Tell" overture, was crowned with complete success. Hauser's plaintive little "Cradlesong" was given with as much delicacy and feeling as any violinist could have put into it, and, taken all in all, it was a striking triumph over the inherent difficulties of an instrument popularly associated with the music of the heels rather than the head; and the young man who has won this triumph deserves the name of artist.—Columbus (O.) *Sunday Dispatch*, December 17, 1899.

There was a large audience, and the programme was such as to give entire satisfaction to all. Mr. A. A. Farland, banjo soloist, of New York, was the principal attraction, and he certainly has reason to feel proud of the reception he received on his first appearance before a Lowell audience. He was heard in eight numbers, and it would be difficult to say which gave the most satisfaction. His "Cradlesong," which he gave for his second number, brought out the soft notes to great advantage, and later on, when he gave his own transcription of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" the audience sat breathless, so faintly and yet so distinctly was the familiar air carried. His playing was decidedly worth going miles to hear, and should he again visit Lowell he will surely receive a warm welcome.—*Lowell (Mass.) Morning Citizen*, November 30, 1899.

He certainly is what his press notices heralded him to be (which is so seldom the case), and that is a virtuoso on his chosen instrument. Farland produces upon the banjo a variety of tone-color that is astonishing, and which, when combined with such a remarkable banjo technique as is his, enables him to obtain results which anyone who has not heard him would deem utterly impossible.

For instance, he played the second violin concerto of De Berliot with great smoothness, taking the rondo at such a rapid tempo that it must have dismayed any violinist who might have been present. He has absolute control over his fingers, and this, combined with rather astonishing powers of endurance (think of that everlasting tremolo!) enables him to surmount the greatest technical difficulties with apparent ease. In the slow movement of the concerto Farland showed the more musical possibilities of the banjo, which at times, in the softer passages, sounded almost like a violin, only, if anything, more tender, so rapid and so even was the tremolo.

Farland presented a strong programme, on which appeared the names of many of the greatest composers, including two sets of variations of his own, which were very cleverly done.

It must be understood that he plays entirely without the support of any other instrument, supplying both the accompaniment and solo part on his little banjo, and this is one of the most remarkable features of this artist's performance.

I could not help thinking what wonderful results Farland could obtain had he given his talent scope on the piano or violin. But probably he wishes to be unique and to show what can be done with the little instrument when it is carried into the realms of strictly classical music in the hands of an artist who, in his particular department of musical endeavor, is without a peer.—*Press-Post*, Columbus, O., December 17, 1899.

## B. M. &amp; G.—ILLINOIS.

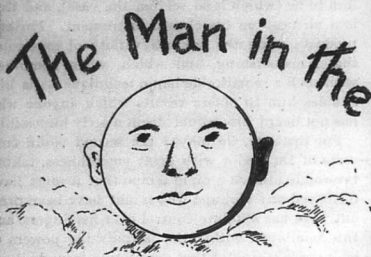
NEWMAN—The "Apollo" Club gave the most successful concert given at this place for years. The club consists of that variety of instruments essential to bring out all the beauties of the best music and arrangements published. The programme was as follows:

(a) "Limited Express," . . . . .	March
(b) La Belle . . . . .	Mazourka
By Club.	
Banjo Solo . . . . .	Belle of Columbia
E. B. Sherman.	
Banjo Quartette . . . . .	Amphion March
Ladies Quartette . . . . .	"Who Knows"
Violin Solo . . . . .	Romance from "Le Clair"
(a) Dreams of Darkie Land.	
(b) Mandolin Quartette.	
By Club.	
Trombone and Baritone Duett . . . . .	Selected
Mandolin Solo. Blue Bells of Scotland . . . . .	Best
E. B. Sherman.	
(a) Yellow Kids . . . . .	Patrol
(b) Tuyo Sempre . . . . .	Waltz
Trio Two Banjos and Guitar . . . . .	Prince Charming
Trombone, Polka. Exposition Echos.	

Author Pryor  
Delmar Howard.

Violin Duette . . . . .Happy Thought  
The local paper reported as follows: The musical entertainment given in the opera hall, Saturday night by the Apollo Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club, was a great success. The duette presented by Mrs. Lydick and Miss Thomas, was well received. The banjo solos rendered by E. B. Sherman enthusiastically enored, being far superior to any production in this line ever presented before a Newman audience. The Howard Brothers, who have a wide reputation as soloists, presented some of the latest productions of standard authors which were highly appreciated by the music loving people of our city. On the whole it was the best musical entertainment ever presented before our people.





## TO YE OF EARTH:

Co-incidentally with an increased defining of my facial features, I, the Man in the Moon, have put on an extra pair of ears which henceforth will remain wide open for listening to—anything. Those who want to tell me little secrets, for repeating, should address me personally, care THE JOURNAL, 1016 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The editor has granted me *carte blanche*. I told him straight that it was that or nothing. I like ferreting too much to submit being bound down to any cast-iron rules, but you can't think what a relief it is to me, perched up here in this planet and seeing all that goes on, to have a chance to say something, anyhow. The first thing I would like to do is to administer a severe reprimand to some individuals whose selfishness is beyond all reason; but I content myself with the knowledge of a near reaction, and that the would-be hurters are simply hurting themselves all along.

Whilst stating above that I had insisted upon having my own way with the editor, I mean, of course, a reasonable way. All my copy goes to him for approval before it reaches the printer, the same as does that of everybody else. He has the right to cut and slash as he pleases. That is the undisputed prerogative of editors. Our editor is not given to cutting and slashing, being more charitably inclined than otherwise; and I know he has passed faulty copy with the expressed hope that the authors would endeavor to improve in style of composition after seeing their work in print. A great many people with excellent ideas write them down in a most unliterary fashion and send them off to editors for "fixing up" and publishing. That is all right in itself up to a certain point, but editors have their limits of patience equally with the rest of mankind. Our editor has one corner of his study actually stacked with MS. to the height of near two feet, and it is impossible to make head or tail of what a single sheet means. Some of this ink-spoiled paper comes from the North, South, East and West, from near lands and from far countries, but, sorry to relate, it is no more worthy for that. An editor's chair is never a throne of glory, nor the post a rose bed; but there is a vast difference between the functions of a daily newspaper editor and that of a magazine. The former must of necessity allow a great deal of latitude to his subordinates, and he may not know what is actually in print until the paper is published and out on sale. Now, the editor of a magazine knows, and must know, everything that will appear in each number. He it is who receives galley proofs, makes dummy pages of them, sees every page proof, and, as a rule, inspects and O.K.'s the first impression from the press before the printing is proceeded with. Hence it is impossible for anything to get in surreptitiously, and any person who tries such shows up very much more than a profound ignorance of journalistic ethics.

The long-standing rules of journalistic etiquette and editorial judgment still holds good and must continue to be observed. I know our Editor of old and not a little about the journalistic battles he has fought—and won by the simplest of all simple methods. Therefore I must not, and cannot, insert anything without approval. I would warn all advertisers against numerous advertising schemers who surreptitiously use copies of letter-heads and seals belonging to the National Export Exposition authorities and the Philadelphia Commercial Museum. Refer for testimony of the genuineness of these unauthorized supplications if any are sent to you.

I have received a neat circular from Messrs. Morey and Davis, the banjo artists, of Seattle, Wash., who have an excellent repertoire of popular and classical music. It strikes me, judging by photos, that these two gentlemen could tell me something. Mars is very busy just now, so I cannot send him with a message of inquiry, but Venus emphatically asserts that George T. Morey and Ira O. Davis are two of the most earnest and energetic workers in the banjo cause.

I'm on the lookout for colors—not regimental colors or paints, but simply the cover colors of the banjo periodicals for next month. If what has already twice happened occurs once more, I shall begin to believe in the theory of unconscious transference of thought. The colors of the last two numbers of the JOURNAL and the Major were almost identical, and neither knew of each other's plans or had the chance to copy. The JOURNAL editor tells me that he ordered a gold-colored paper for cover of No. 114 JOURNAL, but the papermakers, not having the right size in stock, sent the salmon color with the hope it would do just as well. I couldn't get the editor to say what color the cover of this number was to be, but he did observe "there might be a fire" to knock out his plans.

I have some advertisements before me that state they, the advertisers, make the only guitar which ever received a gold medal. "That's good!" I exclaimed, "and I'll look up the man who really executed the work and congratulate him." I peered everywhere where it seemed likely that he could be found, but without the least success. Then it occurred to me to look for him in that place where he really ought to be, and I found him there, working earnestly and steadfastly in the factory which we know so well and is identified with this journal.

I am more than pleased to note the progress being made by Miss Georgia Marie Pinkham, who was the contralto soloist of the 1899 Festivals. This talented young lady sang at a prominent private musicale on the 17th January, at which were many figures of Philadelphia's choicest musicians, including Signor Del Puente, who enthusiastically averred Miss Pinkham sang like one who had had very many years of careful training, and he expressed astonishment when informed how recent her studies had really been. An elderly lady musician present who had known the celebrated Alboni, compared Miss Pinkham's voice to that of the departed great artist.

Capriccio, of the Major, says he finds pleasure in reading "Izuma." So did I, when reading the entire story in MS. the other night, after cutting enough wood to last till morning, but my dreams were sadly haunted by Zulu witch doctors, Boer raiders and visions of the mystic sacred valley, which strange to say I had never before observed under the same light. I must look Zululand up more than heretofore, and learn about the language. I

know that few letters or words are pronounced phonetically, and that the accent, with very few exceptions, is always on the penultimate. Izuma is pronounced as Ee-zoo-maa; Um-quati as Oom-qoo-aa-te; and Zibi as Zee-be.

Talking of the Boers. Should any one talk wildly to you about them, just ask four questions, viz.:

- (1) Have the talkers lived in South Africa ten years?
- (2) What and who are the natives?
- (3) What are the characteristics of the three grades of African Dutch; Colonial, Free State, and Transvaal?
- (4) What was the origin of the Jekyll Hyde like disposition of the Transvaal Boers?

If the talkers cannot answer the first question in the affirmative, you can discredit all they say afterward, no matter how gifted and intellectual the persons may be. To all except the ten-year colonists the country has been and ever will be grossly misunderstood and be the one place for shattering reputations of white men from every part of the earth. The English are fighting against the combined up-to-date professional rascality of Continental Europe—in fact, against that of the world—and the Boers are merely a screen behind which the operations are conducted. Supposing the English were ultimately routed, the Boers would not have any say in determining the future of the country save in direction of support of a savage despotism where slavery in its most horrid form reigned supreme and was legalized according to the Old Testament. If the *Christian Age* and the Rev. Baxter and other similar publications and individuals want to find vindication for their prophecies of the past twenty years, for realizations of the Books of Daniel and Revelations, and of the advent of the Anti-Christ, they have only to look to South Africa for much that is akin. The rise of the little horn which the King of the West (America) had ultimately to crush at Armageddon may have begun.

An American Consul has spoken of Leyds as an accomplished, charming, fascinating Mephisto, but omitted to mention this was made possible by a vulture—viz., Gladstone. The world needs object lessons of careers that should not be imitated, equally with those that should be copied. Gladstone was no better than Judge Jeffries or Nero, the only difference being that the scenes of iniquity were removed from the immediate vicinity of the causer, and that is where Gladstone showed his greater cunning. Nowhere in Africa is Gladstone's name spoken except with contempt. Leyds, a fictitious M. D., made up of a strange mixture of Malay, Chinese, Hindoo, Arab and Dutch blood, a deified Aguinaldo, a Javanese of the island of Java, which England generously handed back to the Dutch without compensation—he, Leyds, is the nearest approach to Dumas' character of the Javanese Dr. Basilus that has yet existed. Alexandre Dumas' book sets forth Leyds' true character and foreshadowed something akin to the present crisis, just as "Monte Cristo" foretold money-power struggles. The present war is an economical struggle, begun by devilish rascality and its natural ally, religious fanaticism, against education, humanitarianism, progress and science—against all precepts of true Americanism. And the greatest enemy true Americanism ever had was Gladstone, the arch-priest of deceitful idealism and the actual causer of the present war. Had Gladstone been alive and in power during the late Spanish war, sure enough he'd have tried tricks of as yore. The Boer plan of being in Durban in two days and Capetown in six, after the war began, has not panned out very well. Meanwhile England is paying for a long gross neglect of the colonies and for the grosser past adoration of the worst character in her whole history—Gladstone, author of all present world-wide unrest.

Of course you will easily understand that systems of wireless telephones have been in operation among the planets for ages, and that I have a receiving and transmitting station. Now, the other night the bell went off furiously, and I rushed to seize the receiver and listen. "I'm number 000," was announced. "Say, X (the real name, which I must not tell, was that of a character known in the banjo world), can't you see what can be done about the transportation of sufficient automatic stokers for my furnaces? I've got to give my faithful subjects more time for study. We have still a vast deal to learn about the art of d—y. I'm having terrible trouble with Gladstone, and fear that when Kruger comes the two will strive to usurp my throne. Hurry up! I'll call you again later."

"Whew!" I whistled; "Old Nick has been switched on to the wrong circuit. Anyhow, I've got his number, and if any of the Journal readers want to know how some dear (?) friend is prospering, I can, maybe, ascertain by use of diplomatic methods."

I have been pressed to scan the earth for the whereabouts of the talented Bug Johnston, and the mighty Tobias Gunerson, to deliver the following delayed communication, and say the musical feline has now been held to order for two months at great sacrifice.

TOPEKA, KAN., Sept. 10, 1899.

MR. BUG JOHNSTON,

DEAR SIR:

In response to your appeal for a 3-octave singing cat, I call your attention to a few points about a musical feline I secured last month. While on a fishing trip to southwestern Missouri I ran across a Choctaw Indian, named Pickled Alligator, Jr., seated on the bank of Spring River, with about a ton of fish piled up on the bank. As he seemed to have no rod or net, I hid out and watched him a while, and pretty soon I heard the most beautiful and soul stirring music it has ever been my good fortune to hear, and after rubbernecking a little I discovered a large molasses-colored cat on Alligator's shoulder, from whose capacious mug the music was proceeding. Then the mystery was explained. Everybody knows that fish love music and that cats are very fond of fish. All Pickled had to do was to let the cat warble a few warbs and then reach down in the water for the fish, and some of them would leap in the air in their eagerness to get near the music. As I wanted to catch a few fish myself, I jollied him up with a drink of snake medicine and made a dicker with him for the cat—traded a shotgun and red necktie—and since then I have been training him to stringed instruments and have so far succeeded that the neighbors have quit throwing cabbages and pumpkins at my peaceful abode. Now, while I would not sell the cat for any money, I will lease him to your friend Walsingham Peck for 40 per cent. of the proceeds from his entertainments. As the musical season will not open for a couple of months, I have farmed the cat out to a sea captain to use on a whaling voyage. He thinks that by supplying him with a megaphone he can charm all the whales within a radius of a mile and save a great deal of work. If my offer is accepted, I will ship the cat by the middle of November to Mr. W., etc., Peck.

Yours for better music,

F. E. SMITH.

I am in receipt of copies of home and foreign contemporaries, and I think they are all doing good work. *The Revue*, I am glad to note, reproduced the Journal's full account of the 1899 festivals.

Whist! and I'll tell you!

I've been telling some music houses about the JOURNAL.

They listened to me, and wanted me to tell them more.

They wanted to advertise.

I took their ads.

They're in this number.

Read them, for they are worth it.

I'm loaded up with testimonials about the banjos, mandolins and guitars that I've been quietly disposing of during past months.

I'm loaded up with orders.

I know where to place orders.

That's the reason I get them.

The old man is game for other things besides "licking all creation" at woodchopping.

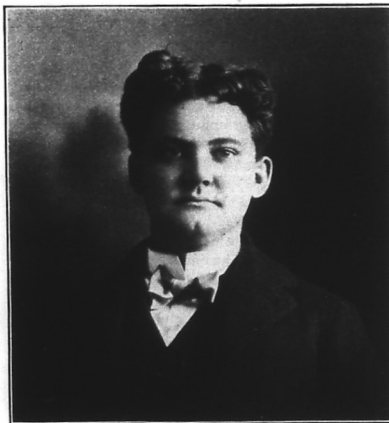
I want the JOURNAL raised to the one dollar subscription rate.

I'm going to try and have it raised.

That's the only New Year's resolution that I made.

## The Teacher's Own Corner

[The Editor desires to make these columns interesting with illustrated short biographies, and notes of what teachers are doing throughout the country, and he now invites all such to freely and frequently correspond, and send their photos.]



### JOHN H. RIVERS.

This talented teacher, of Waterbury, Conn., was born in Hudson, N. Y., February 28, 1881. At quite an early age he gave indication of a love for music. When but fifteen he made a banjo for himself, and practiced incessantly without a teacher, while being engaged in a knitting mill where daily working hours numbered twelve. He resolved to find a way out of mill work confinement through the medium of music, and read and studied every thing within reach that would tend to elevate. He worked along in the dark, as it were, on several "hock-shop" banjos and guitars, and learned and unlearned several styles of fingering. Later a removal took place to Syracuse, where young Rivers studied with the noted Thos. Nicholls, and was shown the merits of the real banjo by a real friend. This real make of real banjo he has used for the past ten years, and uses to this day for solo work and teaching. Mr. Rivers has filled many important engagements as banjo soloist, and attributes his successes very largely to the grand tone of his instrument and the ease of manipulation. He has written many compositions for the banjo and mandolin, also several songs which are pronounced by good musicians to be very meritorious. A determination to succeed, hard work in his chosen profession, and a "stick-to-

itiveness," have done a great deal for Mr. Rivers, and the end is not yet.

### EDWARD G. BAUM.

This gentleman was born in Buffalo, N. Y., July 18, 1872, and all the male members of his family, dating back to his great-grandfather have been musicians of distinction. At an early age Edward showed considerable talent for music. When thirteen he began to study the banjo, and later the mandolin and guitar. The banjo stood first favorite, and rapid progress was made with it. For the past five years Mr. Baum has been considered the leading player of his native city. In November, 1899, after a short *vaudeville* tour, under the professional names of Corbin & Waldorph, Mr. Baum removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he is now engaged in teaching. He has gained much prominence as a composer of music for the banjo, and has written several very clever selections, among which may be noted: "Woodland Echoes," "The Vitascope March," "Antoinette Waltzes," "Prince Lucifer March," and "On Pleasure Bent." The latter will shortly be issued by the publishers of the JOURNAL. Mr. Baum's first effort was published in 1895 by George Stannard, and since that time the composer has brought out fifteen to twenty pieces, and has several more in preparation. Mr. Baum does not believe in grinding out a new piece offhandedly, say once a week. And therefore, all his works are meritorious and indicate thought and care. Teachers and soloists are delighted to include Mr. Baum's works in their repertoires. In his methods Mr. Baum is up-to-date, a thorough practical teacher, and no doubt will gain the same popularity in Cleveland that he enjoyed in Buffalo.

Mr. Fred. S. Stewart is following in his father's footsteps; he is proving to be an extra fine banjo player.

Lafayette College Banjo Club will have a good man for their leader in Mr. Charles Yon, of Altoona, Pa.

Mr. Paul Eno, of Philadelphia, is a very busy man; he has ten clubs besides his regular day pupils.

Mr. O. H. Albrecht, teacher, composer and publisher, reports good business. He is using quite a number of the Stewart & Bauer publications and has a weakness for selling Thoroughbreds to his pupils.

Mr. Alfred Wright, of Narberth, Pa., is quite a banjoist. He has a number of concerts on hand this season, and handles Farland's arrangements with ease.

Mr. Fred Stuber announces his intention to make Philadelphia his home for a while. Mr. Stuber is constantly adding to his large repertoire of music. We expect a couple of his rag-time selections to be published soon.

Mr. Thomas Armstrong says that business is fine. His superb compositions are meeting with a large sale.

Mr. Valentine Abt is having a very successful season.

Mr. Samuel Seigel has just returned from England on a flying trip. He will return to England in time for his engagement at the Paris Exposition.

Walter Jacobs' Practical Fingering for Guitar is an excellent work.

Did you try Schaeffer's arrangements in the Journal for two mandolins, guitar and banjo? They are just what young clubs need.

Mr. John Cook, Jr., leader of the Central Branch Y. M. C. A. Banjo Club, is bringing that organization to the front. Mr. Cook is an energetic worker and an extra good player. We wish him success.

We hear from Mr. Frank S. Morrow, of Harrisburg, quite often.

# Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Notes

## MASSACHUSETTS.

EASTHAMPTON.—The concert given by the Payson Sunday School, in the Town Hall, October 17, 1899, was a successful event. Each item of the programme was warmly received, and all the performers displayed marked ability. Miss Laura Jones, violinist, showed remarkable artistic traits, and made an excellent impression. The banjo and mandolin numbers proved the most popular, each being greeted with a storm of applause. So enthusiastic was the appreciation of Mr. Shea's playing, that he was obliged to answer to many calls. The concert was directed by Mr. Albert E. Brown. Programme as follows:

Vocal Duet.....Marzails  
"Friendship."  
Miss Taintor and Mr. Brown.  
Violin Solo.....De Beriot  
"Allegro Maestoso."  
"Movement of the Seventh Concerto."  
Miss Laura Jones.

Bass Solo.....Herbert  
"Gypsy Jan." (From "The Fortune Teller.")  
Mr. Albert E. Brown.

Mandolin Selections.  
(a) "March Medley,".....Arranged by F. J. Shea  
(b) "Amorita Waltzes,".....La Barge  
Encore, "Whispering Winds,".....Winans  
Mr. Francis J. Shea.

Soprano Solo.....Braga  
"Angels Serenade," with Violin Obligato.  
Mrs. Strong.

Reading, "Flodden Field,"  
Mr. Samuel Brown.

Piano Solo.....Mendelssohn  
"Rondo Capriccioso."  
Mr. Clark.

Contralto Solos.  
(a) "Thou art Like a Flower,".....Chadwick  
(b) "Absent,".....John W. Metcalf  
(c) "Daisies,".....C. D. Hawley  
Mrs. Taintor.

Banjos Solos.  
(a) "Polka de Concerto,".....Glynn  
(b) "Blushing Rose Galop,".....Glynn  
Encore, "Variation on Yankee Doodle,".....Shea  
Mr. Shea.

Soprano Solo.....Franz Abt  
"Kekuk Wie Alt." (Cuckoo Song.)  
Mrs. Strong.

Bass Solo.....Marks  
"The King of the Main."  
Mr. Brown

Violin Solo, "Romance,".....Svendsen  
Miss Jones

SPRINGFIELD.—The entertainment given by the Armory Hill Club, October 26, 1899, was a very enjoyable affair, an excellent programme being presented. The *Daily News*, of the following day reported:

The Armory Hill Club held the first of the season's course of socials in the club rooms, corner State and Walnut streets, last night. There was an informal reception from 8 to 9, and then came the banquet, covers for 50 being laid and Johnson doing the catering. The repast was excellent and after full justice had been done to it, there was a programme of entertainment. The first number was a solo by Willie O'Brien, of West Springfield, a boy with a wonderful tenor voice. Fred Bosworth and John Egan officiated at the piano as accompanists and also contributed solos. James A. Heenan, who was on the programme, was unable to be present owing to a call from Corse Payton to attend a rehearsal of his stock company, Vocal

selections were rendered by the Harmony Glee quartette (Messrs. Donnelly, Keyes, Bagg and Austin) and by William Touhey, T. J. Sullivan, Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Keyes and Henry Ellis, of this city, and Edward A. O'Donnell, of Holyoke. Al-Bumstead, Frank Bills and Professor Frank Shea did some marvelous solo work on the banjo. Professor Shea is, without a doubt, the finest banjo player in this country. One of the features of the evening was a clever address by James E. Dunleavy, which was highly appreciated by the club and guests. The distinct hit of the evening was made by S. P. Burns, with his Canuck dialect stories. He was at his best and simply irresistible. The club will give its next social Thanksgiving eve and a beefsteak party is being talked up.

Mr. Frank Shea is continuing to win laurels. At a recent concert his playing of *Gregory's* "I, Infanta" was enthusiastically received, and as an encore he gave his own arrangement of "Home Sweet Home," with variations. This latter was a programme feature during his recent tour and was everywhere received with applause. Mr. Shea finds his profession of teaching a lucrative one, and on account of class engagements is unable to fulfill all calls upon him as soloist at entertainments.

NORTHAMPTON.—On January 20, 1900, Mr. Frank J. Shea performed at the concert given by the Home Culture Club, and received a grand reception. He was obliged to respond to several curtain calls after responding to encores.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

GREENSBURG.—A. A. Farland, Johnson Bane, and Miss Ella C. Kiel, a Pittsburg soprano, rendered the finest programme ever heard in this city on November 22, 1899, at Keaggy Theatre, under the local management of G. W. Darling and Fred Proeger, pianist. The advance sale of tickets was large. Mr. Darling has connected himself with Leech's Actual Business College, and he with Mr. Proeger, have charge of the music. Indications are for an increase of business.

PHILADELPHIA.—This has been, so far, the most prosperous season the University of Pennsylvania clubs have ever had. The clubs, particularly the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, have established an enviable reputation. Mr. W. Perry Cummins and Mr. F. C. Smith, as leaders, have every reason to be proud of their men and work. Many concerts have been given, but the main event will be the concert on February 9 at the Academy of Music, when society will greet them as never before. Starting on Tuesday, February 13, the club will make a week's trip South. The Easter trip will begin at Atlantic City and include Lakewood-in-the-Pines and Waldorf-Astoria, New York. The Euterpe Banjo Club, under the leadership of Dr. T. Garrett Hickey, is playing admirably. The membership has increased to seventeen enthusiastic players, anxiously preparing for their concert in the spring, which we are sure will be a great success; notice of which we will give in next issue of the Journal. Since the beginning of the new year the Hamilton clubs have not only surpassed all former efforts musically, but have added many new members, both active and associate. The committee have now arranged for their annual concert, which will probably be in April. Prior to this treat the club will give a series of musicales in their comfortable rooms in the Fuller Building, at which new artists are expected to appear. We hear very encouraging reports from Mt. Holly, N. J. The Mt. Holly Club will give their annual concert in February, and at the present time Mr. Holeman has his club in exceedingly good form, and their many friends will notice a great improvement since last season. Mr. Troth expects to present many novelties, as he is an untiring manager. Together with the unusual individual support of the members, we can safely predict an unprecedented success.

## NEW JERSEY.

MT. HOLLY.—The Lotus Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club was organized October 12, 1898, with Mr. Paul Eno as Instructor, and a membership of thirteen, viz.: Mr. Charles Coles, President; Mrs. Joseph Powell, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. S. B. Norcross, Director; Misses Nellie Bowne, Harriet Woolston, Elizabeth Morris, Caroline Powell, Anna Deacon, Beulah Coles, Messrs. Collins Rogers, Howard Woolman, Edgar Evan and Irving Collins. The club remained as a class until April 19, when vacations began, and when resuming studies on September 13 a reorganization was effected and new officers elected and By-Laws adopted. Miss C. H. Powell was appointed to the chair, and Miss Laura Miller the Secretary and Treasurer. New members are: Misses Miller, Wells, Sooy, Ewan and Messrs Bowne and Deacon. Whilst interest was not wanting there lacked a confidence necessary for a successful public debut. This, however, was overcome in November, 1899, when the club appeared at an entertainment given in the Baptist Church, and again soon after at Moorestown, N. J., where a most hearty welcome was received. The club attributes its success to the perseverance and encouragement of its instructor, Mr. Paul Eno. Membership of the club is increasing, and there are bright prospects ahead. An early spring concert is to be given, and it promises to be the most ambitious attempt yet undertaken by the club.

## KANSAS.

TOPEKA.—The first banjo recital of the season was given in the parlors of the Midnight Club, December 16, 1899. The club's playing showed a marked improvement since they last performed. Each item of the programme was well received. Programme was as follows:

- (a) Under the Double Eagle March.....Banjo  
(b) Sobre las Olas Waltzes.....Club
- (a) Twin Star March.....E. G. Miner  
(b) Dickey Dance.
- (a) Street Parade March.....F. E. Smith  
(b) Maud S. Galop.
- (a) Pride of the Regiment March.....J. S. Langton  
(b) Fifteenth Regiment Quickstep.
- (a) Annie Laurie.....H. B. Stillman  
(b) Lilla Waltz.
- (a) Dandy Fifth Quickstep.....Banjo  
(b) Queen of the Sea Waltzes.....Club
- (a) Blue Ribbon March.....F. E. Smith  
(b) Spirit of Old Virginia.
- (a) Arena Polka.....J. S. Langton  
(b) Mountain Galop.
- (a) That is Love, Schottische.....H. B. Stillman  
(b) A Day in the Cottonfields.
- (a) Timbuctoo March.....E. G. Miner  
(b) Dance of the Pebbles.

In Shoshone, Idaho, the banjo, mandolin and guitar have some able exponents in Mr. and Mrs. Scotty Spriggs.

Myron A. Bickford is winning laurels wherever he performs.

Jacob Vollmer, of Rochester, N. Y., is now teaching the mandolin as well as banjo and guitar.

January, 1900, Meadville, Pa.—"We cannot say too much in favor of the Journal. The moment we saw it we said it was decidedly cheap at 50 cents a year, and earnestly hope you will decide to publish it monthly, and will only be too glad to have it at one dollar a year or more. C. A. Foster.

January 14, 1900, Nuangola, Pa.—"The Journal is by far the best journal I have seen. I much appreciate it. The subscription price is very low." John T. Jennings.



*IZUMA—Continued from page 9.*

daughters, each, represent a collateral soon-as-born of ten cows, and until they marry, have to assist their mothers in hoeing the mealie patches, grinding corn and snuff, cooking, and brewing beer. I tell you the system isn't half bad! The more wives and daughters a *bantu* papa has, the richer he is, and the very best visible indication of his wealth degree, is his degree of obesity. The Zulus are the most moral race on earth, and civilized nations might learn much from them notwithstanding the popular belief that polygamous races are immoral. We, every one, can learn profitable lessons concerning the inculcation of those cardinal virtues into the minds of children, to wit: obedience and respectfulness. Do you know Zulu children worship their parents, always, and—why here's the Colonel coming along full trot,—he's coming here!"

"Good morn, Armstrong, and you Powell!" I've come to have a chat," and so saying the Colonel jumped from his saddle, hitched the reins to the verandah post, and taking our arms, dragged us indoors.

### 8. ZUMA.

"Boys, I was awfully sorry you had to leave us early last night and without the music. It was to have been a Schubert evening too. I am more fond of his music than ever, and like him as I do Burns. Both were most original, spontaneous, tender and sensitive, as authorities have said before. They speak to us as human beings,—I don't mean the authorities. I can't sing the *Erl King* as I used to, but I can manage the *Wayside Inn*. However, I did not come to talk about music and poetry, and—I don't mind if I do have a drop, Powell, the day is dry and dusty, and er—I'll try that big cherry pipe of yours again. It's pretty sweet, and your tobacco is uncommonly good. *Margaliesberg*, eh? Thanks! There now I feel comfortable. Where did you get this club chair? At a sale, eh? Lucky for you I wasn't there. Now I'll fire away, and you musn't mind what this old fellow says or asks, it's for your good. Last night Miss Atwell told my wife and Alice about—her romance with you, Ernest, and of course my dutiful wife told me. Apart from all this, it is clear that gross evils have been practiced against you and, by gad, this old fellow wants to help right it. Now tell me everything, right from the beginning. I'm all attention. Fire away."

Thus invited, Ernest had no option but to recite in detail the harrowing tale already known to me, at conclusion of which the colonel observed: "It was passing strange how a man of so many gifts and talents like Rushton should prefer, and delight in, a dishonorable career. As you saw by my friend's letter, it is suspected that Rushton is mixed up in dirty political schemes at Pretoria, and financial vagaries at Johannesburg. His extreme friendliness with Kruger and the Javanese Leyds, shunning the society of his own countrymen and Americans, for that of a coterie of the most devilish up-to-date polished adventurers the continental countries of Europe have ever pro-

duced, looks very ugly. There is more in my friend's request for information than we can understand at present. However we shall know in *due time*. I shall see you again in a day or two, and perhaps it will be as well to postpone your further visits to my house. You, Armstrong, will be here for some time yet, of course. If you don't intend to stay I'll make you, for I must have a gay old time at the bungalow before you see Kokstad again. I regret to say Miss Atwell is prostrated with a severe attack of nervousness. She requires absolute quiet for a while. Now I want to write a short letter to go by this morning's mail coach to Johannesburg. Give me a sheet of paper, and envelope, please Powell. When that's done, I've some calls to make,—on the butcher, the baker, and the tinsmith. Ha! ha!—that's the candlestick maker! Boys!—did you ever hear that sermon? No, I suppose not,—you see it's one of mine. I'll give it to you sometime, an orthodox one hour's tautology, and you will learn about some undreamed of potatoes. I once read it to the Rev. Abel Breadcast. He hasn't been to see me since. When I've finished with the tinsmith there's the grocer to be seen, the druggist and the draper. It would never do to miss the draper! Oh, dear no! He'll be the first asked about when I return home. My wife has given me a huge commission list, such an assortment I never did see,—see,—w—w—where's that list? (Fumbles in his pockets). By jove!—I believe I've lost that list. There was a dress pattern pinned on it, a piece of cloth of some kind or other,—the only bit Mrs. Sewell had. I'm in for it. Where,—can I have lost it? I'll swear—"

"Don't, don't, Colonel."

"Eh!—What?—I say—I'll swear I put it in my inside coat pocket. Coat was buttoned all the way along here. What the deuce has got that list? (Picks up pipe and puffs incessantly until it goes out.) I wonder—if can recollect the items on that confounded list? Mrs. Sewell read them over to me two or three times. I remember eight pounds of beef was wanted for a roast, and I must be sure to get it near the ribs. Egad?—I'll get it in the ribs if anything is forgotten,—and a lump of suet. Say, Armstrong, how much do you think she'll want of that stuff? It's for a dumpling. Four pounds ought to be enough,—eh? That settles the butcher. I'll put it down. The baker,—umph!—bread. I'd better order two loaves, one fresh and one stale. Now there's the tinsmith. I'm beat! I'd best tell him call at the house and bring his tools,—and if no pots or pans require soldering,—well there *shall* be when I get back,—and he can then get the original order afresh. Now for the grocer,—the druggist,—and the draper. What the d—! did she want from them? Let me think. There's a yard of ribbon,—color,—blue will look alright, won't it? Some lard,—cotton and silk,—sugar and paraffine. That's it! A box of pills. I wonder what they were to be? And there was some acid,—acid,—acidulated drops,—no not them,—prussic acid, nitric acid,—a few drops of,—of,—oh, I'm d—d if I know

what it was! Pass me the ink, Powell. I'll get the letter written or the coach will be here and gone, first."

There came a knock on the door. It was Mafuta, and a stripling Kaffir boy.

"Umquati tell me brin' you *umfaan, bass*," Mafuta announced, "Him here, twelve shillin, brother o' me."

"He don't look like your brother! You're well named, Fat. One mother?"

"No *baas*, two mother."

"Has the nipper worked before?"

"No *baas*, he jus' com' *kraal*."

"So! I want a boy to cut wood, make fire, boil kettle, clean boots, wash pots, sweep rooms, make bed, cut grass, boss up horses, and cook."

"*Wew!!!*"

"What's the youngster's name?"

"Zibi, *baas*."

"Well, Zibi, you're a raw one. Don't know anything, and as you need teaching I can only pay you four shillings a month."

"*Hau! baas! hau!!*"

"That's all I'll pay. You'll get lots of food. Squat on the road and talk it over," and Ernest closed the door while observing it was a pity an apprenticeship system was not yet in vogue.

Another knock on the door. This time one of the colonel's kaffirs, panting and perspiring after a long trot. He brought a roll of paper, the lost list, which Mrs. Sewell had discovered laying on a verandah chair seat.

"Eh! What's that?" cried the colonel as he rose and stepped to the doorway. "Ugh!—now if anybody had suggested I—left the list behind,—I,—I,—no matter! Alright, Malali!—Go back, get the sickle and cut grass until sundown.—*Voetsak isipukupuku!*"

"*Wew!!!* ejaculated Malali, his eyes and mouth wide stretched in amazement.

"That's too bad, colonel," Ernest reprovingly said.

"Booh! I merely said he was a simpleton,—and told him to clear."

"I know that is the literal translation, but in English the force and significance is lost."

"Oh! well I felt mad, and—it'll do him good to think I can be that way at times.—Hark!—There goes the coach horn!—I must be off, or shall be too late for the mail.—Ta ta, boys!—I'll see you again in a day or so, or send word.—Give me a handful of bacca.—Shove it loose in my pocket.—Thanks!—Keep up your spirits, Ernest.—Ta, ta!"

*(To be Continued).*

December 20, '99, Waterbury, Conn.—"The Journal is a thing of beauty, and a joy to the heart of every banjo, mandolin and guitar lover. I thank you for my share of it, and assure you your efforts are appreciated in my studio. Please do not fail to notify me of expiry of subscription. We cannot do without the Journal. I am in receipt of sample copies of several papers of the same nature, and some of my friends (?) advise me to subscribe, but I think I will stick to the Journal. I at least know who treats me right. J. H. Rivers.

December 28, 1899, Sedalia, Mo.—"There is certainly no Journal quite so good as S. S. Stewart's, and I am with you in every effort to improve and make popular the music of the banjo, mandolin and guitar. S. A. Gregg.

## TRADE INTERESTS.

AUGUST GEMUNDER & SONS, of 42 E. 23rd Street, New York City, have a *multum in parvo* ad on the front cover of this issue.

THE E. B. GUILD MUSIC CO., of Topeka, Kansas, are publishing some fine new items for mandolin orchestra, under title of "The Star Collection."

CLARENCE GRANT, publisher, of New Glasgow, N. S., has two ads. in this JOURNAL. "The Flight of the Fairies," selection for one or two banjos, is a tasteful item.

J. H. JENNINGS, of Providence, R. I., is offering some new banjo and mandolin solos, written in the popular characteristic vein of the tunes.

Wm. F. EMERSON, of Cincinnati, Ohio, will engrave plates and print music to suit the most exacting on questions of rates and rapidity of execution.

H. E. McMILLIN, of Cleveland, Ohio, has three new solo and club compositions, now ready. Look at the ad!

S. A. GREGG, of Sedalia, Mo., says,—or rather the JOURNAL says, mention will elsewhere be found of some interesting progressive studies for banjo mandolin and guitar.

THE B. F. WOOD MUSIC CO., of Boston, Mass., have issued a new catalogue of mandolin music. Copies can be obtained for the asking.

CHAS. E. ROAT, of Battle Creek, Mich., is the manufacturer of gold colored guitar strings. The advertisement tells all about them.

THE C. H. YARLING MUSIC CO., of Youngstown, Ohio, are offering a new grand descriptive overture, by Arthur Amsden, and a host of other good things.

GEO. STANNARD, well known of Trenton, N. J., publishes a series of preliminary studies for banjo, mandolin and guitar, that are well worth all the money asked.

THE GROENE MUSIC PUB. CO., of Cincinnati, Ohio, are to the front with Henlein's deservedly popular mandolin methods, banjo and guitar schools.

THE WINDSOR MUSIC CO., of Chicago and New York City, have published a new Cake Walk, and a medley overture for full band and orchestra. They make excellent repertoire pieces for clubs.

WALTER JACOBS, the well known publisher of Boston, Mass., has a new announcement concerning his Easy Orchestral Folio.

THE GEO. B. JENNINGS CO., of Cincinnati, Ohio, are offering numbers of good things. There is Weishaupt's Guitar Method, Grimm's Pocket Edition Pronouncing Dictionary of Musical Terms, Christofaro's Mandolin School, and new music galore.

H. F. ODELL & Co., of Boston, have bought out the "Filipino Shuffle." It's a winner.

FRANK B. SMITH, of Manchester, N. H., is making headway with his Roumania March.

WM. C. STAHL, of Milwaukee, Wis., has a most attractive ad. on this page.

ARLING SCHAEFFER, of Chicago, Ill., has two full page ads. in this issue. His new HOME MANDOLIN COLLECTION by Max Weber is great. It has complete banjo parts of easy range.

GEORGE CARR, of Scranton, Pa., has just received following testimonials anent his William Tell overture:

Have to-day received a copy of your arrangement Wm. Tell final. Shall use it myself.

HYDE GOWN,  
Vancouver, B. C.

Your Wm. Tell is certainly a great arrangement, I have adopted it exclusively.

FRANK J. SHEA,  
Springfield, Mass.

## PERSONAL MEMS.

Mr. Vess L. Ossman created quite a stir among the banjoists in Philadelphia by his playing at the Exposition concert. We have inquiries daily as to when "Vess" is coming again.

George Carr's arrangement of William Tell overture for banjo and piano is meeting with its deserved success. Mr. Carr is quite a soloist and is the leading teacher in Scranton, Pa.

The Hamilton Club, of Philadelphia, has organized a mandolin club, to meet on a separate evening from the banjo club. They will play good classical music and promise to be a success.

The players all over the country who have sent in new subscriptions in order to get the souvenir aluminum pin must not be disappointed at having to wait, as we were not expecting the demand we have for them. We will see they are mailed all O K in a few days.

H. F. Odell, the popular Boston teacher and player, reports good trade down East. His publications are very successful.

Mr. Samuel Siegel had a pleasant trip across the ocean in society of the Belle of New York Co. A delightful concert was given on board the vessel, at which Miss Edna May participated.

Mr. O. H. Allbrecht, late of 1200 Arch Street, has removed to the Weightman Building, 1516 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, on Thursday the 25th, 1900. His business in music teaching has increased so much that he had to get larger quarters.

"I can't see why it is," said Reub. Cornstalks, the country fiddler, "that some of the folks write the dod-rottest mewsic and then at the end allus write 'Fine.' Gosh darn em, do they believe they can make us think they're good?"

## DIFFERENT KINDS.

BY C. B. P.

John was playing a song and dance on his banjo. The music consisted of three pages and his uncle, Josh Beans, was to turn the third page when John tapped on the floor with his foot. The third page was entirely given to the dance and on its top was the word, "Break." Just as Mr. Beans turned the page the "B" string on the banjo broke with a loud report. Mr. Beans looked at the music and then at the banjo. Finally he blurted out, "How the thutteration did the writer know that air string would bust?" He did not know that break stood for dance.

## SAMBO'S SAYINGS.

When it comes to de banjo, two heads am better dan one.

Doan you tell roun dat yo am a crack player, case it may be dat you am a cracked player.

When de pusson dat plays de guitar happens to be a pretty girl, all de young fellows say dat she am a mitey fine player.

De allus cut out de instruments neck with saws, saws to make them all alike.

Because a banjo hab a long neck it am no sign it am related to the giraffe.

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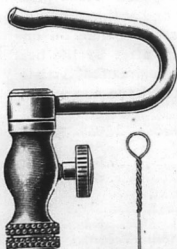
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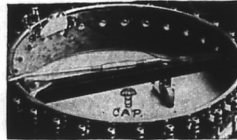
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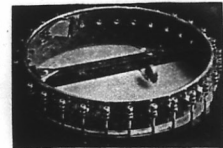
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