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Ten Cents



S. S. STEWARTS BANJO & GUITAR JOURNAL

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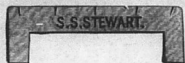
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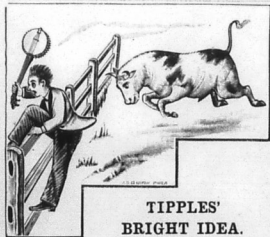
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Introducing a character to the reader, is frequently a difficult matter to the average story teller; that is, to make the introduction gracefully. Now, in the present instance I am spared that awkward ceremony, for Mr. Tipples was presented to the readers of the *Journal*, in the sketch entitled "Our Banjo Club," which appeared in the issue for last June. The success he achieved in organizing and managing the "Rosedale Banjo and Guitar Club," you—figuratively speaking—shared with him.

"Nothing succeeds like success." It inspires one with confidence, and you are willing to listen to the man who has been successful in his various undertakings. Consequently it was not surprising, that when Mr. Tipples dropped in one evening and informed me he had a bright idea, that I should at once be all attention.

"My happy thought is this," said Tipples after an aggravating pause, his eyes-lids twitching with nervous excitement, while I winked back at him in expectant curiosity. "What do you say to our spending a couple of weeks at an old-fashioned farm house? What a splendid opportunity while sitting under the shady trees to practise our solos, and club pieces for next season! Plenty of fresh milk! Riding on a load of hay! Cool refreshing nights! Delightful walks through buttercups and daisies! Charming—"

But my enthusiasm could be restrained no longer.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed with almost boyish glee. "The very thing! but how about Mrs. Tipples and —"

"That is all arranged," replied Tipples. Mrs. T., who abhors a farm; is quite willing I should try the *experiment*, as she sarcastically puts it, providing Mrs. Bowler will join her, and spend the allotted two weeks in our old family homestead."

"My wife will be delighted, I am sure," I answered eagerly, "but where is to be found such a place as we require?"

"Trust me for finding the right place," responded Tipples with a complacent smile.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to a grand council between our respective families, and so amicably was the meeting conducted, that before retiring every point was arranged, and so satisfactorily to all parties, that we regarded Tipples in the light of a general benefactor, something really too good for this every day earth.

The only obstacle to perfect bliss was to locate this ideal farm house, where Tipples and I might spend our glorious two weeks. Experience had taught me that I might rely on Tipples gaining his point, so I may say I was scarcely surprised when he greeted me the following afternoon, with the exultant ejaculation: "Eureka!"

"In so much as to which," I inquired, quoting from Artemus Ward.

"List," replied Tipples striking an attitude. "Did you ever hear of Budsley?"

Dive back as far as I might into my geographical knowledge, Budsley still remained in oblivion.

"I will relieve your embarrassment," said Tipple at length, "and repeat Eureka! This morning by chance I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Dan Wheatley, who resides at Budsley, a place some sixty miles from here. If the young man told anywhere near the truth, Budsley must be a second Elysium. I sounded him on every point. His home is

a fine old rambling house surrounded by shade trees. They keep twelve cows, six horses, and chickens by the score. While seated on the front porch, you can overlook two miles of the most beautiful country to be found this side of Switzerland, and the table!— Well if I had taken the young fellow's word literally, his mother would be in demand at Delmonico's."

"Its healthy up there, I suppose?"

"Healthy!" echoed Tipples, "why Wheatley assures me that up in Budsley the people live to be so old, they dry up and blow away. They have a doctor, of course, who is simply a figurehead; were it not for his private means he would starve to death."

"And what does it cost to dwell in this modern arcadia," I asked; "Is it much more expensive than Lenox or Tuxedo?"

"Well, no," replied Tipples, trying to force a laugh, eighteen dollars for the two. I don't think it remarkably cheap, but considering the advantages, I agreed to pay it, and Tuesday week he will be at the station to meet us."

For the next few days, Budsley was the theme of conversation in our immediate circle. The practice we would put in while there. How the shady nooks would ring with "Love and Beauty Waltzes," "Neapolitan Mazourka," "Normandie March," and all the old and new favorites. The bundles of strings we ordered, and the quantities of new music.

At last every arrangement was completed. The last good-by exchanged, and amid a chorus of best wishes for a pleasant journey from family and friends, we boarded the train for Budsley.

As we approached our destination, the prospect became rather disappointing, but of course the whole country about there could not be one continuous Garden of Eden. Mr. Wheatley, Jr. and Sr. were at the station to meet us with a fine pair of bays.

"Fiddlers, I take it!" remarked the elder

Mr. Wheatley, glancing at our instruments.

"No," replied Tipples, "banjos and banjeaurines."

"Kin you play 'em?" questioned the old man with an irritating grin.

"If we couldn't, began Tipples, very much nettled, "what in the name of-f-f-f—," but his old impediment mastered him.

"Tongue tied!" remarked our future host in an audible whisper to his son, as they secured our baggage on behind, "Ge lang Jerry," and off we started.

Even now, or in my most excited moments, I have never said a word derogatory of those horses; their intentions were fair and honorable, but I give you my word, they were made to walk, with the exception of an occasional dog-trot, the five miles from the depot to the house; and when we ever came to a descent, so slight that it would have required a surveyor to discover it, the brakes were applied in an instant. If there were any springs on the wagon they failed to act, and I found myself involuntarily whistling "The Rocky Road to Dublin."

"A rather stony section of the country just here," I remarked, as we looked out on the most discouraging farm land I ever beheld.

"Yes, the soil is poor," answered Mr. Wheatley, "so we—" but his voice was drowned by the noise of the brake.

Soon the prospect began to grow a little more cheerful; I could actually count nine trees at once, without turning around.

A bend in the road brought us in sight of the best looking house we had seen. It had a fine lawn in front, and surrounded by shade trees. I felt sure that was to be our future home.

"Who lives there?" I asked almost playfully. "That," replied Mr. Wheatley, "that's where Dr. Perkin lives. Doc. has done pretty well here in Budsey, he's on the go about all the time. We al'us have him, and our next neighbor, Ohio Adams, when he was took with—," but the nature of Mr. Adams' illness will always remain a mystery to us, for again the brake caught up the refrain.

Dusty and tired, we at last drew up in front of a very old story and a half house, which might once have been painted white, to celebrate the inauguration of George Washington.

"Caleb, have they come?" shrieked a voice from somewhere up in the shingles.

"Can't you see, ma," drawled the younger Mr. Wheatley as he piled our beloved instruments in a promiscuous heap by the gate, "Leave 'em be Fido," he continued as a nondescript white dog seized Tipples

banjeaurine case and began to gnaw the handle.

By the glance of Tipples' eye, I was confident he was not in a frame of mind to be trifled with, and for a few moments the scene in the door yard was animated, for when Tipples started for the dog, the dog started for the barn, still holding on to the case. I had heard Tipples stutter before, but nothing compared to this occasion. I think he was trying to swear, but the only sounds intelligible were a number of hisses, which seemed to excite the dog to a higher rate of speed, and with extraordinary rapidity they both disappeared around the corner of the house.

A series of whines and yelps that were waited to us, heralded the result of the battle; and when Tipples in possession of his property appeared a moment later, looking flushed and excited, we all seemed to feel intuitively, that it would be infinitely better not to ask for details. We followed Mr.



Wheatley into the house, and were ushered into a room which was evidently the parlor. The first object that greeted my eyes was a huge frame containing a pillow of faded flowers, bearing a motto to the effect that—

BROTHER HAS GONE TO REST;

and just at that moment, I somehow felt that in comparison with me, "brother" was in luck, and I little dreamed how many times during the next few days I would envy brother's condition, taking my chances on the life he had led in this world.

After a wearisome delay, we were finally conducted to our rooms. I led the way up a flight of stairs that was almost perpendicular, but in the ascent I stopped *once*, my head having come in contact with the ceiling, from which I knocked off enough plaster—well I dare say you could have crowded it into a half-peck measure.

"Have they broke anything?" cried a voice from the landing above.

"Nothing but my head, madame," I replied rather faintly, as a tall gaunt female made her appearance."

"This is my mother, Mr. Bowler," said young Wheatley indicating the spectre figure in front of me.

I bowed as politely as my throbbing head would allow, and introduced Tipples.

"How do you do, come right this way. These are your rooms," began Mrs. Wheatley speaking very rapidly, "I have left everything just as it was. I told Caleb I wasn't going to take nothin' out, for when I take boarders, I'm willin' they should use just what we do."

The rooms were but scantily furnished, and had they taken anything out, we should have been obliged to sit and sleep on the floor like Turks.

"We appreciate your consideration," said Tipples' politely, with a heroic effort suppressing his feelings of indignation that were struggling to effervesce.

Scarcely had the door closed upon our hosts—whom I had secretly christened the first witch—when Tipples exclaimed, "Bowler we're been taken in. I believe they are all a set of thieves from the dog up."

"It is hardly what we were led to expect," I replied, as I sopped my head with Florida water, "but never mind, we will spend most of our time out of doors."

"Yes," said Tipples with a sigh, as he drew from the case his banjeaurine and struck a doleful minor chord.

"It is not injured?" I inquired trying to smother a laugh, for Tipples face was a picture of misery.

No," he replied brightly, "and it does me good to hear its cheerful tones. Bowler, my boy, the banjo can make any place endurable," and he dashed into his brightest gallop, which was brought to an untimely end by a call to supper.

The meal was a fair one, but necessarily prolonged. I found myself humming the old minstrel air:

When I go out upon de farm
The blue tail fly in myriads swarm,"

for at one time it was a toss up who should have that supper, Tipples and I or the flies. In regard to number, the odds were overwhelmingly in their favor, but by untiring efforts we won.

We were well fagged out with our journey, so retired early. "Ye gods! I will I ever forget when my bruised head came in contact with that pillow, which resounded like a board; and how surprised my limbs were, when they sank into that sea of feathers,

but tired nature asserted itself, and I was soon asleep.

I was awakened from my slumbers by a smothered groan from Tipples in the room adjoining.

"Bowler! Bowler!" he gasped, "there is some wild b-b-beast in the room!"

I hurried into the apartment, and by the light of the moon, caught sight of a large black cat just leaping out of the window.

"I can swear it was more than a cat," cried Tipples, "I believe it was that blasted dog again, looking for my banjeaurine; see if he is not under the bed."

Lighting the lamp, I began to search for Tipples' enemy. No quadruped was visible, but Great Scott! after making my first lap round the room, I was bombarded by every insect known in entomology; June bugs, millers, beetles—*if* Noah had to collect two of every kind of creatures that chased me that night, the ark must have been a mile long.

The search for the "wild beast" proving fruitless, I again sought my feathery couch, leaving Tipples in rather a complex frame of mind. Anger, mortification and chagrin were all conveyed in the cadence of his final good-night.

We were both up shortly after day-break, for a bracing morning walk was a number on the programme we had agreed as indispensable to an ideal day in the country. We would probably find Mr. Wheatley in the region of the barn, so off we started across the dewy lawn. We had not gone far, when my foot pressed an object that made my blood run cold.

"What is it," cried Tipples noticing my agitation, "snakes."

"Don't be feared," exclaimed a voice behind us, "it's only one of them milkers; they ain't got no pizen."

"Ah yes," I smiled, wiping the perspiration from my brow. "We were looking for you, Mr. Wheatley; Mr. Tipples and I were thinking of taking a morning walk."

"It looks pretty thorough the meadow-yonder," suggested Tipples, who had armed himself with a thick club, in case of future contingency with "milkers."

"Yes," mused our host, "that's a nice piece of property. If you walk in there keep your eye skinned, for Dolly has just had a colt and is mighty jealous; she broke Dan Allen's arm tuesday day."

"O we were not particular about the meadow," I interrupted quickly, "that pasture land at the right will do just as well. I see there is a little brook running through it which makes it quite picturesque."

"Yes," drawled Mr. Wheatley, "we call that the pilot field."

"The what?" asked Tipples, changing color.

"The pilot field. I have killed as high as thirty in one season. Pretty good 'eh, but they will try and get out of your way, except them that's got white rings on their tails; them's the racers."

"Ah yes, racers. As it is a trifle warm this morning, I think Mr. Tipples and I will take a short walk in -- the road."

"Yes, I think it would be pleasanter," added Tipples, and there was a world of sarcasm in his tones.

For a few moments we did not speak as we tore down that dusty country road. "And we thought Budsley was to be a second Garden of Eden," repeated Tipples as if talking to himself, "a beautiful garden with *one* snake. Budsley, no gardens and *all* snakes. I tell you, Bowler, we've been taken in."

The tooting of a horn proclaimed to us the fact that breakfast was ready, and so we hurriedly retraced our steps, spurred on by the pleasant anticipation of partaking of the farm's choicest products.

To put it mildly, the breakfast was disappointing to the inner man, but with our keen sense of humor, a positive fact, for if the ham was of a tenacity closely bordering on petrification, and the coffee partook of a flavor suggestive of mother wort and tansy, the meal was seasoned with such quaint remarks from Mrs. Wheatley, by such delicious crumbs of satirical wit from Tipples (conveyed to me in stage whispers), that I can scarcely remember ever having enjoyed a repast more.

"And now," said Tipples, his face beaming with good nature, "for our first rehearsal. Let us take our instruments, and in some shady nook touch the light—but in which direction? In the field at the left is an enraged animal and her young, the meadow at the right the domain of enormous serpents. Ah! the orchard is the place, there will we make the welkin ring."

"Now won't you admit this is delightful," said Tipples, as we erected the music stands beneath the shady trees, and began to tune our instruments. The novelty of the situation was certainly charming, and our souls thrilled with pleasure, as the melodious tone from our banjos rose and fell, playing as it were an obligato to the song the merry birds were singing in the branches over our heads.

How long our impromptu concert might have been continued it is difficult to say, so engrossed were we with our own performance, had not an exclamation from Tipples cause me to look up, and I discovered seated upon the fence, fully a dozen men and boys,

with keen delight beaming from every lineament of their sunburnt faces.

"Hope we aint done nothin' out of character by listenin', captain?" remarked one of the group; "but we don't often hear as good mus'c as that."

"Not at all," said Tipples smiling, "I am glad you enjoyed it."

We are all more or less susceptible to flattery, and the countryman had touched Tipples in his weakest point by complimenting his playing.

"Would you mind turnin' over one of them fast tunes again," ventured the old farmer.

Tipples and I complied with a spirited galop, and then followed (by particular request) selections varying in style from "Wait for the Wagon" to "Moody and Sankey" gospel hymns.

Dating from the hour our banjos made their debut in Budsley, we were regarded by the Wheatleys in a most flattering light. They were proud to have for their guests two "musiciancers" whom their neighbors talked about and lionized. The extravagant tales young Wheatley circulated in regard to our abilities, and the cost of our instruments! As Tipples expressed it, he was certainly the most "cheerful liar" ever created.

We were invited to picnics, and to drop over and take tea with the "women folks." The baskets of choice berries that were sent us, the cider we sampled, and the luscious melons we devoured. The "cheerful liar" was on our side now, and the days flew by, each one fraught with some novel experience.

Can I ever forget when our morning rehearsal was rudely interrupted by the sudden appearance of Squire Dudley's bull! With what agility I climbed to the top of the stone wall, while the less fortunate Tipples was compelled to run for his life, the bull in hot pursuit. How wildly he gesticulated; of course being unable to speak a word.

"Well its over," said Tipples, when he had at last regained a place of safety.

"What?" I enquired in some anxiety.

"Why, being attacked," he replied calmly. "This bull completes the list; there now remains not one single species of beast or insect but what has had a go at me during our stay here."

Did it seem possible on the evening of our arrival that I would ever bid Budsley good-by with a feeling akin to regret; yet when the morning for our departure arrived, it seemed almost too soon.

"I'm sorry you're goin', and the boys be, too," said Mr. Wheatley. "Come up and make us a visit—and be sure and bring them banjos."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Wheatley, "the house will be lonely without you."

"Well," said 'Tipples, when we were finally seated in the train, and the green fields of Budsley were fast disappearing behind us, "wasn't that a bright idea of mine suggesting this trip? Of course at first it was not altogether desirable, but I am sure it averaged up well. I tell you, Bowler, my boy, you will have a capital story to tell when we get home."

"So I will," I replied, "so I will; and now in my humble way I have told it."

ERASTUS OSGOOD.

PRIZE CONTESTS! BANJO CLUB CONCERTS, ETC.

We are beginning to receive inquiries as to whether a Grand Banjo and Guitar Club Contest is to be given this winter, on the same plan as those of the last three seasons.

We are obliged to answer, no: We have made no arrangements to give a Prize Concert this coming winter, for several reasons, among which are the following:

First. The almost impossibility of making decisions and awards satisfactory to the competing parties—those Clubs receiving first and second prizes generally being the only ones fully satisfied.

Second. The large amount of time necessary to give to the organization and successful conduction of such concerts not being warranted by the results,—our time this season being largely occupied with other and more important work.

Third. A few of the organizations, together with friends of the members thereof, so decidedly disagreed with the verdicts of the Judges, rendered at the last January contest, at the Academy of Music, that the question as to whether a sufficient number of Clubs could be induced to "compete again under the same or similar rules, is rendered a debatable one.

We do not believe in musical contests, as a rule; and it is difficult to induce organizations like Banjo and Guitar Clubs, that enter such contests for awards or prizes, to understand that the judges' decisions by which the prizes are awarded, have no bearing upon the respective merits of the clubs, except for the one performance, on that one occasion, and then so far as the *points* competed for only. In fact, many performers in such clubs have an idea that if they are awarded the *last* prize their organization is classed as "N. G." in all respects; when perhaps a single instrument being out of tune may have been the only impediment to their capture of a higher prize.

We may decide to give some kind of a Banjo Concert this winter, but until we have found time to devise a more satisfactory manner of judging Club contests, we shall not organize another concert of the competitive kind.

A FEW POINTS ON WORLD'S FAIR AWARDS.

The S. S. Stewart Banjos were awarded Medal and Diploma at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill., 1893.

Several musical instrument firms that had displays of banjos and other instruments, and received awards for a fine display of musical instruments only, have since the close of the Exposition advertised "Highest Award for Banjos, etc.," which is a fabrication pure and simple, they not having been awarded a single point on banjos. Buyers should look well into this matter.

World's Fair Medals and Awards do not, of course, amount to very much, as the judges are never practical banjo players; but such awards as were given at the World's Fair, went to the Stewart Banjos. The Diploma being given for powerful tone in all the different styles of banjos exhibited, as well as for workmanship. The judges not being banjo players did not know anything else about banjos, but they could distinguish a powerful tone, and knew how to judge of workmanship in any musical instrument.

Thus the judges "pressed the button," and thousands of good players do the rest.

The greatest players of the day—both professional and amateur—play the Stewart Banjos. You want to make no mistake about this, for you might as well get a good banjo if you buy one at all, as to get a poor one, and you want to go a little slow about buying a banjo from any one who claims to have been awarded the highest honors at the World's Fair; you want to find out first whether a single point was given on such banjos, just to satisfy your curiosity, as it were.

It is amusing to hear some would-be banjo maker declare to his prospective customer that Stewart's Banjos are "no good, etc." while at the same time he does his best to prove his mistake by using the Stewart Banjo as a model from which to build his own, *for no banjo is so largely copied as the Stewart.*

Some makers have been known to claim as a guarantee of the superiority of their own product, that they made all Stewart's Banjos for him, and made their own just the same way.

As Stewart's Manufactory is still situated at Nos. 221 and 223 Church Street, Phila., such monkeyisms should be received by the charitable only as evidence of a monkey mind—fitted to jabber and imitate.

Quite recently the newly invented neck-fastener and adjuster, described elsewhere, has been added to the Stewart Banjo, being one step nearer to perfection. The necks are now made lighter than of old, and at the same time, greatly strengthened. This invention is secured by letters patent, and cannot be used on any banjo but the Stewart.

Read what A. A. Farland, the scientific banjoist, says about his Stewart Thoroughbred Banjos of recent make:

"I always thought the banjos I used last season were as near perfection as it was possible to get; but the new banjo received last Saturday, certainly surpasses them in tone.

Whether this is due to the different metal used, or the increased depth of rim, you, of course, know best.

I have never heard anything in the banjo line that can be compared with this instrument.

The tone is *full and round*, and the *volume* is great; moreover it will stand any amount of forcing."

THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG.

This well-known teacher, writer and performer on the banjo, is still to be found at his home address, the old family homestead, No. 418 North Sixth Street. Brother Armstrong is one of those happy individuals who loves his home, and continues to dwell under the same old roof with his widowed mother. Here at his home, Mr. A. has as comfortable and pleasant a studio for musical instruction as one is likely to meet with, and one cannot blame him if he prefers his present quarters to a small "box stall" studio in one of our nineteen or twenty story buildings.

His articles on "Divided Accompaniment" are brought to conclusion in this number of the *Journal*, and will shortly appear in book form, complete in a single volume, to be sold at fifty cents per copy. This work, together with his former work, "Banjo Orchestra Music," are the only works ever written or published upon those subjects, and although the sale of such works is never likely to be large, yet these publications must remain for some years to come standard works of their character.

ROMANCE OF A STEWARD BANJO.

Having successfully sold goods in all the leading cities of the United States, like Alexander of old, I began looking for "other worlds to conquer," or rather, hoping that competition might more easily be met, representing American manufacturers in a foreign country.

"On the road," whirling along in the trains, between towns, my mind would keep continually turning from present prospects to new ideas for the future, and in its dreams or air castle building, keep hammering at a thirty-six story building—South America—An opening among the prominent exporters on Broadway, New York, richly filled in hardwood with a large gilt sign outside—"S. Hips, Export Commission Merchant."

As the engineer of the train would open the throttle of the engine, giving greater speed, the throttle of my mind's engine would likewise open with rushing views of untold bliss. I would see my ambitious change from S. Hips, drummer, to S. Hips, Export Commission Merchant, and then such kaleidoscopic, panoramic sights would appear—the great New York headquarters with its blazing gilt sign, my Chicago branch, my St. Louis branch, my San Francisco branch; all glittering with the golden duplicate of the sign in New York, each full of business with my main customers—the gentlemen cashiers and clerks, busy with heavy and important correspondence, on sheets of fine Irish linen, the corners of which were resplendent in those inspiring words—S. Hips, export, etc., etc.

From the delirium of business greatness, my mind would leave the New York office and with congenial friends go to the Battery; hail my yacht, the "Golden Sound," and after a hasty message to an imaginary wife at my similar kind of palatial residence on Fifth Ave, go view the yacht races in the harbor, or a cruise down the Sound.

A sharp whistle from the locomotive, a changing bell, an application of brakes, and from my 36th story of delight, would I drop to the fact that the next town was at hand, and still a bachelor drummer before my eyes, appearing in the New York office in their last letter, "your sales this week a little behind; we hope for better results."

My dreams of South America took real form when I commenced learning the Spanish language, and of dreaming on the water, until I was told I would will to my Spanish grammar. When at the home office, I consulted a teacher of Spanish, and never neglected an opportunity to interest every manufacturing concern that I could in my idea to sell their goods in the Southern Hemisphere. With the result, that inside of a year my venture had commenced, and I was entering my first foreign port, Lima in Peru.

My New Peru was not yet opened. I was only commencing and hoping that this my preliminary trip would give me enough gold to pay my first sign. I represented leading jewelry, hardware and agricultural implement manufacturers.

Lima was not a success, neither were Callao, Santiago, nor the many others. It was not until Valparaiso in Chile, I succeeded in placing a few orders, which kept my expenses from entirely swamping me. This encouraged me to continue to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and try the important cities on the Atlantic coast. From Valparaiso I sailed on a steamer, which was bound for Hamburg, via Straits of Magellan and Montevideo.

Our steamer was heavily laden with hides, beef and saltpeetre. A severe storm caught us before we entered the straits, the heavy seas wrenching and rolling us to the verge until the captain said, "she broke her back." The pumps were unable to keep the water out, and the only remedy was to beach her, which was done in a little bay at the entrance to Magellan Straits.

We were now at the "jumping off point" of South America, as far south of the Equator as Labrador is north. The only hope of assistance was possibly at the small Chilean Penal Colony, Punta Arenas, about midway in the straits, which was the first officer, the captain and myself, safely reached in one of the small boats. Here taking refuge from the storm, were two English steakers, with one of which a bargain was made to lighten, repair and thus possibly save the wrecked vessel

The other English steamer was bound to Liverpool, via Montevideo and Rio Janeiro. Upon this ship with a few of my small samples and all my samplings, I took passage for Rio de Janeiro, hoping that my larger goods, if saved, might reach me by another vessel. Immediately after leaving Punta Arenas, in the early morning, I went down to breakfast and found things quite comfortable.

The day, but few passengers; several Chilean merchants going out to buy English goods, and an Englishman with his wife and daughter, returning from an unsuccessful business venture in Valparaiso. With the Chilean merchants I spent most of the day chattering on the prospects for my line of goods in their market. But they were not friendly and looked discouragingly on my plans.

Hoping for consolation in a my old pipe, alone I took a seat on the upper deck to leeward of the smoking room, and through the quick and heavy puffs of smoke, (occasioned by my state of mind), I looked longingly back to my old position. Seven thousand miles from home. Not a familiar face had I seen for several months. The ship's passengers not in sympathy with me or my plans. Nearly hopeless ship wrecked once, and the day gloomy, barren shores of Patagonia and Terra Del Fuego on either side; seemed but ghoul's of the night, in dumb only glee, hoping for the wreck of this ship. As a school boy I remember reading of the man eating Fergians. Should we strike a rock, I might serve as a "Tha'giving Dinner" for the natives. Ugh! I was not entirely discouraged, but just a little, very little (?) blue and chilly.

My unwholesome reveries were broken into by a friend that started me. "Where had you been here before? Oh, yes! At the home of a friend in Ardmore, Penna.,—the banjo soloist—the banjo club the genial hospitality—a pair of home memories were awakened that in comparison with the present surroundings gave me a dark shade of the blues. But I determined to find the player of those sweet strains.

Not far off, just to windward of the smoking-room, in the deepening twilight sat the Englishman with his daughter, a tall, graceful, laughing blonde, full of vigor and jolly good nature. You might have supposed this little family group were at home in their own parlor, so thoroughly were they enjoying themselves.

It was easy to see why the father was not a successful business man; too easy, and took the world too good-natured. The mother was keen, bright, of nervous temperament, upon whose face the lines and furrows showed where rested the little burdens and troubles of that family.

In the father, health, beauty and youth, made life as yet but a gay hopeful dream, and as the banjo she was playing rang in sweet joyous notes to her skilled touch, accompanied now and then by her fine clear soprano voice, I hesitated to intrude my icy presence upon their genial sunny and cheerful life, selfish and needed warmth. In some sort of manner I blurted out my apologies for intruding—my loneliness, and compliments to the player.

Oh! what a kind reception from them all. My face was brighter than the face of the sun. They invited me to a seat near, and looking up with laughing kindness, their large sympathetic English hearts seemed determined to thaw out every chill of my being.

Thus at once—life seemed new. The scenery was grand, the aspect of those gloomy shores seemed to have changed entirely. My prospects in Montevideo and Rio were brighter than I had ever looked at them, and the prospective gilt sign on Broadway seemed to have added radiating glistering lines of gold. The effect of this buoyant youth, English woman surprised me, and I think my returning enthusiasm and changed appearance must have surprised her.

I will tire you with that delightful trip to Montevideo, with its many pleasant pictures. It is the brightest page of my life. Here I was compelled to leave my new friends, but with their cordial invitation to visit their home, near Birmingham, England.

I caught such a contagion of hopefulness from the young woman that after leaving Brazil, bound for the States, I found my expenses cleared with a small surplus.

Did I go to England? Yes, the next summer. Two of us came back. Her mother and father made the United States their home the following summer. Our little boy, George, and girl, Kate, at the banjo so conspicuously placed in our modest home on Staten Island, seems, in his baby way, expressing thanks to it for his existence. The United States was now large enough for me.

An interesting fact in the wedding of this bond from friendship into marriage was the mutual regard for the maker of the banjo. To my wife, he was the maker of the best banjo she ever owned. To me, he was an old friend, whose kind hospitality I had often enjoyed.

I discovered the manufacturer's name that night in the Straits of Magellan, and my knowledge of him, his manufactory and successes, was an opening wedge in our conversation; for which I have always felt indebted to Mr. S. S. Stewart.

S. HIPS, Staten Island.

"TARIFF AND TACKS."

Commonwealth Jones, a First Cousin of the late Bolsover Gibbs, has a few words to say upon this well worn subject.

KEY CORNER, AUGUST 18, '94.

MY DEAR S. S. S.

I am now enjoying a brief, but exquisitely delightful season of rest and quiet, vulgarly called a summer vacation, by certain of the world's laboring classes, and not called anything at all by others—like yourself, for instance, who never seem to find out what a vacation or season of rest feels like. But I am sure that Erasmus Osgood can tell you what a grand thing it is, if you want to know.

I have been resting by day and sleeping like a top at night. For ten days I have done nothing but eat and sleep—read the daily papers, and then sleep and eat. Sleep, eat, read, sleep, eat and "rest for the weary." This has been my motto on the wall, for ten days. Now I'm going to work; writing you a good big letter.

During my sleep I dreamed of three S's—banjos and lots of other things; including Bob Deveners's Double Bass. After waking up, however, I was hit mostly about the new tariff; our country's condition; silver dollars, and the new patent in *they come and out they go tacks*. I see by the new tariff bill that strings are to be taxed 25 per cent, *ad valorem*. (This would look great on a doctor's prescription; wouldn't it?)

Gut strings were never a subject for tariff duties before, I believe, although silk strings were taxed 50 per cent. Now they've done their duty nobly, it seems, by levying a 25 per cent duty on "strings for musical instruments." You will understand how this is. You see the old party had as their motto, a tariff for protection only; and as there are no gut string manufacturers in this country, there was consequently no *protection* for them. It was only that we poor banjoists were not taxed on our strings of gut, while a few of us who used silk strings were taxed doubly, to kind of make up for it, as it were, didn't you see!

Now we have a government with a motto "Tariff for revenue only," so it don't make any difference what goods are taxed so long as the revenue is derived, don't you see? It is as plain as the nose on a man's face.

Now, if they will tax all strings 25 per cent, it won't matter so much; as silk strings are coming more and more into use, and a reduction of half the tax on those goods will in a manner compensate for the tax on the gut goods—but I guess they won't do it. They've just duties on your Miller silk strings of 50 per cent, just the same, and just the same as any other kind of silk strings you import across the Atlantic Ocean, because they are silk, and the product of a poor worm. "Worms don't go" in this country, (as my grandfather used to say, years ago, when she gave me Swain's Vermifuge.) Sleep, however, and their belongings must go free. Of course, you know that cat gut strings ain't made out of cats; but perhaps all your readers don't know it. Cat gut is only another name for *gut*, which used to be the

Dutch for gut, (the printer having got the wrong letter in the middle when he run short of type.)

Those who suppose they are pulling, picking, snapping and stricking cat when they play the banjo, are away off; it is the interior machinery part of lambs that goes into the strings, and almost any book on string making will tell the story.

But of all the tariff duties they have performed, nothing our present administration has accomplished can hold a candle to the *Income Taxes*—they are great—that is, greatly interesting. The tariff for revenue, even with the duties on strings, will not put enough cash in the vaults to carry the government along, so now they are going to drive taxes into our incomes. I'll beheld, however, if they tax mine, for if the present hard times continue six months longer, I shall not have the ghost of an income left to drive even the smallest of taxes into.

Just think of it! When I smoke a cigar, it is taxed; when I take a drink, it has a tack in it; when I buy banjo strings, tack's again. It is tobacco, but tacks and tack; even the hammer is taxed. Well, there's one good thing, anyway—only incomes over \$4000 per annum are to be taxed. Mine will never reach that figure; and if the taxes for revenue keep on at this rate, I won't have even \$400 a year income, by the time the present administration is ready to give up and get out.

But look out Stewart, old man, don't sell too many banjos this year, or the first thing you know, when Jan'y 05 rolls around you'll get a big for in *they come tacks* that will clean out your bank account.

Tell Farland not to play too too big houses in the west. The first thing he knows, that *out they go tacks* will levy on his income.

You will also have to be careful about selling music, because if Tom, Armstrong's royalties get too large, he'll be *snaked with income tacks*. George Bauer, too, will have to look out, or he'll get a big ball on his income. He wants to be careful not to sell too many of his MANOLINS and GUITARS.

Well! well! what is it all coming to, any way? War Taxes in times of supposed peace! Income Taxes indeed! And everything else, up without enough income to buy a decent banjo string or a cigar. Well, I can only *hope* for better times, and a secession of tariff tinkering and tacks. To this end I pray. Yours forever,

COM. JONES.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have been thinking that in the event of our ever having free coinage of silver, I will build a cart-wheel, silver dollar, ball-bearing bicycle—it won't cost so much. They say that our present silver dollar has only got about 50 cents worth of silver bullion in it, (a little less than the concentrated extract value of a bushel of wheat), and the free coinage dollar will be twice the size for starter, and may get to be three times the present size. In that case the silver dollar piece will be so large enough to make bicycle wheels out of, and all banjo hoops and brackets will be made of coined silver. But Great Scott! What if they should pass a law to tax our bicycles and banjo brackets! Just drive the *tacks* into that right tight. After a while they'll want to *tack* the air, I breathe.

CHORD CONSTRUCTION.

Those wishing to study the Construction of Chords and Harmony for the banjo, will find what is needed in Part 3 of the *Edwin Schenck's Banjo*, by John H. Lee, the price of which has been reduced to 50 cents.

This work is arranged on the same plan as Newton's Practical School of Harmony for Guitar, now appearing as a serial in the *Journal*. It contains 12 pages of clearly set type, and is well illustrated, and has the distinction of being the first work of the kind ever written for the banjo. Mr. Lee was recognized as the master of Chord Construction and Harmony for the banjo, and this work (The Edwin Schenck's Banjo) is the most thorough and complete work of the kind published. His illness and subsequent death, however, which took place in San Diego, Cal., in September, 1890, was the means of cutting the work short.

What there is of the work is most excellent, and those wishing to study the keys, scales, chords, modulations, transpositions etc., cannot do better

than to invest the small sum of half a dollar in a copy of Chord Construction, as embraced in Lee's Eclectic School for the Banjo, *part third*, price 50 cents. The sale of this work has never been *judicial*, and, in fact, many teachers do not know its value; some not even being aware of the character of the work, or its existence. Since the publication of Newton's Guitar work in the *Journal*, some inquiries have been received for a similar work for the banjo, and for that reason we now call special attention to the works of Mr. Lee.

"THE ASS AND THE LION'S SKIN."

How "Love and Beauty" was Translated to a "Kiss of Love."

Years ago, the banjo was represented by a set of persons on a low plane of mentality, and it was not surprising that the time, when the "Gospel of Method" and other like catch penny fakes should have sprung up and become synonymous with the instrument, causing it for a time to meet with ostracism among musicians. Now, however, as the banjoist of the day knows, there has been established an ostracism against the banjo and the banjoist. A. Farland, is received into musical society on the same basis as any violin virtuoso or pianist.

The banjo of to-day, in the hands of a master, is just as good a musical instrument as a harp, violin or flute, and is so recognized by the musically enlightened. It therefore behoves all lovers of the only American instrument to see to it that it does not again fall into the hands of a set of harpies and sharpers, and every lover of the banjo in America will take pride in upholding the dignity of the banjo and the banjoist as worthy American—for of all instruments the BANJO and that instrument alone, is the purely American Musical Instrument. Here and there attempts have been made to belittle it, sneers and ridicule have been cast upon it, but always from foreign born musical pretenders—musicians, so called—who are not aware of the banjo, and are wise, and prate about that of which they know nothing.

Such persons learn in time, that is if they possess sufficient intelligence to really learn anything, that the banjo is a much more scientific and intricate instrument than they have been aware of, and that its limitations, like those of the violin, existed in man, rather than in the instrument—in the performer rather than the banjo.

Some months ago, a performer on the Banjo in a remote part of the world publisher, or otherwise received from a music publisher, London, England, some distance from him, a piece of banjo sheet music, entitled "*Baiser d'Amour Waltzes*," by W. Newberry, arranged by E. Cammeyer and published by Essex and Cammeyer, London, England. This was the title page of the published work, together with the title information about parts for "Banjo Bands," etc.

Now, much to the surprise of the banjoist referred to, when he began to go over the music, he found he had before him the well-known "*LOVE AND BEAUTY*" WALTZ composed by Thomas J. Armstrong, and published by this house in the year 1891, and played by all the leading banjo soloists and clubs in the United States. The only difference between the American edition of Armstrong's well-known music, thus so called effort of one Newberry, (or combined effort of two, Newberry and Cammeyer), was that the Love and Beauty Waltzes had been transposed into the "English Key"—the sole difference in the two editions being a difference in the key, or musical pitch.

Here is a case of a state of affairs. And yet the banjo in England is largely represented by just such persons. They do not hesitate to appropriate the music of a well-known composer and reprint it under a new title, even using a fictitious name for that of the composer, and finally stultifying themselves by claiming honor as arranger of a musical composition that was arranged and played in America before they ever saw a note of it. Great "arranging" is this, truly! Perhaps, if the steel wire string banjoist of London should perchance condescend to transcribe the simple scale of the key

of E, into the key of G, he would, after having put the last note on paper, draw a deep breath, give a gasp of satisfaction, light his cigarette and murmur, with a sigh, "but the 'root' will give it away sooner or later. It will be the hour of four P. M., when the cup that cheers is about"—"*Great Jehoshaphat! How much I know! What an arranger I am!*"

The Ass in the Lion's Skin is no less an ass. True, people may not find out the difference for some time, but the "root" will give it away sooner or later. When a man sinks his intelligence to so low a plane that he deliberately appropriates a well-known musical composition, depriving the composer of even the credit due him for his work, he is on the downward path, his own hands furnish his condemnation. And when the musicist thus appropriates a well-known composition, the fraud is so sure to be soon discovered, that an example of almost unparalleled self stultification is presented.

"Some men are born great, some *achieve* greatness, and others have greatness *thrust upon them.*" The case in point seems to present the appearance of a rare case of contemplation of these three points, minus the first. Let us illustrate.

Mr. Thomas J. Armstrong, born with musical talent, achieves greatness through close application and honest work. He rises to eminence as a musical composer. Among his most successful works is the waltz, "*Love and Beauty*." Two years after its publication a certain publisher in a foreign country wishes to *thrust greatness* upon one Newberry who is unknown, but who, for all we know, may be a brother-in-law of one Gooseberry, or a cousin of Deacon Duesberry. How special talent doesn't matter a great deal—the point being that the Lion's Skin does not sufficiently cover the form of the long eared beast to disguise it. The greatness *thrust upon* the would be composer is insufficient to cover his nakedness. The two, both "composer" and "arranger" must stand forth as they are, and what they are. A rose under any other name may smell as sweet, and the beautiful waltz of Mr. Armstrong will retain its musical fragrance under whatever name one may give it, but the *perversion* must stand forth and the false composer be made to see the error of his ways, and view himself in the light he stands in before the musical public.

Borrowed or stolen greatness he will find a rather troublesome cloak to wear. It will become so heavy, and prick his hide so badly, that he will wish he had never used it on. Truly "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Transposing a musical composition from one key to another is in no sense *arranging music*. One may arrange a room or a table, by transposing a pile of books from one side to the other, but any servant girl can do that. One may arrange a table for a servant's work. But *knowledge and musical talent* are required to become a successful musical composer and arranger, and the act of taking a musical composition of another, transposing the key, and reprinting it under a new title, with the composer's name on it, is a musical piracy. This is the best evidence in the world that one who does such a thing can not compose or arrange anything to compare with it himself, or surely he would not so display his most obtuse short-sighted hind sight.

The reader may not be aware that the American musical publication in question, not being copyrighted in England, can be printed and sold in that country by any one who desires; but the English publishers all know this fact exceedingly well. This being the case, why should any one wish to change the title of the piece, and place another's name on the title page as composer? Such a thing being entirely unnecessary and useless.

The only plausible explanation we can find is in the answer already given. A thing that may be had for the asking seems scarcely worth while to seek to obtain by trick or stealth, yet there are some boys who prefer to climb a fence and eat stolen apples, even if sour, than to eat the ripe and palatable fruit they can get at home.

The world is filled with plenty of such cases.

Perhaps an act of musical piracy or perversion may not be worth the space we have given to dis-

cusing the matter in this instance; but as a matter of principle it becomes another thing.

We do not object to foreign publishers reprinting our popular banjo music, which they have ever had our consent to do, but when it comes to using our music under names of their own, and with the substitution of other names for those of the rightful composers, we deem it time to offer objections. Of course, those versed in banjo music find out the distinction practically in due time, but many who are not versed in banjo music do not discover it; and such being the case, if allowed to continue undisturbed, it is not unlikely that in course of time we may see in one of those famous "Tutors," gotten up by some ball-headed wire string teacher over the pond, transpositions of American banjo music, bearing the names of English "Joists," who at the time the originals were published in America had not yet made their appearance upon this earth. Such is the perversion of humanity that those English "jo" players would not surprise us if they should claim to have composed and arranged all the music of the old time masters that is now being played by Farland on his "ordinary gut jo."

EXPERIENCES OF A TEACHER.

BY M. R. H.

What a "snap" it must be to be a banjo teacher! Well, perhaps it is, to the teacher, who has no conscience. Not so with the conscientious teacher, one whose aim it is to have his pupils do him justice when they are pronounced proficient in the art.

How many teachers have we, who make a practice of taking the price of a quarter's tuition from the new pupil, and then begin by showing him or her, say, the scale, key of A, and perhaps play it once or twice, then say, "take this home and practice it as I have played it!" What can the pupil learn from such a lesson?

Not then the pupil returns for the second lesson, the teacher gives him a small piece to play, perhaps plays it over two or three times, then says, "I am giving you an idea as to how the piece goes, so that when you get home you can practice it."

Well, if the pupil has any musical qualities in his make up, he may perhaps fumble over the thing, in a manner, but how does he play it? Why, he plays it by ear; he is not learning to play the banjo by note or correct method.

At the third lesson his banjo has gotten out of tune, since the teacher last tuned it for him. Another thing this crafty teacher has forgotten; he has not taught this pupil how to tune his banjo, so that now he plays the scale in the key of A, and one time, but does not know how to tune his instrument, nor does he know A from Z—for the reason that the teacher has not taught him the rudiments of music.

The writer has at the present time, two pupils who were taught by this type of teacher. One pupil took twenty-four lessons from a well-known player, and subsequently thirty lessons from another, thus having taken fifty-four lessons. He plays fairly well, but not a long time ago he heard the writer play that familiar old standby, "Normandie March," by the celebrated composer, Mr. Thomas J. Armstrong. As soon as he became conscious of the fact that he would like to be able to play this march, and therefore purchased a copy; but what good did this do him? He could not play it by note, neither could he get it together by ear, it was too well up to the time for him. Consequently, he wisely decided to come to me or some other reliable teacher, and learn to play it strictly by note. 'He took a course of lessons, beginning at the extreme end, (rudiments) and when he came for the seventh lesson he had mastered the march from beginning to end.

With the other pupil, a lady, I had a similar experience.

There is at this time a teacher in this city, who, along with teaching, publishes banjo music. He claims to teach a new piece with a new name, and says, with each lesson he sells a new piece of music. It matters not whether the pupil knows the lesson or not; he gets a new piece of music just the same. The fate of his pupils is simply this: when they have taken thirty lessons, they have about twenty-five pieces of music and are not able to play one correctly from intro. to fine.

Not long ago, I was visited by a grey-haired, half bald-headed gentleman, something like sixty years old. He began his tale of woe something like this: "You see I'm in the missionary business, and want to learn to play the banjo by ear, that is, I want to learn in four or five weeks." You see I want something whereby I can attract the attention of a big crowd, then I will begin with my missionary work, say, I used to do it this way. I had a valise, upon which I had painted in large letters, the words S. N. A. K-E-T-S. This I would place upon the seat of an open-topped buggy, hired for my speech making purposes, letting it remain there until a crowd had congregated, then I would throw the valise under the seat and begin to talk. But now I want to learn the banjo and hold my crowd by playing for it at intervals during the lecture."

I, of course, informed the gentleman that I did not teach by ear, neither could I refer him to anyone who did. He left my studio, thanking me, however, for listening so attentively to his story. About four weeks after that I was again visited by this gentleman; he told me that he had taken twelve lessons from a teacher up town, three lessons per week, by ear, but, says he, "I can't play anything, and another thing, I can't get my banjo in tune, it does not sound right to me when I try to play. Now what would you advise me to do in the matter?"

I advised him to begin with a reliable teacher and learn to play by note; whereupon he said, "I will take your advice and begin the whole thing over. How many lessons shall I take per week?" I advised him to take one per week, to begin with; and the next day he came for his weekly lesson. He is now able to play "Home Sweet Home," "Sweet Bye and Bye," and a few other pieces—of course he does not like anything but church music.

A few months ago I had a call from a pretty good player, who began something like this: "I want to learn to arrange music for Banjo Clubs, and want to learn in four lessons, for which will pay you the same as arranging for two lessons." He had no time or place for him. However, I advised him to invest fifty cents in that splendid work, "Banjo Orchestra Music; Hints to Arrangers and Leaders of Banjo Clubs," Mr. Armstrong.

Then again another fellow came to me—I think he was a pugilist. At the first lesson I explained to him about the staff, lines, spaces, etc. That the staff was composed of five lines and four spaces, and that we had ledger lines above the staff, and ledger lines below the staff; that the spaces were known by the letters F-A-C-E, while the lines were known by the letters E-G-B-D-F, also that the spaces were very easy to remember, F-A-C-E, while the lines were not quite so easy, and for that reason I would give him the following key to go by—Every Great Big Dog Fights—on the lines.

I then told him to memorize these things, so that when I would point to any one of the four spaces or five lines, he could tell me its name, or what letter it was pointing to. I then repeated the same performance, upon which he informed me he would not forget such an easy thing. However, after having gone through other forms of teaching, before his departure I asked him to name the letters in the four spaces. This was his answer: *fight, F-I-T-E*.

Now, if dealing with such blockheads is a "snap," I would like to know what real hard work is. I would rather teach four intelligent pupils for the price of a single one, than one of such make up as this one proved to be.

I would like to say something about leaders of Banjo Clubs, but I am afraid I have already taken up too much space.

Before I close I will say this: when you teach, teach correctly. Do not have your pupils go to other teachers at the end of the second or third quarter, and say, "Oh that teacher is N. G., I can't play by note. I play a number of pieces, but when I want to learn a new piece, I've got to hand up a teacher to go over it with me." If you see it's not in them, tell them so; then they will do you no harm. Otherwise, they may ruin your reputation as a teacher.

A SPECIALTY IN BANJO STRINGS.

If you are troubled with damp or perspiring fingers and your banjo first strings break easily and too often for that reason, you are invited to try Stewart's Specialty Banjo Strings.

We have now a fine lot of **this first strings** for the banjo, made of **twisted silk**. These are really first quality Banjo Strings—are true in tone, and of excellent musical quality.

Of these strings, made specially to our order, in Europe, we have a limited stock at present and offer them to you at 10 cents each, or twelve for \$1.00. Of these strings we have only banjo *firsts*.

Try them if gut strings break too easily with you, or are false in tone.

We also offer you the best quality gut strings for banjo, at 10 cents each, or fifteen for \$1.00.

Our Superior Standard *high test* Banjo Four h or Bass Strings, at 10 cents each, or \$1.00 per dozen. The best in the world.

A full line of Müller's Twisted Silk Banjo Strings, firsts, seconds, and thirds, are also carried; price, 15 cents each, or 8 for \$1.00.

Stewart's Hand-finished Banjo Bridges should be used with all these strings; price, 10 cents each.

Call on, or address your orders,

S. S. Stewart,

No. 223 Church Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADA BANJO TEACHERS.

The following is a list of Banjo Teachers in Philadelphia. Being constantly in receipt of inquiries for reliable Banjo Teachers, we print this selected list in order to save time in correspondence.

Thomas J. Armstrong, 418 N. 6th St.

Otto H. Albrecht, 106 Chestnut St.

Paul Eno, 147 Chestnut St.

R. W. Devereux, 207 N. 3rd St.

M. Rudy Heller, 819 Spring Garden St., and

Stanton's Music Store, 141 N. 8th St.

Mrs. Laura O. Marks, 452 Marshall St.

"THE CARLETON BANJO CLUB,"

M. Rudy Heller, Leader and Manager. Address, care H. M. Staton's Music Store, 141 North 8th Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

This organization was awarded First Prize at the Academy of Music, Banjo Club Contest, in Philadelphia, January 13th, 1894; said Prize consisting of a STEWART BANJO, valued at \$250.00, the handsomest instrument from the Stewart World's Fair exhibit.

Please note that the Carleton Banjo Club, can be engaged only by addressing the manager, M. R. Heller, as above.



The outlook for the "Banjo World," at this writing is somewhat brilliant, the conjugation of the planets favoring activity, progress and prosperity.

After some dozen or more years use of the above term, as a heading under which to chronicle events of interest to banjo players, it is more or less flattering to us to see it used as a title for a sheet now appearing in England.

It seems as if the banjists of that country were rather hard up for original ideas; they do not seem to think it at all out of the way to appropriate an entire publication and reprint it under a new title, as in the case of the piracy of the well-known *Love and Beauty Waltzes*, an account of which will be found in another part of this issue.

Mr. A. Blake, dealer in pianos, etc., in Olean, N. Y., recently sent us a Stewart Banjo for repairs. He wrote as follows: "A Naptha launch on Cuba Lake was overturned in 60 feet of water and the party of nine ladies and gentlemen got very wet, so did the banjo. It laid some time at the bottom of the lake."

It looked pretty rough, but was soon put in almost as good condition as ever. The Stewart Banjo has a good, substantial constitution and cannot easily be "drowned" or drowned.

Edwin Latell, comedian, called upon us recently. He has been using the same Stewart Banjo for repairs eight years; it was purchased in San Francisco, in 1886, and continues to ring out as clearly as ever.

Mr. Latell is a good musician and banjoist, and knows how to appreciate a good instrument.

Erastus Osgood's clever sketch in this issue will not be read with interest. Mr. Osgood has a fine banjo and mandolin class at Concord, N. H., and will give a grand Farland Banjo Concert some time during November or December. He will have a banjo orchestra of some 40 players.

Ned E. Cleveland, banjost and teacher of Fitchburg, Mass., visited Philadelphia recently, and made us a pleasant visit. He says that of all the banjo factories he has ever visited Stewart has the largest and best equipped plant. This gentleman is a first admirer of the Stewart instrument, and left an order for one of the latest style instruments.

H. S. Bowen, Atchison, Kansas, writes:

"The \$60.00 orchestra banjo, I bought of W. C. Stahl, is a beauty and if I were unable to get another like it would not take a \$100.00. I played five amateur shows, and made quite a hit. Every one was surprised and said, 'I did not know a banjo had such a beautiful tone,' and when asked where I got it, I said, S. S. Stewart, Philadelphia."

C. L. Smith, Duluth, Minn., writes:

"The banjo-banjanerine received recently, is a wonder and the admiration of all beholders, for tone and finish. I am more than satisfied with it."

Jno. D. Habel, Detroit, Mich., writes:

"Enclosed find fifty cents in stamps, for which please renew my subscription to the *Journal*, which I think has about run out. I don't know of any money that I part with, with less reluctance than this; as I am sure of good value for my money—enough said."

H. C. Blackmar, of New Orleans, La., is one of the oldest and best known teachers of guitar, mandolin and banjo.

M. C. Burns, banjo teacher, 383 E. Tenth Street, New York, writes:

"Enclosed find 70 cents. Please send back numbers of the *Journal*. They are very cheap, and like many of your readers, I would gladly pay twice as much for them. I have your *American Banjo School*; it is a fine work, and I hardly think it could be better."

Herbert Hake, writing from Omaha, Neb., under date of August 24, says:

"I reached Omaha a few days ago and received the banjo 24 *first Thorough*. I must say I use as a more than pleased with it. I will take a vacation of about five weeks, and will then start out again on the road."

H. E. LeValley, Providence, R. I., writes:

"I send fifty cents, for which please renew my subscription to the *Journal*. Enclosed please find circulars of my Patent Guitar Supporter, also of Banjo Mute. I am having the best of success with these articles, among my pupils; and some of our best players and teachers use and recommend them." Those interested should write Mr. LeValley for his circulars. His address is No. 4 Greene Street, Providence, R. I.

W. W. Watkins, Scranton, Penna., writes that he has not been without the *Journal* for seven years, and hopes never to be without it. Mr. Newton's guitar work," he says, "is worth five times the cost of the *Journal*; surely it is rather hard to study, but I got through. Huntley's School of Harmony without assistance."

Mr. Watkins is doing very well with pupils, and expects a considerable addition to his classes on both banjo and guitar, this fall.

J. W. Jenkins, formerly of Colorado, was located at Black Diamond, Wash., where he has organized a Banjo Class, and where, he reports, exists a lively interest in the banjo.

Otto H. Albrecht is pleasantly located in his Banjo and Guitar Instruction Rooms at 1016 Chestnut Street. He occupies a portion of the suite of offices, which constitute the Philadelphia Headquarters of George Bauer, where a full line of samples of Bauer mandolins and guitars, and Stewart banjos is carried. Mr. Bauer takes wholesale orders from the trade at this office.

E. H. Frey, the well-known composer, was much pleased with No. 83 of the *Journal*. He says that many persons supported the article concerning himself, together with his portrait, in that issue, was a "good deal." Such, however, was not the case. Prof. Frey is a man of talent and of brain, and as such will make his mark in the musical world.

Jos. Cullen and W. G. Collins, of Washington, D. C., have formed a musical combination, to be known as Cullen and Collins, Washington's leading banjoists. Chas. F. McEnaney, pianist, acts as accompanist. These gentlemen have been for some time known to Washington musical society as clever performers.

Arnold H. Dale, Long Island City, N. Y., writes:

"I join with all the readers of your *Journal* in saying there is nothing can equal it in the line of Banjo or Guitar Journals. Once a reader, always a reader. Let me have it for another year; I enclose 50 cents."

The Amherst College Glee and Banjo Clubs made a decided success of their European summer tour. It is to be hoped that the organization of 10 bands on the other side have acquired some new ideas from hearing this American College Club.

One of the English papers had the following, from which we take it Banjo Clubs are unknown in that part of the world. "The banjo is generally associated with a jerky, unmelodious, step dance kind of music, but the Amherst students have cultivated banjo playing until it has become a fine art, and the results they obtain are quite a revelation."

F. M. Planque, the well-known teacher, of Dayton, Ohio, thinks the *Journal* gets better with every issue.

Prof. M. J. Jones has organized a Banjo Club in South Butte, Montana. John C. Hennessey of that city has been sick for two years and ten months, but the attendance of eleven different physicians during that period failed to kill him. In proof of which he was still "alive and kicking" at date of his last letter, and on the rapid road to health, after a few weeks treatment by a German physician of skill and note. He suffered much of many physicians, and says that he swallowed enough medicines in two years to kill even his Satanic Highness, but his time for departing had evidently not yet arrived. He is now at St. Joseph, Prof. Majors with his Banjo Club.

E. J. Henderson, the well-known New Orleans teacher, has during the summer, organized another Banjo Club, called the Dixie M., G. and B. Club. Henderson is something of a hustler.

C. H. French, of St. Helena, Cal., reports lively interest in banjo playing in that section, which he says is on the increase. They read the *Journal* out there and are going to hear Farland.

The Louisville (Ky.) Legion Banjo Club comprises ten performers, the instruments used being banjos, banjanerines, piccolo banjo, mandolins, guitars and flute.

Charles McFarlane is well established as a banjost and teacher in Hobart, Tasmania, Australia. He uses the American method; Farland's and Stewart's books being his favorites. He is also an ardent admirer of the *Journal*, having been in the list for a long time. We wish him every success; his enterprise and energy certainly merit it.

Albert Lyles, of Dewsbury, England, is a close and careful student of the banjo, and we are pleased to note has a good class of pupils. He uses the American banjo, and is a competent musician.

Harry N. Dearborn, St. John, N. B., recently sent us ten subscribers for the *Journal*, and got the premium offered—American Banjo School, both parts in board cover—We give this book to any one sending \$5.00 for ten new subscribers.

C. L. Smith, Duluth, Minn., writes:

"The Duluth Banjo Club consists of eleven instruments, as follows: Three banjanerines, one piccolo, one alto, two second, three guitars, and last, but not least, one bass banjo. We wish to thank you for the latter, as it proves a valuable addition in keeping time and making the music sound full and harmonious. We regard it as indispensable. All banjo players, (excepting Clubs), certainly under obligation to you, for it is owing to your originality and effort that they have the banjanerine, piccolo and bass banjos, making club work a success. Apropos of this, a short time ago I saw some correspondence from a prominent musical firm, saying a bass banjo could not be made that would give any satisfaction, etc. No doubt in the course of time they will awaken from their somnolent condition, dissect one of your bass banjos, weigh the parts, and spring a cheap imitation on the public."

We probably have the youngest Club performer and virtuoso in the world, Mr. Guy D. Williams, seven years of age, plays the piccolo and has appeared in public many times as a soloist. Guy plays strictly by note, is ambitious, has a wonderful memory, and will make his mark in the banjostic fraternity.

Mr. J. L. Robinson, formerly of Chicago, recently located here as teacher of the banjo and mandolin and reports very encouraging results."

Mr. P. W. Newton, Toronto's leading teacher of the banjo, guitar and mandolin, has engaged Mr. A. A. Farland for his Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Concert to take place in that city in November.

Sig. D'Alexandra's Mandolin Orchestra, of which Mr. Newton is musical director, will take part in his annual fall. Farland will have an entirely new programme, and we feel sure will eclipse all his previous triumphs in Toronto.

Carroll McAfee, of Punxsutawney, Pa., created a more than pleasing sensation with his banjo, at a concert in the C. P. Church there, on August 7th last. He rendered Gregory's *Infanta* March, as a banjo solo, with piano accompaniment. The programme, we noticed mistated the matter, by calling the banjo a guitar. However, "a rose by any other name, etc."—and the banjo did the work. Musical society in all parts of the world is beginning to find out what a grand instrument exists in the banjo, and we are not ashamed of the name, B-A-N-J-O—short, sweet, sharp, and to the point.

L. D. Buford, soloist and teacher, San Francisco, Cal., favors us with a new picture of his manly form, embracing his Stewart banjo-banjo-jazz. With this instrument Mr. Buford is delighted, and among other good things written he adds: "You should have called this instrument Stewart's Improved Solo Banjo. For solo work, I use it exclusively. I have owned and performed on banjos of every size, tuned to B flat, C, D, and F, and must say that for solo playing in concert hall, or in the parlor, I prefer a small banjo tuned to the F pitch, and especially when accompanied by piano or full orchestra."

Harry Dawson, banjolist, writing from Olean, Mo., under date of August 15, says: "My *Universal Favorite* Banjo is strictly *out of sight* for out door playing, as well as for hall work."

Mark Spencer, Maquoketa, Iowa, writes:

"My harp, (Thoroughbred Banjo), this case eve, at 9 o'clock on our R. R. I noticed it in the car and told the messenger I would take care of that box. After the train had gone I tuned it up and played a march for the boys. They all said I would have to keep it, and surely I will. I am more than pleased with it. Did not expect the case with it. After I got a little used to it I will knock—out of it; it's a dandy. If I can help you any I will do so."

W. W. Watkins, Scranton, Pa., writes that the Dickson Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club has reorganized for the season, with himself as leader.

Frank L. Wilson, formerly of Atchison, Kansas, is now located at Osage City, where he has organized a banjo class. We believe Mr. Wilson competent to give good instruction to pupils, and in our business dealings with him he has always shown himself reliable. We therefore wish him every success in his new location.

The annual catalogue, (1894), of the College of Music and Art, of the Campbell University, at Holton, Jackson County, Kan., contains the following, under the heading of Banjo:

"The course covers two years and includes Stewart's and Farland's methods. The playing in public of at least six concert solos by such writers as Farland, Armstrong and Gregory, and a rudimentary knowledge of Harmony (equivalent to Newton's Harmony for guitar players) is required of the student in order to complete this course."

The "Pittsburg Chronicle Telegram March," by F. N. Innes, arranged for banjo and piano, by A. A. Farland, has recently been published by H. Kleber & Sons, Pittsburg, Pa. The price for banjo and piano, including part for second banjo, is 50 cents.

F. M. Atwood, of the Louisville Legion Banjo Club, writes:

"I am still using the *Universal Favorite* Banjo, bought of you 10 years ago, and have heard no banjo with a better tone."

Atwood is also using its treasurer with a Stewart Banjo-Banjo-jazz and case, after its successful "Floating Concert," mentioned elsewhere.

Van L. Farland, of the Arion Banjo Club, writing from Pine Point Summer Resort, at Elkhardt Lake, Wis., says:—"We have been giving concerts at the resort this month. Gave evening concerts at this place for a summer. We use the Stewart Banjos, and have not found any that can touch them for quality and volume of tone."

Mr. Gellenbeck has added the Improved Guitar Neck Banjo, of Stewart's make, to the instruments used in his Omaha Banjo Club. This we consider a good move. A properly organized and well schooled club, composed solely of Banjos, will show the people what can be done with an organization of banjos. With banjeurines, piccolo banjos, 5 string banjos, and the "ordinary" first and second banjos, a grand musical combination can be formed.

Paul Eno, the well known teacher of Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar, closed his vacation season at Beach Haven, N. J., about September 15, and is now fully under way with his studio and teaching business.

C. E. Pettinos, the gentlemanly leader of the Lehigh University Banjo Club, of Bethlehem, Pa., is more active than ever—if that is possible—in drilling his club, and bringing its organization to the highest point. The Club is practicing a lot of new music, among which Armstrong's Imperial Mazourka is a favorite. E. C. Ferriday, manager of the *Lehigh Burr*, and a prominent member of this Club, gave us a pleasant call recently.

D. E. Wood has a nice class of pupils in Binghanton, N. Y.

John Davis, the well-known teacher, of Springfield, Mass., is now under full swing with his banjo business, at 407 Main Street.

President W. K. Barclay, of the Hamilton Banjo Club, enjoyed a pleasant vacation during the summer, at Beach Haven, N. J.

W. E. Adams, the enterprising teacher of banjo and guitar, of Melbourne, Australia, reports excellent progress and good prospects for the future. His Melbourne Banjo Club, is also making rapid strides towards perfection, and will, no doubt, before the close of the present season have reached the standard of our foremost American organizations of this character. We wish them every possible success.

C. C. Rowden, of Chicago, filled a very successful engagement with his Stewart Banjos, doing solo work, at the Masonic Temple Roof Garden, Chicago, lately. This enterprising player and teacher is preparing for a grand Farland concert in that city, to take place in November. He has the Aeolian Banjo Quartette well drilled for fine concert work, and will organize a banjo orchestra specially for his Farland concert. We acknowledge receipt of a handsome photograph of the Aeolian Quartette.

The Carleton Banjo Club, under the management of M. R. Heller, played several successful engagements during the summer.

Geo. W. Cole, Paterson, N. J., writes:

"I am in receipt of the *Thoroughbred* Banjo, (10½ inch rim), which you made to special order for me, and I wish to thank you for following my instructions so carefully. It is just exactly what I want, and furthermore, it is the finest toned and constructed instrument in our city, barring none."

A new musical composition from the mind and pen of T. J. Armstrong, will be issued shortly. For announcement see another page.

J. H. Jennings, the well known teacher of Providence, R. I., is up to his eyes in business at this time. He writes that the Falstaff Musical Club, of 10 members, opened its season on the evening of Sept. 15, at the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club performed to the delight of those present. Mr. Jennings was the soloist of the evening.

A. A. Farland has left Pittsburgh, and is making an extended concert tour of the West. His successor in Pittsburgh, Pa., is Valentine Abt, address, Verner Building.

W. S. Wolfe, writing from St. Louis, Mo., under date of August 29, says that he will take the New Harmony Banjo and Guitar Club, to Mt. Vernon, Ind., and several other points, on Farland's return from California; and together with C. C. Berthold, of St. Louis, they will play, (about the middle of October), in Henderson and Owensboro, Ky., and Rockport and Evansville, Ind.

NEW MUSIC FOR BANJO CLUB.

Published by S. S. Stewart.

Price, complete, \$1.50, 20 cts. each part

IMPERIAL MAZOURKA

By THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG

Complete for Eight Instruments, arranged in the "Divided Accompaniment" System.

The instrumentation in this arrangement is as follows:

Banjeaurine (solo part), first banjo, two second banjos, guitar, piccolo banjo, bass banjo and mandolin. This is the first arrangement to be published in the "Divided Accompaniment" form, and where a bass banjo and two second banjos can be had there is no doubt that this method is vastly superior in harmony and general musical effect to the other method of arranging music for Clubs. Where the bass banjo is lacking, the guitar and one "second banjo" should be used.

This arrangement may also be used with good effect for four instruments only, viz.: banjeaurine, which plays leading part, first banjo, having counter melody, mandolin or piccolo banjo and guitar. In order to bring out all the beauties of the musical arrangement however, the entire eight parts should be rendered on their respective instruments, or seven parts, omitting the extra "second banjo." There are two "second banjo" parts, which, when both are played renders the harmony full and complete. These parts, in order to designate them, are marked as follows: *First second banjo* and *second second banjo*, or third banjo, these terms may sound a little singular, but where only one "second banjo" is used in the Club, it is necessary that the part for the "first second banjo" should be used, and this explanation is made in order that the arrangement of instruments shall be understood before practicing.



We much regret that it is quite impossible to find the time necessary to reply to all the questions of correspondents and the discussion of many interesting subjects suggested. As most of the work on *Journal* copy is done at odd moments, amid the rush of other work, we cannot, at present, make this department as complete as we would like.

However, what can one expect for ten cents? (Fifty cents a year, with premium book.)

AS USUAL.

A correspondent in the State of Connecticut, writes: "I have written a very catchy waltz for the banjo, and want to ask about publishing it. Do you buy manuscript music for publication? That is, if it merits it, or if not, how are the prices for publishing it at the author's expense?"

"How about copyrights? If you buy the piece, do you copyright it? And if I publish it, how do I set about to copyright it?"

"I am a guitar player in a banjo club and can give you the first banjo part, or first and second banjo, also guitar separate if wanted. Will send the piece for inspection, if you like. I have led a band, and the arrangement of the piece I know to be good."

And the correspondent forgets to enclose stamp for reply, nor do we find his name upon the subscription list. How is it that those who do not pay a cent towards the support of the paper, expect "so much for their material?" We are obliged to answer briefly. Sometimes we buy *Mss.*, and often we do not. At present we are not needing any, having quite a number on hand.

For copyright information write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. He is long suffering and kind.

Another young man has recently composed a new song, which he would like to give to the world, if some publisher will pay him his price for the *Mss.* He says it is called "WHEN O'RILEY BLOWS THE FLUTE."

A pleased New York correspondent writes:

"No. 83 of the *Journal* has just reached me, and although it seems a pity to take up your time with useless correspondence, yet I must say a few words concerning it."

"So far as I can judge, it improves with every issue, and I don't wonder that your friends earnestly desire it to be published often."

"It is a long time to wait 'between drinks,' and when it comes it contents refresh one very greatly. Still, when I compare it with the majority of other musical journals and so-called *Banjo Journals*, I can only say 'Thank the Lord and Mr. Stewart that we get it as often as we do.' I also recognize the fact that it is not all play, and also, besides something, and am willing to wait patiently until you are warranted in sending out a hundred twice as large and four times as often. You see I'm not modest in my desires."

"I believe that one can hardly see too much of a good thing. In regard to Mr. Newton's *School of Harmony for the Guitar*, why can't the banjists have such a work to help them in studying their favorite instrument? I'm sure they would be gladly received, and a great help to all who really want to learn the musical theory, etc., of which a great many good performers are ignorant."

"Instruction books as a rule, don't touch on the subject of harmony to any great extent. They haven't room perhaps, and in that sort of work it isn't desirable to confuse the young student with a whole raft of terms and explanations which he isn't prepared to fully comprehend, but when he gets

along somewhat, if he is the right sort, he will not be contented to simply play in one or two keys and never get any higher."

"I judge other players from my own feelings and perceptions, I am wrong, but as for me, I want to find out all I possibly can. It is not enough to know that such a chord is a diminished seventh; I want to know why it is and how it is constructed, and I haven't had the musical education to enable me to figure it all out by myself."

"And even teachers that are supposed to know all about such things, don't know them; and those that do, don't embody them in their regular course of lessons,—therefore, what the guitarists are enjoying just now, I hope will be in store for the banjists later on. We also had to hear something of Mr. Frey whose banjo compositions are fine, though I have no means of judging his mandolin and guitar music."

"Your remark about strings costing more than ten cents a week was good. I know a young man who is fond of playing, and is willing to throw away five dollars in an other evening's entertainment, but when he has to buy one string it nearly breaks his heart."

He will use a string until it wont hold any longer, and there is no room left for knots, and then wonder why his instrument sounds so poorly. I am sorry this city is so far behind Philadelphia in banjo players and banjo talk generally. There don't seem to be any sympathy or co-operation among them, and the concerts are poor affairs as a rule. The one in Jersey City last winter was a notable exception, I am glad to say.

"I join with your correspondents in hoping for some more of Farland's music in the future. It's not easy, I'll admit, but when mastered, oh how much more satisfying than the jigs and reels that are numberless."

Some years ago the publication of Mr. Lee's work on Harmony and Chord Construction for the Banjo, was begun in the *Journal*, as many of our old subscribers are aware. Owing to the declining health of Mr. Lee his work for the *Journal* was never fully completed. (The *Eclectic School*, Part 3rd, of course, however, price 50 cents, explains all this correspondent desires to know.) Mr. Newton's work for the guitar is on a similar plan to the work of Mr. Lee. Harmony and Chord Construction for the Banjo were hobbies of the late Mr. Lee, and Mr. Newton is wrapped up in the guitar and its beautiful harmonies.

WONT WORK.

A. T. O. writes:

"I have a Piccolo Banjo of your make that *wont* work. That is, I cannot get up to concert pitch, to play with the club. It looks all right; has a medium thin head, and rather tight,—that is, I can just press it in a little, with my hand, (just so I can see it move.) It is very tight, that is, it is everything to do with it. I keep thin strings on it. Every time I tune up, the first string snaps two tones below concert. The *first* and *fifth* are the only strings that cause much trouble."

"Have you silk firsts? If so, write and give me price. Like them rather fine, don't you think?"

This chapter of woes appears to result from one or two poor strings. A false string is sometimes as wearing upon sensitive nerves as a buzzing bumble bee or a rattling string that breaks too easily is equally as troublesome.

We are inclined to advise our correspondent to get some good strings, and not use those that are very thin. As this correspondent is not upon our subscription list, we hardly think he is very well booked up on banjo clubs or the instruments used, and it is quite unlikely that the strings he complains of came from our store. However, we will say, clean that *dirty* head—or better still, put on a new one—tune pitch, nut, pegs and bridges, are all that they should be, and string the instrument with good and suitable strings. This we believe will "Change the Luck" of our correspondent, and his Piccolo Banjo will then "work."

L. E. N. writes:

"I have been playing the banjo for some time, and I desire to arrange piano music for the banjo. Can you recommend any practical work that will be a

positive help for arranging? Of course, I know that you are in a position to know how to advise me, and if there is any way you could help me by letter, I will pay for your trouble. I find it very difficult to get any practical advice about anything. Will you kindly give me your opinion about using the three fingers and thumb—can they be used in all music for the banjo to advantage? Have you any work explaining when and how it is best to use the three fingers? If so, I will be pleased to buy it. Will you also tell me how long you find it generally requires to become a first-class banjo player?"

The foregoing letter comes from a correspondent, who, by reason of residing in a remote part of the country, is so situated that he has not the opportunity of obtaining personal instruction like others have who reside in our Eastern cities. However, with perseverance such can make good progress, with the aid of suitable books—perhaps more rapid progress than many make with better opportunities, but having less application.

There is, however, "No royal road" to any knowledge that is worth possessing. There is no royal road to a knowledge of how to change piano music to banjo music; but there is a certain and sure way. One must acquire musical knowledge, which when once possessed, will render such work quite simple. First, let the rudiments of music be mastered. Acquire a knowledge of the scales and keys. Practice transposing the scale of C into all the other keys. After this has been acquired, the study of harmony may be taken up, and when a fair knowledge of this science has been acquired, it will not be a difficult matter to take a musical composition written for the piano and transpose it into whatever key is desired to make it applicable to the banjo. The facility with which this may be done depends upon the knowledge the arranger may possess of the principles of music, and the taste he may display,—also the knowledge possessed of the banjo fingerboard, and the capabilities of the instrument, assuming that the arranger is quite conversant with a "musical ear" and some degree of musical talent.

To say that a musician—one well up in the rudiments, and a piano player—could arrange music in a satisfactory manner for the banjo, without being familiar with that particular instrument, would be going too far. For the banjo is somewhat of a peculiar instrument, and must be understood in itself, before one can be able to write for it. Therefore many well meaning, and otherwise competent musicians, have made very poor attempts at composing and arranging music when they tried to write for an instrument they could not perform upon.

But we take it that any banjo player who has made fair progress on his instrument, and who can read music fairly well, can readily acquire the knowledge of music necessary to accomplish what our correspondents desire. The time required would probably be from three months to a year, if a short time each day were devoted to the proper course of study.

The matter of execution upon the banjo is another thing. No rule that will fit any selection to be played, can be given for fingering. The *American Banjo School*, Part 1st, new edition, price \$1.13 by mail, contains a vast amount of practical information on this subject, and the different methods of fingering and execution are therein discussed and contrasted.

Farland's National School for the Banjo, price \$1.00, is also a good book to be studied by those, who would like to acquire that artist's system of rapid right hand fingering. Proficiency in banjo playing requires some time and practice, but how much time is required in each particular case is a question that cannot be answered, for the reason that proficiency is relative, and has many degrees, and no two individuals are alike.

Books on harmony may be had at 75 cents and upwards. Lee's *Eclectic School for the Banjo*, part 3, price 50 cents, is also an excellent work, containing, as it does, a set of studies in chords and modulation for the banjo, and the principles of harmony and chord construction. Any of the books mentioned will mail upon receipt of price.

Miss Jones, of Texas, writes:

"Will Mr. Stewart please publish an article on *Wire Strings for the Guitar*, in the next number of the *Journal*?"

This is the "next number" referred to, and by way of explanation we would say that some time ago the question of *Wire Strings on the Guitar* was pretty thoroughly discussed in the columns, and we therefore deem it wise to allow it rest for a while. Perhaps, when our list embraces a large number of readers who have not made themselves familiar with the discussion, we may think favorably of taking up the subject once again. In the meantime, we would say stick to the gut and silk strings if you have a fine guitar.

AS LONG AS IGNORANCE EXISTS.

Every few days we receive one or more funny letters—here's another: "About two years ago I bought a \$50 banjo of your make. At that time I knew nothing about a banjo, but since then I have found out that it is imperfect, and it is impossible to get it in perfect tune. I would have sent it to you before, but have never wished to part with it for any length of time. Please let me know how long it will take to fix it."

Here is a party who purchased a banjo two years ago when he was ignorant of what a banjo should be. Now, two years have elapsed and he has acquired a thorough knowledge of the instrument, in fact, *knows it all*. He therefore comes to the conclusion that as the banjo can not be put into perfect tune, it must be the fault of the instrument—of course it never could result from the ignorance of the owner, after two years' use. Now, a peculiar thing about this case is that although the banjo is imperfect and can not be tuned, yet the owner does not want to part with it long enough to have it put in good condition.

We are therefore forced to believe that if the owner of said banjo was ignorant when he bought the banjo, he hasn't learned much more about it up to the present time. However, we notice that his name is not on our subscription list up to the present writing, and we are confident that no subscriber to the *Journal* could remain ignorant of the principles of banjo playing for two long years.

A man once visited a music dealer and purchased a piano stool. The next day he returned with the article of furniture, demanding the return of his money. Said he: "I have screwed this thing into every way possible and I'll be hanged if I can get any music out of it."

He thought the piano stool was a "musical chair," and would make music like a hand organ.

We have a few "banjo artists" just of that order.

A correspondent in Detroit, Mich., writes:

"Say, Mr. Stewart, that *Journal* is a dandy. If one could have no other literature to read but the *Journal* right along, and oftener, I assure you they could read themselves to their hearts' content. I had to read it before I ate supper,—(the last number) laugh! say, that patent all around never failing steel, tone-producing electrical bridge must be a-la-la. It's a lulu of a name. If I went into a music store and asked for such a bridge they would think I had a wheel or two in my head."

When he says never-failing-steel-pin tone, he must mean a coupling-pin out of a train of cars. Great sound that; it is worth fifty cents every two months to read a piece like that, let alone the other reading. That fellow that has the bridge and the one that has written some music and don't know the notes, had better go in cahoots. It surely must be very amusing to receive such correspondents' letters as are published from time to time in the *Journal*, and if nothing prevents I shall always take the *Journal* as the advice one gains by other people's blunders, besides the music and good information a person receives with so little outlay, ought to bring all lovers of music to take it."

A. J. Dewhirst, Harrisburg, Pa., writes:

"Enclosed please find stamp for renewal of my sub. to the *Journal*. I asked a teacher of the mandolin and guitar why he did not subscribe to the *Journal*; he said it was all Stewart. I asked him what he had a better right than Stewart? I received no answer."

Those who are not "up to the times" must, of course, have some sort of excuse to offer for their "blind sight."

A correspondent desires to know whether the Beethoven Sonata played by A. A. Farland is not Number 31, instead of Opus 30, as it appears on the programmes.

Mr. Farland replies: "The Sonata is Opus 30, No. 3. The original was written for piano and violin, and is published in album with the famous Krutier Sonata, Peters' Edition. No doubt the musician you speak of looked for it among the *piano* sonatas; this would account for his failure to find it."

Miss Long Strong writes:

"Enclosed find three pieces. Please send me one of a set of your best WIRE banjo strings. Kindly hurry."

The 50 cents, spoken of, being duly discovered, in the shape of U. S. Bonds with gummed backs, our attention is next turned towards the order. Parcel a case of *night*,—nothing found in stock to meet the requirements of the case. Therefore, Miss Long Strong, we are unable to fill thy order for telegraph wire, and have been forced to introduce Miss Pitt, aforesaid. This lady will introduce thee to a set of very good banjo strings, and will "Kindly Hurry" to advise thee not to use piano or telegraph wire upon thy banjo. Such things will strain thy neck and wear away thy virtuous patience and frets—causing thee to fret badly and mumble thy tones. Never use steel strings on an ordinary *Pig Skin 'Jo*.



George Bauer, manufacturer of fine Mandolins, and manufacturer agent for a choice line of Guitars, has removed his offices to No. 1016 Chestnut Street, this city.

E. H. Frey, our popular guitar writer, contributes "My Partner" waltz, guitar solo, to this issue, which will, no doubt, meet the approval of our guitar players. Mr. Newton's work will require more space than was at first deemed likely, and several more issues may be published before the work is brought to a finish. We wish Mr. Newton to have all the space necessary to his work, so that it may be as complete when finished as such a work can be. After this work has been brought to a close in the *Journal*, it will be issued in book form, complete, and the *Journal* space devoted to music for the guitar and the banjo.

Walter Jacobs, the eminent guitarist and composer, of Boston, is always at work getting out something new in guitar and mandolin music. Address him, as per card in our Teachers' columns.

R. Edward Wells, the well-known guitar and mandolin teacher, of New Orleans, La., was in town recently. He intends adding the banjo to the instruments he has been teaching.

P. W. Newton, 15 King Street, East, Toronto, Canada, will correct MSS., and arrange music for banjo, mandolin and guitar, and for Clubs, to order.

The Louisville (Ky.) Legion Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo Clubs had a Floating Concert and Moonlight Excursion on August 22d. Steamer Columbia

F. H. Griffith & Co. have begun the manufacture of mandolins. Factory, 134 Juvenal Street, and Salsrooms, 131 South Eleventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domingo I. Lynch, Guitarist, Composer and Arranger, gives instruction on the guitar. He is located in West Philadelphia, at 4224 Chestnut St.

Do not neglect to examine the Bauer Guitars and Mandolins, at No. 1016 Chestnut Street, second floor, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harriet E. Jackson, Fitchburg, Mass., has composed and published the *Espanoleta* March, for two guitars. The publication embraces three plates and looks very good. The price is 35 cents, and the address of the publisher is 44 Mt. Vernon Street.

We have received the catalogue of the College of Music and Art, of the Campbell University, Holton, Kansas, for this season, and are pleased to quote the following, which appears therein under the heading of *Guitar*:

"The course covers three years and includes Holland's Method and studies by Carcassi and Sor. To complete it, the student must have played in public at least six concert solos by J. K. Metz, F. Sor, and Zuni de Ferranti, and possess a knowledge of P. W. Newton's Practical Harmony for the Guitar, as this instrument is one peculiarly adapted to chord playing."

Newton's work, referred to, is now being published serially in the *Journal* and will be issued in book form when completed.

H. Kleber & Bro., of Pittsburgh, Pa., have issued some new and attractive guitar music. Send for catalogue. Their address is 506 Wood Street.

Miss Rose Fritz, teacher, of Syracuse, N. Y., has lately published and given to the public some of her latest guitar compositions, among which is the *Star Lake Waltz*, price 25 cents. Those interested should write to Miss Fritz, as above.

Arling Shaeffer, the peerless guitarist and musician, left Philadelphia, early in September, to visit his parents in the West, and to attend their Fifth Anniversary Celebration, or Golden Wedding. It is not every musical artist who is blessed with both parents living, and hale and hearty, fifty years after marriage. Arling is more than doubly blessed,—having a fine constitution and musical nature, with a soul attuned to harmony. After a few weeks sojourn in the Western country, Mr. Shaeffer will return to the City of Brotherly Love. The many musical compositions of this artist may be ordered from Lyon and Healy, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Shaeffer has written much for the banjo, guitar and mandolin.

We are publishing E. H. Frey's Crystal Palace Waltzes for first and second mandolins and guitar, with piano part, ad. lib.

HAND FINISHED BANJO BRIDES

Stewart's Pattern and
Stewart's Make.....

←→ 10 CENTS EACH ←→

Sent by mail to any address in the United States, on receipt of ten cents each, or three for twenty-five cents.

Address S. S. STEWART

.....No. 221 and 223 CHURCH STREET.....

PHILADELPHIA

PROGRESS.

Progress, the angel of the universe, is ever active. It is conceded that nothing in Nature's plan stands still. All is eternally on the move. One must either go forward or retrograde. In keeping with this universal Law, the Banjo, our American musical instrument, is proceeding on its way *upward* and *onward*. Musical effects that would have been deemed impossible only a decade ago are now being produced, and the banjo and its musical powers are being studied and developed as never before. In fact, no other instrument has ever made such steady progress as our favorite American Banjo.

Ten or fifteen years ago, had anyone presented the following list of musical selections, as being rendered upon a banjo, they would most likely have been laughed at. There are some, of course, who laugh at it to-day; but the old maxim, "He laughs best, who laughs last," applies to such cases; for only ignorance of well authenticated facts is thus presented.

The following is a list of some of the musical selections now being rendered as banjo solos, with piano accompaniment, by Alfred A. Farland, in his concerts:

- ROSSINI—*Overture to "William Tell," allegro vivace.*
 DUSSEK—*"La Matinée," Rondo.*
 BRETHOVEN—*Sonata, op. 30, No. 3; allegro assai; moderato, allegro vivace.*
 CHOPIN—*(Sonata, op. 40, No. 1. Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2.*
 PADEREWSKI—*Minuet a L'Antique.*
 WIENIAWSKI—*2nd Polonaise Brillante, op. 21.*
 MOSKOWSKI—*Spanish Dances, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.*
 SCHUBERT—*(Serenade.*
 BACH—*4th Violin Sonata. Prelude; Minuetto; Giga.*
 CHOPIN—*Grande Valse Brillante, op. 18.*
 HAYDN—*Cythy Rondo.*
 MENDELSSOHN—*Concerto, op. 64; allegro molto vivace.*

A. A. Farland may justly be called the *progressive banjoist*,—for *progress* is his motto, as displayed in his actions; more than this, he is a *Banjo Virtuoso*, in every sense of the term. To become a virtuoso, an artist, on the Violin, one must possess inborn musical talent, and possess also the genius of work—must have a certain capacity for laborious practice. With these requisites the pupil finds no end of assistance in reaching his goal, because the same ground has been gone over many times before, and there are no end of teachers to be found; moreover, the violin is a pre-eminently respectable instrument, made so by having

lived down all early prejudice against it; its development having long ago taken place. Others did the *up-hill work*, and former generations made the violin respectable; so that a modern virtuoso has nothing in the shape of human prejudice to work against in his musical career.

With the banjo the case is different. To take this instrument and attempt to give it a place among the respected and "high class" concert instruments of the day, requires not only all the talent and genius necessary to the violin virtuoso, but far more; for the ignorance and prejudice of those who are established in the old line musical ruts, whose foresight is never equal to their "hindsight," has to be encountered at almost every step. Not only this, but there are always those to be met with who seem to think that all pertaining to music and methods of its expression was learned before their grand-parents departed this mundane life, and that no further progress is possible.

Well, it is not so very hard to wish such persons all the happiness their narrow views may give them, but it is far more satisfactory to meet with progressive minds,—and we are pleased that so large a number of the progressive class are numbered among the readers of the *Journal*.

Mr. Farland recently started upon a concert tour with his banjo, which takes him first to the Pacific Coast, opening in San Francisco, Cal., Monday evening, Sept. 17th; thence to surrounding towns and cities. In this tour he is likely to bring his scientific banjo playing before many who have never heard the banjo played, and to whom the playing of Farland will prove a *revelation*.

His concert tour will embrace Tacoma, Wash., Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Minneapolis and Duluth, Minn., Des Moines, Ia., Kansas City, Mo., Topeka, Kan., San Antonio, Austin, Galveston and Houston, Texas; New Orleans, La., and many other cities and towns within a radius of 3,000 miles; also taking in Canada.

Ever since Mr. Farland's performance at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in January, 1893, his progress has been steady and onward.

The banjo is more respected to-day than ever before, because it has become better known. Those who hear Farland everywhere are charmed with both the instrument and the player,—a new revelation in music has been opened before them.

"THE MANDOLIN AND GUITAR."

The above is the title of a new monthly paper, published by F. H. Griffith & Co., 131 South Eleventh Street, this city. The purpose of the new periodical is to develop interest in these instruments and to assist pupils and teachers by the publication of helpful hints. A composition for each instrument is to appear in every issue, and the literary matter is to be contributed by writers of known ability. The subscription price has been placed at 50 cents per year, and the new venture is launched with every prospect of success.

HARRY M. STATON

His New Music Store 141 N. 8th St., Phila.

A few doors from Cherry Street, is situated the new and very attractive music store of Harry M. Staton. This gentleman is not only an enterprising business man, an active worker, and an energetic *hustler*—but is also a thorough musician, pianist and organist. A combination of this character is not often met with, strange as such a statement may appear,—for where a good musician is found keeping a music store, it is unusual to find business talent coupled with musical ability.

This fact is made apparent daily; and one need not go very far to discover that music dealers as a class, have very slipshod methods,—generally "penny wise, pound foolish," or short sighted hindsight business characteristics.

However, this is digressing from a pleasant subject.

H. M. Staton, after putting in a new store front and plate glass show window, opened his newly equipped music store to the public on Monday evening, September 10, on which occasion music was rendered by the Carleton Banjo Club, the occasion being a very enjoyable one.

A full line of S. S. Stewart Banjos will be carried by Mr. Staton, and also Stewart's Complete Catalogue of Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Music. There are thousands of people who traverse Eighth Street, day and evening, to whom the vicinity of Church Street is an unknown locality—and for many, the opportunity to purchase music, books and banjos, in this prominent locality, and in the evenings, will be a great accommodation.

Mr. Staton carries a choice line of piano music, and makes also a specialty of playing new music for customers, on the piano in his store.

An attractive display of banjos will be made in his show window, and as the store is open every evening as well as during the day, there is no reason why Mr. Staton's enterprise should not meet with ample success.

M. Rudy Heller, of the Carleton Banjo Club, who has his banjo and guitar studio over the store, will attend to all desiring musical instruction.

The Banjo World

Continued from page 9

E. M. Hall is meeting with his old time success at the A. Field's Minstrels, in his travels through the country.

The Esterpe Club, banjo, mandolin and guitar, of Boston, Mass., is now in its fifth season, under the direction and management of H. F. Odell. Address, 165 Tremont Street, room 29.

Henry Howison, of the Hamilton Banjo Club, returned from Europe early in September, in fine health and spirits.

Henry C. Trussell has opened a school for banjo, mandolin, violin and guitar instruction, at 336 Chestnut Street, Hannibal, Mo. Concerning the Stewart *Thoroughbred* (Farland's) style Banjo, recently purchased, he writes: "The banjo was received last Saturday, and in first-class condition. I believe it is everything that could be desired in a solo banjo. The volume of tone in an instrument this size is simply surprising, and its carrying power in any of the higher positions is the finest I have ever heard."

W. A. Cole called upon us recently. He was in the city, playing an engagement with the Imperial Quartette of Boston, Mass., of which organization he is leader.

Geo. L. Lansing writes from Boston that matters are in a good shape with the *Idiot Club*, and that many new and beautiful selections have been added to their repertoire during the summer. The Club will confine its work to the New England States this season.

P. W. Newton has removed from Sherbourne St. to 6 Irwin Ave., Toronto, Canada. He will still retain his studio in Northmeier's Music Store, at 15 King St., however.

We have received from Fred. C. Meyer, Box 234, Wheeling, W. Va., a copy of his latest composition for the banjo, *In Transit March*, price 50 cents.

E. A. Byron, of Portsmouth, N. H., has a class of banjo, mandolin and guitar pupils, to occupy his spare time during the evenings. He says: "I receive the *Journal* regularly, and would not be without it."

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Everest spent a pleasant vacation during the summer, at Atlantic City, N. J., and Stamford, Conn.

W. D. Kenneth, of Waverly, R. I., sends us some of his latest compositions, which he has just published, among them Narragansett Commandery, No. 27, March, a good march, for two banjos, although having a rather long name, price 25 cents; The Darkville Fair, Dance, for two banjos, 25 cents; M. Aquanimit Waltz, for banjo and guitar, 25 cents; Song and Dance Schottische, for banjo and guitar, 25 cents, and the Granite City Quickstep, for banjo and guitar, 25 cents. The pieces all look very good.

C. C. Rowden, of Chicago, Ill., writing under date of September 7, says that Mr. Farland called upon him, en-route West, and astonished some of the banjo players of that city, with his marvelous performances. The date of the Chicago concert has been fixed as November 5th, and the place Central Hall. Rowden's Eolian Banjo Quartette will take part, also a Banjo Orchestra of 100 people, and A. A. Farland will be the star attraction.

A. A. Farland, now in the far land of the Pacific, is showing the Western musicians what a lot of good music can be got from that once misused instrument, the banjo.

Vess L. Osman, of New York City, has resumed business for the season, after a vacation in the Catskill Mountains. He writes that the outlook never was better. He is booked for the Jersey City Banjo Concert, to take place Oct. 15.

Clarence L. Partee, of Kansas City, Mo., it is said, will undertake the publication of a *Journal*. Having been located in the "Journal Building" for some time, it is but natural that he should catch a bit of the *Journal* fever, now going the rounds.

A. A. Farland is to give a Banjo Concert under Partee's management, during October and Mr. Partee reports business encouraging. He has lately published "On the Boulevard March," and "Imperial Gavotte," for banjo, and thinks they are sure winners.

E. Douglas Reed, Oshkosh, Wis., writes:

"The *Thoroughbred* Banjo I ordered, came promptly to hand, and in perfect condition. I am more than well pleased with the instrument, and can safely say, that for the price, the *Thoroughbred* excels all others in style and finish, and in richness of tone."

F. L. Wilson, Oaage City, Kan., writes:

"I received the banjo all O. K. and in splendid condition. It is certainly a work of art. I have never seen anything in the shape of a musical instrument that would stand comparison with this. Banjo for beautiful work and exquisite tone."

The tone of this instrument will compare favorably with the best toned piano ever made. To say that I am satisfied, would be faintly expressing it. I thank you for your honor and fidelity in filling the order for a fine banjo.

I would write more about the banjo, but it is not necessary. Everybody, musicians, and all, who see this banjo, greatly admire both tone and appearance."

D. Acker, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has been busy nearly the entire summer, and has nearly every hour's time filled for the fall.

Geo. H. Ayer is teaching Banjo at Lynn, Mass. He has been a lover of the Stewart Banjo for many years.

J. P. Hogan has organized the Charter Oak Banjo and Guitar Club in Hartford, Conn.

Frank Simpson, Jr., the well known Banjo Teacher of Glasgow, Scotland, was married on September 1, last. All our readers will, no doubt, join with us in wishing the happy couple a successful and pro pe us voyage on the ocean of life.

A. Baer's interesting article, "Reminiscences of a Banjo Player," has been crowded out of this issue, but will appear in Number 85.

A message received from San Francisco, just before going to press, states that Farland opened in that city on the 17th (his first concert) to a good house, creating a *furor*, equal to Paganini's first appearance in London, some years ago.

Truly the Banjo is doing some, "eye opening" work about this time.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To those writers who about advertising in the *Journal*, we will state that the only advertisements received are those of Teachers—simply name and address, with mention of instruments taught.

The charge for these cards is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. Those who cannot afford to pay the Dollar, can have their cards published free of charge, our aim being to keep the addresses of reliable teachers before the public.

We cannot undertake to insert advertisements of music, or general advertising of any character as long as the *Journal* is issued in its present form, and mailed as third class postal matter.

It does not fall within the scope of a publication of this character to carry "outside advertisements," and the few that have found their way to our pages in the past, have been accepted purely out of friendly courtesy. Finding it no longer possible to accept advertisements from one and not from another, we have concluded to exclude all in the future, except as above stated—*Teachers' Cards*.

THE MANDOLIN.

Judging from the large number of mandolin manufacturers in various parts of the country, and the rate at which they are increasing, one is led to think that it will not be very long before that branch of the musical instrument business will be over-crowded. A few years ago there was scarcely a mandolin maker to be found in America, such instruments being imported. Since, however, Banjo and Guitar Clubs became popular, the mandolin has taken an upward bound into popularity in America and now finds many devotees,—among them some very able performers, and many more who play at, and around the strings. As only a very few among the thousands who affect a performance on this instrument can be classed as performers in the true sense of the term, it is not to be wondered at that ready sale is found for much of the output of the numerous manufacturers. It is not to be expected, however, that many of those now engaged in manufacturing mandolins will survive the test of time; for, as in other things, the law of the "Survival of the fittest" must manifest itself.

Those makers of mandolins, to whom the work is a *labor of love*, as well as a means of living, and who by nature are fitted to the occupation they follow, will doubtless continue to make mandolins long after those who have taken up the business as a "speculation" have passed out of memory. For there will always be mandolin players, and so there must be makers. In the delicate work of mandolin and guitar manufacture, there are but few artists, few experts, so to speak; and instruments of this character when manufactured by persons other than those of long experience, coupled with a natural capacity for such work, are too often found to be far from meeting the exactions of an experienced performer. To construct of wood, a delicate instrument like the mandolin, like its kindred art, violin making, is not a profession that can be acquired in a day, or a month, nor is it an art that can be acquired by every one. Those who have the natural capacity for success will in time speak for themselves. They will be known by their fruits.

GEORGE W. GREGORY

And His School for the Banjo, No. 543 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mr. Gregory began his Fall and Winter Season, on September 15, at his address, as above.

The Gregory Trio, consisting of Messrs. Gregory, Farmer and Van Baar, banjos and piano, is well known and firmly established in New York musical circles. Those who desire high-class banjo and musical instruction, will do well to consult Mr. Gregory.

GEORGE BAUER

MANDOLINS AND GUITARS

AND BRANCH OFFICE OF

S. S. Stewart's Banjo Factory

1016 Chestnut Street

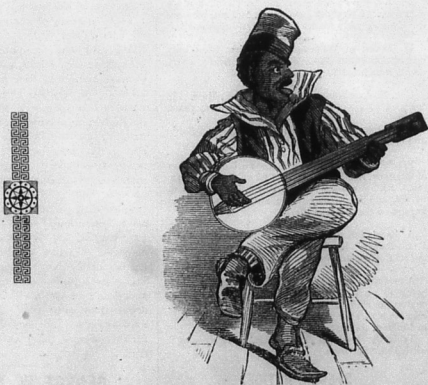
—Second Floor—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOMETIMES we hear people talking about a Banjo Concert, as though they expected to see something like this. Even some of the newspaper advance notices are woven from the fabric of a dream.



The "hindsight" of some persons is far better
than their foresight



...This occurred about thirty-five or forty-five years ago...

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR MODERN STYLES

ALFRED A. FARLAND

THE * MARVELLOUS * BANJO * ARTIST

For an account of what he is doing see another part of this paper



A. A. FARLAND

The Banjo Virtuoso and his S. S. Stewart Banjo

Where the S. S. Stewart Banjos are Made

Years ago, when buildings were not run up like the growth of a mushroom—and solid walls of brick, stone, and concrete, were the order of the day—these solid and substantial buildings on the time honored thoroughfare known as Church Street, were erected.

This thoroughfare got its name from the far known and honored Christ Church Building, still standing on Second Street above Market Street, directly at the corner of Second and Church Streets.

The buildings situate at 221 and 223 Church Street, are therefore somewhat old, and as the business done in this street is almost entirely of a wholesale character, retail buyers of any kind of goods do not, as a rule, often visit this locality. It is only when in search of some special article, like a **Stewart Banjo**, that he wends his way to Church Street—for this is thoroughly a busy commercial and financial thoroughfare, and not a locality adapted to promenading in a dress suit.

Here, in the busy heart of the City of Philadelphia, the greatest manufacturing city of this country—here, where goods may be shipped through numerous railroad, express and steamship companies within easy reach—here, where mail is delivered seven times each day, the **Stewart Banjos** are manufactured, sold and shipped, or delivered to customers.

For some eight years past, the buildings, 221 and 223 Church Street, have been occupied solely for the manufacture of these instruments, and for the publication of Banjo music; and here the *Banjo and Guitar Journal* is issued.

Over eight years ago, Mr. Stewart was compelled to remove from his small Banjo Factory, at Eighth and Willow Streets, in order to meet the increasing demand for his goods. It was then that these solid old buildings were leased, and where the work has continued to go forward year by year.

Each of the buildings on Church Street has four floors; giving plenty of room in all, besides the basements. Rather a large place for nothing but Banjos and music, and a few books? Yes, but for all that it is getting more and more crowded. During the

last two years it has been found necessary to employ an extra room for storage purposes, and this room is located in a building on the opposite side of Church Street, facing the Banjo buildings.

From a window in this store-room our artist, Mr. Gorton, contrived with his little camera, to get a picture of the not very pretentious front exterior of our Banjo buildings. From this picture we have had a half-tone illustration made, which is presented herein.

It is not given as a work of art, nor is it presented as a monument of architectural skill; for the buildings are leased, and not owned by Mr. Stewart, who looks forward to the time coming, at no very distant day, when he will be forced to make another move in order to secure still more room and greater manufacturing facilities.

There are many of our customers and friends in different parts of the country, who visit our city at times, and others who hope to make us a visit. These do not know how to find "Stewart's Banjo place," and some of them are not quite sure whether Stewart manufactures Banjos, or "has them made outside." Therefore, these few lines have been put in type, together with the small illustration, representing the front of our place of business as it appears on Church Street below Third.

It should be thoroughly understood that the **Stewart Banjos** alone are made here, and here only,

and that no Guitars or Mandolins are manufactured in these buildings.

S. S. Stewart has devoted his entire time for some sixteen years past to Banjo manufacturing, and to the Banjo and its development exclusively.

This is his specialty—and a specialty in which he has no occasion to fear rivalry or competition. His watchword is, and ever has been, **Progress**.

The mind conceives and evolves the formation of an idea, and in Church Street the ideas are materialized, and the Banjos are produced—finer and more perfect every year.



...The George Bauer Mandolins and Guitars...

It happens at times that visitors to the city—particularly dealers, or wholesale buyers—through being cramped for time, can not make a personal visit to our Church Street Banjo Store and Factory, without inconvenience.

Therefore we have opened an office and sample room, at

—No. 1016 Chestnut Street, Second Floor,

where a full line of samples of the **STEWART BANJOS** will be kept in stock and open to inspection. In connection with this enterprise will be found Mr. George Bauer, who carries as his specialty, a choice line of Mandolins and Guitars.



The office, then, of George Bauer, with his choice line of Guitars and Mandolins, is situated on the second floor of No. 1016 Chestnut Street, and Mr. Bauer will take orders for the **S. S. Stewart Banjos** as well as for his own goods—having samples of all the instruments in stock. He will also travel among the trade to some extent with these lines of goods.

THE GUITARS handled by George Bauer are first-class, high grade instruments, and we think, so far as our personal opinion goes, are superior to any Guitars made at the same prices. Guitarists generally—especially teachers and club leaders—would do well to inspect, and if possible, make a trial of these instruments, before purchasing elsewhere.

The same may be said of the **BAUER MANDOLINS**. They are first-class and high grade, and are sold at fair prices.

The Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Studio of O. H. Albrecht is also located in the same building, there being a separate office for instructing pupils, in addition to the general office as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Mr. Albrecht also carries in stock a full line of his musical publications, which are used in teaching, as well as sold at wholesale and retail.

THE TRADES LEAGUE, OF PHILADELPHIA,

Composed of 1600 Leading Business Firms, submits the following facts of
what you'll find in the City of Brotherly Love:

PHILADELPHIA, the "city of homes," is a manufacturing and commercial community of 1,142,653 inhabitants, located on the river Delaware, one hundred miles from the ocean, having nearly forty miles of wharfage for berth of the largest and deepest vessels. Out of 235,000 buildings of all kinds, nearly 200,000 are homes, to which 9000 are added annually, 445 public schools are maintained. The City Hall, costing \$16,000,000, is the largest municipal building in existence. Fairmount Park is the largest and most beautiful in America. Philadelphia's Bourse, costing \$2,000,000, is in course of erection. The city has the smallest death rate, largest average family, best market territory and system, most historic places, and largest terminal railroad stations in the world. 600 churches, all denominations. She leads the continent in dental, medical, and pharmaceutical education, industrial art, and the manufacture of ships, locomotives, woollens, and carpets. Tax rate low. Cheapest water, living, and sent. Independent belt line joins the railroad system of the whole country. An abundant supply of skilled and unskilled labor. Cheapest and best fuels. **STOP-OVER TICKETS SOLD BY ALL RAILROADS.**



A FINE BOOK

"The American Banjo School."

BY S. S. STEWART

If you want to learn the banjo thoroughly and well, this is the work to purchase.

Price, Part 1st, reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.00 or \$1.13 by mail
Part 2d, \$1.08 by mail

Both parts bound together in board cover, \$2.50:
postage, 26 cents additional

This work is believed to be the most practical, thorough and comprehensive banjo instruction book before the public.

Those who wish the instruction, chords, scales, exercises, etc., without the musical selections, should purchase part first only.

We can safely recommend PART FIRST of the AMERICAN BANJO SCHOOL, as the cheapest, most complete, practical and thorough work on the banjo published. In this book the banjo student obtains more value for the money than in any other book.

The greatly reduced price at which the work is now sold, should give it an extensive circulation.

Remember, PART FIRST of the AMERICAN BANJO SCHOOL, as now issued, contains a vast amount of information for banjo students; together with a course of musical instruction, scales and chords in all keys, and wood engravings, diagrams and other practical illustrations, and the Price has been reduced to

\$1.13 PER COPY

including postage

Every banjoist and student should own a copy of this work. Published by

S. S. STEWART

223 Church Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

BRAZILIAN MARCH...

By THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG

(JUST PUBLISHED FOR

BANJO + CLUB

: : :

Complete in seven parts, for seven instruments, as follows: Banjeaurine, first and second ordinary Banjos, Piccolo Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar and Bass Banjo.

PRICE \$1.40

Solo part 20 cents; any of the parts, separate, 20 cents each

This is a fine March, by a popular writer, and will, no doubt, rival in popularity the well-known "Normandie March," of the same composer.

S. S. STEWART, Publisher

..L'Infanta March..

For Two Banjos
.....and Piano.....

BY GEO. W. GREGORY

as performed with immense success by the

Gregory Trio

of New York

PRICE, SEVENTY CENTS

The obligato for second Banjo has only lately been published and can be had separately at 20 cents, by those who already have the parts for Banjo and Piano.

This is a very fine march, but is difficult, and requires considerable practice in order to render effectively. The "obligato for second banjo" is nearly as difficult as the principal part.

S. S. STEWART, Publisher.

NEW MUSIC IN PRESS.

THE GOURIER.

(Descriptive Fantasia)

FOR BANJO AND PIANO.

By THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG.

Price 75 cents. Banjo Part alone, 40 cents.

This will, no doubt, become as popular as "The Voyage," by the same composer. It is free from difficult position fingering, and is very "catchy" and tuneless.

Crystal Palace Waltzes.

By E. H. FREY.

For two Mandolins and Guitar with Piano
part, ad lib.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Price, Complete, (all the Four parts), | \$1.50 |
| For Mandolin and Guitar, | .60 |
| " Two Mandolins and Guitar, | 1.00 |
| " " " " Piano, | 1.10 |
| Solo part alone, | .35 |

S. S. Stewart's Fine Banjos

MAKE NO MISTAKE



STORE AND FACTORY

..Nos. 221 and 223 Church Street..

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



A POINTER



...WRITE FOR BOOK OF INFORMATION...

The Celebrated S. S. Stewart Banjos

...USED BY ALL THE BEST PLAYERS IN THE LAND...

THE FINEST IN TONE—MOST THOROUGHLY MECHANICAL
IN BUILD—EASIEST IN ACTION—MOST COMPLETE IN DE-
TAIL, AND MOST THOROUGHLY SATISFACTORY IN EVERY
WAY OF ANY BANJO IN THE WORLD

Medal and Diploma Awarded at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893
The only Medal Awarded any Banjo at the London International Exhibition, 1884

Honored by more autograph letters from master players than
any other Banjo in the world

 AND STILL ON THE MARCH OF PROGRESS 

DIVIDED ACCOMPANIMENT, BV T. J. ARMSTRONG —Continued from Last Number, Conclusion.

Copyright 1894, by S. S. Stewart.

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—Here we have a melody in common time which will be found still more difficult for the seconds. In this case each instrument playing the harmonies, take but one letter of the chord.

Gavotte.

BANJEAURINE.
Bass elevated.

2ND BANJOS.

BASS BANJO.

4 pos. 2 pos.

Here we have the introduction and first strain of a galop, arranged in the same manner:—

Galop.

BANJEAURINE.
Bass elevated.

2ND BANJOS.

BASS BANJO.

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

GALOP.

The first system of musical notation consists of five measures. The top staff is a single treble clef. The bottom three staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent a grand staff with two treble clefs and one bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The notation includes various note values, rests, and a final double bar line.

The second system of musical notation consists of five measures. The top staff is a single treble clef. The bottom three staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent a grand staff with two treble clefs and one bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The notation includes various note values, rests, and a final double bar line.

The third system of musical notation consists of five measures. The top staff is a single treble clef. The bottom three staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent a grand staff with two treble clefs and one bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The notation includes various note values, rests, and a final double bar line.

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Marches, written in six-eighth time, are very often more difficult for the seconds than the solo parts. This fact is more vividly illustrated to the player, when such parts are given both bass and harmony. When the harmonies are divided, the parts become less difficult. Here we give such a march, written for four instruments:—

March.

BANJATRINE
Bass elevated.

2ND BANDO.

BASS BANDO.

The musical score is arranged in four staves. The top staff is for Banjatrine (Bass elevated), the second staff is for 2ND BANDO, the third staff is for BASS BANDO, and the bottom staff is for BASS. The music is in 6/8 time and one sharp key signature. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains measures 1 through 8, and the second system contains measures 9 through 16. Dynamics include p (piano), mf (mezzo-forte), and f (forte). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and articulation marks.



IN CONCLUSION.

Being limited—as to space,—the publisher's desire being to issue a work at a moderate price, and within the reach of all,—I have found no opportunity to treat of the production of musical effects that are possible in a full arrangement for a large banjo club. The reader can consult for that purpose *"Hints to Arrangers and Leaders of Banjo Clubs,"* issued by the same publisher. These effects, which might properly be called shading or coloring, are merely embellishments introduced into parts for mandolins, first banjo, piccolo banjos, etc. These instruments are to be treated as usual in an arrangement. Dividing the harmonies between the bass and second banjos does not change their usefulness, but assists them in bringing out many ornamental passages that would be lost if the harmonies were not divided.

My advice to the young arranger is to examine scores for orchestras and bands and note the manner in which the arranger has obtained certain effects. Examine second violin and viola parts in some easy waltz and compare them with the miserable manner in which second banjo parts have been written in club arrangements.

Examine the cornet part in the same easy waltz, and see if it coincides with your views.

Look at the other parts: the clarionette, flute, trombone, etc., and see if you agree with the ideas conveyed in the score. Then, after you have become familiar with the melody of this easy waltz, make an arrangement for banjo

orchestra, taking your ideas from the regular orchestra score.

Banjo club music can only be brought to perfection by imitating and copying the regular orchestra. In order to do this we must select the different instruments at our command and place them, as nearly as possible, on an equal footing with those contained in the genuine orchestra.

The banjeurine can be looked upon as first violin in a banjo club. It takes charge of the principal melodies and has therefore a part similar to the violin.

A good imitation of the flute or piccolo is secured in using the piccolo banjo. Its high pitch enables the arranger to imitate those loud, tearing passages, which are so effectively given to the piccolo or flute.

In like manner we can compare our first banjo to the cornet; our mandolin to the clarionette; our second banjos, guitar and bass banjo to second violin, viola and double bass in the true orchestra.

Let the young arranger remember the above when he is writing for his banjo club, and when able to master the simpler forms of orchestration as found in marches, waltzes, etc., then let him take overtures and from them too—yes—symphonies, where a feature of the instrumentation is tone-painting.

P. W. NEWTON'S PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF HARMONY FOR THE GUITAR.

Continued from last number.

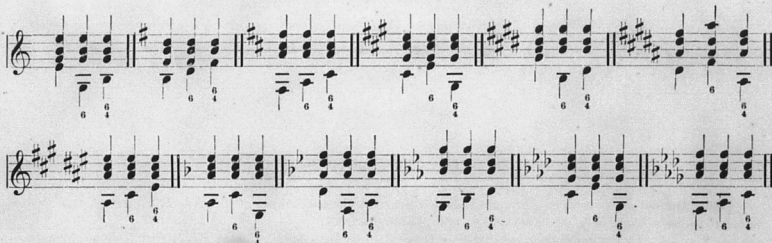
Copyrighted 1894 by S. S. Stewart.

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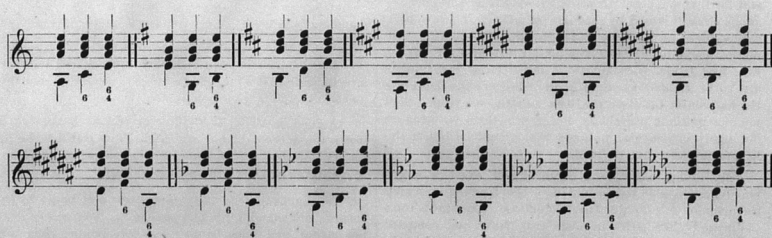
TRIADS OF THE SECOND DEGREE.



TRIADS OF THE THIRD DEGREE.



TRIADS OF THE SIXTH DEGREE.



TRIADS OF THE SEVENTH DEGREE.





It will be seen that on the above chords on the seventh degree, the leading note (the seventh) has not been doubled. The leading note should not be doubled. The second inversion is rarely found, the first inversion being the commonest position of this chord. Figures under a chord are only intended to describe the intervals the chord contains, not the derivation of the chord.

TRIADS ON THE DEGREES OF THE MINOR SCALE.

Tonics or Chords of the First Degree.



TRIADS OF FOURTH DEGREE.



TRIADS OF FIFTH DEGREE.



TRIADS OF SECOND DEGREE.



TRIADS OF THIRD DEGREE.



TRIADS OF SIXTH DEGREE.



TRIADS OF SEVENTH DEGREE.



THE CHORD OF THE DOMINANT SEVENTH.

The Dominant Seventh is usually followed by: 1st.—The tonic chord. 2nd.—The chord of the sub mediant. 3rd.—By resolving on the $\frac{6}{4}$ on the same bass note (the dominant). 4th.—One of its own inversions. 5th.—A chord of the seventh on the fifth below (or fourth above) its own bass note.

In all the above cases the third being the leading note, should generally rise to the tonic, except in the last two cases, and the seventh in all these cases must be resolved by descending one degree. A chord of the seventh having four notes consequently has its *first position* and *three inversions*. The first position of the dominant seventh is figured $\frac{7}{2}$, first inversion $\frac{6}{3}$, second inversion $\frac{6}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{3}$, third inversion $\frac{6}{2}$ or $\frac{4}{2}$. The omission of the figures does not imply that a note is left out. The first of the dominant

seventh occurs on the seventh or leading note of the scale. The fifth making the discord, must resolve. The chord is, therefore, usually followed by the tonic chord. The second inversion of the dominant seventh occurs on the supertonic. The third making the discord must resolve. The chord is usually followed either by the tonic triad or by the first inversion of it. The third inversion occurs on the sub dominant. The bass note making the discord must resolve. The chord is followed by the first inversion of the tonic chord. Either of the inversions of the chord of the seventh, may be followed by another inversion of the same chord, or by the original chord itself. The dissonant note must resolve, whether retained or transferred. Chords of the seventh not on the dominant are termed secondary sevenths, or non-dominant sevenths. The seventh in all these chords is the dissonance and must be resolved by descending one degree.

INVERSIONS OF THE DOMINANT SEVENTH CHORD.

Major Keys.

Three staves of musical notation in treble clef showing the inversions of the dominant seventh chord for major keys. The first staff covers C major (C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7) and D major (E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C7). The second staff covers E major (F7, G7, A7, B7, C7, D7) and F major (G7, A7, B7, C7, D7, E7). The third staff covers G major (A7, B7, C7, D7, E7, F7) and A major (B7, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7). Each chord is shown in its four positions (root, first, second, and third inversion) with figured bass notation below the notes.

INVERSIONS OF THE DOMINANT SEVENTH CHORD.

Minor Keys.

One staff of musical notation in treble clef showing the inversions of the dominant seventh chord for minor keys. It covers C minor (C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7) and D minor (E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C7). Each chord is shown in its four positions (root, first, second, and third inversion) with figured bass notation below the notes.

EL PUEBLO WALTZ

FOR THE BANJO.

By J. VERNET.

Tempo di Valse. 5 Pos..... 4* 5* 12 Har.....

Banjo. *p* *cres.* *f* *p* *f* *FINE.* *f* *ff* *mf* *ff* *f* *1* *2*

D.C. al Fine.

"MY PARTNER," WALTZ. FOR THE GUITAR.

By E. H. FREY.

Guitar.

f

p

cres.

f

f

f

dolce. 3

3

My Partner, Waltz.

S. S. STEWART'S POPULAR LADIES' BANJO

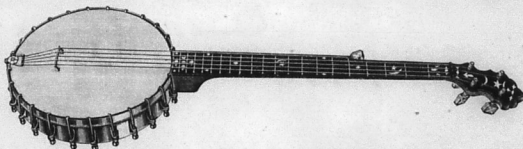
STYLE "AMERICAN PRINCESS"



SIZE.—10-INCH RIM, 17-INCH NECK.

No. 1.—German silver rim, 10 inches in diameter, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. Twenty brackets. Rim, hoop and brackets, all best nickel-plate. Ebony fingerboard on neck, G. S. raised frets, pearl position-marks, and pearl star inlaid in peg-head, common-sense tail-piece, etc. All material thoroughly seasoned, and all parts well finished. Fretting the most correct, and neck finely polished.

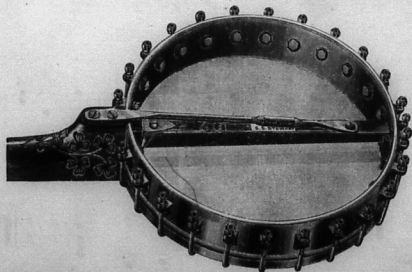
Price of "American Princess," No. 1 - - - \$20.00



The No. 2 "American Princess" is, of course, the same size as the No. 1, but has 24 Brackets, and is much more handsomely finished, and has more pearl inlaid work. As styles Nos. 1 and 2 "American Princess" resemble very closely the same numbers of the "Universal Favorite," the difference being in **size and dimensions** only, it is perhaps unnecessary to prolong the description. The No. 2 may be ordered with patent metallic non-slipping keys, in place of the pearl inlaid ordinary pegs, without extra charge. On the No. 1 Banjo, \$1.00 additional is charged for the patent pegs.

Price of the "American Princess," No. 2 - - - \$30.00

N. B.—The Patent Neck Fastener and Adjuster, a recent improvement, is now put on the No. 2 and on all Banjos not smaller than 10-inch rim and not less than \$30.00 in price.



THE accompanying engraving presents a view of the new Steel Neck Fastener and Adjuster, now being used on the Stewart Banjos, and which is placed on every Banjo and Banjeaurine of Stewart's manufacture listed at \$30.00 and upwards.

The appliance is the invention of Richard Kuenstler, and is protected by letters-patent, issued July 17, 1894, and can be used on the Stewart Banjos only.

The neck is strengthened and held in position, and can also, to a certain extent, be adjusted simply by inserting a small rod of steel (a French wire nail will answer) through the hole in the turnbuckle and giving the screw a half turn. This Adjuster counteracts the strain of the banjo-head, which is apt at times to disturb the set

of the fingerboard, as all experienced players are aware. The appliance also lends additional strength and security to the neck—strengthening the instrument at one of its weakest points. It is light, is made of the finest steel, is nickel plated, and adds to, rather than detracts from, the appearance of the instrument.

Banjo Strings



Buy your Banjo Strings direct from Banjo Headquarters

Save Time and Money....

A large and choice stock of Banjo Strings is always carried by S. S. STEWART, at his Philadelphia Banjo Depot.

Your order for strings will be filled by return mail without costing you anything for postage. Strings sent by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of price.

.....PRICES.....

Banjo 1st and 5th Strings, of the best quality gut, **10 cents each**, 15 strings for **\$1.00**.
Bundle of 30 strings, **\$1.75**

A leather string pouch sent free to every purchaser of **\$1.00** worth of strings.

Banjo 2nd Strings are a little thicker than Banjo 1st and 5th Strings, but the price has been made the same as for the 1st strings, **10 cents each**, 15 for **\$1.00**, **\$1.75** per bundle.

Banjo 3rd Strings, **10 cents each**, **\$1.00** per dozen or **\$2.00** per bundle of 30 strings.
The Banjo 3rd String is the same as the Guitar or Violin E, or first.

The very best quality of Banjo Bass or 4th Strings, silver-plated wire, spun on prepared white silk, you can purchase here at **10 cents each**, or **\$1.00** per dozen. These strings cannot be excelled. They are forty inches in length, and possess the great qualities of **elasticity, strength and resistance**. Find their equal elsewhere if you can.

Guitar Bass Strings, D, A and E, we are also selling at the same price, 10 cents each. Try them—they cannot be equalled for the money.

Strings for Bass Banjo—as nearly all leading Banjo Clubs use a Bass or Cello Banjo, we carry in stock a full line of strings for this instrument. Price, **20 cents each**. The 1st, 2nd and 5th strings are of gut, the 3rd and 4th are of gut spun with silver-plated wire. Price, **\$1.00** per set of 5 strings.

We do not forget the **Hot Weather Strings** the "Banjo Silk Strings," and are constantly importing and having made to order the choicest kind of silk strings, both smooth and twisted, for our friends, the Banjoists. We have now in stock the Celebrated Muller Twisted Silk Banjo Strings, ("Fichtelberg Brand") price, 15 cents each for 1st, 2nd or 3rd, **\$3.00** per bundle of 30 strings.

We have also the Muller smooth 1st string at 10 cents each, **\$1.75** per bundle of 30 strings. We have other brands of silk strings coming, and Mr. Muller writes from Europe under recent date, that he is experimenting on a new line.

It is always cheaper to purchase strings in quantities, thereby getting bottom prices. Take advantage of the above prices and lay in your strings. Call on or address,

S. S. STEWART, 221 and 223 Church Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL for the BANJO.

543 FIFTH AVENUE.

NEW YORK. April 10th/94

As certain manufacturers of inferior banjos are, without authority, using my name, I wish to publicly announce that I use the S. Stewart banjo exclusively - all statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

G. W. Gregory.

Pittsburgh, Pa. 3/1/94

To whom it may concern;

As several parties are, without my knowledge or consent, using my name to "form" inferior makes of Banjos, I desire it distinctly understood that I use the S. S. Stewart Banjo exclusively. All statements to the contrary are false.

Alfred W. Farland