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S. S. STEWART'S BANJO GUITAR JOURNAL.

JUNE, 1888.

Price, 10 Cents.

PUBLISHED BY

S. S. STEWART,

PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A.

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S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

VOL. V. No. 2.

JUNE AND JULY 1888.

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

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THE BOOZER.

To booze means to drink excessively; therefore one who boozes is one who drinks to excess.

Our text for the present discourse is taken from a book which has never caused any wars—a book which is probably more referred to than any book in the English language, and a book which contains more good, solid common sense, and more food for reflection, as well as more useful information than perhaps any book in America to-day. We refer, of course, to *Webster's Dictionary*, second edition.

There, upon page 152, left-hand column, and close to the top of the page, will be found these words:

"Yet did he boozing bout say to the Duke of James."

So in a boozing bout he said to the Duke of James.

Now what did he say to the Duke of James? Evidently he did not say, "James, thou art a boozier." For had he thus said, he would have incorrectly addressed the personage in question, whose name we are led to believe was not James, for he was simply the Duke of James. Now the Duke of James is situated upon the James River, several miles from Fort Lafayette, and the duke was seen strolling upon the sands in the morning, clad in the garments of the night; having just arisen from the slumbers of the bout.

There is no doubt that the duke's eyes were heavy, for 'twas in a boozing bout that the person addressed him. And the lines quoted inform us that he was truly addressed. And yet we are under some doubt upon this subject after all, for upon looking at it from another side we see that it seems to ask us the question, "Yet did he truly?" And we are inclined to doubt that he did.

But the lines fail to tell us sufficient about this "boozing bout" to enable us to discover whether the boozing was done with water, cider, milk, tea, gin or lemonade; either of which would make capital booze for a bout, which simply means a contest, and one is as capable of finding his level on water as upon any other fluid which can be used in a drinking contest.

There is no doubt that intemperance is the great curse of this country to-day, and particu-

larly of the musical, minstrel and theatrical profession. Intemperance and boozing are, of course, two separate and distinct things, yet closely allied. To be truly temperate, one must be temperate in all things.

To booze is to drink to excess, but to be intemperate one is not compelled to drink at all, for one may become as grossly intemperate by gluttonous eating as by wine bibbing or beer swilling.

True temperance is exemplified by a life which is virtuous and temperate in all things, and the "temperance advocate" of the day, who often rushes into the opposite extreme, may be as grossly intemperate as the most abject slave to the intoxicating cup. The devotee of high living is intemperate; the excessive drinker of tea or coffee is a boozier; the drinker of an excess of cider or vinegar is likewise a boozier, as is also the partaker of an excessive quantity of water or of milk; the question only arises as to what is excess; for what is excess to one may not be so to another. A very thirsty man may perhaps swallow a gallon of water and yet not be a boozier, while another man may booze on a quart or less. The great problem of individuality enters into the problem of intemperance and boozing, and the temperance advocate has first to solve this problem before he can instruct his fellow-man as to what is and what is not temperance.

We recognize the fact that no man has a right to dictate to his fellow-man as to what he shall do or what he shall not do—what he shall eat or what he shall drink. Hence, in offering a temperance advocacy to our readers, we are in no wise seeking to influence them in what may appear to us a right direction, but only to observe in a quiet way, that boozing is often a shortener of life.

* * * * *

Our attention has been called to this subject by a letter from a man who is well known to many of our readers, especially to those among the minstrel and variety professions. From this letter we make the following extract, believing that in so doing we will not offend the writer, who is none other than Mr. John C. Hennessey, of Boulder Valley, Montana, formerly of Boston.

"I have many a good laugh at your answers to correspondents. Last night I read of the half of a one cent stamp; you then suggested that I play in the Journal. Jim Bohrer played for me for two years, and all the boys told Jim he could beat Weston. At last Jim wanted my opinion on the subject, and I said, 'let them drink so, Jim, but when you hear Weston you won't think so.' At last Horace arrived from New York, devices playing on my banjo when Bohrer came. Weston ran off about forty different pieces, at the same time telling all the news from New York. After he got through I introduced Weston's suggestions. Then asked Bohrer to play us something. 'What? Me?' said Jim, 'not where that man Weston is—he's too hot for me.'"

"About that time Lew Brimmer was playing at the Howard. I had never seen him. On Sundays the boys and girls begin to get into my place to get a drink. One Sunday a stranger followed in after Jim McElroy. I asked him if he knew him, and he said, 'I did not ask the man what he wanted. He said he wanted a drink in the worst way—that he was playing at the Howard, and I told him to go. I said, 'your name is Brimmer I shall soon find out.' So I went and got my banjo and handed it to him. I says, 'play me Brimmer's last.' 'Which one?' said he. 'He played it, and got out of the booze he could carry.'"

The boozers of Philadelphia who booze the Schuylkill water, particularly just after a heavy rain, are likely the most disgusting boozers to be found. Beer may be nasty—ale may be rank—wine may be dirty, but none of these can surpass for filthiness and downright rottenness the waters of the Schuylkill river at certain times.

Let any one who doubts this take a quiet journey up the Schuylkill river, along its banks. Let him view the mills about Manayunk, emptying their refuse into the river. Let him witness, as we have witnessed, an occasional dead dog or the carcass of a cat gently floating down stream towards the Fairmount Water works. Or perhaps it would be more inviting to the ardent advocate of "temperance" if he could see the various clothes washings going on in the very water which he is expected to drink, to say nothing of the many boys and men who bathe their bodies in the stream during the warm weather, and the few carcasses of dead fish which may occasionally be seen floating upon the surface.

Think of it, young woman! Think of it, young man! You clear-headed temperance advocates who would soon be to be called boozers, and yet when you drink a single gill more of this concoction, known as water, than you really need, you have made boozers of yourselves; for bear in mind, that to booze is to drink to excess; and there is no distinction made as to what the fluid is which you drink.

* Again, we say, think of it, young woman! You who are so nice that you must have your tea and coffee so carefully washed and wind before you drink, for fear that your gentle mouth may by chance touch the spot where some other mortal drank, and your lips thus be defiled. Do you realize the fact that when you drink Schuylkill water you are swallowing down the identical fluid which has been bathed in by fishes, dogs, cows, boys and men? Do you know that after a rain you have been served with the finest mud soup free of charge, or at the price of ordinary water? If you don't know this, it is about time you learned it.

Perhaps you will say, "Oh! I boil all my water before I drink it." Well, boiling is all very nice, and all the beer that is boozed has been boiled before it reaches the lips of the boozier.

The temperance advocate may stick to his cold water theories—the vegetarian may cling to his meat-eating superstitions—the boozier may continue to booze his favorite beverage.

The temperance advocate who is not a philosopher may booze water—the vegetarian who is not a philosopher may eat grossly intemperate on vegetables; for he who makes a glut of himself in eating is as intemperate as he who makes a feast of himself in other ways. Hence, the vegetarian who scorns eating the flesh of a dead animal, calling meat "corpse" and other true names, may delight in filling his tender paunch with nasty dirty potatoes, or that is worse, he may eat, with a keen relish, that nasty stuff called celery, which is said to

be good for the kidneys and the nerves, but nevertheless is raised in a hotbed of corruption, and should be very nately, judged from the source from which it springs.

When a man has become such an abject slave to the intoxicating cup that he cannot resist overboard without his liquor, he has arrived at a dangerous period in his existence. Then no one can save him but himself. And those only save themselves who are capable of realizing their danger, and then grasping with a strong hand their own individuality, and firmly resolving to break off at once and forever their connection with intoxicating liquor.

But few who arrive at this period have the will-power and strength of character left to sustain themselves through the trying ordeal of mental and physical suffering caused by the sudden change in their habits of life, and few indeed are they who are successful in making a gradual change. For when whiskey has once got a man completely under its control, he becomes, as it were, a slave. The excitement of boozing the fiery liquor, and the consequent depression which is sure to follow, have become to him a necessary part of his existence, and having established an affinity for such conditions, they have become to him as a second nature.

Few can doubt that the boozing of intoxicating liquor was the real cause of the death of Lew Brimmer, and has been the cause of the premature death of many other noted performers, who would to-day still be occupying prominent places in their profession had they not allowed themselves to have become slaves to the booze.

It is true that water often is impure, but however unwholesome it may be, it will in no case fire the brain and the system, compelling man to become a slave, and for the time being to lay aside his manhood; nor will it eat up in bar bills his weekly earnings as a performer, leaving those dependent upon him for support destitute of the means of existence.

A performer who finds himself so situated that the boozing of intoxicating liquor has become to him a necessity, is wise if he at once acknowledges his danger and resolves to break off the habit. Then let him, for a time at least, substitute tea or coffee for his accustomed booze—for it is better to be a boozier of tea, coffee, lemonade or water, than to boozie that which is stronger and more fiery.

Let him be called a boozier if you will, but let the booze that he boozes be the harmless booze of the "temperance advocate" of the nineteenth century. He will not then, at all events, booze himself into the gutter's grave.

If he cannot do this in any other way, let him sign the pledge of total abstinence. This is what we would do, and what we should unhesitatingly advise any else to do under the circumstances.

As to friends, true friends are never obtained nor kept through the friendly glass nor the boozing bowl. True friendship cannot be bought—it is beyond price, and those friends who forsake a man because he has broken off and forever discarded a bad and ruinous habit, are just such friends as would scarcely take the trouble to attend the pauper funeral of him who has been ruined by drink.

Banjoists beware of the booze.

The Boozer shall boozie.

The Snoozer shall snooze.

The Bruiser shall bruise.

And the Chooser shall choose.

The Loser shall lose.

The Muser shall muse.

The Doer shall do.

And the Chewer shall chew.

But the Muser who muses

May choose when he chooses
The Loser who loses
To bruise when he bruises.
But the Boogier who boogies
When the Snoozer he snoozes
Must chew when he chooses
The muser of the muses.
So the Boozer shall boozie
Just as long as he chews;
But after he chews
Comes a fit of the blues.
And then the old Boozie,
And time-battered Snoozer,
No longer chooses
To boozie when he snoozes.
For the short-winded Boozie
Has boozed his last Boozie.

THE BANJO IN ENGLAND.

The following letter, coming from a well-known performer, will serve as a good introduction to our present discourse, which relates to a somewhat distinguished personage, whose portrait adorns this article.

Cohoes, N. Y., April 5, 1888.

FRIEND STEWART:—I have been at home sick since November, but am getting better, and hope to be well enough to go to California in May for the summer months, and if there is anything I can do for you while out there let me know. I take a London paper called the *Era*. I see Brewster's name—he writes *all the credit for your headwork and brain*. I thought I would send the notice to you, it may interest you. Hoping you are well, with best wishes, I remain your friend,
JAMES SANFORD,
of Sanford & Wilson.

The following is the notice spoken of in the letter. It is not to be perused with interest by those among our readers who have met the person in question, or are in any manner familiar with his career.

"BREWSTER ON THE BANJO."

Is the vogue of the banjo as a fashionable amateur instrument declining? Decidedly not, says Mr. Brewster, and to prove his words takes down from the mantelpiece of his comfortable reception room in Regent-street, number of cards and "cabinets" of other evidences of the aristocratic quality of many of his pupils. We are almost overpowered by the grandeur of these souvenirs. There is Lord Donoughmore's carte-de-visite, presented to the teacher upon the pupil's attaining a particular degree of efficiency on the beloved instrument; there is a photograph of the interior of Lady Sullivan's library, with three banjos placed in conspicuous positions (Lady Sullivan is one of the best lady banjoists in the United Kingdom); in a leather case stands a banjo with the inscription proving that it belongs to Lady Helen Duncombe; and Mr. Brewster also shows us a valuable Maltese cross in time gold, at the back of which is a miniature banjo. The cross hangs from a clasp adorned with three diamonds. This is inscribed "by the nobility of England and bears also an inscription stating that the ornament was a present to Mr. Brewster from his pupils, and the names of the committee who organized the testimonial." Lady Sullivan, the Lady Albreda Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Donoughmore, and Madame De Fitzwilliam, certainly seem as if Mr. Brewster had "struck oil" since he came to us Britanians twelve years ago. But wherein lies the superiority of the far famed Brewster banjo? Its maker explains to us. Ordinary banjos, it seems, have the handle made in one piece. The handle of the Brewster instrument is in no less than six different pieces, five in the upper part, which is joined to that beneath the skin, which is made separately. The main stem of the Brewster banjo is made in American maple, and the hoop of the banjo is made of the same wood, Massachusetts being the State whence the material comes. A band of German silver "spun" on wire surrounds the wooden band; and between the two is a piece of silk steeped in a peculiar chemical concoction, of which Mr. Brewster retains the secret. The accented band and strings of the banjo are carefully cut instead of being cast, as is the case with inferior instruments. The object of all these improvements is to get a

stronger tone, which is it always easy to moderate if required. Most English banjos suffer from over-softness of tone. Again, the painstaking construction of the handle is intended to prevent any possible warping, which would, of course, throw the strings out of their proper position.

Mr. Brewster claims to have been the first to introduce the five-string banjo into this country. He has no less than six teachers in his employ, who are constantly in attendance at the houses of the aristocracy and gentry of this happy land. The Brewster Combination now performing at several London music halls originated in Mr. Brewster's notion that an entertainment to be given by a troupe of ladies, consisting of a gun-drill, a dog dance, and a banjo performance, would prove to be popular. He arranged with the late Mr. W. Banks (commonly known as "Billy" Banks) to teach the ladies the drill, but the death of that gentleman disappointed the scheme for a time, and soon after, one of Mr. Brewster's assistants leaving him and preparing to start a similar entertainment, Mr. Brewster had to bring out his combination in self defence. Mr. Brewster is certainly entitled to the name and reputation that he has honestly won by his excellence and assiduity in his position as maker, player, and teacher of the banjo."



J. E. Brewster.

Some years ago, when this Brewster had a small room in London, England, and was entirely unknown on either side of the Atlantic, it was S. S. Stewart who took him in hand, advertised and made him known—to what little extent he is known to-day. All this twaddle published in the London *Era* about the nobility, etc., amounts to no more than a recommendation to Brewster goes, as the personages named therein are not practical banjoists, and in no way fitted to judge of the merits of a teacher. Brewster himself is not a practical performer on the banjo, being merely a clumsy bawler of the strings, as competent judges who have listened to him can readily testify. Neither is he a banjo maker. For, to tell the truth, he knows just about as much about making a banjo as a mule—no more.

It is true that he did produce copies of Stewart's banjos to a certain extent. But even in doing this, he was compelled to rely upon the abilities of a man by the name of Dallas, whom he employed to first remove Stewart's name from the banjos which took the medal in the London Exposition in the year 1884, and then to substitute the name of Brewster; after which imitations were made of the Stewart banjo, which were known as the "Brewster banjo."

Any one with the slightest sense of manliness, honor or integrity, will at once admit that the act of removing the name of a manufacturer from an instrument for the purpose of substituting one's own name, by which it is hoped that a reputation may be made so that copies of the same instrument may be unloaded upon the public, is the act of a contemptible nature. But, it will be asked, "did this man Brewster do this?" We answer that we have the very best possible evidence that he did.

We know that the banjos sent by S. S. Stewart to the London International Exhibition were awarded a medal in the name of "Brewster and Stewart." These banjos were manufactured by S. S. Stewart in Philadelphia, Pa. We know that J. E. Brewster retained this medal, and has been for some time using it (or a fac-simile of the same), together with an old cut of a Stewart banjo, an electrolyte of which was furnished him by S. S. Stewart some time ago, to use in advertising the Stewart banjo, for the purpose of advertising what he is pleased to call the "J. E. Brewster banjos."

If these are the actions of a considerable man then our story of honor must be considerably higher than that current with those of another opinion.

Let any one take the book called the *J. E. Brewster Banjoist*, and peruse it carefully, and see what little musical knowledge is displayed by its alleged author. In our issue of April, 1886, we fully reviewed this book, but as we now have many new readers who cannot obtain a copy of that issue we herewith repeat the article just as it appeared in our issue of Vol. 3, No. 9:

[From the *B. and G. Journal*, April, 1886.]
STEWART'S IMITATORS.

A NEW BANJO BOOK—THE POWERFUL EFFORT OF A GREAT MIND.

The recent publication of a book of banjo music in England, styled *The J. E. Brewster Banjoist*, is a most creditable effort of the publisher, and has been produced in the banjo world. The entire work contains 47 pages, size 8½ by 11 inches. One of Stewart's banjo cuts adorns the cover, and still another one inside. The price of the book is marked at 10s. and 6d. (about \$2.50), and contains in all about twenty-nine pieces of music, if some of the efforts can be so called.

The great beauty of the work lies in the fact that the compiler has almost entirely refrained from including any of his original compositions, but has confined himself with taking songs from Stewart and a few other good arrangements and transposing them into another key, after which he adds his name as arranger, probably not knowing the difference between a transposition and an arrangement. One of Stewart's well-known pieces, copyrighted in America, appears in this work under a new head and bearing the signature Brewster. The "Seek no further March," by Horace Weston, one of Stewart's well-known publications, appears in the work under the new name of "Horace Weston's March." This piece, the publisher of the book concluded not to appropriate under his own name—a very wise idea, we think.

Stewart's well-known arrangement of The Hunter's March, for two banjos, appears duly; the only difference being that the key has been changed and credit for the arrangement given to Brewster instead of to Stewart. E. M. Hall's Home, Sweet Home, with a few alterations, likewise appears in the book; but Brewster having changed the key thinks such a gigantic mental effort should have its reward, so he calls it Brewster's arrangement.

Perhaps the crowning effort of the entire work is his arrangement of "Swanee River," with variations, for two banjos. This, like the others, is simply a transposition of another man's work, slightly changed, and with a part for second banjo added. But he omitted the best variation of all when he left out Var. 3d, but perhaps the effort of transposing such a movement was too much for him, or perhaps he did not like to publish a variation which was far beyond his skill as a performer or a musician—this is the only suitable explanation we can find as to why he should not publish Stewart's entire arrangement—for it is Stewart's, with a few trifling and unimportant alterations. The facts of the matter are these: Having arranged the Old Folks at Home, or "Swanee River," with original variations for the banjo, Mr. Stewart proceeded to have the same engraved on plates. The proofs were all corrected and the music was ready for the press when he found that there was likely to be some trouble about the copyright of melody. This being the case he thought best not to add the music, and so presented the plates, free of charge; to this Brewster, sending them in the box with other goods with the request that he should be favored with a copy for his own use. He never received either thanks for the plates, or the complimentary comments, and now that this banjo book has come to light he is enlightened as to the reason why.

Another of the pieces in the book, which is published as an original composition of Brewster's under the name of Brewster's Gallop, or "Swanee River," known as "Over Sticks and Stones," Gallop, and how a man could hope to palm off such a well-known composition as his own is beyond our reason to discover.

The work displays the most astonishing poverty of ideas about the lowest state of mentality a man is likely to fall heir to. If the publisher of the book has any original ideas whatever, we advise him to go to work and display them, and not to attempt to wear the lion's skin which so illy becomes him. If he would recover his reputation he will have to go to work at once and produce something original—let him

come out and show the public whether he can arrange music, for we very much doubt that he can, and when he again produces something under his own name we shall have very great doubt as to its originality unless he can prove that it was written under duress.

The book also displays upon the cover, cuts of medals of the Crystal Palace Exhibition, of 1884, which were given for the *S. S. Stewart Banjos*. These came into the hands of Brewster as agent for Stewart, and Stewart paid all the expenses of the said exhibition, while he has the documents of his London agents to prove. We state these few facts for the enlightenment of our customers, and any fair minded person has only to take the book mentioned and go calmly through its contents, and the result will be the conviction of its publisher as a plagiarist.

Any advertising notoriety which may be had by Brewster on account of this notice he is entirely welcome to as far as we are concerned, and we know that the blow he has aimed at his own reputation will hold him down for some time to come in the minds of all intelligent banjo players.

N. B.—The Swanee River (Old Folks at Home) with complete variations for the banjo and piano, mentioned in the foregoing article has since, by permission of O. Ditson & Co., been published by S. Stewart, Philadelphia, and may now be had.

The following are copies of two advertisements clipped from a paper published in London, England; BREWSTER BANJOS.

The "Brewster Banjos" are used by all leading banjoists.

The "Standard Professional Banjo," to the Profession only, 55s.

Each banjo branded "J. E. Brewster."

Manufacturers:
36 West Broadway, New York,
50 Oxford Street, London,
Studio,
516 Oxford Street, London,
174 Regent Street, W.
Where all letters should be addressed.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
Before the Jubilee year is out Prof. Few-
clothes (the white-washed American)
will be up a tree.

OH, YOW MUSHROOMS!

BANJOS! BANJOS!! BANJOS!!!
By the Profession to be the masterpiece of all
makers for tone and durability.

J. E. DALLAS, 45 Strand, London, W. C.
No bogus addresses. All in a nut shell. The gas bag has ex-
ploded.

The first one is by Brewster, and the following proofs to be from the same Dallas, who was formerly in Brewster's employ. As it will appear to our readers, they are now on the "war path," and busily engaged in cutting one another's throats. The extensive manufacturing advertised by Brewster are supposed to be located in the United States. The one advertised as situated at 36 West Broadway, New York, seems to be somewhat of a myth—at any rate we have failed to discover anything like a banjo manufactory in that particular location. Should some of Mr. Brewster's English customers wish to know about this time and look up No. 36 West Broadway, New York, they would find it rather difficult to discover a banjo manufactory at that address. We have personally visited that locality, and have failed to discover any sign of a banjo manufactory. Further than this, we have written to a responsible party in New York requesting him to look the matter up, and this is what he replied.

New York, April 12, 1888.

"I have looked carefully all along W. Broadway and can find no signs of any banjo maker or factory. I inquired at No. 36, and they say they never heard of any in that building."

So much for the "manufactory" advertised by Mr. Brewster as being located in New York. We can assure our readers that no such factory exists; but we know that no one Mr. Brewster, same Mr. Dallas, and children living at this address, No. 36 W. Broadway, New York, some time ago, whilst he was teaching the banjo in England, where he passed generally as a simple man.

But why should a man advertise what he cannot

verify? We answer that only a fool does so, and there is no doubt in Mr. Brewster's case that he will live to see his mistake. But when the Boozie is in sense is out.

Now that we have given our English readers the truth about the "manufactory," which Brewster advertises as situated in New York City (which they can verify for themselves), we will leave to them the task of discovering what is taking place at the address advertised in London, England. The largeness of all music in England displayed in the book and business circular of this Brewster is one of the principal things that will attract the attention of the banjoist. A single original or new idea would go further with an intelligent public than a number of carter and cabmen, and other evidences of the aristocratic quality of many of his pupils." But of original or musical ideas Mr. Brewster has none—he is as innocent and barren of them as the green feathered parrot. He will in time find his level.

"THE MOUNTAIN AT LABOR."

The following is clipped from a paper published in Boston, Mass. The "Mountain" spoken of, is taken from our last issue, but as it is used without quotation marks we are led to believe that the publishers of the paper are so used to appropriating the ideas of others that they consider such marks unnecessary in any case:

"OF COURSE."

As Mr. W. A. Huntley was on his way to Boston from Providence, he placed his Stewart Banjeurine, in leather case, too near the hot steam pipes and thus the head was broken. He was obliged to borrow an instrument of G. L. Lansing, the popular teacher, of Boston, which, of course, was a Stewart.

The above is a clipping from a little Banjo and Guitar journal, and we wish to say, the instrument loaned to Mr. Huntley for this occasion was a "Gatcomb," made for Mr. Lansing and used by him on the concert stage."

For those who desire the truth about this matter we publish the following:

"BOSTON, Jan. 23, 1888.

Friend Stewart—We are to play at Association Hall next Thursday evening (26th). I shall hope to see you. Our banjos and banjeurines are in prime condition and are doing you great credit as a manufacturer. Come and hear us.

YOURS,
G. L. LANSING."

* * * * *

"BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1888.
It may be fitting to state right here that our friend Huntley broke the head in his banjeurine last Wednesday evening, just before the concert and sent down to me for mine to use in place of it.

G. L. LANSING."

The instrument called a "Gatcomb" in the squall alluded to should not be taken for any kind of a *comb*, either fine-toothed or otherwise, as it is no more nor less than an imitation of Stewart's original invention, known as the banjeurine.

To S. S. Stewart and to none other belongs the credit for the invention and introduction of the banjeurine, and no one with any knowledge of the banjo business and possessing any degree of principle or honor can assert otherwise. As we predicted some time ago, many makers are copying and attempting to imitate Stewart's improvements, and in doing so display to an intelligent public an utter lack of originality, and their inability to succeed without a *façon* and *modif*.

Even were it true that Mr. Huntley had borrowed an imitation of Stewart's instrument to use on a certain occasion, it would be, nevertheless, true that he did so simply because his Stewart instrument was incapacitated for use, by reason of the head having been broken, which must happen at times with any banjo. It does not follow that a man who is hungry will not eat stale bread or badly cooked food if he cannot obtain his favorite dishes, for "necessity knows no law."

See article in another column, "Imitations of our Banjeurine."

"MAN'S STORY."

A PARODY ON "LIFE'S STORY."

BY J. H. ANKER.

I stood beside the show-case
And watched the ladies shop,
As in an Eighth st. store they'd chase,
Their husbands' cash to drop.
My thoughts began to travel fast;
My brain was in a whirl,
It struck me how much cash it takes
To keep the average girl.
Just a little roll of silk; just a little tie;
Just a little handkerchief to flirt with on the sly,
Just a little jewelry; just a little fan;
Just a bit of all she sees to bankrupt some poor man.
Just a little pair of gloves; just a little lace;
Just a little portrait, with powder for her face,
Just a little gny gny; just a little chain;
Just a little too-look-goo to give her jaw a pain.

A poor man's recollections
Came o'er me as I gazed;
I thought of how two years ago
A girl my heart had crazed.
I saw the old ice-cream saloon
Where time and cash I spent;
And since that time our honeymoon,
Which strapped me to it,
Just a little seal-skin; just a little hat;
Just a little ribbon, dear, to tie around the cat.
Just a little watch and chain; just a little pin;
Just a little box of paints for dimples on her chin,
Just a little feather, please, my other one to mate;
Just a little trimming, dear, my old silk dress to patch;
Just a little calico to finish Duckie's gown;
Just a little left for me, in haste, to jump the town.

I see our little home, now,
And for its welfare quake;
We've a little one that makes a row—
At night keeps us awake.
No more our faithful cat-dog
Disturbs the night so still;
We sold him with some other things
To pay the doctor's bill.
Just a little pair of socks for his little foot;
Just a dozen little towels to put his little toes,
Just a little soothing stilt, and pargerie, too;
Just a little box of pills to make him live for you.
Just a little baby-coach, because there's one next door;
Just little box of toys to smash up on the floor;
Just a little high chair, and a lobby-hour to ride;
But who'll take care of baby fair when pa's a suicide?

MUSICAL IDEAS.

The following ventilation of musical ideas is taken from the *Sunday Dispatch*, Pittsburgh, Pa., which we give, together with a brief criticism.

"PIANO PLAYING."

Among the instruments which are taught, played and practiced, of course the piano comes first. But while the fashion of piano playing is now quite a universal thing, good performers on that instrument are actually scarcer here in comparison, than on any other instrument. Experienced teachers account for this by the following reasons:

The piano student is greatly handicapped in his progress by his friends. Instead of allowing the teacher to be the judge of how to proceed with his pupil in making him or her an accomplished performer, the parents are constantly interfering with the course of study. They know that they are paying dear money to have their children learn piano playing, and of course they are anxious to see quick results. How they become disheartened, however, when they have to listen to nothing else but exercises is easily imagined. They do not realize that it is at first necessary for the pupil to become an expert in finger exercises before he or she should start to play anything else. They do not know that by the manner the fingers touch the keys, emotion is brought into the music, which makes the listener sometimes hear the rolling thunder, the roaring storm, the rippling stream and the soft breeze. One of the first things a young pupil tells his or her master, therefore,

after two or three lessons, is: "Please sir, my mamma gets angry, he knows his business, and he refuses. Then somebody goes and buys the pupil the 'Maiden's Prayer,' the 'Black Hawk Valse,' etc., and—presto!—in a week the child can play them. The parents think that the teacher ought to have acted on their hint, and because he didn't, he don't know his business. The lessons are discontinued, and the pupil keeps on playing the 'Maiden's Prayer,' until all the cats and dogs in the neighborhood think they know it."

(It is indeed very true that there are few really good piano players—players who can execute music correctly at sight. But as to the cats and dogs being familiar with the music produced by piano students, we are not at all sure, but perhaps the learned correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* is more familiar with the thoughts of cats and dogs than we are.)

"Of course nobody wants to assert that this is done in every case, but that the foregoing is somewhat of the style in which money is wasted on piano playing, is amply demonstrated by the fact that there are so few even moderately good players to be found here."

The violin is the next popular instrument in this city, a fact which justifies the statement that the musical education of this city is very strong. The violin is a very difficult instrument to master, and it is only the real lover of music who has the tenacity to study and master its intricacies."

(The violin is truly a very difficult instrument to master, and it has very few masters; indeed there are comparatively few really good players of this instrument to be found in any one city. Whilst it may be true that only real lovers of music have the tenacity to study and master its intricacies, it is not true that all real lovers of music have the tenacity to master even a small part of its difficulties, and there are many real lovers of music who have not the will to devote to practice and study to enable them even to become fair performers upon this instrument.)

"The guitar has become quite a favorite also in late years, which is easily explained by the fact that it can easily be learned to play upon. Then the guitar is of great advantage as accompaniment to song, or other instruments. It is cheap, and can be carried. There are a number of guitar clubs, both in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, now."

(It is not true that the guitar can easily be learned to play upon. It is quite the contrary, as the guitar is very hard on the fingers of both hands, and in fact returns less to its devotees than any instrument that we know of. That there are a large number of so-called players on this instrument we admit, but there are very few—very few—really good performers.)

"Next comes the mandolin and banjo. While the first has found many a disciple—since Mr. Charles Hodges introduced it, and the Mandolin Troubadours have familiarized us with its beauties, the banjo does not seem to gain ground. What a blessing that is, every musician will tell you. 'The banjo is a musical merit whatever,' said one of our foremost musicians, and I am pleased to say that Pittsburgers have too high a sense of the quality of music ever to allow the banjo to become popular here."

But the banjo has made the most phenomenal record for itself here, and it is safe to assert that, outside of the Tyrolean villages, there is no place in the world that can boast of having a zither club of twenty-five accomplished players. But such is the fact in Pittsburgh, the club is going to give a concert on twenty-five zithers in a few days.

There are few musical instruments like the zither, and few whose tones are sweeter, whose strings produce greater emotion than this very child of the Alps. 'The Tyrolean will play it. The young girl, when she goes into the mountains in the spring to drive the cattle to pasture, carries her zither with her, and while she sits on the hilltops and lets her beautiful 'yodel' resound through the valleys, her zither accompanies her song."

With all this love for music here at present the hope for wondrous results in the future looks very bright."

(The assertion that the banjo does not seem to gain ground displays either ignorance upon the part of the correspondent in question, or else a gross prevarication. The assertion of some supposed mu-

sician that "the thing has no musical merit whatever," is simply an unwarranted and dogmatic assertion, against which the testimony of hundreds as well or better qualified to judge, can be had to the contrary. The correspondent is pleased to say that Pittsburgers have too high a sense of the quality of music to allow the banjo to become popular. This is all very good, especially when they have such piano players as he speaks of, who can play only enough for the cats and dogs. He is, as our readers will admit, grossly ignorant of banjo playing, and he displays this ignorance in his vain attempt to puff up the zither, of which instrument no doubt he is evidently a professor, or perhaps a dealer in. We doubt that a person who can make such assertions can be a musician at heart, and we venture to assert that we can, with one of our Stewart banjos, entered and held an audience of musical people longer than he can with his "child of the Alps." The club of twenty-five zithers spoken of may make very passable music; but even to do this they will have to accurately tune each either of say thirty-one strings, for the twenty-five instruments are not in accurate tune the best performers cannot produce good music on them. In the event of these twenty-five zithers giving a performance, and each one being just a little out of tune, those dogs and cats which this Pittsburgh correspondent seems to be so familiar with, would indeed up to a sorry howl if compelled to listen to these twenty-five "children of the Alps." This correspondent may perhaps play the zither "just a little bit," but we doubt it.)

IMITATIONS OF OUR BANJEAU-RINE.

It appears that now-a-days a man cannot get up anything for himself and hope to make anything out of it unless he covers it all over with patents.

Several banjo manufacturers in Boston, Chicago and other cities began to make imitations of Stewart's banjeaurines as soon as they found their superiority. Stewart's patent NECK ADJUSTER, by which the pitch of the neck can be adjusted or changed, cannot be used by these persons without making an infringement on the law, hence their imitations of the banjeaurine are made with necks fitted like the old-fashioned banjo.

Our only reason for keeping this matter before our readers is, that we do not do so, and we do not long ere these persons begin to claim the instrument as their own original invention or improvement.

Anyone who lacks principle, and is base enough not only to make copies (as far as he is able), but to adopt the same name, and then, in an advertisement, attempt to make the public believe that his imitations are the identical instrument used by such performers as Hall, Huntley, Lee, and others, has only a very short step to a still lower moral level. And we have no doubt that anyone who would imitate the instrument and copy the name would not hesitate to claim everything belonging to it if an opportunity offered.

See testimonials from well-known performers in our Illustrated Price List.

CARD FROM G. L. LANSING.

"BOSTON, May 8th, 1888.

S. S. STEWART—Dear Sir: I have always claimed that your banjeaurines were the finest, by far, of any, and do now. I don't think I stated that the one I loaned W. A. Huntley was one of yours, however. I merely said that he public believe that his imitations are the identical instrument used by such performers as Hall, Huntley, Lee, and others, has only a very short step to a still lower moral level. And we have no doubt that anyone who would imitate the instrument and copy the name would not hesitate to claim everything belonging to it if an opportunity offered.

Yours truly,
GEO. L. LANSING,
Director of Boston Ideal Club."

THE FISHING SEASON.

Now is the time to catch the gummy bass and pull in the darning perch. More fish are caught annually with Chubb's rods than with any other rods in the country. The reason for this is that Chubb's rods are used by all the best anglers, and the best anglers catch the most fish. Use Chubb's rods and tackle. Send for illustrated pamphlet to

THOMAS H. CHUBB,
Post Mills, Vermont.

PLUTO DANCE.

FOR THE BANJO.

BOLSOVER GIBBS.

Banjo. *Moderato.*

mf

6th..... 5th

5 Pos.....

7 Pos.....

5 Pos..... 7 Pos..... D.C.

ALBERT, JR. SCHOTTISCHE.

By A. BAUR.

Banjo.

7th BAR.....

3rd BAR.

FINE.

D.S. al Fine.

AULD LANG SYNE.

FOR THE GUITAR.

STANDARD MELODIES, No. 1.

Arranged by FRED. O. OEHLER.

Guitar. *mf*

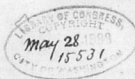
rit. *p*

THE LORELEY.

Guitar. *p*

f *rit.* *p*

THE NEW HELVITIA SCHOTTISCHE.



FOR TWO BANJOS.

By GEO. C. STEPHENS.

Con spirito.

1st Banjo.

2nd Banjo.

1

2

FINE.

1

2

10 Barre. 10 Barre. 9 Barre.

D. S. then Trio.

1

2

ad lib. *D.S. to Fine.*



The Amherst College and Brown University Banjo and Glee Clubs gave a joint concert at Infantry Hall, Amherst, on the evening of March 27th, last. The banjo selections consisted of *Merry Travelers*, the Queen of Beauty Waltz and a Waltz of Shafer.

Armstrong's American Banjo Club performed at a concert given by the Keystone Assembly, at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, April 3d. Sixteen banjo players appeared, rendering the *Triumph March*, *Martineaux Overture*, *Bristle Polka*, and *Amaranthine Mazurka*. The Bass Banjo was introduced in the lango orchestra, and filled the "aching void" created by the lack of bass. Messrs. Armstrong and Lockwood also gave "The Voyage" on banjo and piano, and the "Merry Travelers, Q. S." was rendered by Miss Ada R. Bolden, Armstrong and Albrecht.

At Milwaukee, Wis., also on the evening of April 3d, the State University Banjo and Guitar Club gave a concert, playing *Huntley's Let Her Go Galop*, *Huntley Hornpipe*, *Armstrong's Grand Review March*, *Patrol Comique* (Lee) and other selections.

Concerning the Bass Banjo mentioned in a previous issue, Thomas J. Armstrong, writes as follows:

"The Bass Banjo you made for me is a corker," and makes a wonderful addition to the American Banjo Club. I think this style of Banjo is the greatest invention in the manufacture of banjos you have innovated yet, with the exception of your Banjeurine, of course.

"The Bass Banjo, like the double Bass in an orchestra is not effective for solo playing; but in a banjo club it gives depth and richness to the music that is more in keeping with pure banjo music, than either the guitar or piano. The American Banjo Club have passed a vote of thanks to you for the invention of the Bass Banjo."

The following advertisement has appeared regularly in the *Evening News*, Chicago:

BANJO AND GUITAR thoroughly taught by note in twelve lessons. Deane & Nelson, manufacturers of the celebrated Peerless Banjos, the finest in the world, \$2.00. We challenge any other make.

Smart men, these must be, and in more ways than one. Anyone who can teach the banjo thoroughly in twelve lessons must be more than man. But to make the finest banjo in the world for \$2 is something beyond criticism. We will say no more at present.



W. Sullivan.

There was a grand English Ballad Concert given at the Natural History Society's Hall, Montreal, Canada, for the benefit of the General Hospital, on Tuesday evening, March 27th, on which occasion William Sullivan appeared, playing a violin solo, "Concerto en Sol," in the first part, and a banjo solo, "Old Folks at Home," with variations, in the second part. Mr. Sullivan writes us as follows:

"I received first prize in a concert, at which I played violin and banjo. I played your Old Folks at Home, and made the best hit of any. It 'knocked'

the violin playing 'cold.' I also played the Grand Review March, by Armstrong, which also brought down the house. I had a fine piano accompanist."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schofield, of Grand Rapids, Mich., played the banjo at an entertainment given by the G. R. Lodge, No. 48, B. P. O. Elks, on March 21st, 1888.

H. Bentley, of New York writes: "Having purchased one of your Orchestra Banjos, No. 2, I must say that I am delighted with it, as it far exceeds my expectations in regard to finish and tone. It is a beauty, and my friends think it the finest they have seen."

This is what a recent letter from Harry Leroy of Norton, Montana, says:

"I received strings all right to-day. I am using one of your twelve-inch banjos. Everybody is 'stuck' on it. I will want one of your Lady Stewart Banjos soon."

"The Voyage," by Armstrong, for the banjo and piano, will make a very nice thing for you to play, my son, and, you, my daughter, should get a copy of the *Milo Schottische*, by Stewart.—Bolsolver Gibbs.

The Lafayette College Glee, Banjo and Mandoline Clubs played at Association Hall, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, April 4th. They use two of Stewart's Banjeurines in the banjo club.

In our last issue our attention is called to the fact that a typographical error caused it to be said that John H. Lee, D. Emerson and L. A. Burritt had found a banjo trio. The copy read *found*, instead of *found*, which, however, was indeed *found*, but too late for correction.

A grand concert and banjo recital was held at Music Hall, Providence, March 12th. George C. Dobson, of Boston, was leading attraction. A correspondent writes us that there were about one hundred and fifty people in the audience, and the concert was over at 9.30; but the night was very stormy, for which due allowance should be made.

T. J. Prior, of South Boston, writes under date of March 26th: "Ripley and Reede are home resting after a three years tour through the West. Like good wine, the older his Stewart Banjo gets, the better it is. The young man who is with me at my place, has organized a banjo quartette, and the members are head and ears into my sermon, *The Banjo Politically*, and will accept you as authority hereafter, as well as watch and wait with great anxiety for every issue of the *Journal*."

C. S. Mattison, of San Antonio, Texas, writes:

"I was turned out about a week ago and deprived of a beautiful little home. I lost a very valuable old violin, but the old Dobson banjo, like an old shoe, turned up in the middle of the street. If it had not then been then have been forced to get Stewart; am too poor now."

We have the following from John Tretwet, Lancaster, Pa.

"I have given the banjo you sent me a partial trial (soo Orchestra), and find that it fills the bill to the mark. It is not only a very handsome instrument, but it is musically a wonder. I find that it is as clear and sweet in the high register, as with open strings. In short, it is a first-class banjo all over. In my estimation you make THE BANJO."

This letter comes from one who knows something about it. It is Frank L. Wilson, of Atchison, Kansas:

"The banjeurine arrived all O. K. To say that it was a splendid instrument, would only faintly express my pleasure in possessing such a toy. The tone cannot be equalled in any other instrument. The finish is much better than any other manufacturer would put on a banjo of nearly twice the price. The only thing I regret is that I did not get it sooner. If it had come a week sooner, I could have introduced it with the mandoline club, which recently gave an

entertainment at the Opera House. But never mind, for the people of Atchison shall hear the rich tones of my Stewart Banjeurine yet. Anybody wanting *kinjos* will find out through me that 'Stewart is King' with a big K. I must also say a word for the *Journal*, and that is that it is a banjo paper beyond price. I am nearly anxious to be looking for the coming number, as I was for my banjeurine."

W. H. Plummer, of Gallup, New Mexico, writes as follows:

"I purchased one of your banjos three years ago, which I then thought was the best banjo that could be produced, but this one eclipses all I have ever seen. It must be from the effects of long and careful study that you are able to produce a banjo of such fine sound and carrying power. The workman-ship is the finest I ever beheld, and I think the life of factory tubs is limited. I am convinced that if you continue to manufacture such banjos you will be compelled to enlarge your facilities of production."

Will McManis, breeder and dealer in fancy saddle and harness horses, Key Corner, Tennessee, writes us as follows:

"Possessing an idealistic nature, I have always had a profound love for the beautiful. The fine 9-inch rim banjo you built for me is one of the most beautiful and perfect pieces of man's mechanism I have ever seen. Its beautiful tone and superb looks are unequalled by any instrument of its kind in the State of Tennessee. I tip my hat and give the top of the morning to the renowned manufacturer, S. S. Stewart, of Philadelphia. Thanking you for going far beyond what you agreed to do, I am always your friend."

F. O. Oehler, who contributes guitar music to this issue, is very much pleased with his recent purchase of a Stewart banjeurine. He has more pupils on the banjo than on the guitar.

On Saturday evening, March 24 last, the Philadelphia Banjo Quartette, consisting of D. C. Everest, C. N. Gorton, H. A. Altemus and W. H. Selders, played at a musicale given by Miss Everest at her residence, No. 1504 Pine street, this city. Concerning the same, *North's Philadelphia Musical Journal* has the following:

"While the style of music evolved from the banjo was hardly up to the standard of the better pieces of the programme, it was evident that the rendition did not fail in amusing the audience."

Considering that this comes from a paper which is published in the interests of the piano and organ, it is a very fair admission. We admit that the selections played by the Banjo Quartette were not as scientific or as musically pure, perhaps, as the violin playing or the vocal music, but then, "man cannot live by bread alone," and even cake and ice cream become monotonous and lose their flavor when indulged in too frequently. Change is a necessity of nature.

The same paper has the following in its "Answers to Correspondents" column:

"**LADY BANJOIST**—The reports of the banjo craze among Philadelphia society belles has been greatly exaggerated. Of course there are many who play on the instrument, and are accounted very good performers. Why don't you take up the mandoline or guitar? Either of them are much more preferable to the banjo."

Of course no one who can read "between the lines" supposes that this squib is really an answer to any "Lady Correspondent" who asks for the alleged information supposed to be contained therein. The writer of the same has no knowledge of a banjo whatever, neither has he any relative knowledge of the three instruments which he undertakes to compare. That the banjo is a superior instrument to either the mandoline or guitar no one can doubt who has made himself familiar with the three instruments. Whilst the mandoline is superior upon an accompaniment, in a great measure, the banjo is independent on that score. The mandoline by itself is nothing. The banjo by itself—by its immense variety of musical effects—never fails to please an audience. Said the leader of the Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar Club recently, "It is not the mandoline which has made our success, it is the banjo and banjeurine." As for

the guitar, it is a very soft and agreeable accompaniment to the banjo, but it must and will ever play "second fiddle" to the banjo.

We can answer the query of our learned cotemporary who asks the alleged Lady Banjoist why she does not take up the mandoline or guitar. The mandoline requires to be propped up and sustained by another instrument. It is no good alone. The guitar is a vulgar instrument for a lady to handle, as we have previously explained, and as our article headed "The Banjo vs. Guitar as a Ladies' Instrument," in our illustrated catalogue more fully explains. More than this: it is a great hardship to the fingers, and requires more muscularity than the banjo.

The banjo as a ladies' instrument is a success. It pleases all. If you want to look somebody to sleep, just sit down and execute a fine solo on the guitar.

"Music for the Masses," is the title of an article in *North's Journal* for April, which is beautifully illustrated with a cut of a wild Irish girl kicking her feet through an old time "tub." If this is the way she sings mass we would prefer to listen to a more modern banjoist. Instead of "Music for the Masses," the title would seem more appropriate, according to the illustration, if designated *The music from the Attes*.

"THE BANJO CLUB FROM PRINCETON."

Sixteen high-batted and English top-coated young men stood in a line in the Hotel Lafayette, this city, the other afternoon, and at a motion from the tallest young man sixteen grippacks simultaneously dropped to the marble floor and sixteen brown-handled canes ornamented sixteen arms with crooked elbows. Then sixteen high hats waved in the air, red sixteen boxes of cigarettes flashed along the line. The high hats were replaced on sixteen heads, sixteen matches flared, and the smoke of sixteen cigarettes curled gracefully over toward Clerk Fryer, as he superintended the registering of the sixteen members of the Princeton College Glee and Banjo Club, who had come to give Philadelphia's refined exhibition *North's Journal* come to give Philadelphia's refined exhibition *North's Journal*.

So it seems that all *North's Journal* knows about the banjo club resolves itself into sixteen high hats; these, together with sixteen cigarettes, are probably attraction sufficient for the *Philadelphia Musical Journal*.

The Philadelphia Banjo Quartette played in Camden, N. J., on the evening of April 20th, for the benefit of the Camden Home for Friendless Children.

Messrs. Jones and Evans, banjoists, performed at an entertainment given at Erven Hall, Dunmore, Pa., on the evening of April 20th.

McCauley & Moore, banjo instructors, Washington, D. C., report business excellent.

A music dealer recently ordered some copies of the ANNIE SCHOTTISCHE, which appeared in our October and November issue of the *Journal*, at the same time stating that the piece was wanted printed separately, and not in the *Journal*. In other words, they would rather pay ten cents for the piece of music printed separately, than to pay ten cents for the *Journal*, containing this piece, together with the Boulanger's March and Wiegand's Waltz, for the guitar. This is said to be a "Queer World," but the real state of the case is that the music dealer does not want to see the *Journal* get into circulation among their customers for fear their trade in 38 and 39 bracket "Hock Shop" banjos may suffer. But the *Journal* goes steadily on, gaining in circulation.

This is what A. R. Hossach, No. 913 E. st., Lincoln, Neb., says: "I find enclosed \$3.00, for which please send me part no. 24 of Complete American Banjo School. I have owned it part for a good while, and find it very useful. One of my pupils wishes something better than a 'Simple Method,' and I can recommend nothing better than your book."

Horace McLean, a well known banjoist and teacher writes that he was offered \$20 for a Stewart ad grade \$10 banjo, but would not sell it. This is what he says: "The ten dollar banjo that I got from you last spring was more than I expected. I was offered twenty dollars for it several times, but could not part with it, as I was using it both day and night, and when I went to Columbus last winter I had the pleasure of having it stolen from me. So goes the world."

The Madison Banjo and Guitar Club gave their second annual concert at Library Hall, Madison, Wis., April 12th. The club played Stewart's Waltz, The Banjo, Armstrong's Excelsior Melody, and other selections.



F. W. Willoughby.

The Elm City Banjo Club gave a parlor entertainment under the auspices of Hammonston Tribe, No. 1, on Wednesday evening, March 28th, at the Athenaeum, New Haven, at which they introduced the minstrel, Mr. Willoughby appearing as Tambo. The famous Elm City Club, led by Mr. Willoughby, rendered several banjo selections, to the delight of the audience.

Frank Stuen, Madison, Wis., has the following to say in his letter of April 3d:

"I received Piccolo Banjo and case all right, and must say that it is a perfect instrument in every respect. Have also ordered a Banjeurine, Universal Favorite, and Champion Banjo. Don't delay them as I need instruments for Club."

Miss Daisy Zublin writes us that the Banjeurine she has been using is a "model instrument," and has caused no trouble to keep in repair.

R. C. Marque writes from Abilene, Kansas, that the banjo he ordered for his sons were duly received, and "the boys think the world of them."

"I received the banjo, and am delighted with it. You are truly the King of Banjo Makers." Thus writes Mrs. B. A. Son, Utica, New York.

"The banjo I got from you not long ago, is getting better every day. Prof. Eaton said it was a fine banjo." Thus writes T. W. Crane, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

A. B. Conant, Plainfield, N. J., writes: "The Champion Banjo which I ordered of you during the Christmas holidays, arrived safely soon after, and after giving it a thorough trial it is pronounced by myself and friends, 'a daisy.' It has surpassed any banjo I have thus far seen, both in tone and appearance. I think Stewart's banjos are rather scarce in this part of the country, as I have never been able to discover any other kind than — and a few 'half breeds.' I think that at some pre-historic time, Plainfield must have been overrun with —'s method of playing, and accompanied in every case by one of his 'tubs,' for whenever I ask, 'What make is yours?' 'Mine's a —' is the universal reply. I shall certainly do all in my power to help the sale of your banjos here."

Mrs. Myra M. Cobb, teacher of Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar, inserts her card in our teachers' column.

George W. Allerton, Rosebud, Montana, writes that he is highly pleased with his recent purchase of one of our Stewart Banjeurines, having tested it before a large audience.

P. H. Coombs, Bangor, Me., in a recent letter, writes as follows: "The ever popular E. M. Hall appeared in Bangor on the 11th with Gorman Bros. Minstrels, and it may be unnecessary to add, secured a full house. His playing was of the highest order, and while introducing some of the comic features expected of a banjoist in a minstrel show, he did not forget to entertain the large audience present with one of his fine solos, in which he not only excited the admiration of all for his skillful execution of difficult and effective passages, but the musical critics as well. Mr. Hall is justly entitled to the credit of being one of the few, comparatively, who are responsible for bringing the banjo from its position as 'an instrument of limited capacity,' etc., as described and known twenty years ago, to its present position as a standard of popularity. Mr. Hall has, to change the subject, recently met with quite a loss in his valuable champion breed Saint Bernard, 'Till.' He brought the dog home from his last trip to England, and was so unfortunate as to become the victim of a poisoner. Few, if any, believed E. M. had an enemy equal to such an act, and it goes without saying that many will regret to hear of the fact."

D. Mansfield, from San Francisco, still plays the Stewart Banjo in preference to all others.

Will McMackin, who is a fine banjo player, has a stock farm at Key Corner, Tennessee, and although he is the owner of many fine horses, he is thoroughbred, he has been for some time past riding and driving a fine mule in preference to a horse. Mules are considered quite stylish as saddlers in some parts of the country, and we may look for them to take the place of saddle horses in the future, as they are not nearly as liable to get out of order and require much less attention than horses. But Tennessee mules are fine animals.

[From a Tennessee paper.]

"A FINE INSTRUMENT."

Mr. Will McMackin, of Double Bridges, is not only a fine stockman but he is extremely fond of good music, and has just received from Philadelphia, Pa., a fine \$75.00 No. 3 Ladies' size banjo, made expressly for his own fingers, by the world-renowned banjo manufacturer S. S. Stewart. The instrument is a very heavy small banjo, with brilliant tone. It has a German silver rim, with twenty-five brackets, all metal work and finely nickel-plated. The staff is profusely inlaid with pearl, and the ivory keys are inlaid with Alaska diamonds. It is a beautiful and useful instrument, and Mr. McMackin is prouder of it than he is of his fine \$3000 horse."

What a writer on the N. Y. *World* knows about the banjo.

"There is a continued demand for banjos, and they may be bought as low as \$10, but a really good one costs \$25. The American banjo is most in demand, the Stradon, Emerson and Doré being excellent. The Dobson is the most expensive, the price being from \$35 up. The origin of the banjo is obscure. It is generally described as 'an American instrument,' and possibly the first one was brought from Africa by some of the negroes. But not long ago a gentleman who had made special researches regarding the history of it decided that there was no reason for its being considered exclusively African, and he found that in many parts of the South the banjo was unknown among the negroes. It is stated on good authority that stringed instruments were unknown among the Indians and ancient Mexicans." — *The World*, April 2d.

A. B. Newell, "the celebrated North Attleboro banjo player," played at the Westminster Music, Providence, R. I., during the week of April 2d.

On the evening of May 24, the Philadelphia Banjo Quartette, played at a musicale in aid of the Zenana Mission, Institute Hall, 18th and Chestnut, Phila.

The Yale Banjo Club played at Chickering Hall, New York, on the evening of May 4th.

Mrs. Myra M. Cobb, of Boston, gave an entertainment in Rockland Hall May 5th. There were banjo solos by Miss Tina Sanders and Miss Mary Sutherland, and Guitar playing by Miss Carrie V. Hayden; Miss Hattie Stearns, and Miss Rose Oppenheimer. The affair was a brilliant success.



L. A. Burritt.

The handsome and affable Leslie A. Burritt, of New York, is one of the best banjo players in the country. Recently he has performed at several entertainments, accompanied by his wife, who is also a fine performer. His 11 Travatore selections for the banjo and piano place him among the front ranks of artistic banjoists.

The *New York Graphic* has the following:

"The feature of the entertainment was the performance of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie A. Burritt, upon banjos. Their selections were classical, and included 'Il Travatore' and 'Stephanie.'"

John Hatton, E. Dulwich, London, England, writes under date of April 25th:

"Are you aware that a certain publisher is publishing your music? The *Waltz, Wayfarer*, is already out, and I hear that one or two others are to follow. This of course has nothing to do with me, but I thought you might like to know it. It goes to prove, as you say, what a lot of people are using your banjos to their own advantage."

W. L. Agnew, St. Paul, Minn., writes:

"Banjeurine came to hand last night, and I will forgive you for the delay in consideration of your sending such a really beautiful instrument. The finish is superb, and after tightening the head, I found the tone as I expected from the looks of the instrument, perfectly enchanting—loud, clear and brilliant. Your business will not suffer on my account I assure you."

Miss Kittie E. Shepard, of Shepard Family Concert Company writes:

"We are using four of your banjos. Have used and also—, but do not think I knew what a good banjo was until I got yours. Everyone who sees our banjos admires them very much, and say they are handsome, as well as of magnificent tone."

In England they are beginning to reprint American Banjo Music.

This is right, and so long as they give due credit to composers no one can object, especially as there is no International Copyright Law. But when we find our works "jumbled up" by ignoramus like some who could mention, and issued with another's name as "arranger" or composer, we shall begin to "kick," and to kick hard.

Read "*The Banjo Philosophically*," a lecture by S. S. Stewart. Copies mailed free on receipt of stamp.

The "*American Banjo School*" is the best banjo instruction book. It has furnished more ideas to English and American "Banjo Tutors" than any other work in existence.

We have had several inquiries for the Schottische, a portion of which appears in the first part of our *American School*, on page 44. This Schottische has now been issued for the Banjo and Piano. It is called *The Little Sunshine Schottische*, price 40 cents.

The Voyage, Descriptive Fantasia, for the Banjo and Piano, by T. J. Armstrong is very fine. So also is the *Three Mazourkas*. These two pieces will be mailed on receipt of One Dollar. Both for Banjo and Piano.

Miss Nettie K. Welch, of Negaunee, Mich., has been traveling with Zerega's Spanish Troubadours during the past season. She has been playing Guitar and Banjo with great success. She says, "I took great pride in telling those that asked me that my banjo was a Stewart, the best made and finest toned banjo in the world."

Robert Walsh, Quebec, Canada, writes under date of May 7th.

"The *Journal* is grand. The information it contains from time to time is a great help to the student. Many thanks for your promptness in mailing the *Journals* and wishing you health and continued success."

William A. Huntley gave a Grand Banjo Concert at Infantry Hall, Providence, R. I., on Wednesday evening, May 16th, to an audience of about 2000 people.

The following programme was presented:

PART I.

- 1 Overture, Organ Solo, Flute Concerto. Rink. Mr. J. Frank Donahoe.
- 2 Quartette, Meditation. Storch. Ladies Schubert Quartette—Maud Nichols, 1st Soprano. Elizabeth Whitcomb, 2nd Soprano. Jennie Robb, 1st Alto. Anna Louise Whitcomb, 2nd Alto.
- 3 Banjo Solo, Spanish Retreat. Gonsolos. Little Eddie Bachart (youngest pupil of Mr. Huntley), assisted by C. H. Huntley.
- 4 Banjo Solo, a All the Rage Galop, a Maid of the Mist Waltz. Huntley, Mr. Wm. A. Huntley, C. H. Huntley, Accompanist.
- 5 Recitation, The Light from Over the Range. Barton. Mr. Edward K. Hood.
- 6 Contralto Solo. Selected. Elizabeth Roberts.
- 7 Banjo Solo, a Wedding Bells Gavotte, a Golden Sunset Waltz. Huntley. Master Albert Balcom (advanced pupil of Mr. Huntley), assisted by C. H. Huntley.

8 Banjo Selections, a National Guard March (new). Mrs. J. J. Baker's Dream. Lansing. Boston Ideal Banjo Club.

Intermission of five minutes to allow the Mammoth Banjo Orchestra to take their seats.

PART II.

- 9 Boulanger's March, Desormes. Grand Banjo Orchestra of fifty performers, under the direction of Mr. Wm. A. Huntley.
- 10 Quartette, a The Brook Rhunderger. a Swiss Song, a Fitting. Ladies Schubert Quartette.
- 11 Banjo Solo, Selected. Introducing the style of banjo playing thirty years ago. Mr. Allan G. Oatley.
- 12 Banjo Solo, a Our Brigade, March, a Star of Night, Waltz. Huntley, Mr. Wm. A. Huntley, Charles H. Huntley, Accompanist.
- 13 Recitation (Comic), A Slight Misunderstanding. Burdette. Mr. Edward K. Hood.
- 14 Mandoline and Guitar Selections, Waltz La Gitana. Buccolosi. Boston Ideal Banjo Club.

The *Evening Telegram* has the following:

"Mr. Huntley, of course, was the leading figure of the evening. He is a marvellous banjo player and seems to possess a certain power over the instrument that no other artist has ever shown here. He plays with good taste, his ideas are original, and he makes the instrument fairly speak. The encores were extremely hearty and he responded with some very choice selections. The Boston Club played magnificently and were received with enthusiasm."

D. C. Everest, of the Philadelphia Banjo Quartette, sails for Europe June 21, to be gone about two months.

The new reel, Ol Shepherd's Tennessee Reel, will be issued about the 10th of June. It is written for the banjo and piano, and printed from engraved plates, with a fine portrait of old Ol Shepherd, of Tennessee.

D. C. Everest and his Banjo Quartette spent the evening at Stewart's, Ardmore, Pa., recently.

"I think your Journal improves with every number. I have one of your banjeurines, and I want to thank you for being able to make such a fine instrument. I would not sell it for \$75 if I could not get another."

Thus writes Mrs. Clara Frink, Auburn, N. Y.

C. E. Simpson, Saco, Me., writes: "The information in your catalogue is very interesting. I have learned more about a banjo in the last month than I ever expected to know."

On the evening of May 8th there was a parlor concert given in aid of the Women's Branch of the Philadelphia Indian Association, at the residence of Mrs. Barrington, North Fifteenth street, Philadelphia, on which occasion the Philadelphia Banjo Quartette played, causing much enthusiasm.

Elmer E. Vance is the author of a new novel, published by G. W. Dillingham, of New York. The title of the story is, *Nelle Harland, a Romance of Rail and Wire*. The work contains twenty chapters, and is bound in cloth, with an artistic emblematic design, descriptive of its title. Price \$1.00. It is very interesting.

Fred Farland, Teacher of the Banjo, in Pittsburg, is doing very well, and has ordered quite a number of banjos.

NEW MUSIC.

Banjoists should not overlook the fact that we have published some very choice music for the banjo during the past few weeks, among which we may notice the Little Sunshine Schottische, by Stewart, for the Banjo and Piano, price 40 cents. The Jolly Horseman's Galop, by Lee, for Banjo and Piano, 40 cents, and for two Banjos, 40 cents. A fine arrangement of the Merry War March, by Baur, for Banjo Orchestra. This is arranged in six parts, including two Banjos of the usual dimensions, one Banjeurine, one "Tenor Banjo" (or second Banjeurine), one Piccolo Banjo and Bass Banjo. The Bass Banjo part may be dispensed with if desired, although it adds to the effectiveness of the march, and is quite easy to play.

The arrangement of Jean and Jeannette Gavotte, by Lee, is very fine, also, and is complete for two Banjos, but may be used for a single Banjo if desired. 11 Travatore Selections, splendidly arranged for the Banjo and Piano, some nine or ten pages in length, will be found noted as No. 347 in our additions to catalogue. This is a very fine arrangement. Then a new edition of the Claudine Waltz, arranged for the Banjo and Piano, by J. H. Lee, which appears as No. 348 in our list, makes a very attractive piece. Also a new composition for the Banjo and Piano, by S. S. Stewart, No. 349, Waltz, "The Dawning Light," will no doubt meet with the approval of our readers and customers. Nos. 350 and 351 comprise two new teaching pieces, by Everest, both of which are good; so also are Nos. 352 and 353.

We have quite a number of new pieces in preparation, but having been obliged to hasten in our printing department for some months past, we are obliged to issue them somewhat slowly.

MORRELL'S NEW METHOD FOR THE BANJO.

PRICE 30 CENTS.

3-Cent Stamps Received

Every position illustrated and thoroughly explained. The advantages of this method are: That every one, talented or not talented, is sure to become a good player, or ACCOMPANIST, in less than one "Time Lessons, less Money, and yet brings earlier, surer and better results." It is the only method that is not stiff or spoiled by bad teaching. Every scholar can attain such knowledge and comprehension that he can perfect himself without a teacher. This book, of 32 pages, contains, besides many songs arranged in different keys, THE TENNIS MATCH GORDON with all their relative minors. If any who have had instructions, and also those who have not, will try this method, they will discover the advantages of this new Time Lesson method, and there will be no longer any limit to their progress. Address, C. Morrell, 480, Broadway, New York, N. Y. Copyright, March 20, 1893.

REMINISCENCES OF A BANJO PLAYER.

(SECOND LETTER.)

BY A. BAUR.

"In the long ago" when players as well as good banjos were not as plentiful as they are now, it was a treat to hear the instrument well played. When a good performer came to town it did not take long to become known to those who took an interest in "De Ole Cremona." Very often I have gone a great distance to hear a banjo player, only to be disappointed in the performance because it happened to be a damp evening and the old tack head banjo had to be warmed up before the performer could proceed. I have frequently seen a player hold his banjo over a gas-light or flame of a burning newspaper before he could go on with his act. Wrenches were almost unknown, or would have been useless unless they had been made adjustable, for if the banjo happened to have brackets the nuts would vary in size from one-half to three-quarters of an inch; various devices were used for tightening the head. I have seen banjos with holes drilled through the top hoop and corresponding ones in the rim; cords were drawn through these holes, and on the cords were ears similar to drum heads. Before saying, "The performer would tighten up the head," his banjo as a drummer does his drum, I never saw many of this style of tighteners, but a man having a banjo constructed in this manner thought himself above the ordinary mortal who owned a simple tack head banjo. Many of the good rims were made of these ears, and the heads were obtained from the corner grocer, and it took but a short time for them to get out of shape. Nearly every banjo player has had his hobby for getting up an "improved banjo." I met one once while he was at the height of his craze, and expected to make a fortune just as soon as he saw fit to begin making during the war. He imagined that after his first banjo was introduced he would have trouble in getting hands and material enough to supply the demand. After a great deal of talk, I agreed to take one and try it. It took him about three weeks to get a rim properly bent; when it was ready for putting a head on he showed me the rim. Instead of being circular it was egg-shaped, and for the purpose, he claimed, of getting better vibration than from a circular head. After it had reached this stage a new trouble arose—an ordinary sheep or calf-skin would not answer at all for a head, and it took several more weeks visiting the different slaughter-houses before he succeeded in securing the skin of a premature mammoth born calf. When at last it was finished, an evening was set apart for a trial of the coming banjo, after several disappointments he told me he did not think he understood how to draw a head down properly, but would bring the banjo the next evening, when could draw it down myself. The next evening came, and with it my enthusiast and his banjo. We never got the head tight; the more we pulled it down with a wrench the closer together the oblong sides came. The experiment was a failure, and with it died all the fond hopes and bright visions for the future. I never heard of him attempting to play a banjo from that evening to the day of his death.

Dave Jacobs, on Grand street near the Bowery, made a good banjo for that time, afterwards there was an "Original Jacobs," on Chatham near Pearl street, who was said to make a specialty of fine banjos. His trade, however, was not exclusively banjos, he dealt in all sorts of instruments, and made a great display of his wares. I shall never forget the first nickel, or German silver rim banjo I ever saw. It was

made somewhere up the Hudson, at Albany or Troy, by Farnham or Wilson. I thought at the time it was the most exquisite piece of workmanship I had ever seen. Compared with the banjo of to-day it was a veritable tub. About this time the banjo began to "move along," and banjo teachers multiplied. Among them I remember Dan Emmett, Chas. Plummer, Phil. Rice, John J. Bogan, H. C. Dobson, Frank B. Converse, Lew. Brimmer, and others. The instrument began to "take on airs," workmanship improved, and good players became more numerous. The outlook brightened considerably, notwithstanding the fact that many narrow-minded persons were ever ready to assert that the banjo was not a musical instrument, and "fit only to be played by the ignorant negroes of the South," who had invented, and to whom the instrument properly belonged.

There never was greater mistake than this. Go where you will, North or South, you will find twenty negroes playing the violin or guitar to every one who plays the banjo.

I heard a performance once on the banjo that would have been considered remarkable if it had been rendered upon any other instrument. It was Blind Tom, the phenomenal pianist, who, after hundreds of applause, and owes much of his subsequent success to the performance of three pieces of music at the same time. He played "Yankee Doodle" and "Fishers Hornpipe" on the piano, and sang "Tramp, Tramp, All at the same time. The performance of which the best consisted of the player, executing "Waltz for the Wagon," in E major, "Yankee Doodle" in A major on the banjo, while he sang the song "Old Dog Tray," in D major. The two tunes were as plain and distinct, as if played upon two separate banjos, and the vocal part could have been no better. There is no comparison between the two. Blind Tom had the two keys of the Wagon, and the piano work out his tunes on, while the banjo player had but five strings, one of which he could not finger. There is only this difference in the two performances, Blind Tom is known far and wide for his wonderful rendition of three pieces of music at one and the same time, while the performer upon the low banjo is forgotten. I have often regretted that I do not remember the name of the player, but the circumstances under which I heard him were such that it is not to be wondered at that I forgot who it was; it was during the war, and I had been severely wounded and taken home to New York. The doctors had decided that he could not recover, and I had a change of climate, and it was while waiting to gain sufficient strength to travel that some friends, wishing to brighten me up and knowing my fondness for the banjo, brought the player of whom I speak to my room. Shortly afterwards I left New York and did not return for some time, and immediately upon my return I had a thorough search for the person who had played for me. My friends did not know what had become of him. They had heard him play, and brought him to my room to amuse me. After his visit they never saw him again. He played other pieces, but the three I speak of were so long that they could not be common run pieces, and that I have never forgotten them. I have often tried to arrange "Waltz for the Wagon" and "Yankee Doodle" as he played it, but my efforts always ended in dismal failures.

During the war period the factory banjo made its appearance. This brings me to a point of interest to banjo players, professional and amateur. The legitimate and the factory-made banjo. Some people (who know better) imagine there is no difference. This is a mistake. There is as much difference between the factory-made banjo and one constructed by a man who understands his business, as there is between a well-made custom shoe and one made in a brogue, and it is just where the majority of beginners fail. They think anything

will answer to learn on. It is just as impossible to learn to play on an inferior or imperfectly constructed instrument as it is to run a train of cars without a locomotive. You could run the train with horses, or push it by hand, but you would be a long time "getting there."

I do not mean to say a person cannot learn to play at all on a poorly-constructed banjo, but there are great many chances that a person with "an ear for music" will become disgusted with a poor-toned instrument and throw it aside, with horses, or push it by hand, but you would be a long time "getting there."

The following advertisement appeared in a recent number of a New York musical journal, a paper ready at any time to cry down the banjo and say it is not a musical instrument.

A FINE BANJO. 38 Brackets, Nickel Rim, Raised Frets. Only \$6.50. All other styles from \$5.00 to \$11.00. Geo. C. & Co.

The advertiser is a dealer in musical instruments, who would not for the world be thought anything but upright and honest in his dealings. His advertisement speaks volumes, and shows him to be either a man without brains or a knave. He evidently thinks that the purchaser of a banjo seeks quantity and not quality. He probably imagines "a fine banjo with 38 brackets for \$6.50, and all other styles for from \$1.00 to \$10.00" is sufficient inducement to set the banjo world crazy. But it does not enter into his thick skull that \$10.00, the price of his best banjo, would not pay for finishing the neck of a reasonable quality.

I think from the tone of this man's advertisement, that he must be handling the Benari (or Benary) Banjos. Of all cheap and vile factory banjos the Benari is the cheapest and the vilest. A specialty in that line, while I resided in New York, was an extensively advertised 38 bracket banjo, and I have seen many of my musical dealers because they are cheap.

There are several banjo factories in Williamsburg, but they manufacture mostly cheap instruments.

A Banjo factory is a very interesting place to visit. J. H. Buckbee, of New York, probably has the largest banjo factory in the world, and turns out the best of that class of wares. He supplies nearly all the musical instrument dealers and music houses in New York, and also makes banjos for a number of teachers and dealers who stamp them with their trade mark, and sell them as their own manufacture. Some of them have a special pattern for a neck, and this is all.

The Banjo factory is a very interesting place to visit, and those he makes for the trade. The banjo factory has no use for high-priced or skilled labor, any cheap man or boy who can fit the parts together will answer as well as a high-priced expert. The handles are sawed out by the hundred and thousands, and piled up like cord-wood. Workmen are employed to assemble the parts, and to their ability to put together a good number of banjos in a day. It does not require a mechanic or man who knows anything about the instruments. Each part of the banjo is made in its own particular department. The necks are either polished or gone over hurriedly with a smooth sand paper.

The more banjos made in a day, the cheaper the material and the more saved, the greater will be the manufacturer's profit. When the different parts are brought together it does not make much difference whether the neck is warped or whether the parts go together in a new and better way. All that is necessary is for the neck to go into the rim, where it is fastened with a screw. The pegs are put in the holes made for them. The nuts are screwed on the

end of the hook, and may or may not screw all the way up. A cheap set of strings is put on, and the banjo is ready for shipment. No waste of time or material; no inspectors, and no thought or care as to what becomes of them, so long as they are sold and paid for. The buyers are generally middlemen, who sell to the trade, consequently the instrument must be gotten up cheaply so as to insure enough profit, first for the factory, next for the wholesale dealer, and still another for the retailer.

Some of the cheaper factories have rims by the hundred, covered with metal and then dipped in the galvanizing solution. The metal is covered with so thin a coating that it wears off in a short time. When any of the solution discolors the inside of the wood rim a coat of black varnish is put on to hide it. Some of them fasten a piece of bamboo on the inside of the rim on the upper side next the head; this bamboo is shaved off and painted with bronze paint, so that when the head is put on it looks as if the metal rim extended under the head.

It is rare that the maker of a banjo in any legitimate manner in which the shop of the maker of legitimate banjos is managed. The workmen are the most skillful that money can obtain. The material must be the very best. No odds and ends are used. He makes no banjos for the trade, but sells direct to the consumer, as it were, therefore he has no need of a perfect material, and consequently, what he cannot use is a total loss. After the material is carefully selected it is worked up, the utmost care being taken in fitting every part together to a nicety. After this the instrument is thoroughly tested and inspected, and if, after repeated trials, it is found to be perfect in every detail, the maker sends his banjo out with his reputation staked upon it.

The proprietor is generally an expert player, and makes a personal examination of every instrument before it is sent to his customer.

There are now so many respectable and well-known men manufacturing the legitimate banjo that it seems strange that purchasers are so often inveigled into buying the worthless trash that is sent out from the banjo factory. The writer knows whereof he speaks; having been called upon frequently by music houses to look over, and put in order their stock of banjos. I very seldom found one that did not need some "doctoring" to make it saleable, and never came across one that would have been considered even a passably good banjo by an expert. Time is working changes, however. Within the last two or three years some of the best music houses have taken to selling the different makes of good banjos.

Notwithstanding all that has been or can be said against the factory banjos, there are men who, by persistent advertising, have acquired somewhat of a reputation either as performers, teachers or dealers, who do not hesitate to sell the factory banjo as their own.

The following I knew to be a fact when I left New York three years ago, and since then I have kept pretty thoroughly posted and have no reason to believe that there has been any change made by the parties named below: The "Frank B. Converse" Banjos, so extensively advertised by J. F. Stratton of New York, are all made by J. H. Buckbee, at the factory named above. The "Victor" Banjo, sold by George C. Dobson, of Boston, is made by Buckbee. C. Bruno & Son and Howard Foote, and many other dealers of New York also have their banjos made by Buckbee. H. C. Converse has a factory of his own. I never could find it, and I am almost positive he patronizes some factory. He may have a workman employed to put his instruments together. If he has, the necks, rims, etc., come from some factory. The "Bell" Banjo shows this in every detail.

He did not make the clock back banjo. At one time every pawnbroker and dealer in

second-hand wares in New York had from one to a dozen closed back banjos for sale. They cost to manufacture, good, bad and indifferent, between four and five dollars each. I do not recollect the exact amount, but know it was not above five dollars. He may have paid more for an occasional one that was more elaborately ornamented, but his ordinary banjos cost the price given above.

Chas E. Dobson, about five years ago; started to make an "Egyptian Harp" (or some such name) Banjo, but soon discontinued its manufacture. I never could learn the reason. I understood it was to be the acme of perfection. The rims, necks and material for this banjo were all purchased in quantities from other dealers, and a cheap workman "rubbed them up" and put them together.

Ed. C. Dobson took with him to London in 1884, about 200 Buckbee banjos, costing from four to nine dollars each. These he advertised for sale at from four to ten pounds each. The Dobsons ought certainly to know the difference between good and an inferior banjo, and all grew up with one in their hands, and have been in the "whirl" for the last generation or two. If I am not mistaken I saw their father making a banjo when they were boys, and I was too small almost to carry one.

There are many teachers in New York, and I presume in other cities as well, who buy necks, rims, etc., from the factory, and by inlaying a pearl or silver ornament here and there, and taking special pains in finishing up the handle before putting the instrument together, they so effectually disguise it as to make it an easy matter to palm off on an inexperienced person at their own make, throughout; but by far the largest number buy the banjo from the factory all finished.

There are a number of small dealers in New York who employ a workman or two to do repairing, and as there is not enough of this to keep the hands busy, they buy a supply of handles, rims and material from the factory, and put them together to sell to music stores; each man putting on a finish and extra ornamentation according to his taste or ability. Some of these men make banjos to order for pawnbrokers, in imitation of any well-known make of banjo that may be desired; and no doubt exists in my mind that many a person has bought a banjo from some pawnbroker who represented it to be a Stewart or some other well-known make.

At one time it was thought no one but the late James W. Clarke could make a good banjo, and nearly all professionals tried themselves on owning one or more Clarke instruments. I often met Clarke, and he was anxious to make me a banjo. His price for a certain style was \$40, but he offered to make one for me for \$35. I had at that time several banjos that I considered fully as good as his, therefore did not purchase from him, but had my mind about made up to have him make me one. For some reason or other I never gave him the order. After Clarke's death I was going down the Bowery one day, and in passing one of the numerous pawnshops that line that thoroughfare, I saw a banjo that I had never before looked at. Upon closer inspection from the outside, I looked at a Clarke. I stepped inside and inquired whose make it was. The reply "it is a Clarke," and an unredeemed pledge, and as they had more banjos on hand than they cared to carry he would sell it for \$20. He ought to have more, but I did not rather than keep it on hand. He then took the banjo out of the window and gave it to me for inspection. It did not take a moment to discover that it was an imitation, Clarke had a peculiarly unworkmanlike way of countersinking the hooks into the top hoop. This peculiarity was particularly marked at the same time I noticed the fastening inside of the neck, the neck firm looked like work I had seen

on banjos of a certain make. I told the man I would not purchase them, and immediately went to the maker whom I suspected had made the banjo. I took him off his guard by saying "Hello! are you hard up?" I saw one of your banjos in a pawnbroker's on the Bowery. He answered, "Why, it was agreed that neither of us was to say anything about it. I made the imitation Clarke Banjo, and made several before for him. He pays me \$11 each for them." I was afterwards offered two of these banjos by a prominent music dealer, who told me in confidence that he had bought two Clarke Banjos from a professional who needed money. The dealer was honest, and had been taken in. I did not buy the banjos, nor did I enlighten him, and suppose he sold them in good faith, and they are now being sold by some one as genuine "Jimmy" Clarke Banjos. You see it is hardly safe for even a person of experience to buy a banjo from any but responsible parties. There is no excuse at this late day, however, for the most inexperienced to make a mistake. There are many who want, and they will order it from the maker, but would rather sell one out of stock, especially if it is a factory-made made banjo, as there is more profit in it. But do not wear yourself out running from store to store asking prices and trying instruments. Unless you are really an expert you could not tell the difference between any number of banjos you may try, and the chances are very much in favor of your buying a factory tub in the end, and not knowing you have been made a victim until you hear a real banjo and become convinced of your folly.

"MILO," THE PONY.

Milo, the Shetland pony, whose portrait graces a page in this issue, was purchased nearly a year ago, when only a few years old, of Mr. Mathew J. Collins, manager of the New Philadelphia Cattle Stables, No. 1211 Vine Street, this city. The pony was originally imported and broken to harness for the use of the family of John S. Garrett, Esq., of Philadelphia, but owing to the little girl's going away to school, it was decided to sell the pony, and S. S. Stewart became the purchaser, since which time the animal has been the special property and pet of Masters Fred and Lem Stewart. The pony has now grown to be about 46 inches high, and developed into an active, free trotter in harness, and a trotter and runner under the saddle. It is a sorrel in color, and since the picture from which the engraving was made has been taken, he has been closely clipped and his tail "banged," and he is more handsome than ever.

Of course there are plenty of ponies to be had, many of which can be bought under the hammer at horse auctions as low as \$60 or \$70, but the majority of such are those which have never been in harness and never had shoes on their feet, and are therefore dear bargains at any price, as the constant exercise and care required in breaking them and getting all the original balthiness out of them runs up the cost to quite a high figure. Such a pony as Milo is to-day can rarely be had under \$200 or \$250.

Mr. Stewart has also a very handsome black saddle horse, purchased of Mr. Collins, who bought him at the spring sale of Kentucky thoroughbreds, Lexington, Kentucky, for \$1,000. The horse and pony are well known about Ardmore, where Mr. Stewart resides at present, as well as in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.



“MILO,”

The Trotting and Running Pony, owned by S. S. STEWART,
Ardmore, Montgomery County, Penna. Ridden and driven
by Master FRED. S. STEWART.

TO VIOLIN AND BANJO PLAYERS.

STEIN'S PASS, NEW MEXICO.

GRANT COUNTY, May 10th, 1888.

S. S. STEWART, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I have had the pleasure of a visit from a Mr. Wallace, with his brand new Stewart Banjo, and I have conceived an idea possibly by which I may get one. I am not now financially able to purchase one just at this time. Possibly with your assistance it may be you can bring about an exchange with some violin player.

Twenty years ago I imagined I could become a violin performer, so I employed the best teacher that taught in St. Louis at that time, a Mr. Stocke (a German). I gave him the authority to purchase for me the best violin he could get. I did not limit him as to what I would pay for such an instrument. In a day or so, he came to me with a violin, accompanied by an Italian. He wanted \$200 for his violin and would take no less; so I gave him the \$200 and have had the violin ever since. After trying to learn the violin I found I could not master it, so my next adventure was the guitar, which I had better success in learning.

The violin which I wish to refer to is a very fair instrument, and with its cost and label pasted inside on the left (holding it under the chin) is printed on a slip of paper—yellow:

ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS,

in Cremona, Anno 1676.

If this is a Cremona or not I do not know. I hardly think my old professor would lend himself to such a fraud. He was, from all appearances, an honest man and a good man, a professor of high standing, and connected with orchestra. Several very fine musicians have pronounced the violin a fine instrument. It is in no way carved, or in any way marked by which you could distinguish it from any ordinary violin. It is in very fair order, no breaks or cracks in it. It is somewhat scratched from general wear and tear. I had loaned it at one time to a traveling leader of an orchestra; he sent it back to me in a rather poor condition; with the sound-post down, and I put it up as well as I knew how, and since then have probably used it to scratch on two or three times a year. When I came west I brought it in my trunk. Now I would part with it in this way, if any violin fancier would put me in possession of one of your \$50 banjos, new, a duplicate of Mr. Wallace's banjo, with leather case included, I will make the exchange, he paying expressage on both instruments; for if there is anything I haven't got at this time it is money. I have no rule, but I will, as near as possible, give the dimensions of the violin: it is about 15 inches from rim to rim, long; 9 from rim to rim back across end, widest place; 7 inches from rim to rim forward across. It has deep curves in the centre, and has deep bulges on top and bottom, otherwise not flat like most violins; is of yellowish wood, like mahogany—beautiful grained wood. It needs some overhauling, in the hands of an expert instrument manufacturer to put it in first class order, for which I think I have allowed a large margin.

I am aware that you are not in this line of business of hunting up exchanges for second-hand violins, but if you can, without much trouble to yourself, bring this matter before some violin player, I would be pleased to hear from you.

Yours very respectfully,

R. N. ALEXANDER.

"THE DEVIL ON A HORSE."

There are many original and quaint remarks passed upon equestrians, both male and female, by the "small boy," some of which are quite amusing. During the early fall, when Stewart was riding through the Park, he used to often hear such remarks as these, "Look at the skinny-legged dude on horseback," "Hello, dude!" or "Ah, there, dude!" etc. When the weather began to grow colder and the fox hunting season opened, Stewart covered his

"skinny legs" with a pair of long russet leather boot-legs, such as are frequently worn by horsemen, when he would find himself the object of other remarks, such as, "There goes Dick Turpin," or "That's Buffalo Bill, himself," etc., which was more amusing than annoying.

It is known to all bicycle riders that the road known as Lancaster Pike, between Philadelphia and Ardmore, contains three hills called the "three sisters," the mount which is the special ambition of all young riders of the wheel. In coming home from the Park to Admore one wet foggy day, on horseback, Mr. Stewart being clothed in his usual boot-tops with the addition of a long India rubber overcoat (various other clothes underneath of course), was mounting the second hill on a gallop, with his rubber coat flying in the wind, when a small boy caught sight of the flying steed and yelled, "Ha, feller! look at the Devil on a horse!"

From devil to devil is quite a contrast, our readers must admit.

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EMIL HERDRUGER.

For the guitar, price..... 25
For two guitars..... 50

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JUST OUT.

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music. Price..... 1 00

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For sale by S. S. STEWART.

Marie Waltz,
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Tres Jolie Polka,
Alberta Mazourka.

PRICE 40 CENTS EACH.

N. B. These pieces are each for single banjo. We
have no piano parts or second banjo parts for them.

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JUST OUT.

The Jolly Horseman's Galop, by J. H. Lee,
or the banjo and piano. Price..... 40

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no matter where published, can be
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by Stewart..... 50

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WALTZ,

"THE DAWNING LIGHT," for
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By S. S. STEWART.

Price 75 cents.

Handsomely printed, lithographic title page.

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SCHOTTISCHE, for Banjo and Piano.

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Price 40 cents.

IL TROVATORE SELECTIONS,

for Banjo and Piano.

Arranged by L. A. BURRITT.

Price \$1.00

Very fine.

S. S. STEWART, Publisher.

IN PRESS.

"MINUIT" (Midnight) POLKA.

By Waldteufel.

Arranged for two banjos by Lee.

Price 40 cents.

S. S. STEWART, Publisher.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

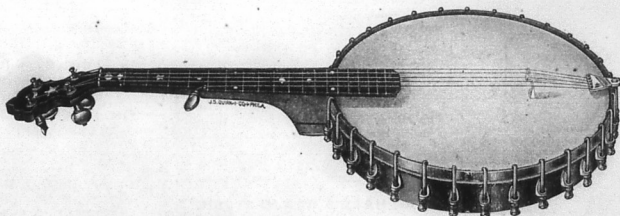
Owing to the crowded condition of the columns of our present issue we have been compelled to omit our "Correspondents Columns," which will be made a feature of our next issue, together with much that will interest our readers.

Orders for our August issue should be accompanied by 10 cents in cash or stamps, and reach our office by August 1st.

Back numbers are very scarce.

S. S. STEWART'S Imperial Banjeaurines.

Invented and Manufactured by S. S. Stewart,
and first introduced to the public by W. A. Huntley.



These Instruments have an Extension Finger-board, with Patent Neck Adjuster, by which the pitch of the Neck may be altered at pleasure.



Beware of Imitations of name and shape

The name "BANJEURINE" was coined by S. S. Stewart. It is now copied by his would-be imitators, who seek to copy the Instrument.

Readers of the JOURNAL and NEW YORK CLIPPER know that Stewart's Banjeaurines were advertised by him as early as February, 1886, and were introduced long before that time at the Novelties' Exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

BUY THE GENUINE AND ORIGINAL ONLY.

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S. S. STEWART, SOLE MANUFACTURER, 223 Church Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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EXCEPTIONALLY FINE BANJOS.

STEWART'S THOROUGHbred.

Some one has said that poets are born, not made, and if this is true of poets it is likewise true of musicians. Every one knows that no two violins are precisely alike in tone, for nature abhors sameness as it abhors a vacuum, and it is said that no two leaves on a tree are precisely alike. Is it any wonder then that banjos vary greatly in tone, even when made of presumably the same material?

Is it not the case that a hundred clocks may be constructed precisely alike and yet it be impossible to cause any two or more of them to run so as to denote precisely the same second of time for any consecutive number of days?

Is it not likewise a fact that some watches and clocks are superior to others of the same construction, and that some guitars, violins, zithers, etc., are greatly superior to other instruments of the same kind, made in precisely the same way?

Is it not true that some men, po-se-ving an outward appearance greatly like other men, are vastly different in mental construction and abilities?

It is quite impossible to construct a perfect musical instrument from imperfect materials, and it is likewise

Banjos exclusively, I am pleased to give my personal attention to all orders. Those requiring instruments of particular merits find it cheaper to deal with me than elsewhere, as I have never furnished a Banjo to an experienced player that did not turn out exactly as I represented, and my long experience enables me to safely guarantee satisfaction, as I understand what is wanted and know how to supply it.

I frequently succeed in producing Banjos of *exceptionally fine tone*, and after playing upon and developing the same, it often happens that I have on hand such a Banjo as many a player of experience would give an extra price to possess. These Banjos I make generally of *twelve or thirteen* inch rim, with *nineteen* inch finger-board, and the prices vary from **\$50 to \$100** each, including leather case with each instrument. Should you desire to secure an instrument perfect in register of tone, and of *really extra merit*, it would be well to write me, stating what you desire; but I cannot promise to hold a rare instrument of this kind for any length of time without a deposit.

An ordinary player or beginner is often unable to appreciate a good Banjo, as he has not the trained musical ear which makes him a competent judge, and such players are probably as well suited with any ordinary Banjo at a much cheaper price.

But I am addressing this to those who are seeking for such an instrument as I describe, the prices of which are charged with respect to **TONE QUALITIES** over and above the consideration of fine material and beautiful finish, which all my finer grade instruments

which, like poets, "are born, not made." This is, figuratively speaking, of course; for the Exceptionally Fine Banjo is the rare effluence of a great Gross of Banjos.

Lately S. S. Stewart has, owing to a steady demand for such an instrument, begun the manufacture of a **SPECIAL BANJO**, which will not be sold to the music trade, but only direct to customers.

A wood engraving of this instrument is here presented.

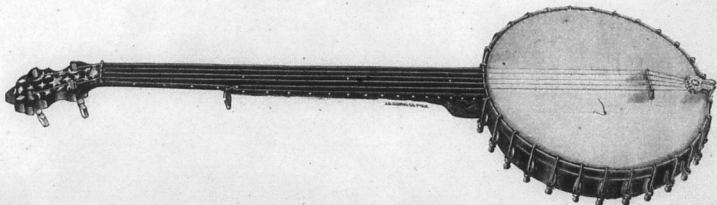
DESCRIPTION.

11½ inch rim, nickel plated, German silver, 19 inch neck with several veneers and ebony top. The neck is handsomely carved and finely polished, and the peg head is beautifully pearl inlaid, but as will be seen there is no "ginger-bread work," nor fancy inlaying in the fingerboard. The instrument has twenty-eight nickel plated brackets with hexagon screws and nuts, carved bone pegs, etc. Pearl dots on side edge of neck to designate frets.

These banjos, like all of S. S. Stewart's high grade banjos, are stamped **S. S. STEWART, PHILADELPHIA**, and each banjo has its special number. There is also a new German silver plate on which are engraved the words:

"THOROUGHbred"
S. S. STEWART.

THE THOROUGHbred is manufactured especially for those who want a perfectly reliable banjo for con-



THE "THOROUGHbred BANJO."

impossible to make a musician of a man who has no music in his soul.

Hence, it has been said that poets are born, not made, and the same applies to musicians. Now, going a little further, we assert that a man who has no music in his soul, be he ever so good a mechanic, cannot construct a perfect musical instrument that will give satisfaction to a "musical born" one having music in his soul.

Is it not true that as nature abhors a vacuum, all men are given some particular talent—to some, one talent only, to others, two or more? One man may possess great talent in music—another great ability in engineering—another a special adaptation for oratory, etc. Now, it would not be well for a person who had a strong inclination to study music, and music only, to attempt to suppress that faculty and turn his attention to the study of a branch for which he had no talent or liking. Such mistakes are often made in this life, and are the cause of many failures and much misery.

A notice similar to the following has been for some time in print, as a personal notice from Mr. Stewart, to which we now call the attention of banjists generally:

"As I give my entire attention to the making of fine banjos, and being considered an **EXPERT** in BANJOS, having made instruments for the most celebrated and experienced players, such as **HORACE WESTON, WM. A. HUNTLEY, GEORGE POWERS, JAS. SANFORD** and other celebrated players, who use my

possess. These Banjos are generally made with 'dots' on side of neck to designate frets (professional frets), but can have raised frets added if desired. The necks on such Banjos are always made of several pieces of wood glued together, which makes them more costly to manufacture, but of five times the ordinary strength, and will never warp, besides making a beautifully finished piece of work."

Now, notwithstanding the plainness of the foregoing, it is nevertheless the fact that many persons misconstrue and misunderstand the language used. It is often the case that orders come in for an "exceptionally fine banjo," made of a certain size and with "position marks," to order, and the fact that such banjos are not constructed "to order," entirely overlooked.

When a customer writes:

"Make me an exceptionally fine banjo with twelve and a half inch rim, eighteen and a half inch neck, raised frets, pearl position marks at fourth, seventh, ninth and eleventh frets, and be sure to have it done within ten days."

We are obliged to write him that we have no such banjo on hand and that he may have to wait several weeks before he can get it; and all simply because he is a superficial reader, and only hastily skims over our catalogue, instead of carefully reading and understanding. We will make to order a banjo of almost any dimensions for customers, but we do not class that instrument as one of our

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE BANJOS.

cert or parlor use, and is sold at the low price of **\$40**. The same, with Leather Case, **\$45**. As only a very limited number of these Special Banjos will be made at any time, they will not be furnished through dealers, and no discount, except the usual 5 per cent. for cash with order will be allowed.

It is to be hoped that this will be understood by those who wish a fine banjo at a moderate price.

For those who have not the time to read attentively we will sum up in the following words:

Stewart's Special Banjo is called the
THOROUGHbred.

Its size is **11½** inch rim, 19 inch neck. It costs **\$40**. It cannot be had for less: You cannot buy a THOROUGHbred at a music store. When you send the cash with your order for a \$40 Thoroughbred Banjo, you are allowed to deduct 5 per cent. from the \$40 which makes it cost **\$38 net**. A leather case to fit the THOROUGHbred will cost **\$5 extra**.

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H. S. RODENLOUGH, Jr., Banjo and Guitar. No. 317 E. Marshall St., Norristown, Pa.	
FRED. O. OEHLER, Guitar and Banjo. Hoboken, N. J.	
ELMER E. VANCE, Banjo and Guitar. 229 N. High Street, Columbus, Ohio.	
OTTO H. ALBRECHT, Banjo and Guitar. No. 241 N. Eighth Street, Philadelphia.	
M. AND MRS. E. G. HARBAUGH, Banjo and Piano. 516 Sixth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.	
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Also, just out, TWO GOOD PIECES FOR BANJO.	
Triumph March, for one banjo, Triumph March, for four banjos, Amarantine Polka Mazourka, for one banjo, Amarantine Polka Mazourka, for four banjos.	20 cts. 74 cts. 20 cts. 75 cts.

Be sure and get them.

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ARRANGER OF MUSIC,
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For the Banjo and Piano.
By Thomas J. Armstrong..... 25
Engraved title page, with portrait of Ol Shepherd.