



DEVOTED TO MUSICAL PROGRESS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF LIBERAL KNOWLEDGE.

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Ye Musician's Den

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*S*weet toned instruments abound,
Scattered here and there around;
While music rolls adorn the floor—
You never saw the like before.

*B*ut what cares he if chaos reigns,
So long as harmony remains?
This room is not for the eyes of men—
Behold ye fond musician's den!

—ALBERT WARD DIPPY.



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Izuma

A South African Tale

BY

CYRIL DALLAS

Author of "The Blokfountain Mystery," "Lost," "Loba Umuz Yabantu," "Bandora-ized," &c., &c.

11 ZUMA.

We were not so late for dinner as imagined. The coach from Johannesburg had not come in. It was an hour overdue already, and fears of an accident having occurred were beginning to be freely expressed. However, before we finished our second course, she came rolling up with a full complement of inside passengers, and then ensued a little more than the ordinary daily excitement.

There was a tale of murder on the road to be told. Of how, a few miles from Vendorp, a party of three ungainly horsemen appeared, from whence it was not possible to say, and they called upon the driver to halt the coach. The Hottentot, taken fully by surprise, failed to comply and dropped the reins. Whereupon, two of the horsemen fired, one at the driver and the other at the leading mules. The Hottentot rolled off the box and was mangled between the wheels, and one of the mules fell, bringing the team to a standstill. Highway robbery seemed to be the intent, but the rascals were unaware that one of South Africa's most famous hunters and "crackest" shots was in the coach, and, ere they had a chance to continue operations Lucas de Jongle fired from the coach window and placed two of the outlaws *hors de combat*. The third villain then galloped away and soon disappeared. De Jongle rushed from the coach to make sure of his work. The shots proved fatal, one of the victims having only just time to say that he and his dead comrade were Swedes, while the vanished horseman was a border Boer, all three in service of the Transvaal Government. Their only object was to secure and destroy the mail, according to orders. It was the Boer who shot the coach driver. The bodies of the two Swedes had fallen from the saddles in almost identical manner, their right ankles having held firm to the stirrups and been twisted, thus preventing the horses from bolting. The remains were hastily buried, and that of the mule freed from trappings, its place being taken by captured horse number one, number two was hitched behind the coach, and then de Jongle undertook to drive the vehicle into Vendorp.

This story elicited much indignation from assembled Vendorpers, and the mutterings seemed to bode evil for somebody. "The Governor of Natal has got to take this matter up," declared one.

"It won't do any good," emphatically declared another, "the Pretoria gang will deny anything and everything. Gladstone gave them a free charter of full liberty to become legalized outlaws, and they know it."

Ernest joined in the animated conversation, and became more excited when he recognized

an old friend emerge from the coach. It was Hugh Wyatt, proprietor and musical director of the Wyatt Opera Co., now making his first visit to Natal since the Blokfountain affair. Wyatt and his cronie, de Jongle, were pressed to partake of their meal at our table, and, despite the prevailing feelings of unrest, the time passed merrily while these two regaled us with interesting reports of the latest Randt doings.

I need not describe Ernest's friend, nor the noted traveller, sportsman and photographer, since both are well known to readers of this narrative.

We learned that Rushton was doing "the heavy" in Pretoria and Johannesburg, alternately; that Oom Paul was charmed with him while Joubert was inclined to give him the cold shoulder. How Rushton obtained his money was a mystery, for he was not connected with any mining or financial concern, nor often seen "on 'change."

The latest sensation was caused by the Chairman's Report to the Randt Metallurgical Society, that association of the most advanced scientists of the day. In his report the chairman stated the detective system recently adopted by the principal mining companies had only resulted in a temporary defeat of amalgam thefts by the unknown well-organized gang of unscrupulous scoundrels, who were aided by equally unscrupulous employees of the companies. Hitherto the losses sustained were estimated variously from twenty to thirty per cent. per annum, but now a far more serious situation had arisen, and he believed the same gang was responsible for it. He declared actual thefts of amalgam had been superseded and outdone by a doctoring of amalgam which produced a curious decomposition. The decomposed amalgam had to be dumped, and the loss in doing so varied from forty to fifty per cent. The mines were not producing more than half their capacity. The strangest fact was that the dumped amalgam disappeared; it was mysteriously removed, no matter its bulk or weight. And this created, in the chairman's mind, the impression that there was an individual, or individuals, connected with the gang who understood a method of converting amalgam into a chemical form baffling reduction, and had also an unrevealed method of reconversion. In fact, the decomposed amalgam was only so called. The secret was used for purposes of robbery, whereas if the treatment was publicly brought forward as a process it might enrich its owner, or owners, beyond all calculation, besides bringing renown.

"The entire mining community is talking about it," observed de Jongle. "You hear of it on 'change, on the streets, in the offices, and the bars of course, since every other building is a canteen. Members of the Society have all turned detectives, and experts have arrived from Kimberley. No zaps will be engaged. Everybody believes the most ingenious, daring system of robbery ever conceived has been going on for months. Up to the time our coach left no clue had been found."

"Do you know the estimated loss so far?" Ernest asked.

"Over half a million sterling," Wyatt replied. "The rewards offered amount to a fortune."

"I wouldn't mind being up there and having the chance to express an opinion which Armstrong would share with me; but there, you can't express opinions about people until the veil is partly torn."

"What on earth are you talking about, Powell? If you have suspicions, are gifted with foresight, or have good reasons for entertaining a belief, why not write the Society and—ah!—there goes the horn. We must be off!" and so saying de Jongle and Wyatt arose from the table.

Everybody trooped out of the hotel, and passengers resumed their seats in the coach. The relief driver blew the horn, cracked the long whip, and away the vehicle tore down the road amid cheers and hat wavings of the still irate bystanders.

"Baas!!" exclaimed Zibi, at Ernest's elbow, "me *lambile*! see!" and the boy, dropping the bucket, drew his naked belly in tight; then, nipping the skin with his fingers, he pulled his whole belly skin outwards, far beyond all normal proportions, in order to indicate how great was his vacuum. He handled the skin of his belly as though it was a sheet of elastic.

"All right, Zibi! I forgot you were waiting outside. I expect you feel hungry and want some *scauff*. Come on, bring the bucket!"

We wended our way to the row of Arab stores built of rough timber, tin and zinc caselings. Rickety, leaking shanties they were. A heavy rain might wash them away. They were well stocked with miscellaneous merchandise, and a goodly array of sundry articles stood outside for sale. Each were miniature department stores to supply the needs of Asiatics and Bantus. The lethargic, withal cunning proprietors, dressed as become Mohammedans, squatted on the door-steps, on boxes, or on the counters and floors inside, while their superfluous assistants haggled with coolies and Kaffirs concerning values and prices.

We entered the store that bore the sign of Hassan Dowad, to the chagrin of his neighbours whose supplications and *salaams* to gain our favors were positively disgusting. It is truly staggering how some bipeds debase even their animal natures for sake of acquiring that which is utterly valueless in itself. We experienced difficulty in making the wretches loosen hold of our coat tails. Zibi was dragged hither and thither, losing his loin cloth and getting the bucket dented, and, when we were once fairly inside, the rabble darkened the doorway—there were no windows—beseeching us to come out again and see their goods which "were far superior and cheaper than Hassan's; Hassan was a cheat." The din was simply frightful.

"I want a shirt and pair of short breeches for this *umfaan*—blue cotton," said Ernest.

Instantly two assistants rushed to the outfitting department, seven feet from where they had been standing, and a pile of dusty garments were landed on the counter from off a top shelf close to the sweating roof.

"Pick out what you want, Zibi.—Quick, now!"

The grinning boy turned the goods over and over, criticising this and that without finding anything to his exact taste, while the presiding genius enumerated to us all the classes of articles that he could sell.

"Zibi, if you can't settle upon what you want, I must do for you!" shouted the exasperated Ernest so as to be heard above the din, and forthwith he pulled out the first garments his hands touched and threw them on the floor. "Fitting is immaterial. Now, how much, Suliman?"

"Shirt,—one shillin' sis-penice,—*blugas*,—two shillin' sis-penice.—Four shillin' *sahib*."

"I'll give you a Scotchman for 'em and no more."

"No *sahib*, no *sahib*!"

"All right!—We'll go elsewhere," and Ernest made for the doorway, to the great delight of Hassan's competitors.

"T'ree shillin' *sahib*, you take him!"

"No!—Come on, Zibi!"

"Two shillin' sis-penice, *sahib*!"

"Get out o' the way!"

"All right, *sahib*!—givee Skoshman!"

"Remember, Hassan, it's no use you ever trying hanky-panky tricks on me.—Here's your Scotchman!—Pick up your togs, Zibi!—Come along!—What do you mean by leaving the bucket?—Put your togs in it!"

"T'ank 'e *sahib*!—*Salaam sahib*!"

"We'll turn this way, Gerald; just a few steps to builder Tasker's yard. I want to get half a bucket of slacked lime, and to borrow a whitewash brush.—Great Scot!—Here's Mrs. Walker coming!—She's sure to want to stop and talk. You can't get a word in edgeways, nor get away until she's said absolutely all she thinks of."

12. ZUMA.

The approaching matron considerably differed in appearance from the waddling Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Walker was taller by a head, which motor swayed on its bearings, pendulum fashion; still she was almost as corpulent, facial features less coarse and her complexion might be envied, but the straight, sharp, needle-point nose, and small eyes, thinly disguised by spectacles, betrayed a character not calculated to win general esteem.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Powell," said she affectedly extending her gloved, limp hand, "is it not a lovely day and such delightful weather!—I thought it would be most beneficial to allow—the children an outin' along the river to-day, and—*so*, 'ave sent them off in the dog-cart, to the Falls, to play on the sands.—Is this gentleman a friend of yours, Mr. Powell? (I was introduced).—How *nice*!—How *nice* it is to 'ave military friends, and I am—*so* glad, you 'ave one, Mr. Powell.—You must know my cousin William, in England, is closely connected with army gentlemen, and the nobility. I think it is—*so* nice for him, and I do most sincerely 'ope that he will marry well, and keep up the family pres-teege. Family dignity should always be the first consideration I think. (Ernest had heard this story before. Cousin William was a footman).—

Then there is my other cousin, Margaret, she is really a second cousin you know. A sweet girl, and she has "ontray" to select society. I think it is—*so* very nice for her to meet agreeable people.—She wrote me a letter, last year, describing a ball which she attended, telling me all about the lovely dresses the ladies wore, but she quite o-mitted,—to tell me what she wore for the occasion herself. I was—*so* disappointed and told her—*so*. But still, I can very well imagine what she wore. You see,—I 'ave read—*so* much, *so*—very extensively, that I am enabled to quickly grasp ennythin'. For instance now. My young son Robert is very musical—he is fourteen—and we got an American organ for him without stops, and let him 'ave a month's lessons. He was—*so* quick in learning all about music that we decided he knew as much about music as the teacher did, when the month was up. I saw it before Mr. Walker did. I soon see things.—Robert composes on the organ, and we 'ope soon to send to Pietermaritzburg for a man to come and take them down on paper, and make them up into a book. I am sure, and I know, they are quite as good, if not better, than the stuff I read about in the papers which a man called 'An del composes. I 'ave not 'eard his music, but as I 'ave read all about it, of course I can understand what it is like. 'An del ought to be ashamed of himself to write a piece of music and call it "Asses and Girl's Tears." (Acis and Galatea). Robert's music teacher said that that was the latest composition. I will never allow Robert to do anything—*so* vulgar as that. Now last night, I was reading about the eruption of Vesuvius, and the destruction of Pompeii,—whilst Robert was playin' his last composition, he said he thought the key was a flat one,—and do you know I could see the eruption just as plain as though I had been there myself. It was really enjoyable, and I should—*so* 'ave liked you both to 'ave been with us, you would 'ave enjoyed it—*so*. We are goin' to 'ave it again to-night, and I 'ave extreme pleasure in requestin' your company. I was talkin' to Mr. Walker about him askin' you, Mr. Powell, and he said he would be glad of your company at tea, as he wants to 'ave a talk to you on some business affairs.—Ah!—Mr. Powell!—I cannot listen to any excuses, or postponements. You *must* come and bring your military friend, here. Mr. Powell we shall expect you, and won't take any refusal.—Now talkin' about business, reminds me that I came out this afternoon intendin' to call at your office. Mr. Walker would 'ave come himself, only he had an appointment with Colonel Sewell. *Nice* man Colonel Sewell I believe. He is military too, and I told Mr. Walker that he should put aside all other engagements whenever Colonel Sewell wanted to discuss matters with him. (I wondered how the Colonel was getting along with the soldering of his pots and pans). I *grieve*,—*so* to say, the matter upon which I was comin' to speak to you about is a disagreeable one. We 'ave borne it patiently for a long time and cannot bear it enny longer now. The law says, "Come to me if you want your wrongs put right," and we purpose comin'. You must know we find it is impossible to keep

a Kaffir boy. I cannot tell you how many we 'ave had this last six months, none of them stayed longer than a week. We are without a kitchen boy again, which makes it—*so* very inconvenient for me as I 'ave to keep one of my sons 'ome from school to 'elp me. I know who causes the Kaffirs to leave me, and I know why it is, and what I wanted to see you about is 'avin' it stopped. 'Now our next door neighbor, Mrs. Jenkins, has a Kaffir boy who has been with her for more than a year, but I know he is a very bad boy, for he tells all the boys that come to work for me that I am not a good missis, and—*so* they run away. I know he does this, and he would not do like that if Mrs. Jenkins did not set him on to do it. I know she does it. She is offended at me because I do not care to be friendly with her, and I regret to say she is jealous because my garden looks nicer than hers. You know what lovely plants I 'ave, everybody speaks about them. I know they do, because I can see it. My verandahs is covered with creepers and ferns back and front, and I 'ave them harched on frames to all the out 'ouses at the back, principally to make me feel private like and exclude neighbours from seein' what I am doin'. They do stare—*so*. Mrs. Jenkins actually got up one night at twelve o'clock to see me go across the yard with a candle, and she had that big brute of a dog with her, too. And I know that nasty Kaffir of her's was lookin' on. It made me feel quite nervous, for I know she would 'arm me if she could; and her Kaffir does leer—*so*, when he comes to the fence to annoy me with his singin' when I am busy. Mrs. Jenkins' chickens follows him, and he sends them into my garden to scratch up worms around the plants. It is very annoyin'. I do not keep chickens because they *so* destroy plants, and I do not think it right I should be pestered with other people's fowls. The silly Mrs. Jenkins is quite hoity-toity since she gave out that her husband is makin' a carriage for her. A vulgar creature, she is to be sure, to drive about in a carriage. A silly, ignorant woman she is to be sure. She never reads ennythin', or she would know how to behave to respectable and genteel folks. I do not know ennybody who has a kind word for her except me. I never speak my mind, and would not 'ave told you what I 'ave, only, I am compelled to let you see what sort of a woman she is,—*so*, that you can understand why her Kaffir boy interferes with me. Now, Mr. Walker thinks we should make an example of her boy, summons him and 'ave him punished. And I was comin' to get you to write it out, or if you thought it best we would 'ave him arrested at once chargin' him with malicious intentions. He would be locked up for a few days before bein' brought before the Magistrate, and I think it would teach him a lesson as well as lettin' Mrs. Jenkins see what it was to be 'without a boy and 'ave all the work to do herself. She went to see Lawyer Budd this mornin'. My son Robert saw her go into his office, and he said she looked mad when she came out. I know well by her manner of struttin' up the path when she came 'ome that she had been to Lawyer Budd to see if she could

(Continued on page 8.)

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

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BY JOHN CONOLLY.

ARTICLE VI.

I have not the space to deal exhaustively with this subject however much I would like to. There are many minor details which will appeal to the conscientious student, in scanning this article, not commented on but essential.

The successful reader must have a good general knowledge of literature, embracing geography, history, written discourse, rhetoric, mythology, etc. Without this equipment intellectual expression is retarded and physical expression becomes dominant. This latter state is essentially the case in the beginning, but is relegated back with progression of the mental development.

Cultivate the emotions, analyze, educate, separate and establish them.

We have not neglected the physical development, but have covered the ground carefully and fully. Now, we have to deal with the emotions, which will lead us to the point at issue "How to study a reading."

Emotion has reference to the mind or soul. It is the inward manifestation of excited feeling. We manifest this inward condition to others by means of the voice, features, postures and gestures.

We cannot impress others, then, with our feelings if the physical and mental development of the student has been neglected. The success of the reader is based on this factor,—physical and mental state; the higher the order the greater the success.

It is a fact that many readers acquire a glib flexibility in speaking words and accentuate syllables properly. This frequently passes for expression. It is wrong nevertheless. A conscientious analysis must be made to ensure a clever reading.

The selection of a reading is usually a troublesome proposition. However, this may be easily gotten over by your selecting one which appeals directly to your emotions. Do not let someone else make the choice; because a poem appeals to one person it is no criterion why you should make it your choice for study. Personalities differ so widely. Children have to be guided as they are limited by education, not so, the adult who has learned to think, he or she should, therefore, make the decision. As suggested before, the limit of educational growth will decide the artistic success of the student.

Because the words of a trashy, humorous selection almost invariably convulse, what we might term, a "mixed" audience, it is no reason why you should follow this vein. On the contrary your efforts to attain a definite "high ideal," or standard, will be the more praiseworthy; the more so as you become as it were an educational factor, elevating, turning and attracting the thoughts of men and women to life and beauty not dreamed of in the limits of their philosophy. To those, I say, sacrifice the plaudits of the unthinking. Educate them to your standard, that you may not suffer in your own estimation. Your reward will be a secure niche in the pillar of fame, it may be only a lone one, but nevertheless sure.

It has been said "to the victors belong the spoils." I would change this a little to fit the ethics of elocution and make it read "to the plodders belong the spoils." There are, as frequently happens, class students who stand out in such bold relief over their fellows that we prophesy their everlasting fame, but, like the proverbial candle they are soon snuffed out by the slow but sure plodders who have been

quietly flitting about in the background of their existence. These conscientious strugglers grasp, and in innumerable instances, hold for ever the laurel wreaths of victory.

Assuming that you have made your selection the following analytical rules might be followed:

1. Read through the number understanding and carefully.
 2. Consult your dictionary for the meaning of all words you are not absolutely sure of.
 3. Separate each thought. Write out your ideas surrounding the distinct thoughts involved.
 4. Make direct, indirect and analogical associations in connection with each thought. Write them out, revise and amplify them.
 5. In place of words, imagine pictures. The words will come.
 6. Write a story based on the subject matter of the selection.
 7. Pantomime the action of the piece in detail. Be sure that one action is correct before passing to another.
 8. If you have not the words at command by this time, memorize them and commence over again.
- In giving a reading it must be ever before you that suggestion takes the place of pantomime.

SOME IMPORTANT POINTS TO BE BORNE IN MIND BEFORE AN AUDIENCE:

Keep your scenes vividly before you. Do not hurry in presenting thoughts, bring out the salient points.

Locate and fix the still life in your picture definitely. Intellectual action must be keen and brilliant.

Talk to your audience, not over them, or at them.

Imitate positively the characters in your reading, their tones, eccentricities and actions. Simulate sounds if any.

Locate your characters and do not move them to any appreciable extent while unfolding them to auditors.

To imitate character, choose the character from life and study it.

Dialect should be studied from direct contact.

Go into the country and study still life, if your scenes are pastoral.

Learn the calls of birds and animals, the cries of children, their prattle, the tones of adults, the rustling of tree boughs, murmuring of streams, echoes, the tolling of bells and so on, from their original sources. Don't ask anyone for an illustration. Secure them direct. You will then be yourself, and not a copyist of Mr. So-and-so or Miss So-and-so.

Remember that in all reading you are working up to a climax. Restrain yourself accordingly. Lead up to, and bring out this climax with all the vigor and emotion in your personality.

Impart your own feelings to your audience. If you are in keen sympathy with what you are presenting, the voice will report faithfully the moving of the soul.

In presenting a well analyzed reading to an intelligent audience by "holding the mirror up to nature as it were" you will not fail to interest your listeners. A mediocre painting well hung in a gallery will gain attention from the captious critic, when a celebrated masterpiece, in an out of the way corner, will receive but scant consideration.

The deduction is, that while a poem vividly presented with careful attention to light, shade, and detail, intrinsically weak, will receive the applause of the masses, how much greater will be the reward meted to the reader of a magnificent poem, replete with the highest thoughts, worked out equally conscientiously.

In studying elocution we study life, and the means of directing thought in others.

There is no limit to its cultivation. Many rewards accrue to its students. The accomplishment is of the utmost value in business or social life. It gives a vigorous mentality, imparts moral courage, benefits financially, and adds grace, refinement and elegance to its possessor. The elocutionist enthralls, revives and pleases the sensibilities of others.

The deep breathing and vocal exercises involved impart a wondrous change in the physical system.

By studying elocution carefully we attain a higher appreciation of all that is grand and sublime in literature.

The education of man is incomplete without this accomplishment.

"Unerring Nature
Life, Force, and Beauty must to all impart,
At once the source and end and test of art,
Those rules of old, discovered not devised
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized."

(THE END.)

ODE TO AN OLD BANJO.

ALBERT WARD DIPPY.

Lie there in peace, old friend,
You've earned much needed rest;
Full many a season you have seen
And always stood the test.

No more to gentle touch your strings
Will wake the souls of men;
The hand that once sweet music wrought
Will never play again.

Ah! well do I remember times,
When in our halcyon years,
We touched upon the hearts of men,
And brought forth gentle tears.

And oft again in pleasant mood
The smile of joy would light
Some wan and weary dear old face
In the darkness of the night,

When you and I together tried
To drive dull care away,
And from your strings so fine and true
Festivity held sway.

We've seen our day, old friend,
And now we're growing old;
But years may come and go before
My heart toward you grows cold.

So rest in peace, my old banjo,
With knowledge that you've won
The plaudits of both great and small,
For now with them we're done.

When sombre spirits from on high
Bid me to upward go,
That day and not before, my friend,
Will I leave my old banjo.

THE C. L. PARTER MUSIC CO.—The classic selections arranged for banjo and piano by Mr. Edward Pritchard, published by the above house, form one of the finest editions of banjo music ever printed. The numbers consist of:

Nocturne, op. No. 2,Chopin
Largo,Handel
Polish Dance, op. 3, No. 1,Scharwenka
Evening Star,Wagner
Serenade,Hayden
Melody in F,Rubenstein

Mr. Pritchard has certainly arranged these gems in masterly style.

The Man in the



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.

INSTALMENT No. 4.

Gee! but it's hot! It seems to be hot everywhere, a fitting atmosphere for strife. It's war, war all over. Wars of arms, commerce, diplomacy, finance, politics, etc., etc., and it's all about nothing, simply nothing. A condition due to absence of common sense and decent discrimination. Oh, for a man! That's what the planet Earth wants.

That a kind destiny overrules the Anglo-Saxon race is again being verified. Past history affords abundant proof that whenever the British, as a military nation, was much engaged in one part of the world, and opportunities were thus given to other nations to take advantage, something cropped up to distract their attention and give them as much work as they could ever tackle. They've got it again now, in China; and they are walking into the same traps that they so much enjoyed seeing set for the British in South Africa. The shoes pinch on other feet now, and there will be an inevitable decline in estimation of the boer's marksmanship. The inventors of firearms, the artisans and mechanics, will get the credit ultimately.

That was a timely and refinedly put editorial in the July *Major*. I am glad to see a break at last made on the question in point. I've been itching to say something for a while, and now I've got the chance; here goes! In the JOURNAL office two especially special files are kept. One is a Black List and the other a Watch List. They are lists of names that have accumulated for some years, and are added to as circumstances provide. Of course you know what a Black List is. Now the Watch List tells of those whom we keep our eyes upon in all business dealings, and in matters for publication in the JOURNAL as far as able. On that Watch List are names of those who sought to curry favors by making ignorant, prejudicial and spiteful remarks about contemporaries, and those names remain until the owners evolve into rational beings. Some evolutions have taken place, and we have hopes of others. Editors and publishers of magazines always like to learn their efforts are appreciated and of which publication may be a favorite in this or that quarter, but they don't desire to hear or read of abusive slang hurled at any contemporary. Magazines are not like daily-so-called newspapers and none of them recognize legitimacy in sensationalism or yellowism. It is the magazines,

to whatever art, industry or science they be devoted, that are the real educators of the present day. The position in that respect once held by the daily so-called newspapers is now a thing of the past, and buried perhaps for ever. The magazines' turn may come in some remote future century, but we need not bother about it yet awhile. No one magazine can be the whole thing for the particular art, industry or science to which it is devoted. It is not desirable that such a condition should exist, for it would hamper progress, and narrow thought into idiotic obstinacy. There is nothing to be said against anybody who prefers subscribing to one only of the banjo magazines, still, if he or she can do it, they would be much gainers by subscribing to or reading more. If they try the plan, they will agree about the benefits. My last observation on this subject of our magazines is to express the hope that all who read, have read and digested what Mr. Partee said in the last number of the *Cadence*, under caption of "A Few Remarks and Other Things," and then will read the notice that appears in the current issues of the JOURNAL, the *Cadence* and *Major*, anent clubbing subscription rates.

SORE FINGER ENDS, whose inquiry appeared in correspondence column of last JOURNAL, will, says Mr. N. S. Lagatree, find an efficacious and inexpensive remedy in lime water applied to finger tips allowed to dry without wiping. This should be repeated several times daily. Collo-dion applied to cuts on fingers will permit practising, and is less unsightly than a bandage or court plaster.

Mr. J. E. Agnew, of Des Moines, Iowa, has closed his summer season and left for Lake O'Roboji, where he has an engagement lasting eight weeks.

Whist! and I'll tell you.

I'd like to hear occasionally from Harry F. Gill, of Paterson, N. J. He says he has got the finest banjo that ever was.

I thank the *Troubadour* for having observed me. My perch is a little high; "convaynient" you know.

The flooring of the typical (?) boer homestead, at the Paris "Exposure," is not made of the genuine real stuff.

It is sad, very sad, that out of the thousands of dollars collected in the United States for the boers only 18 dollars were left to send them, for buying—soap, or schnapps, or—, or—.

That we are going to have our banjo music written in C at last.

That H. T. McClure, whose article, "Why not A. D. 1920?" in No. 112 JOURNAL was inspired by that of Utopian's article "A. D. 2000," in No. 109 JOURNAL, should feel happy with the results that will be achieved this year.

That the daily press in general seems to have a very distorted notion of what Imperialism means, and are consequently causing uneasiness where none should exist.

Imperialism as properly understood by all English speaking people outside the United States and by those in the United States who have travelled abroad, means the common interest of every individual belonging to the one nationality, and not in any single instance the interest of one class at the sacrifice of another.

That every JOURNAL reader who is a voter should see his head is screwed on right by November, and vote for soundness of foreign policy, when domestic affairs will adjust themselves as naturally as water finds a level.

That worse might be done than recalling missionaries to attend to some of these domestic affairs, and utilizing the annual expenditure of \$17,161,092 on missionary work for booming the banjo.

That nowhere in Asia, Africa or Oceania will a resident of a few years standing ever employ a native who states he is a Christian. It is only the new settlers who ever get bitten by the holders of bad police records. It is regrettable, but so are many other facts.

That Mr. Paul Cessna Gerhart is winning many laurels at the Chautauqua, Boulder, Col.

That Mr. Arling Shaeffer has gone to London, and will visit Berlin, Paris, Naples and Rome.

That Mr. Samuel Seigel is performing for record-making at the Edison Phonograph Company, and that hats are being taken off to him.

That another new department is to begin in the JOURNAL.

That it will be very, very new.

That you had better watch for it.

Special.

A stiff task has been given me. The other night my wireless-system telephone bell rang furiously. It was our EDITOR who wanted to speak. "Get your night telescope," he said; "focus it upon me and retain hold of transmitter."

"Right you are!" I replied.

"Do you see this magazine?"

"Yes. It is the London *Banjo* for July."

"Read this editorial paragraph."

"Um-um-er-um! I've read it."

"You've got to find out what that western exchange was. The article was sent me, with a special request for its insertion, and seemed familiar when I read it, but I could not place it."

"That western exchange may be an issue of some months back, and—"

"It don't matter if it is some years back, you have got to find it."

"But—"

The current was off, and a dark cloud obscured my vision. That EDITOR of ours is an awful task master!

PRaise for the JOURNAL

June 26, 1900. Des Moines, Iowa: "I am very much pleased with No. 118 JOURNAL. I like the style of the JOURNAL very much." J. E. Agnew.

June 25, 1900. Limekiln, Pa: "Enclosed please find 50 cents for another six months subscription to the JOURNAL. I could not do without it; it is worth twice its money to me. It is great." Ezra M. P. Yoder.

July 2, 1900. San Francisco, Cal: "The extra numbers of your bright JOURNAL received, for which accept my sincere thanks. There have been very few articles that I have not scanned carefully, and with the greatest satisfaction. I find a healthy mixture of seriousness and fun, and it puts one in an excellent humor to read a JOURNAL or two." Miss Elsie Tooker.

July 17, 1900. San Jose, Cal: "I have been a subscriber to the JOURNAL for over a year, and find it to be a progressive and up-to-date work." A. W. Trubody.

July 24, 1900. Woodford, Tenn.: "I am well pleased with the JOURNAL and surprised that it can be produced at such a low price. You make Carcassi's exercises easy to understand. Enclosed please find subscription for one year." John S. Johnson.

S. S. STEWART'S

BANJO, GUITAR AND MANDOLIN JOURNAL

CHARLES MORRIS, EDITOR.

Associate Editors

C. S. PATTY, PAUL ENO, C. F. ELZEAN FIBET, BERT. S. HOUSE.

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AUGUST and SEPTEMBER, 1900

AT LAST.

We have had lots of discussions in the past about changing banjo notation, and, notwithstanding apparent little action, there has, all the same, been a lot of work done in a quiet and steady way. There's lots more other work going to be done in the same manner, and its nature will not be definitely alluded to until the time is ripe. The time is ripe now, however, for saying this much:

The next number of the "Journal," No. 120, will see the beginning in its music supplement of a Banjo Instructor in the English, or rather Universal Notation, and music for banjo written in the same.

A contemporary recently remarked that, "the American banjo world was waiting for a martyr, otherwise somebody to open up the line." As the JOURNAL has done a vast amount of pioneering work in the past, it may as well keep it up and again invite all to jump into the same wagon of progress.

(IZUMA, Continued from page 5.)

bring trouble on my son Robert for accidentally killing one of her chickens when he drove them out of my fernery.—Now what do you advise, Mr. Powell?—But there!—I need not ask you. You can talk it over with Mr. Walker, at tea. We shall expect you, and now I will say o-revoyer, and make my other calls. O-revoyer!"

We pursued our way.

(To be continued.)

(Izuma was written in its entirety in 1897).

THE PROPOSED AMERICAN GUILD OF BANJOISTS, MANDOLINISTS and GUITARISTS

PROGRESS REPORT No. 3.

In order that readers may know what is thought in Great Britain of this movement, the editorial appearing in the London *Banjo* for June, is herewith reproduced *en toto*:

Quite the best news that has reached us for some time from America, or in indeed from anywhere, is of the proposed formation of an American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists, a project with regard to which *Stewart's Journal* took the initiative. It is an early day to prophesy results, but the new movement is one calculated to work lasting good to the cause, and to assist, not so much in raising the status of banjo, mandolin and guitar, for that, thanks to recent advance, is no longer the urgent need that it was a few years since, but in making their accomplished position both secure and acknowledged. Although the scheme is spoken of as "The American Guild," we are nevertheless safe in assuming it to be a step which will have a distinct influence upon the future of the instruments in other parts of the globe as well, if only by example, and as being a first stride towards a definite organization of effort. The proposed Guild will, as we understand it, be in a measure protective as well as demonstrative; merit will be the only key to admittance, and it will confer a certain standing upon all members. Heavy entrance examinations will exclude incompetence, which will by this means be at last relegated to its proper level. Mr. Charles Morris states: "No attempt at forming a union or social organization whatever was, or is, under consideration, or embodied in the Guild proposal. The real object was, and is, to establish an indisputable standard for individuals and leagues to work up to."

This sounds like business. Up-to-date it must be admitted that the amount of talk, as opposed to action, in the banjo world has been rather disproportionate. Mr. Morris' proposal marks, in one sense, the dawn of a new era, and should meet with the intelligent support and co-operation of all who have the future of their profession at heart.

The need of an organization to be formed on these lines is one that is very widely felt at the present day. As matters now stand there is practically no such thing as a certificated banjo teacher. A teacher or "professor," so-called, may be either a person who has spent half a life-time in the study of the instrument, or the merest amateur intent on earning pin-money. There exists no means of drawing a line to distinguish the one from the other. This is unfair on the public, and it is doubly unfair on the earnest worker. One might go a step further, and say there is no such thing as a bureau of acknowledged authority on purely technical questions relating to the study of the instrument. It is this, a final court of appeal, as it were, which is needed as much as anything else, and it is this which a future guild—college—whatever one prefers to call it—would look to provide. As an authority it would be final, because composed of the leading exponents of the instrument. Besides setting the standard of competence, and adjudging claims for nomination, they would decide upon all technical questions from time to time arising. Everything is not to be done at once. The banjo has not yet reached the summit of development. It is still in the transitional stages of its career. It is conceivable that future methods and possibilities, both in executive scope and construction may arise, which shall be as undreamt of to the present generation as were the methods of to-day to the players of the past. But not only would such an institute as proposed keep

abreast of all innovations; it would of itself originate them. In all progress we should have co-operation instead of the waste of individual energy which, albeit tending to a common end, loses necessarily from the fact of advancing toward that end by widely differing paths. To use an old maxim, in union is strength, and it is a maxim which the laws of nature put into daily practice. Any movement, to be of permanent value, must be general, and not confined only to the few. There are among our journals evidences of a spirit of hearty co-operation and support which is the best of promises for the days to come, and which will go far towards laying the foundation of a wider bond which shall unite amateurs and professionals alike, irrespective, and let us hope exclusive, of personal differences. I have no wish to idealize in any degree, or to indulge in futile allusions to a problematical coming "millennium." The present is quite big enough to work in, and when one step is completed, it will be time enough to talk confidently of the next.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 30, 1900.

MR. CHAS. MORRIS,

DEAR SIR:—I have been greatly interested in the different articles I have read regarding the proposed American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists. I think that it is the duty of every teacher or performer of recognized ability in this country to do all in their power to aid in forming an organization that will protect them against "fakir" teachers and performers; and aid in bringing their instruments to the front. There are many teachers of these instruments in this city and vicinity that do more to hurt the reputation of the instrument than anything else, and if they were obliged to pass an examination in music in order to teach, they would have to carry the banner elsewhere. I am ready at any time to try for examination or whatever may be required for admittance to such an organization. If there is anything that I can do to aid in the organization of the Guild, just let me know and I shall be more than willing to do it.

With best wishes for the success of the Guild, I am,

Very respectfully,
WILFRED E. GARLICK.

Mr. Wm. H. Didway, of Astoria, L. I., writing under date of June 25, said:

"I am very much pleased with the interest manifested in the proposed Guild, and hope to see it a grand success. Twenty odd years ago I thought of a scheme, that is if every banjoist of those days would wear a button or scarf pin. But the Guild goes thirty years ahead of all that."

Mr. A. W. Trubody, teacher of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar, San Jose, California, writes:

"I think the idea of a Guild is a good one, and I am ready to join as soon as it is organized."

The following editorial comment appeared in the July issue of the London *Banjo*:

"The proposed American Guild is rapidly taking form. It is a large undertaking, the more so as, to quote Mr. Charles Morris, 'We have absolutely no precedent to guide us and work upon.' The movement is in the control of able hands, and one can have nothing but admiration for those who will have originated and founded it."

Before the next JOURNAL goes to press, the foundation committee will have held its first meeting and a series of meetings, whereat it is fully expected that definite lines of action will be determined upon, real work begun, and then be carried on aggressively until the Guild becomes a fact and is a firmly established institution.

CHARLES MORRIS.

The Soloists and Teachers OWN CORNER



FREDERICK J. BACON.

This well known banjoist and entertainer is now on a tour and meeting with much success. Ill health prevented him from taking pupils this year, but he contemplates locating in Baltimore for the coming season and forming new classes there. A former pupil, Mr. Hendry, of Brandon, Vt., performed with Mr. Bacon in Newport, R. I., and other places. While in the city of Providence Mr. Charles Lovenberg, manager of Keith's, was met with, who engaged Messrs. Bacon and Hendry for the Keith circuit, beginning June 4th, at Providence. In Newport these gentlemen played with the Lawrence club, who were so pleased that another engagement was made for the same week. Mr. Bacon is busy working up new items for his repertoire for the coming season, and will shortly publish a new grand militaire march. Mr. Frank B. Smith has succeeded to Mr. Bacon's business in Hartford, Conn.

VESS L. OSSMAN.

An occasional correspondent, writing to the JOURNAL from London, says in regard to Mr. Ossman's performances there: "London had never heard any ragtime music played on the banjo to amount to anything until Mr. Ossman put in an appearance. After playing his first selection of a 'Bunch of Rags,' one can well say that no banjoist ever received such an ovation, such bursts of applause, ever made such a hit as he, since the banjo first came to England. He was encored and encored, and has received more offers to stay in London than any ten men could fulfill. But as Mr. Ossman is on a flying visit, he could only express his thanks."

BERT S. HOUSE.

This gentleman is spending his vacation in camp on the shore of Lake Ontario, catching black bass, etc. It is great sport, and Mr. House has gained twelve pounds in three weeks for himself.

The entire JOURNAL staff wouldn't object to be there with him. Mr. House's organization, the Imperial Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar, has had a very successful season, and will rest from rehearsals during August. All of the old members will be with the orchestra next season, and new members are to join. The best grades of music are to be taken up, among which will be five new operatic arrangements by Mr. House. The next issue of the JOURNAL

will contain a fine illustrated sketch of the Imperial Septette, and continuation of Mr. House's interesting and valuable "Talk on Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs."

S. DUNCAN BAKER.

Our old friend is as busy as ever. He has lately received a new guitar of which he speaks most highly. Writing the other day, Mr. Baker said: "Last Saturday night a Louisiana Planter, who is also a 'banjo crank,' called just as I had dispatched my last pupil for the week, and, backed up by my family who declared the trip would do me lots of good, hustled me off with no baggage except a Stewart Banjo and Banjeaurine. We took a skiff at the landing, and propelled by the sturdy arms of a darkie, enjoyed a short moonlight ride on the 'Father of waters.' After reaching the other side we were not long in arriving at the plantation home, where we had a midnight lunch, a social smoke, and played duets until the 'wee sma' hours.'"

Many a JOURNAL reader would like to have been there.

Mr. Baker tells us he has met Mr. Augustus Aarons, of New Orleans, who has been traveling for the past ten years, is as great a banjoist and comic singer as of yore, and still clings to his fifteen-year old Stewart Banjo. By an ingenious device, Mr. Aarons can remove the arm of his banjo so that the instrument may be placed in a grip for convenient carrying from place to place. He is very popular everywhere, and if he finds that a charity entertainment is to be given on a certain date along his route, Gus hies away from the Crescent city, and in some mysterious manner is on hand to "black up," and do a turn.

Mr. Baker is very enthusiastic concerning Gus, and many JOURNAL friends are enthusiastic over both, as they should be.

MICHENSEN BROTHERS.

These two young gentlemen, Thor and Twain, have attained an enviable reputation as Banjoists and are now delighting many an audience on the Pacific coast. Their repertoire includes works of Paderewski, Suppe, Paganini, Wagner, Rossini, Verdi and others. Among the numerous press remarks are the following:

The Michelsen Brothers are marvels.

They selected that least classical of all instruments, the banjo, but by their mastery of its strings have placed themselves in the front rank. They render Paderewski's Minuet in a manner that could not be improved upon by the great Paderewski on a Steinway piano.

They are truly artistic banjoists, and render the most difficult selections in a way that is remarkable. Audiences go wild with delight.

GROWLS

Collected by

THE GROWLER

INSTALMENT No. 2.

"It's a shame!—a downright shame that a good scheme meets no support! Here's this country without a National anthem to call its very own, and the one I have invented is turned down for lack of somebody to take it up! Without the words the time opens and goes like this: Tra, la, la la la; tra, la, la la la. I tell you it's fine and very original, and some mean fellow by the name of Wagner, has copied it since hearing Bro. Playyear rattle it out. Now just as soon as the tune came to me, on July 1, I memorized it, and rushed off to hum it over to Bro. Playyear. He wrote it down in $\frac{1}{8}$ time, in the Key of H,

in a jiffy; without any of that flat or sharp business. He said the Key was a clean cut one, and didn't need any tonics or dominating mediums, let alone accidents. Then I fixed up the words, in blank verse. You can't think how nice the blending was. It was a complete departure from—from—er,—I forget the word, and novel and uniform. (Mr. Editor says I'd better put t-y at end of those two words, but I prefer my own ideas)—On July 2 I called to see Mr. Editor, who said, "Well?"

"It ain't well!" said I, "I thought I was going to run this here show, and now you go and fix up my copy."

"You got pay for your work," said he.

"I object to the word work. I object to demeaning myself," said I.

"You borrow money upon your agitations then; don't you?" said he.

"That's quite different," said I. "Say! I've got on to a stunning scheme to make a fortune on the 4th, and am willing to let you in on the ground floor. It will knock out the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

"Eh!—What?" said he. "Where do you live?"

"Camden, New Jersey," said I.

"The Lord preserve us," said he. "I did hear of a smart Alec, there, who was to become a millionaire in less than twenty-four hours by having a tune adopted by the United States Government. Is it you?"

"No, it ain't," said I. "I don't wobble sideways when I walk as though I was getting in trim for turning cart wheels, nor do I carry my brains in my boots, and nobody cooks my goose. Here's my copy, and it isn't like anything else. You'll observe there's only one verse, which is as long as some songs with a dozen verses. The tune starts on a low note, ascends by leaps and bounds with cadenzas, tromboning the cornets into spasms of flute like tenderness, while the sopranos secure the triplets on the high G. The octavo and diminished seventh in seeking a modulation on the adagio become bassooned on the inverted tempo chord, the one that was lost, but is *now* found again, and—"

"Where are the bars?" said he.

"Which?—What bars? I decided to leave out all tonics in this deal," said I, "but if you think it advisable, I have no objection to having one."

"One?" said he, "Why man, you'll need a hundred or more!"

"I haven't the price," said I. "Now, don't you think we can spring this tune upon the people on the 4th, and work it up for the real National anthem? I'll let you in for a quarter of the money."

"I have no time or use for it," said he.

"So, you turn it down, do you?" said I. "And has that blessed man from the moon got to have his plans attended to first?"

"You are not talking business," said he.

"Mr. Editor," said I, "I got two growls from a man who says he knows what to growl about and when to growl."

No. 1 is: "When will the many able writers for the banjo cease *arranging* and begin again to *compose* something for the banjo? He says: 'Give us a few more 'Darkies' Dreams and Patrols,' and a few more 'Normandie Marches,' and 'Love and Beauty' waltzes."

No. 2 is: "When will we have an instruction book containing a sufficient number of exercises and practice pieces, to properly develop the muscles of the right hand and render the pupil capable of *playing* instead of *plunking*?" He says: "Above all give us an instruction book entirely *minus* concert solos; in short a real instruction book."

"I'll leave you, Mr. Editor, the task of turning those two growls into expressions of another nature. That's your business, not mine; I don't undertake to do more than get the growls."



CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN.—Lovers of the social side of Commencement Week had their desires gratified on the evening of June 25, through the medium of the Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs, at the Hyperion Theatre. Both clubs were given a rousing send-off.

The program opened with the selection "Hands Across the Sea," by the Banjo club, followed by the Glee club singing "Brave Mother Yale." Ralph Schneeloch, M. S., sang "Rose Fable" with the Glee club accompanying. He had to respond to an encore. "Tutti Fruitti," by the Glee and Banjo clubs, was very much enjoyed. "The Farmer's Daughter," sung by G. W. Simmons, 1900, and club was loudly applauded. The Mandolin club played "Gondolieri" in a very acceptable manner. The quartet made the hit of the evening with their many pleasing selections. They were repeatedly called back to sing. Mr. Clark and the club sang "The Change Will Do You Good," after which "Bright College Years" was sung by all the boys on the stage. That concluded the program. The officers of the club are: A. J. Baker, president Glee club; E. H. Clark, president Banjo club; F. D. Cheney, manager, and J. A. Keppelman, assistant manager.

The concert given by the Apollo Banjo club of Yale University, in the Town Hall of West Haven, was largely attended, and proved a success artistically and financially. This club is second only to the Yale University Banjo club, and this year has given them a close call for first place.

Mr. Wilfred E. Garlick has recently fitted up a new studio at 102 First Street. He continues his class till August, when he will fill his usual summer engagements at Lenox, and other resorts among the Berkshire Hills.

NEW JERSEY.

MOUNT HOLLY.—The Lotus Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar club finished their season June 1. The members will enjoy a short vacation and resume with much larger membership. The same officers will remain, and with the great interest which is manifest a very bright future is predicted. Mr. E. S. Troth, manager, and Mr. E. D. Holeman, leader, have several pleasant engagements at the sea shore, booked for the club. These concerts are looked forward to with great pleasure by the members. Last summer's "shore trip" was a decided success due to the untiring efforts of the officers and each individual member.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—Of the Samaritan Hospital concert given in the Academy of Music, May 15, report of which was crowded out of the last JOURNAL, it is to be said the event proved more than ordinarily successful. The following clubs appeared in combination: The Hamilton; Mount Vernon Institute; The P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.; and the Euterpe. The soloists were Miss Elsie North, soprano; Mr. Frank S. Avil, baritone; and Miss Helen Beatrice Reed, harp. The accompanists were: Mrs. J. C. Meacham; Miss Gillespie; Mr. Beech. Miss Broomall appeared as elocutionist. Program was as follows:

- Overture—"Cupid's Realm".....Armstrong
Combined Clubs.
(a) Spring.....Henschel
(b) I Must Sing.....Taubert
Miss Elsie North.
Mrs. J. C. Meacham at the piano.

- Mazurka de Concert.....Schuecker
Miss Helen Beatrice Reed.
Waltzes—"Colonial Days".....Weaver
Combined Clubs.
Selection.....Miss Jeannette Broomall.
A Dream of Paradise.....Gray
Mr. Frank S. Avil, Baritone.
Obligato—Mr. Eno, Mr. Steele, Mr. Vane.
Banjo Solo.....
Mr. Paul Eno.
Miss Gillespie at the piano.
March—"Man Behind the Gun".....Souza
Combined Clubs.
Se Saran Rosa.....Arditi
Miss Elsie North.
Mrs. J. C. Meacham at the piano.
Selection—"From 'Rigoletto'".....Verdi
Miss Helen Beatrice Reed.
Medley of National Airs (by request).....Arr. Eno
Combined Clubs.
Mr. Paul Eno conducted the entire concert in his usual efficient manner.

The recital, on May 28, at the Pennsylvania Conservatory of Music, by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Jacobi and pupils of the Zither, Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo Departments, was a very *recherche* affair. The programme, herewith reproduced, was very choice and rendered in admirable style:

- Ensemble—"Maritana".....Wallace Calamara
Edelweiss Mandolin and Guitar Club.
Quartet—"Lillies of the Valley," Maurice Jacobi
Zither, Messrs. M. Herz, E. Ehret, H. Bock.
Violin, C. Candoni.
Trio—Serenade.....Schubert
Mandolins, Miss C. Ater, Mrs. A. Jacobi.
Guitar, Mr. E. Holden.
Sextette—"Rosebuds".....Arditi
Mandolins, Misses E. Marsden, T. Meyers, D.
Behre, L. Becker.
Guitars, Miss C. Tresek, Mrs. A. Jacobi.
Duet—(a) Mirella.....Gounod-Leon
(b) Air varie.....Silvestri
Mandolins, Miss C. L. K. Bachmann, Mr. M.
Jacobi.
Solo—Tannkonig (Melodram).....Pugh
Zither, Mr. Edwin Ehret.
Quartet—"Gavotte, from Mignon".....
Thomas A. Jacobi
Guitars, Miss C. Tresek, Mrs. A. Jacobi,
Mr. E. Holden, Mr. M. Jacobi.
Quintette.....
Selections from "Midsummer Night's Dream"
Mendelssohn
Mandolins, Miss Bachmann, Miss Meyers, Mrs.
Jacobi.
Mandola, Mr. Jacobi. Piano, Mrs. A. Paustian.
Sextette—"Abendandacht".....Seifert
Zithers, Messrs. Herz, Ehret, Bock.
Mandolin, Mrs. Jacobi. Mandola, Mr. Jacobi.
Piano, Mrs. Paustian.
Duet—Air varie, "Blue Bells of Scotland".....
arr. Leon
Mandolins, Miss Meyers, Mr. Jacobi.
Ensemble—March.....B. Cuttito
Mandolin and Guitar Club.

The Mt. Vernon Institute Banjo Club scored a tremendous hit at the Institute commencement, held in Broad Street Theatre, June 7. Mr. Ogden's xylophone solo, with club accompaniment, was a feature. Although the weather is warm, the club has several engagements, and the members are delighted to continue playing, as they usually close their season in June.

Mr. S. Yaskawa, of Japan, has graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and has started for his home. The past season he was under Mr. Paul Eno on the banjo, and made decided progress. The trip abroad will take eight months—with his Stewart banjo and college chums, who will accompany him, a most enjoyable time is anticipated.

MICHIGAN.

SAGINAW.—On the evening of June 8, a Musicales was given in the German Temple of Music by the pupils of Mr. N. S. Lagatree. Program in full was:

- Overture—"The Wanderer,".....Amsden
The Lagatree String Orchestra.
"The Pixies,".....Farrand
Carl Macomber.
Air De Ballet.....Warner
Laura Thomas.
(a) Polka Brillante "La Tipica,".....Curti
(b) Fantasia, "Rock of Ages,".....Arr. by Weeks
(Mandola) Mr. H. F. R. Winterstein.
(a) March, "American Club,".....Pereni
(b) Waltz, "Under the Blossoms,".....Lagatree
Helen Buck, Gertrude McCutcheon, Laura
Thomas, Willie Wallace, Leslie Williams,
Carl Macomber.
Cavatina.....Raff
Miss Caroline L. Nichols, St. Louis, Mich.
Loiu Du Bal,.....Gillet
Gertrude McCutcheon.
(a) Mexican Dance, "Manzanillo,".....Robyn
(b) March, "Nu Gamma Nu,".....Jenness
The Lagatree String Orchestra.

The local paper said:

"The affair was one of the most charming events of the season and came as a fitting close to the winter work of the class. The Lagatree string orchestra rendered the opening number and were fully up to the reputation which they have held in the past. The smoothness and perfect harmony of their music is the especially strong point of these string instrument players. Selections by Carl Macomber and Miss Laura Thomas showed remarkable aptness for young people of their age, both selections being enjoyed fully by the friends present. Two mandola numbers were rendered by H. F. R. Winterstein. Both were heartily applauded. Another double selection was given by the Misses Helen Buck, Gertrude McCutcheon, Laura Thomas and Willie Wallace, Leslie Williams and Carl Macomber. In 'Under the Blossoms,' the sextet showed to especially good advantage. They rendered the beautiful composition in most pleasing style and well earned the applause which they received. Miss Caroline L. Nichols, of St. Louis, Mich., was decidedly the belle of the evening. In both grace of carriage and of music she excelled, the notes coming sweetly and naturally from the instrument and falling with soothing intonations on the ear. Miss Gertrude McCutcheon followed. She is one of Mr. Lagatree's most promising young pupils. A double selection by the orchestra closed the entertainment. Mr. Lagatree assisted by George C. Grenney, accompanied the numbers upon the piano. The evening as a whole gave a delightful presentation of the popular and classical music of to-day and the friends of those who took part in the program have every reason to be proud of the musical abilities of the young people."

The Lagatree String Orchestra is composed of:
First Mandolins: Misses Mildred Wiggins, Henrietta Wurtsmith, Mr. H. N. Strickland. Second Mandolins: Misses Zola Hudson, Laura Thomas. First Banjos: Miss Georgia Wiggins, Mr. James E. Torrains, Mr. Stanley Wallace. Second Banjo: Miss Ethel Hitchings. Guitars: Miss Mayme Morean, Mr. H. F. R. Winterstein.

OUTREMENT.—A grand concert and social, under auspices of the Church of the Ascension Sunday School Building Fund, was given in the Town Hall, June 8. Mr. W. Sullivan made a big hit with Eno's Valse de Concert. He also played De Beriot's Seventh Concerto as violin solo. Mr. D. Inglis and Mr. D. W. Small gave mandolin solos, and the programme was varied by choruses, vocal solos and recitations.

ILLINOIS.

NEWMAN.—The Apollo Club, a lengthy and illustrated notice of which appeared in No. 116 JOURNAL, has been adding to its laurels. On June 24 the club visited Oakland and performed in Martin's Opera House. The local paper observed:

"There was not a very large crowd of people to hear the concert given by the Newman Mandolin and Banjo club, but a better pleased set of people never left that opera house after an entertainment was completed. The club is composed of Newman's best young people, and every one of them is an artist. That there were not more of our people in attendance at the concert is to be regretted, not alone on account of the club, but on the part of our people, for they missed the best musical treat Oakland ever had. Of course the warm weather kept a good many of our people away, but as the concert did not begin until the hall was cool, much cooler, in fact, than we expected to find it. We wish that we had time to speak of all the members of the club as they so richly deserve. We can not do this, as our space to-day is limited. We cannot, however, resist the opportunity of saying that Prof. Carl McKee's violin solos were heartily encored, nor fail to give little Miss Root a mention of her vocal solo, 'The Holy City.' The little lady has a beautiful voice, although not strong, yet highly cultivated. We hope that the Apollo club will come back to Oakland some time next winter, when we assure them that the opera house will be crowded with our very best people."

The program in full was:

"Good Roads" MarchEno
Vocal Solo—"Holy City"The Club.
Miss Lane Root.	
"Farmers' Jubilee"Jennings
The Club.	
Violin Solo—"Introduction and Polonaise"Allan
Prof. Carl McKee.	
Mandolin and Guitar Duet—	
"A Night in Paris"Weaver
Mr. and Miss Dawson.	
Banjo Duet—	
"University Cadets" MarchPlanque
Messrs. Sherman and Dawson.	
"Reign of Love"Eno
The Club.	
Banjo Solo—"Old Kentucky Home"Farland
Mr. C. Arrasmith.	
"Love and Beauty" WaltzesArmstrong
The Club.	
Banjo Solo—	
E. B. Sherman.	
"Dreams of Darkey Land"Heller
The Club.	
Violin Solo—"Last Rose of Summer"Farmer
Prof. Carl McKee.	
Banjo Duet—	
"Vineyard" Grand MarchJennings
Messrs. Sherman and Dawson.	
"De Coontown Review"Jennings
The Club.	
Mandolin Solo—"Reverie"Shibley
Mr. Elmer Dawson.	
"Martaneaux" OvertureVernet
The Club.	

BOLIVAR.—Miss Ida M. O'Day, well-known in Philadelphia music circles, gave an admirable Recital here. The local paper said:

"The recital given at the opera house by Miss Ida M. O'Day, of Wellsville, reader and banjoist, and Miss Jenkins, of Rochester, soloist, was a rare treat. Every one of the ten numbers won applause and Miss O'Day and Miss Jenkins responded to encores. Miss O'Day is a formerly of Bolivar young woman, but none of her friends here had heard her since she had been a student at the Neff College of Oratory in Philadelphia. Before going away she was regarded as a clever amateur reader and banjoist, but her work on Tuesday evening

equals that of any professional who has visited Bolivar with any of the numerous lyceum bureau clubs. Especially fine was her portrayal of Riley's 'Happy Little Cripple.' Miss Jenkins has a voice of rare sweetness and her solos were charmingly rendered. Miss Glenora Hallock, of Wellsville, the accompanist, is a pianist of more than local reputation and her work was exceedingly well done."

Program was as follows:

Banjo Solo—"Flower Song"Lange
Miss O'Day.	
Angel LandPinsuti
Miss Jenkins	
An Old Sweetheart of MineRiley
Miss O'Day.	
(a) The RosaryNevin
(b) RainbowsHawley
Miss Jenkins.	
Budge's Version the FloodHabberton
Miss O'Day.	
Banjo Solo—"Old Folks at Home"Bertholdt
Miss O'Day.	
Where Ripples FlowDeKoven
Miss Jenkins.	
Happy Little CrippleRiley
Miss O'Day.	
O, Divine RedeemerGounod
Miss Jenkins.	
A Telephone RomancePhelps
Miss O'Day.	

ENGLAND.

LONDON.—On April 4, at St. Martin's Town Hall, Messrs. Windsor & Taylor's Second Grand Banjo Orchestral Concert took place. A special train was engaged to bring the members from Birmingham, returning after close of concert. The event was a grand success in every way. At 7.45 P. M. the orchestra members took their places, each one tuning his or her instrument, and in a minute opened with Herbert J. Ellis's grand overture, "Cambridge," for which an ovation was received. Encores, however, were reserved for soloists only, otherwise the concert would have lasted beyond midnight.

The programme in full was as follows:

Grand Overture—"Cambridge."Herbert J. Ellis.
The Orchestra.	
Song—"De Land of Dreams"Cammeyer.
Miss Dewhurst.	
Andante and WaltzCammeyer.
The Orchestra.	
Song—"There's a Land"Allitsen.
Miss Aimee Wathen.	
(a) "Minuet," Paderewski.	
(b) Overture, "Zampa,"Herold.
(c) "En Avant," Cammeyer.	
Mr. Olly Oakley.	
Potpourri—"Sunny South"Cammeyer.
The Orchestra.	
Humorous Society Banjo SketchDunn.
Mr. James Dunn.	
March—"The Royal Windsor"Oakley.
The Orchestra.	
Grand Selection—"A Runaway Girl"Caryll.
The Orchestra.	
Song—"Who'll buy my Lavender"Edward German.
Miss Dewhurst.	
March—"Défrelx"Armstrong.
The Orchestra.	
Song—"Ah che assorti"Venzano.
Miss Aimee Wathen.	
(a) Valse in E flat.....Chopin.	
(b) Overture "Poet and Peasant"Suppe.
(c) M. S.....Cammeyer.	
Mr. Olly Oakley.	
Musical Sketch—"The Advance and Retreat of a	

Salvation Army".....Orth.

The Orchestra.

Humorous Society Banjo Sketch.....Dunn.

Mr. James Dunn.

Quickstep—"Dandy Fifth".....Farland.

The Orchestra.

The music halls are without novelties in the banjo line. Messrs. Mays & Hunter are at the Empire, in Belfast, Ireland, and are doing extremely well. Messrs. Eugene & Edgar have been playing in Glasgow, at the Tivoli and Scotia, and are also doing well.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—Messrs. Clarke & Earle arrived here from Germany recently, and were heard at Commissioner Peck's big reception at the Palace Elysee Hotel, also at several other American receptions, but as the Exposition is one grand failure, from a financial standpoint, and American showmen losing money, they (C. & E.) returned to England and will shortly appear at the Morcombe winter gardens. In looking over Paris it is the writer's candid opinion that a teacher of banjo, mandolin and guitar, with capital enough to advertise and hold out for six or seven months could make a deal of money, as to-day there is not one banjo teacher in Paris, and the latin quarter is composed for a large part of Americans, some of whom I know would only be too glad to take up the banjo could they find a teacher.

RUSSIA.

MOSCOW.—The Miles Stavordale Quintette are the first banjoists that have publicly played in this country, and they have achieved great success here.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—On May 28, the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club of this city gave its fourth grand concert of season 1899-1900, at the Opera House, under the patronage of His Excellency, the Governor, and suite. There was a very large attendance of the public. Of the concert the local paper reported as follows:

"The stage, decorated under the direction of Miss McIlhone, was gay with flags of all nations, and several portraits of South African heroes, displayed on stands of arms, were most appropos at the present juncture in the Empire's history. At the back was displayed a large banner, bearing the picture of her Most Gracious Majesty. The selections by the club were, of course, the feature of the evening, and the generous applause which followed each was ample proof that they were appreciated. The most popular piece was entitled 'Darkies,' a very graceful composition, which was rendered with taste. This was encored. Other selections were: 'Brazilian,' 'Sybil,' 'Relief,' 'Christy Minstrels,' and 'Top Notch.' Miss Kate Best contributed the two well-known songs, 'Promise of Life' and 'Good-bye,' which were well received, and Miss Lily Barker gave 'Killarney,' as a guitar solo. Mr. W. Ryan's fine voice was well suited in his choice of songs, Pinsuti's 'Bedouin Love Song' and Jude's 'The Mighty Deep.' In response to an encore which followed the latter, he substituted 'Drinking.' Mr. Percy Denton's name appeared on the bill, but at the last moment he was unable to appear, and Mr. A. L. Edwards, the popular tenor, very kindly consented to take his place. Both his contributions were admirably sung, and for his feeling rendition of 'Ailsa Mine,' he received a hearty encore. Mr. H. McMahon's cornet solo, 'Alexis,' was one of the most popular items of the evening. It gained a deservedly pronounced encore, and he gave 'Yankee Doodle,' with variations. His execution, particularly his triple-tonguing, was excellent. Mr. Percy Blackman gained three encores for his comic song, 'The Praise That's Never Meant,' and was also very successful in 'She Changed Her Mind.' Mr. Wynyard-

(Continued on page 15)

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