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St. John's Ladies' Orchestra

ST. JOHN'S, MICH.



HERBERT G. PULFREY
DIRECTOR



Edited by
Miss Elsie Tooker and Miss Edna May Sayers

THAT "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is only one instance of its great power and influence, and many discoveries of its value are made every few years. Not only is it found a great aid in the convalescent ward of many hospitals, but I have read that it has a strange influence for good on the minds of the insane. There is no other art that appeals more directly, in a subtle way, to the subjective mind, or in other words, the soul or higher ideals of man than music, and I believe it has more powers than have yet been realized.

The progress of music to its present point of perfection has been very slow, but its wonderful influence on the mind has made possible the accomplishment of great deeds in the past, as it will in the future.

A few years ago, in Germany, the gentler sex were given exceedingly few opportunities to study music, and were deprived of the great privilege of adding their share to the annals of musical progress; but to-day that country stands among the first, if not foremost, as a great school of the finest calibre; and thousands of students flock there yearly, with a good percentage of that number young women. It has been questioned whether a liberal education has helped to better womankind, or whether it has detracted her attention from more important duties; but to take an example from the past, we will find that "behind every great man there has been some good woman;" and that means that she must be intelligent and bright indeed to take her place beside an educated mind. Some literary education is very necessary to the modern woman, but she is apt to be a little too practical unless the refining influence of some art is added. What is more charming in a home than music, with the assistance it gives in the interesting of the family circle.

Now, if some of our bright minds will step forward, if only as an example and en-

couragement for others to follow, we may yet discover some genius or geniuses among us. We must all make a trial, and may find that we succeed much better than we anticipate. Many good men have said they hoped to see the ladies come forward; and I am sure, in time, they will.

This page is open to all for the expression of opinions, personal items, or any notes of interest that may be sent. We must bear in mind, that musical literature is a part of the art, and that the one is necessary to the other—often as an incentive, but oftener, as an assistance to our musical education.

I have pleasure in announcing that in an early number there will appear a brightly written article by Jessie Delane, of New



MISS HILDA HEMPEL

York, entitled, "Stroke Playing in Banjo Art." Miss Delane's half-tone portrait, also, will appear in this department. I hope that many lady players and teachers will favor the Philadelphia headquarters with their photographs, for I want to see "our own" corner well supplied with pictures.

ELSIE TOOKER.

The fair sex can now boast of a virtuoso concert mandolinist, in the same class as Siegel, Abt, Pettine and Levin, and her name is Miss Hilda Hempel, daughter of Professor Hempel, the well-known teacher, of Atlantic City. Miss Hempel also plays

the banjo, and can give entire programmes alone. She is a wonderful player. Here is a sample of a press report, this one from *Egg Harbor Herald*:

"Miss Hempel is undoubtedly the foremost mandolinist of the country. The music which she played was entirely above the standard of mandolin music. She possesses masterful touch and thorough musical genius. Her duo and quartette playing on one mandolin to sustain the treble and accompaniment herself so you could hear soprano and alto, etc., on only one mandolin played, was marvelous—wonderful.

Miss Hempel's repertoire is very varied and extensive. She has had the honor of playing before two Presidents, and is now in great demand for concerts and recitals in all parts of the country. It is time our lady teachers entered the concert-managing field more. Let them engage Miss Hempel for their next big concert. Advertise her well locally, and good business should result. Her address is Atlantic City, N. J.

It is very gratifying to see what numbers of ladies are devoting their attention to our instruments. All over the country ladies' clubs and orchestras are coming to the fore. One of the finest organizations of this kind is the Hanmer Ladies' Mandolin Orchestra, consisting of fifteen clever lady musicians, and their director, Mr. G. Arthur Depew. To these are added, in accordance with requirements, Mr. N. S. Lagatree, banjo and mandolin soloist; Miss Daisy Rhines, cellist; Mr. Samuel I. Slade, basso; Mr. Lewis E. Vicary, reader; thus making one of the most delightful programmes imaginable.

The orchestra takes its name from Detroit's famous Hanmer School of Music and Languages, of which Mrs. L. C. Hanmer is Director, and the members of the orchestra are students of the School, which has produced great numbers of clever performers musically, to say nothing of remarkable successes achieved in other branches of art.

Mrs. Hanmer began her good work eighteen years ago, and now the Hanmer School is one of the best conservatories in the country. Many of the students come from distant parts, so good is the School's reputation for thorough instruction.

The personnel of the Hanmer Ladies' Orchestra is as follows: Minerva Rhines, Nettie Dean Wiley, G. Arthur Depew, director, Gertrude Mann, Allie Reaume, Nellie Mae Miller, Sylvia Maud Baird, Anna Miller, Cora Marx, Jeanette Johnson, Jean Parsons, Camilla Hubel, Florence Woolfenden, May Peabody, Daisy Rhines and Nina Paddock.

Miss Florence M. Woolfenden is one of the cleverest mandolinists in Detroit. Her work is pre-eminently artistic, and she is a decidedly valuable acquisition to both School and Orchestra. She has been connected with several leading string orchestras in the past, and has won high praise from press and public as a mandolin soloist.

Miss Daisy Rhines, cellist to the Ladies' Orchestra, and soloist, is an accomplished artist upon her favorite instrument, and is spoken of widely as a most gifted player. Her depth of expression, brilliancy and tone is pronounced remarkable.

Mr. N. S. Lagatree, who is one of the most familiar figures in the Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar world, is a banjoist par excellence—an artist of the modern school—and an excellent mandolinist. His composition for these instruments have a world-wide reputation. Since his departure from Saginaw, Mich., he has become Banjo and Mandolin Instructor at the Hanmer School, and now plays a prominent part in the programmes of the Ladies' Orchestra. As a banjoist, he is deservedly famous. His work on that instrument is not only brilliant, but expressive in the highest degree, and his repertoire is so choice that the most exacting are satisfied.



MRS. L. S. HANMER

Mr. G. Arthur Depew is a pianist, and Director of the Orchestra and his work is of the highest order. His piano accompaniments are remarkable for their fine touch and shading.



F. M. WOOLFENDEN

Mr. Samuel I. Slade is a basso, and the possessor of a voice of rare quality, whilst Mr. Lewis E. Vicary is an entertainer and reader of great talents.

Such a combination it would be impossible to surpass. The Orchestra is under the management of Mr. John T. Burns, and has a number of good engagements booked ahead.

ST. JOHN'S LADIES' ORCHESTRA

H. G. PULFREY, DIRECTOR

The ladies of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Realm are well to the fore this month, and it affords us very great pleasure indeed to see them responding so heartily to our invitation to share THE JOURNAL's pages with the rest of us. On our front page appears a fine picture of the St. John's Ladies' Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Orchestra, of St. Johns, Michigan. The Orchestra was organized in February, 1899, and has Mr. H. G. Pulfrey the well-known musician and teacher for Instructor and Director. It was first organized for a pleasant pastime among the



N. SIDNEY LAGATREE

young ladies of St. John's, but soon developed into serious study, so that the organization is now able to handle some of the finest music with ease. Mr. Pulfrey does all the arranging for them, thus obtaining the best possible results from each member. To Mr. Pulfrey's tact and ability as a director and instructor is due the most gratifying success of the club. The ladies are also all skilled musicians either pianowise or vocally, and are from the best circles of St. John's. They have given some highly popular concerts, and upon the whole are to be highly congratulated on the success, artistic and otherwise, which they always achieve. The personnel of the club is as follows:

Miss Helen Wheelback, First Mandolin; Miss Helen Carbit, First Mandolin; Mrs. Maud Barker, First Mandolin; Mrs. Harry Mack, Second Mandolin; Mrs. Edward Dooling, Second Mandolin; Miss Marion Ney, Banjo; Miss Anna Dooling, Guitar; Miss Grace Hunt, Guitar; Miss Leah Isabel



THE HANMER LADIES' MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA.

Fowler, Guitar; Mr. H. G. Pulfrey, First Mandolin.

We have a very taking march of Mr. Pulfrey's, for mandolin and guitar, which we desired to use in this issue, but an overplus of older matter and lack of space unfortunately prevented.

"This is the mandolin's day," says somebody, and I certainly must agree that the mandolin is immensely popular. But please don't think that I am going to allow that the banjo—the real, musical banjo—is not in great favor, too. The banjo has always been popular, and always will be. I have been a banjoist ever since I was a little nine-year-old girl. (No; that isn't an awful long time ago, after all). What a glorious time we used to have meandering through Stewart's old catalogue, and how we used to bother the poor old boy with a string of insane questions "to be answered in your next." No wonder THE JOURNAL

was then a thing of wonderful sarcasm! Think of someone asking if he could have a 20-inch banjo-rim made, and another writer asking whether he (Stewart) tuned "bones!" Those days of amusing ignorance are about gone, and the banjo has attained a most flattering height. I play the mandolin, but the banjo I dote on. A ringing, harp-like banjo and a good piano accompaniment—what can I want more?



DAISY RHINES

A funny story was told me about a lady teacher of St. Paul, Minn. A certain amateur musician had a talking parrot, and Polly not infrequently came out with sentences that were decidedly "out of place." The amateur musician had composed a trashy waltz for the guitar, and the lady teacher, who had called to see his wife, was

asked how she liked it. It is, as we all know, dreadfully embarrassing to have to express an opinion on such things, and with an effort the lady said, "Well, now, Mr. Tinkler, I think it is *extremely* good." "Oh, you great big story-teller!" screamed the parrot at that moment; and the lady blushed furiously.

Beethoven was kept at the piano, when a boy, by being beaten every time he neglected it. Ultimately, he became hard to beat!



G. ARTHUR DEPEW

By-the-way, why do not more of the ladies go in for composing for our instruments? The only work from our sex that I have seen of late years in print was from Ada Claudia Rogers, E. Fannie Toy, and your "humble servant." PHYLLIS LOVE.



THIS WAY, PLEASE!

Walk up! walk up! the show afresh begins!
To all we say: your many woes and sins
Please drop in dark Oblivion's deepest dye,
And turn to things that charm the restless eye.
Walk up, there, friends! "cough up" and
see the show!

The entertainment's good, the price is low.

Kindly slap me on my alabaster brow,
somebody. Gently! gently! Look out for
that volcano over my left eyebrow. Thanks!
Now give me a kick under the chin. Aha,
that's better! It's rather cool up here,
you know, and I must resort to heroic
measures in order to warm up to business
at the right time. Shove that cumulus
cloud a little further this way, and put
that stratus cloud out of the way. That's
fine! Where's my telescope? Ah, thanks!
Now for a peep at my terrestrial friends.

Hullo, there! That's an awfully nice
young lady. Miss Tooker, of San Francisco?
Why, so it is. Didn't I hear her
playing at Mr. Morris's house one night
about a month or so ago? Also Mr. Fiset?
Ah, that was a treat, indeed. I hope Mr.
Fiset will play at the annual Philadelphia
Teacher's League Concert this year. I like
the guitar. It is so *very* musical. I'm afraid
a guitar would not withstand the climate
up here, or I'd have one up here by the
next flying machine.

Oh, yes! Speaking of flying machines,
I know something. They say a perfect one
has been made lately. *Lately!* why about
ten years ago a fellow made a perfect one,
and it came to grief, but through no fault
of his. It was all *my* fault. I was sleeping,
and dreaming, and he happened to
pass near me just as I gave a kick. It
broke the propeller, and the concern dropped
like a stone. It it hadn't been for me,
Europe and America would now be connected
by a line of flying machines. I think the
steamship companies ought to

ASSISTED BY HIS TERRESTRIAL AGENT,
"CAPRICCIO"

make it right with me for that little job.
My assistant *Capriccio* (you know him;
used to do stunts for the *Major*) is going to
"touch them" for fifty thousand, and I'm
going to donate it to THE GUILD. There
are no flies on me. Too cold up here for
flies.

You may *select* a mandolin,
Or choose a light guitar,

In celluloid and pearlwork nicely tricked,
But if you've half an eye,
You surely won't deny,

A banjo's always nicer when it's *picked*!

I am told that Horace Weston, the colored
banjoist, once being invited out to
dine by an enthusiastic admirer of his playing,
was greatly puzzled over the *menu*
card. Pointing to a line, he asked his
neighbor to pronounce it. The man mumbled
something, and the upshot of it was,
Horace blindly called out for "Fatty de
frogs' grass! The *menu*, no doubt, read
pate de foi gras.

When a misguided country newspaper
says of the local fake Professor:—"He is a
soloist of high rank," the reader may
bear in mind (or in anything else) that
"rank" things generally are *high*.

There is a new story beginning to go the
rounds of the press, about a man in North
Carolina who can whistle most melodiously
through his nose, the quality of the sound
being much like that of a wooden flute.
This is as good a yarn as that about the boy
who plays tunes on his ribs, xylophone
fashion. One thing suggests another. I
have been speculating whether Adam, according
to the Bible, would not have been a note short.
If he had beaten his fifth-rib, he might have got
"time"—that is, if there were any good
magistrates in those days, of which there is
no authentic record.

The latest wonder is the "shouting
phonograph," or the "howling terror." By it,
sounds from a silver cylinder are intensified
to a deafening degree, and the human voice
can be heard at a distance of ten miles.
We may now expect the banjo to carry far
enough to satisfy the most exacting.

Speaking with several banjo authorities,
it appears to be the prevailing impression
that there is a decided tendency towards a
banjo "boom" like that of a few years
back—or, rather, not exactly a "boom,"
but an interest more lasting and solid. It's
a long story, but the present "boom" in
England, and the improvement in banjo
tone has some bearing on the movement.
Another factor is the great efficiency attained
by scores of banjoists. These, playing
the instrument so admirably well on
many public occasions, are winning sincere
admirers for the banjo. In short, "things
are looking up."

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
sighed the mandolin in its most musical
voice. "Oh, I don't know!" *snapped* the
banjo. "I've got a 'head on' the year
round." (And the mandolin sighed again.)

A PSALM OF (MAGAZINE) LIFE
(Long after Longfellow.)

Tell us not our monthly numbers
Fail to merit your esteem,
For disparagement encumbers
Those who of achievement dream.

Send subscriptions as in earnest;
Help us reach a higher goal.
Each one-dollar bill returns
Satisfaction to our soul.

Let us not bewail in sorrow.
If you'd have us blythe and gay,
Do not keep back till to-morrow,
Funds which should be sent to-day.

O, remember, time is fleeting,
Therefore give the smile we crave;
Disregard to our entreating
Hurts us like a five-cent shave.

Let all, then, some good be doing,
To improve the future state.
Meanwhile, we our task pursuing,
Keep a lively 2-4 gait.—*Capriccio*.

I was reading a little book the other day
on music and musicians. Speaking of
the harpischord, it said: "Music was then
considered a 'genteel' sort of accomplishment,
and good masters were very rare, and
never tried to make their pupils do more
than strike the notes correctly in dum-dum
style." That would not do now, for dum-
dum music, like the dum-dum bullet, is
rather painful.

I didn't tell you about that accident I
had a month or two ago, did I? I fell
off a roof garden. I asked a man to
photograph me as I came down, thinking
it would make a novel picture for THE
JOURNAL. The man foolishly stood right
beneath me, to take an upward view. Of
course, I couldn't turn back. I was ever a
most hilarious chap, but gravity was what
had me that time. I was so mad with the
fellow, I felt glad I had the drop on him.
So down I came, telescoping him neatly,
but, breaking my funny-bone and bursting
my humorous vein in the act. It was a
great shock to me, as it will no doubt be to
my readers. But you ought to see the
other man. He was six feet, but he now
has to stand on a chair when he uses the
telephone.



IT is a question of much importance whether anyone can, with perfect success, learn to play a musical instrument as it should be played, without the aid of an experienced teacher. One sees so many books of tuition whereon are printed the words: "A concise method for learning the instrument without the aid of a teacher," and the assertion is so little questioned by the majority that it is no wonder that many people think they can get along without assistance. I have read somewhere that, "He who teaches himself has a fool for a master," which is, I beg leave to think, altogether too strong and aggressive a way of dealing with the question, although I cannot deny that there is some truth in it.

Some people may be trusted to do a great deal unassisted, but I think I may, with safety, assert that they rarely compare favorably with those who have gone through a thorough, progressive course of instruction under the watchful eye of a competent master.

There are so many "short cuts," improved methods, intricacies, questions of correct fingering, of artistic tone-production, of absolutely correct *tempos* and precise positions of the hand and wrist; in short, scores of delicate points almost impossible to set forth in print, that if proper form and absolutely correct style be desired, the teacher becomes a positive necessity to all.

Goldsmith says:—"People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves." The "self-instructed" will learn in five years only half as much as one with a master will learn in two years, and

in making this statement let me emphasize the fact that there is no exaggeration therein. I have met with innumerable cases that have proved it to me, and I am positive that all teachers can back me up in the assertion.

Some short-sighted people will say:—"If a person cannot learn to properly play a musical instrument without the aid of a teacher, how did the very earliest players learn, when there were no teachers? They must have taught themselves, and do you mean to say that we have not enough 'gumption' these days to go and do likewise?"

Now, these innocents evidently do not realize that the playing of those early pioneers would not pass muster to-day, and the present artistic style grew somewhat in the manner of a snowball, which has to be rolled a long distance before it assumes any great size. If the self-learner of to-day, with no more knowledge of the instrument than that possessed by one of the early pioneers, can find out for himself in two or three years all that which has taken several generations of born artists to build up, then he may rightfully lay claim to being one of the world's wonders. Art progresses by infinitesimal degrees, and is built up of the life's work of untold thousands. Music is a great art, and instrumental interpretation is one of its most intricate branches.

If the student will place himself in the hands of a master, who, himself, acquired the 'true art from another master and improved on his knowledge, he will find that progress will be thrice as rapid, and the sum of his learning four times as great.

A young man whom I met some time ago informed me with many salient indications of self-pride that he had "never" taken a lesson in his life, and that he could now play any popular piece of music on his banjo after three trials. The piece nearest to hand at the time was Armstrong's

"Heroic March," so I picked it up, and asked him if he knew it. He replied that he did, but had only bought a copy that week and was only just familiar with it. I asked him to play it and he eagerly assented. All single notes on the first string he picked with the *first finger only*, and on being told about *alternate* fingering he cheerfully confessed that he never could understand what "alternate fingering" meant, and on being shown, he said he would not have thought it possible to use the first and second fingers so rapidly and neatly in succession on one string. He tried it, and a look of woe was the result. This was what self-teaching had done for him. He had got into bad habits of fingering, to say nothing of other blemishes. He never missed a chance to "stop" the 1st string with the first finger only of the left hand, and his tone production was *vile*—in fact, altogether too bad to be fully remedied, I feared. I prevailed on him to take a course of fifty lessons, and he was an entirely different player before the course was ended.

I do not say that it is *absolutely* impossible to produce a book of tuition that shall enable the really intelligent to learn passably, unaided, but it is certain that thus far, a book so thoroughly complete and cleverly handled has not appeared, and the reason is this:—The amount of reading matter, or text, demanded in such a publication would necessarily be very great, the size of the book bulky, and consequently the price per copy so high, that it would not meet with a ready sale.

Therefore, the conclusion at which we are compelled to arrive is that methods for use in self-tuition, though good in their way, are not pronounced artistic and practical successes, and the best possible advice to bestow on any would-be banjoist, mandolinist or guitarist is:

Go to a competent teacher at the outset.



A HUMAN HARP



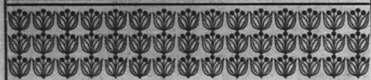
She listened with blushes, and manner demure,
As he swore that he loved her intensely.

The rascal had planned it all nicely, be sure,
For her father was wealthy, immensely.

"Your face breatheth music that cannot be beat;
You're a song of celestial birth;

You're a harp of a thousand strings, Mary, my dear."
And he "played her" for all she was worth.—*Capriccio.*

S. S. STEWART'S Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Journal



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Reports of concerts, doings of clubs, personal notes, trade items and copies of new music issues for review, will be welcomed.

Advertising rates are liberal, and can be ascertained on application.

Copy, advertising and literary, should reach the office not later than the 15th of the month.

All checks and post-office orders should be made payable to CHARLES MORRIS.

Friends remitting for single copies of JOURNAL, are requested to send one-cent stamps or silver. Stamps not accepted for yearly subscriptions.

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

A red wrapper on the JOURNAL constitutes a notice of expiration of subscription.

DECEMBER, 1900.

THE PUBLISHER'S GREETINGS

A Merry Christmas and A Bright New Year



It is my pleasant privilege, on the eve of the new century, to greet JOURNAL friends in the role of PUBLISHER and PROPRIETOR.

The present policy of this magazine is exactly the same as announced two years ago, in No. 109, for December, 1898. There has been no deviation, and it is not intended that there ever shall be.

The JOURNAL is run as *The Monument* to the genius of its founder, the late Mr. S. S. Stewart.

The JOURNAL is now an independent, self-sustaining monthly, and affords to all patrons the same advertising opportunities. Its pages are open to all manufacturers of musical instruments, and to all music publishers.

In order that the work of conducting the JOURNAL and the movements it represents be the more successfully carried out in every detail, Mr. F. L. Keates, who is so well known throughout the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar world, has become associated with me as co-editor.



A new Supplement for 1901

It is the intention to issue an additional illustrated supplement, for Young Musicians beginning with the next issue, if possible. A supplement filled with musical notes, talks, etc., that will interest the many boys and girls who love the banjo, mandolin and guitar. Parents, and those who may have anecdotes to tell of our young musicians, are requested to send in the same for publication.

Banjo Music in Universal Notation

Because banjo music in the last issue was printed in only this notation, it does not follow that the JOURNAL proposes to abandon the American System right away. American notation banjo music will appear *every month*, together with the Universal when practical. The best American notation banjo music procurable will always be found in the JOURNAL. At present this is merely the experimental period of the Universal Notation in the United States. One of the strongest reasons for the JOURNAL's advocacy of the adoption of the Universal System is a business reason, as set forth in the paragraphs beginning "To Manufacturers and Publishers," and this should appeal to every person who composes banjo music.

Re- Subscriptions

It will be remembered that in No. 116 JOURNAL, published February 1st, 1900, it was stated that on and after April 1st, 1900, the old subscription rate of 50 cents per year would cease, and the rate be then increased to One Dollar. Therefore, all persons whose 50-cent subscriptions were received before April 1st, 1900 were entered for a period of twelve months, according to the announcement in said No. 116 JOURNAL, and will receive their copies until the twelve months have expired. And, therefore, all persons whose 50-cent subscriptions were received on and after April 1st, 1900, were

entered for a period or six months only. To all expirings a special notification has been mailed, and hereafter it is to be understood that a red wrapper around JOURNAL copies constitutes a notice of subscription expiring.

To Manufacturers and Publishers

There is now under course of preparation for regular future issues of the JOURNAL, a SPECIAL TRADE SUPPLEMENT, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN. To the manufacturers of Banjos, Mandolins and Guitars, throughout the United States, and to Music Publishers, this trade supplement will be the most valuable medium for extension of business that has yet been devised. Being conducted on entirely new lines, it will prove of more than ordinary value to domestic dealers, jobbers and exporters, and equally so to importers and dealers abroad, in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and South America, where, as everybody knows, the JOURNAL has the largest circulation of any Banjo periodical now published. This foreign circulation, always large, has steadily increased, and for years past a vast amount of correspondence has been carried on, with the laying of plans for making the JOURNAL's influence one of full International importance. Agents are being selected in every important and desirable locality. The foreign demand for Banjos, Mandolins and Guitars among the white races is for the highest grades of instruments, and it is conceded that, both for quality and price the American makes are preferable in every way. Until now there has not been a medium of large circulation that impartially sets forth to Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists abroad, the merits of various makes of American made instruments, and this work is precisely what the JOURNAL's New Trade Supplement will do.

Banjo Music Abroad

There has been evinced of late a greater desire on the part of Banjoists abroad to procure more of American compositions for the banjo, but the question of Notation *simply* and *solely* has stood in the way of American publishers doing a large trade. The amount of foreign publications for the banjo is comparatively small, there is a dearth absolutely, and many of the best are but transposed arrangements of American compositions. Nearly every banjoist abroad who sends to America for a copy of this or that has to transpose the music for his own use, or for his pupils; but, if it was known that American publishers of Banjo Music were disposed to also issue parts in the Universal Notation, it is safe to say the risks would be well taken. Not only would there be an increase of available music for friends abroad who are anxious to

obtain same, but a greater stimulus would be given to the demand for the instruments.

Practically, it amounts to this, that if the American publishers of banjo music will also issue parts in the Universal Notation, they, together with the manufacturers of banjos, have the whole world for a market; and the JOURNAL will show the way through its new Trade Supplement.

I shall be very pleased to receive correspondence from music publishers anent issuing parts in the Universal System, and will say that now is the time to lay plans so as to be ready when the International Parcels Post System has shortly been adopted by Congress, and when, also, a good share may be had from the general business resulting therefrom.

CHARLES MORRIS.

Our Journals

I do, and always have taken a great interest in our representative journals. Before I became so closely identified with

them, I took good care to be a subscriber to all that came under my notice. On their arrival, the opening up and the perusing of even the poorest of them was a source of pleasure. I still experience the same sensation when the journals of to-day arrive. When I see those tightly rolled cubes in their manilla wrapper, lying on my desk awaiting the releasing thrust of the cold steel letter opener, I am like a boy with a new watch—all agog to see inside. Each journal has to me the charm of the "grab bag" of youthful days. Until opened, there is a tincture of mystery—a relish of anticipation—a feeling akin to that which we have when the bell tinkles for the rise of the curtain on a new play.

The English banjo journals afford me equally as much pleasure, month by month, the year round, as their American contemporaries, but purely from a banjoistic point of view. It would seem that the mandolin and guitar are not so generally popular in England as in this country the British Colonies and elsewhere; although indications of an awakening interest in those instruments is said to be in evidence in London, Glasgow and Birmingham, and one or two other large cities. It is to be hoped that this interest will soon become general.

Speaking of the banjo, it would be interesting to know just how many American players are now entertaining British audiences. So many have "gone across" from this country in late years, that I have lost count. It is forced upon me that the banjo is better received in England to-day than it is in this country. I don't mean that it is actually more popular, but that its exponents are better noticed and more frequently in demand. But perhaps I am wrong. Anyhow, I am led to think so from the fact that some of our best performers appear to find England good "stamping ground."

For Mandolin Lovers

Let it not be said that there are no violinists ready to speak a good word for the mandolin.

On my way from Saginaw to Philadelphia, I sat during part of the journey opposite a tall, slim gentleman, who, judging from his face, white, well-cut and thoughtful, might have been a savant, a litterateur or a physician. He was none of these, however. Conversation brought to light that he was a teacher of the violin, and a soloist. The talk veered round to the mandolin, and he confessed that he had heard it played marvelously well.

"It was in Philadelphia, a year ago," he said. "Out of curiosity, I attended a concert there one night, and heard a player named Levine."

"Levin," I corrected. "Charles J. Levin, of Baltimore, was the gentleman, no doubt. How did it impress you?"

"Well, I must confess that if, with all my years of violin practice, I can charm an audience as Mr. Levin did, my work has not been in vain. It seems to me that, in the hands of a born mandolinist, the mandolin has charms as great as the violin."

I have reason to believe that the gentleman who spoke these words is a person of talent. Unfortunately I did not learn his name.

Self Taught

Let me draw the attention of teachers to the article "Self Taught," in this number. As it is peculiarly and markedly

adapted for teachers' canvassing purposes, a supply of it will be struck off in single sheets, which will be supplied to teachers at the net rate of one cent per sheet. A blank space will be left at the bottom for the teacher's stamp. These attractive sheets mailed judiciously to "prospects" and others will certainly be the means of bringing more pupils. It's a new idea. Try it at once. It's the new idea that does the business these days.

The Current Number

In the make-up of this, the first number of our new series, artistic work from the brush and pencil of four artists

appears, viz.: William Lincoln Hudson, (New York); Colin S. Craig, (New York); W. LeFevre, (Boston) and F. L. Keates.

No expense will be spared in efforts to produce a journal that will please all, of both sexes and I hope to hear that the results are appreciated everywhere.

I am proud of being called upon to take an editorial position with the good old pioneer journal, and am very pleased to find that a big percentage of my old friends are already enrolled on the JOURNAL's records.

F. L. KEATES.

THE PROPOSED AMERICAN GUILD OF BANJOISTS, MANDOLINISTS and GUITARISTS

PROGRESS REPORT, No. 5

This report will be a short one, as the period between the last report and January, 1901, is one for work, solid work. I am pleased to say applications for Guild membership are being regularly received. Several friends have written asking to have their names placed on the list, and to these I would say that in order to have everything "in order," it is essential that all applications be made by means of the Contract Form, copies of which can be had in any quantity for the asking, if not already in the hands of those who desire to become Guild members.

You will be pleased to learn that Mr. H. F. Odell has sent in his name as a subscriber of \$5.00 towards the Charter Fund. I am of opinion that the Presidential election excitement, and the time it takes for matters to resume normal conditions therefrom, has caused a slight delay in receiving responses. That we must expect, but they are bound to come; and I feel confident that when the District Secretaries confer in January, the net results will prove most encouraging.

There are many little matters that I would really like to speak about in connection with the work of the Guild, but I must wait until the Guild is an established institution. There is not, however, any harm done in whispering that there will be every prospect of the Guild as a body making its first public appearance in a Music Festival at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition next year. The opportunity of doing so will be presented to the Guild. The precedent for Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Concerts at Expositions, as artistic and financial successes, was established last year at the Philadelphia National Export Exposition.

I will whisper another affair. Letters have reached me from theatrical and concert managers abroad, asking about the organizing of a first-class Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra, for touring certain countries. To these I have replied that when the Guild is properly organized it will be in a position to officially take up the matter.

CHARLES MORRIS.

SPECIAL INTIMATION

Arrangements have been made with several of our best Banjo composers to write new and original Banjo Solos, etc., for publishing in the International Notation, in our columns. The first of the series, "A Lullaby," by F. L. Keates, will appear in the January JOURNAL.

Send in your subscriptions now.

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS.

SAM CHUN, HONG KONG,

September 20, 1900.

Dear Sirs:—Many thanks for your letter of July 28th. I got the music I sent for, but not the banjo strings: one bundle gut 1st and one dozen basses. The strings we get here are very poor and don't last, though they cost a small fortune to buy. I am looking forward to the day when you can send teachers to Hong Kong and Shanghai, who will stock good strings, etc.

Things in China are in a queer state, and nobody knows what will happen next. We can all make guesses, of course, but what actually will eventuate, no one pretends to know; except, perhaps, the usual number of very clever people, who always know everything, and are usually wrong.

Well, we have had a very lively time of it here, and it was just "touch and go." On the 15th of August, ten Boxers' placards were posted up in the town, and by four in the afternoon, all was in a state of uproar. People shouted: "now let us kill the foreign devils," and things looked very serious. Luckily, they lacked a leader, and by and bye the town became quieter. As we are barely half a mile from the city walls, we should have been the first objects of attack, but luckily for us, they stopped short of active hostilities. After that, it was a case of sleeping fully prepared for a rude awakening. This house is an American frame one, standing on brick pillars, and a more exposed place would be hard to find. We were afraid they would burn us out, or shoot us through the thin wooden walls. However, in spite of alarms and rumors, we are alive and well, and I hope, likely to continue in that happy condition. I would most sincerely object to a Boxer getting his dirty hands on my cherished "thoroughbred," which, I am glad to say, is standing the climate well; is much admired, and is improving with playing.

Last week we had an official visit from the Sun On (the head mandarin of the district) and a most imposing and picturesque sight it was. First came an official with the mandarin's card; then two gong-bearers, who struck their "instruments" at every second step, to let the "min" (common people) know when to make themselves scarce; then came forty soldiers armed with weird weapons of the pale-ax description, heavily gilded; then a mob of boys with comical bamboo hats, who yelled continually; then more soldiers, and behind them, the Great Man in his palanquin, or "chair" as they are called here, borne by four coolies. Following him came more chairs, more soldiers, more attendants, and finally, two more "gongists" brought up the rear. The Great Man then alighted, and the usual compliments were exchanged, and the situation discussed. Our safety was guaranteed, and the visit terminated by the inevitable tea-drinking.

In China, when you are visiting anyone, you give the signal for your departure by helping yourself to "cha" (tea); then follows an amusing farce; your host won't let you go, and presses you to stay, but you plead pressing calls elsewhere. This goes on till the time appointed by Chinese etiquette has elapsed, after which, with many bows, you take your departure. This ceremony always reminds one of many a call made every day in America or Britain—a visitor rises to go, and the hostess (with inward joy) says "oh, must you go?" Then the visitor (who is glad her visit is over!) replies "yes I'm so sorry," and so they keep up the usual society fiction in all its glory! It is amusing to find East and West have the same little ways in common!

As regards the cause of the present trouble, it can only be laid at the door of the Missionaries, who, I hope, fully realize what disaster they are

responsible for. Numberless people have suffered death—and worse than death—through this rising, and the Missionaries are solely to blame. The Chinaman has his own religion, and observes it faithfully, and wants no interference from what are to him, foreign devils.

I could give you countless instances of the mischief done by the Missions in China. They interfere with the laws of the land, and generally make themselves obnoxious to the ruling authorities. Then the long-suffering Chinaman, goaded to exasperation, rises and kills a few Missionaries, whose government at once demands compensation—usually in the shape of territory! and so the Missionary is looked on as a sort of "advance agent" for the great game of grab.

One hears of native converts, and as to the estimation they are held in by the foreign residents, one example will suffice. Suppose you are in want of a servant, and one candidate informs you, "I belong Christian," the usual reply is:—"Oh, do you—then get out of this as quick as you like!"

With kind regards, and hoping this letter is suitable for insertion, I am,

Yours sincerely,

P. W. AFFLECK SCOTT.

(Postscript to my previous letter of a week ago.)

September 30, 1900.

Situation very grave, as a general rising is expected in a few days. There are now 20,000 men marching on to Canton from the eastward, and they are expected to pass Sam Chun en route. At a village seven miles off, 70 recruits are awaiting to join the main body, so we are pretty sure to have a visit from some of them. I trust, however, we will be "not at home" (or in other words, safe in Hong Kong) when they call. We have sent out "informers" to find out when the Insurgents are due here, so that we can time our departure accordingly.

The Chinese authorities are looking forward to a bad time, as there are only 300 Chinese soldiers at Sam Chun, and these are short of cartridges—besides, against 20,000, what could they do?

I will send this off at once, in case I cannot get another letter through. I am going to send my valuables—my banjo—in to Hong Kong, and out of harm's way.

Wishing you and THE JOURNAL every success,

Yours,

P. W. A. SCOTT.

NATCHEZ, MISS., September 27, 1900.

Dear Journal:—I have been, for four days of this week, in a new atmosphere of music, refinement and home happiness, having just returned with my daughter from a necessarily brief visit to the Barker family, of Green's Landing, Louisiana, about 25 miles below Natchez, on the Mississippi river. In addition to fond remembrances of a delightful time spent among congenial surroundings, I brought away with me a photograph of my old friend, Mr. Tom Barker, and also, a banjo made by him years ago, and some time prior to his death. He was an amateur banjoist of the old school, and also played the guitar well.

His widow, Mrs. Alice Green Barker, besides being a woman of culture, is a great lover of music, and is also talented in that line. While quite a brilliant member of society here in her younger days, she has contentedly passed her latter years with womanly grace, surrounded by her family in the old plantation home. Her genuine hospitality cannot be surpassed.

All the children were musical, even to a more marked and remarkable degree than were the parents. George and Annie, the two eldest, are both married, and have about given up performing, as likewise, Dix, the third child, whose business pursuits would not permit of further attention on his part to a talent he still possesses. Here follow

the other members of a truly musical family:—Charley:—Baritone, Clarinet and Guitar.

Jennie:—Cornet and Guitar.

"Wee Wee":—B flat Bass and Mandolin.

"Love":—E flat Alto and Banjo.

Judson:—E flat Alto.

All play the piano fairly well, and these five ambitious youngsters produce, sure enough, music singly or in combination. While each possesses a good ear, all are correct readers, much to my surprise. As they liked a waltz which I played for them on the banjo, I transposed and arranged it for their little brass band, and a few moments after completion thereof, they rendered it as correctly as was possible with the limited instrumentation of cornet, two altos, baritone and bass. I also had the honor of giving some suggestions to the young ladies, in the art of modern mandolin, guitar and banjo playing, and enjoyed the pleasure, before leaving, of hearing them render, in a satisfactory manner, several solos, duos and trios on our three kindred instruments. This is all the outside assistance and instruction they have had, their musical education being confined to such aid as they have given each other. They have several original compositions in manuscript.

We arrived at their place about 11 o'clock on Saturday night, and left about the same hour last night. The young people accompanied us to the boat landing, and as a final compliment played one piece as the steamer, "Betsy Ann" backed away. To show their retiring and modest disposition, and as an evidence of how little is known of them by the immediate outside world, I shall mention the fact that several pretty regular passengers on the river asked me what band that was, and were surprised when told they were neither professionals nor strangers from abroad.

My daughter and I will long remember those four September days and nights at the hospitable home of the Barkers of Esperanza P. O., Green's Landing, La.

S. DUNCAN BAKER.

A WORD ON BANJO LINES

BY H. N. STILLMAN

There has been so much talk about the banjo, its music and its tuning, that I would like to have a little say. In the first place, I believe the instrument should have six strings, and be tuned thus:—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
D	B	G	C	G	G

In this way the banjoist would be able to play guitar accompaniments, right from the 2nd guitar part, when there was not a 2nd banjo part to be had. Take the following for an example:

Example. Fret 3.



5th string. 4th fret. 5 string.

Where the low guitar E appears, in guitar music, it should be played *8va*, 4th fret, 4th string. In banjo music, particularly in 2nd banjo parts, there is generally found a lack of bass, and I often wonder why our noted players do not use the six-stringed instrument.

As to notation, there will be in my estimation, trouble in the future if we keep on with A major as the natural key. Musicians can never understand why it is, and I believe the only way to prevent all trouble for the future is by adopting the English System and by adding the 6th string. Then we will be able to play from 1st violin parts, and add more harmony to the dear old banjo.



THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS

BY BERT S. HOUSE



READING, as we are, upon the threshold of a new century, it is most fitting at this time to look backward and note something of which has been done during the past hundred years. The events of the nineteenth century have stamped it as the most progressive in the history of the world. Our own country, which was just beginning to see the light ahead at the opening of the present century, now stands first among the nations of the world in wealth and power. Verily, this is an age of progress and evolution!

In taking the above title as my subject, I wish to speak particularly of the wonderful progress, and development, for which the JOURNAL stands, viz. the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar. The banjo, being a product of American ingenuity and skill, has the right of first place in an article of this kind. The origin of the banjo is still shrouded in mystery, although many ingenious stories have been written. About the first authentic information we have dates back to the early forties when a very crude form of the banjo was found here and there in cabins of the Southern negroes. At that time it was used almost entirely to accompany the quaint folk songs, and furnish the "time" for dancing. Shortly after this the banjo attracted the attention of white men who were looking for something upon which to try their hand. Passing from the primitive "gourd" with three strings, we next find two more strings added as we have it to-day. There were as yet no brackets, and when the player wished to tighten the head he simply dampened it and held it near the fire to dry, sometimes with disastrous results. Soon after this, somebody conceived the idea of tightening the head by means of screw hooks and nuts. This was a long step in advance, and we are practically using the same idea to-day, only in a better way. Somebody else added frets to the finger-board, and the banjo began to assume its present shape. Some years ago I had a banjo in my possession which was perhaps a fair sample of the instrument of those days. The head was put on over a wood

rim, and held down by a brass ring and large brass brackets. The neck was about as large as a good sized bedpost. The finger-board was smooth originally, but twelve frets had been set in later. When I got it the strings were as heavy as guitar strings, and it required quite an expenditure of muscle to make a barre chord. Words fail to describe the tone. Coming down to a period within the memory of many of my readers we find that the much despised "nigger banjo" had begun to get a "cinch" on the public; so to speak. Such men as Horace Weston, Baur, Huntley and Lee, E. M. Hall, Sam Devere, the Dobsons and others came to the front, as staunch supporters, and in their hands the banjo became something more than a mere "plunkety plunk" affair. As time rolled on, and the banjo increased in popularity, many new ideas and improvements in construction were advanced by different makers. The combination of wood and metal to form the rim was generally accepted as the proper thing, although there were one or two makers who still adhered to the wooden rim idea up to a year or two ago. The neck also received its share of attention, and came to look and feel less like a base ball bat. The finger-board with dots on the side, in place of frets, was a great favorite with professionals. This style has been gradually superseded by the guitar style of fretting, until now a smooth finger-board is almost a curiosity. Seventeen or eighteen frets was the usual number, and the three octave banjo with twenty-two frets, as we have it to-day, was then unheard of. The modern banjo with its symmetrical neck, perfect finger-board, and scientifically constructed rim bears little resemblance to the crude "gourd" of forty or fifty years ago. In the process of evolution the development has been brought about by the untiring efforts of many men, among whom stands pre-eminent the late S. S. Stewart. He, being endowed with rare mechanical skill and natural musical ability, became interested in the instrument in the early stages of its career and made its cause his own. His early death was a great blow to the banjo world, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his life work was not in vain. The great army of professionals and amateurs alike have all contributed their share

of work to place the banjo in the dignified position it occupies among other instruments to-day.

The music for the banjo has also undergone a great change for the better. It is a long stretch from the old time "Juba" to the beautiful compositions and arrangements of our latter day composers. In the old days the demand was limited, but now the field is broad enough to warrant the efforts of all who possess ability to compose for the instrument.

Among players, the "plunker" is a back number. The old style "stroke" or thimble playing has given way to the more modern guitar style. The "Kings of the banjo" and "Champions of the World" who were depicted on the theatrical bill boards dressed in grotesque costumes and juggling two or three banjos at once, have been superseded by Farland, Lansing, Ossman, Gowan and scores of others who have given the banjo the attention it deserves. Times have changed since these men entered the field and a man must now be a recognized musician to command a hearing.

The causes which have had a tendency to retard the progress of the banjo deserve no more than a passing mention. First comes the "simplified method" fiends. We don't hear very much about them now, and I hope the breed is fast becoming extinct. Neither is it necessary to dilate on the policy of certain manufacturers, who, by flooding the country with inferior "trade" banjos have helped to keep the instrument down. It is amusing sometimes to look over the pages of various papers and catalogues of different makers, and note their ideas in regard to the instrument. I happened to glance over one of these papers the other day and noticed that our only distinctive American instrument had several cousins in different parts of the world who have for some unknown reason changed their names. In our own country we have a 'Jo and a Banjeau, the latter in all probability built to catch the trade of our French cousins. Across the pond, we have distant relatives by the name of Banjore and Zither-Banjo. There are still several districts to hear from. In another paper I notice in the report of a recent concert that "Mr ——— tinkled" his way into the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA. The West Phila. Conservatoire of Music has made a good start for the season. W. H. Woolson has charge of the mandolin, banjo and guitar department. He is an efficient teacher, and has excellent results.

The E. K. Peall Progressive Conservatory of Music has moved to 1947 N. 21st St., Miss Elizabeth K. Peall is the mandolin, banjo and guitar instructor, and Henry Meyers, zither, both of whom are excellent teachers.

The Phila. Teachers' League have engaged A. A. Farland to play at their concert, December 19th. You'll all be there, of course?

There will be few club concerts until December is well advanced.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT. N. S. Lagatree reports very busy times at the Hamner School of Music. The Hamner Ladies' Mandolin Orchestra is in great demand. On October 12th they appeared at Schwankowsky Music Hall, making a big hit with the following programme. There were several vocal and elocutionary numbers but we have cut them out on account of lack of space:

Overture—"Faust,".....Gounod
The Hamner Ladies' Mandolin Orchestra.
Mandolin Solos,
(a) Cavatina.....Raff
(b) Magic Piccolo.....Carpenter
N. S. Lagatree.

Miss Lola Dorothy Gillette, Accompanist.

(a) The Palms.....Faure
(b) Sextette, from "Lucia,".....Doniz
The Hamner Ladies' Mandolin Orchestra.

Banjo Solos,
(a) Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
(b) Old Kentucky Home (varied).....Farland
Mr. Lagatree.

Serenata Napolitana.....Seebach
The Hamner Ladies' Mandolin Orchestra.

On November 7th, a quintet from the Hamner Orchestra, with N. S. Lagatree, and vocalists, appeared in concert at the Lewis School. The instrumental numbers were as follows, Mr. Lagatree's banjo solos scoring a great success:

Quintet,
Mr. Lagatree; Nellie Miller; Florence Woolfenden; Anna Miller; Alice Reume.

Banjo Solo,
(a) Pizzicati.....Delibes
(b) Glenside March.....Eno
Mr. N. S. Lagatree.

Encore—Schubert Serenade.

Piano,
(a) Morning.....Grieg
(b) Valse Ballerina.....Sternberg
G. Arthur Depew.

Mandolin Solo—Bolera.....Christafaro
Miss Woolfenden.

Banjo Solo—Loin-Du-Bal.....Gillet
Mr. Lagatree.

Quintet,
Mrs. Gertrude Hedges, Accompanist.

On November 19th Valentine Abt, supported by the Hamner Ladies' Mandolin Orchestra, appeared at Fellowcraft Hall, a most delightful concert resulting. November 22nd, The Hamner Ladies' Orchestra appeared at the Y. M. C. A. as a leading feature of the members' course.

NEW JERSEY.

ATLANTIC CITY. Miss Hilda Hempel, America's greatest lady mandolin soloist, gave a concert November 5th, assisted by Egg Harbor Ladies' Zither Club, Hempel's Mandolin and Guitar Club and others. The concert was a pronounced treat, and was well attended.

The Mount Holly Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club held their second annual supper November 23d. The menu card was most attractive. Mr. Paul Eno, the Club's Instructor, has moved to a new studio at 1524 Chestnut St., (Room 511) where he will devote all his energies to individual and ensemble playing and composition.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GREENFIELD. Valentine Abt appeared in concert here November 16th, under management of Myron Bickford. The programme was added to by Mr. Bickford's banjo solos, the Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, and vocalists. The club gave Bickford, "Company L. March," and "Blue and The Gray."

NEW YORK

WATERTOWN. The Imperial Orchestra, under the leadership of Bert S. House is busy with rehearsals for its coming concert season. Mr. House has added several new members this season to take the place of some who have left the city.

The work laid down for the season consists of selections from "Il Trovatore," "Faust," "Tannhauser," "Cavalliera Rusticana," "Bohemian Girl," "Beggar Student," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "William Tell," and some of the lighter operas. The latest marches and waltzes will be used. A specialty will be made of descriptive selections, with all the trap effects. One of them, "The Spooks' Carnival," a weird composition by F. G. Bragger, made the hit of the club concerts last season, and will be used again this year.

STEWART & BAUER

Happening to drop in at 1016 Chestnut St. Phila., which is the old familiar retail quarters and office of Stewart and Bauer, we were much struck with the spick-and-span brightness of the rooms, and the fine stock of banjo, mandolin and guitars displayed in the glass show cases; and something else struck us, too. It was the extraordinary playing of a banjo, accompanied by a guitar. For a moment we failed to guess where the sounds came from, when on going into the back office, there was the window open, and sitting on the fire-escape outside was Fred Stuber entertaining a big crowd in the street below with dashing banjo and guitar duets. Mr. McKinley was expected to pass up Chestnut St. that afternoon, so that the crowd was very dense, and it was evident that they greatly enjoyed the impromptu concert while waiting to cheer the President.

Stewart & Bauer's retail business has fairly "caught hold" of the season, and they are doing a fine business in instruments intended for Christmas. Mr. Fred Stewart is in full charge, and the up-to-dateness of the place is a credit to him. The factory on 6th St. finds it difficult to keep up with orders, and may have to again extend their premises.

Some amusing rumors that have lately been circulated are without foundation.

NOTICE

The serial articles by Mr. House and Mr. Fiset are held over until our next issue.

S. S. STEWART'S

Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Journal

Is unanimously pronounced the most satisfactory advertising medium of its kind.

THREE GOOD REASONS:
FINE STYLE. BIG EDITIONS. 19 YEARS OLD.

Testimony from Trustworthy Sources:

NEW YORK, October 24, 1900.

As an advertising medium, we thoroughly endorse STEWART'S BANJO, GUITAR AND MANDOLIN JOURNAL, having received many direct returns from the advertisements which we have inserted in its columns from time to time. We believe that this magazine circulates among a class of people who are genuinely interested in the musical merchandise, etc., to which it devotes special attention.

J. M. WITMARK & SONS.

TOPEKA, KAS., October 22, 1900.

We wish to make this statement in regard to STEWART'S JOURNAL as an advertising medium, that we have received very many replies during the current year, in which direct reference was made to your Journal, and having received many new orders from different States, we judge that many of these were due to your Journal, although the same was not stated in the letter.

E. B. GUILD MUSIC CO.

BOSTON, MASS., November 3, 1900.

I have always had satisfactory returns from my advertisement in STEWART'S JOURNAL, and particularly in the last issues.

WALTER JACOBS.

TOLEDO, OHIO, September 18, 1900.

We have received more inquiries and orders from our advertisement in your Journal than we have from any two of the similar Journals that we advertise in.

GUCKERT MUSIC PUB. CO.

DETROIT, MICH., October 20, 1900.

My ads. in the STEWART JOURNAL have brought many substantial responses from teachers, players and dealers throughout not only the United States and Canada, but many distant foreign countries. I am thoroughly convinced that it is one of the very best of advertising mediums.

N. S. LAGATREE.

ATLANTA, GA., October 22, 1900.

We find the STEWART JOURNAL to be a very progressive musical paper. Its articles are always interesting, and its advertising pays, judging from the returns from our own advertising.

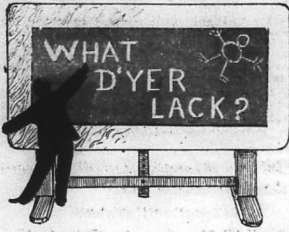
WM. O. BARNWELL MUSIC CO.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., October 24, 1900.

I certainly consider THE JOURNAL a great advertising medium, and an ad. therein has never yet failed to bring me good returns.

WM. C. STAHL.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WITH our next issue we hope to open up our Special Commercial Supplement, which will do for our particular trade what the piano reviews do for the piano trade.

Arling Schaeffer's ad herein tells you of music whose popularity never wanes. It is good always. Mr. Schaeffer is about to issue a new mandolin collection, besides some remarkable mandolin music by the world-famous Siegel. Watch Schaeffer's ad.

There is something really good in E. Pritchard's ad. C. S. DeLano, well known soloist of Los Angeles, says that the arrangement for banjo of Durand's *Valse in E flat* is a masterpiece.

The dashing banjo duet, "Raggy Rastus," by Gatty Jones, which appears in this number, should be an excellent seller. Mr. Jones has just had it put into sheet form, with an exquisitely designed cover page, and he desires us to announce that the complete edition is for sale. We advise publishers to write Mr. Jones, at Reeve Building, 408 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Also, don't forget to read the American Music Co.'s ad, of Gatty Jones' new mandolin instructor. The book is the handiest and simplest yet issued at such a price.

Walter Jacobs caters most successfully to the wants of our players. His publications are among the finest in the world. We recommend them heartily. Will you please turn to his ad, and pick out to suit your needs? There is everything you can desire.

H. R. McMillin is another publisher who knows "what's what." He issues only good things, and he is earning a fine reputation. Have you tried his issues? Please read ad.

The advertisement of C. D. Smith, the popular composer for mandolin, guitar and banjo, sets forth something that you should have on all your programmes. It is a "hit."

E. H. Frey's beautiful music for the three instruments is worth investing in. Turn to his ad herein.

Mr. D. Eldred Wood's "Innocence Waltzes," which he advertises in this issue, consists of a full set, with introduction and *finale*, and for a complete set of waltzes, the composition is one of the smoothest and easiest banjo pieces ever put out. What we would point out particularly is its completeness, while yet being so admirably adapted for teaching purposes.

S. Duncan Baker is rapidly coming to the fore as a composer and publisher. You should try his works as set forth in his ad.

The Francis Potter mandolin arrangements of high-class music are among the most commendable in the country. He deserves great credit for the thoroughness of his arrangements. You will find them detailed in his ad, so we advise all to send for copies.

Wm. O. Barnwell has a list of mandolin and guitar music that is real "biz." The Pomeroy arrangement of *Lustspiel* is just what all professional players need. Barnwell's arrangement of "Spring Song" and "Consolation" are great sellers.

"Do you play the mandolin?" asks Frank Z. Maffey in his advertisement herein. Mr. Maffey

has put out a new mandolin pick, which comes very highly recommended, and are most reasonable in price. If you play the mandolin, you should test their worth.

Guitarists should read the Guckert Music Pub. Co.'s ad in this issue. Mr. E. N. Guckert, the author of the Premier Guitar Solos, is one of the best known guitarists in America; he is also the author of the excellent and famous Guckert Chord Books for Guitar and Banjo, and is, moreover, the composer of many hundreds of pieces for mandolin, guitar and banjo.

Mr. C. Stahl, publisher at Milwaukee, Wis., informs us that the sale of his Instruction Books and new collection of guitar solos has been phenomenal of late, and he has an idea that his full page advertisement in the last JOURNAL caused all the trouble.

Can you resist it? We mean the Whitney Warner Pub. Co.'s ad. If anyone can refrain from buying "When Knighthood Was in Flower" waltzes and "Janice Meredith" waltzes, to say nothing of the other lines, something must be wrong with the reader. Don't fail to send for the pieces.

Let us draw particular attention to the fact that Theo. Metz, composer of that "hit" "A Hot Time in the Old Town," is advertising three fine mandolin pieces in this issue. They are all "winners." If you want to make sure of having at least one "sure thing" to play at home or in concert, get one of these. We recommend them.

Witmark's show a fine list of music in their ad this issue. One of the nicest holiday presents for a musician is a dozen new pieces. Look through the Witmark ad.

The Truax harp-guitar advertised herein is indispensable to clubs. This guitar has a royal tone.

The Rueffer Albums of mandolin and guitar music advertised herein are really excellent. The variety contained in them should induce clubs and other combinations to use them freely. The descriptive pieces are just what a club needs at every concert; something to liven up an audience.

Gradually, the Italian harp is coming more into use in mandolin clubs, for it is beyond all doubt the best and most convenient form of accompaniment. The Brewer-Pryor Harp and Piano Co. make the famous "Erd" Harp, and are offering it to clubs. See their ad herein. Never use a piano accompaniment when you can get a harp. The piano is good, but the harp is better, when it comes to mandolins and banjos.

The Norwood mandolin studies are becoming very popular. They are very clear and simple, and deserve popularity. See ad.

J. F. Bellois has put out mandolin, banjo and guitar parts to his highly popular hits. They are just out, and are the best hits you can wish for. See his ad.

A. F. Sanguinet has something new for banjo players. It is good. Read his ad.

One of the most enticing ads. in this number is Feist & Frankenthaler's. It sets forth the finest popular "hits" of the day arranged for mandolin, banjo and guitar. It's these popular things that are in demand now. They are so bright and pretty. Read the ad. on front page.

The ad. of Bert S. House tells about his fine descriptive novelty for clubs, *The Spook's Carnival*. It is a most peculiar number, and quite original. Be sure and get it.

"Frogville Echoes" advertised herein by W. H. Teasdale, is a lively banjo piece, and the Breeze From Blackville is just as catchy. Get them, banjoists!

The National Music Co., are the publishers of the finest mandolin and guitar folios in the world. That's a solid fact. Have you seen their books? Read their ad in this issue.

Teaching banjo, mandolin and guitar in one class is becoming very popular now. S. A. Gregg claims to publish the finest set of class studies yet out. Teachers, be sure and try them. Read his ad.

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