

NOEL!

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ESTABLISHED 1882

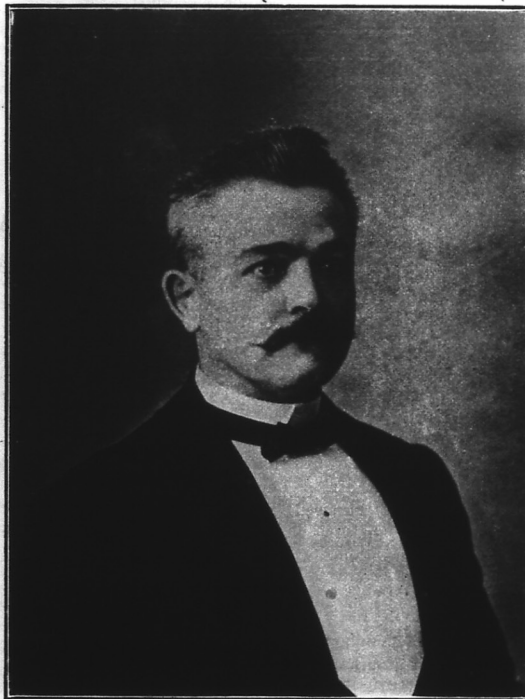
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A. J. WEIDT.

It is with pleasure that the JOURNAL presents a portrait on this page of a gentleman who by dint of persevering work, has achieved a high reputation among the fraternity as a teacher, director and composer.

Mr. Weidt was born in Buffalo, N. Y. and when eight years old began a course of violin study that lasted four years. In 1895 he moved to Newark, N. J., where he is now located, where he has attained his deserved popularity, and has at this time a class of eighty pupils—all of whom regard him with the greatest of respect. As director of the Newark Zither Society, and of other organizations, Mr. Weidt has ever shown himself most capable and painstaking; and the composition continually being written by him, and published by the ever genial Walter Jacobs, of Boston, Mass., display a talent that is rare, and which is surely winning for both composer and publisher, all that they can desire.

Next JOURNAL issue will contain an extended illustrated article concerning Mr. Weidt and his work, and of the Zither Society, which is so ably presided over by Mr. Adolph E. Wegel.



SERIES No. 11

I AM frequently asked how much I practice, when, how, etc. Now almost any good player is asked that question many times over, and as so great a number profit by the example of others, perhaps a few suggestions will not come amiss.

In the first place the length and kind of practice must be determined by the temperament and aptitude of the pupil. Some students acquire the great art of concentration very early, much to their profit. For instance, through regularity and concentration in my practice hours, I acquire a nice repertoire, while my friend through a certain lack of enthusiasm, perhaps, and a sad irregularity in study hours accomplishes but little work. He or she will plead, in a moment of discouragement, less musical talent, but many times that is not so. A successful musician must not only possess talent, but regularity, perseverance, ambition and so on.

Now to begin with the student of a few weeks. Try to practice at a certain time each day, it is good for both discipline of mind and fingers. Then you are forming a certain regularity in your daily study. Try, oh, so hard! to see some little beauty in your exercise and endeavor to enjoy them. To be thoroughly successful, you must love your work; learn to take pleasure and pride in it. Allow yourself say, at first, fifteen or twenty minutes of the hour on scales, give some time and attention to tone production and experiment with a few combinations of chords, if you have an ear for harmony. However, let me say right here: "Tone first, tone last, tone always"—I think it is Patti who says it, and I agree. Do not be a machine in your practice, with your mind ten miles off as you will accomplish very little by doing so. Occupy the rest of the practice time with studies review, and whatever defect your teacher has called attention to.

The student when further progressed, can often plan his work to suit his own temper-

ament best. Let him use discretion and good judgment.

This is a Concert Programme of a Guitarist, for October, which was rendered with good effect at "Benefit for Infant Shelter" given at Sherman & Clay's Hall, San Francisco. "Lucretia Borgia" (Donizetti-Ferrer) was rendered, with Mendelssohn's "Consolation" as encore. At the California Camera Club, "Minuet" (Paderewski-Tooker) and Schubert's "Serenade." At a lecture by the eminent Dr. David Starr Jordan, "May Breezes" (Kriepert-Ferrer) and the "Serenade" with two guitars. At the Seamen's Institute the famous old ballad "Silver Threads Among the Gold," transcription by Ferrer, and "Pearl of Xerxes" were pleasantly appropriate; and at "An Evening of Art" at Metropolitan Temple, "Rigoletto" (Verdi-Ferrer) and Manzanillo were given. The list should only interest guitarists.

A correspondent asked me for names of a few favorite Banjo and Guitar selections. I am happy to answer, to the best of my ability, altho' I am not well acquainted with Banjo literature. I like Hauser's "Cradle Song", Farland's Air, and sweet melodies in tremolo style. Manzanillo is effective, as is Paderewski's "Minuet" and Mascagni's "Intermezzo," with Piano accompaniment.

For Guitar, Arevala's "Gavotte in A," DeJanon's arr. of Leybach's "Fifth Nocturne," "Farewell" Santisteban, Gondolico Song, Op. 13, No. 4. Mertz, "Mignon" Thomas-Romero.

ELSIE TOOKER

The Young Sisters made a big hit with their programme at the concert of October 24th at the Deutscher Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., and were compelled to respond to encores for each number. Concert programme in full was as follows:

- The Holy City.....Adams
Arlington Quartette.
(a) Nocturne, Op. 9 No. 2.....Chopin
(b) Waltz, Op. 64 No. 1.....Chopin
Young Sisters.
Carmen, Fantasia.....Henbay
Mr. Ralph Rowland.
(a) Bluethen, Bluethen ueberall.....
.....Alexander von Fielitz
(b) Die Nacht ist weich wie deine Wangen
(c) Und ob du mich liessest
Miss Louise Leidersdorf.

- (a) Asleep, Adream, Awake.....Vanderpool
(b) First Meeting.....Reiger
Arlington Quartette.
(a) Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
(b) Annie Laurie—Var.....Abt
Young Sisters.
(a) Romance.....Wieniawski
(b) Zigeunerweisen.....Sarasate
Mr. Rowland.
Die Allmacht.....Franz Schubert
Miss Leidersdorf.
"Kentucky Babe".....Goebel
Arlington Quartette.
(a) Cradle Song.....Meyer
(b) Suanee River—Var.....Stoddart
Young Sisters.

Miss Elizabeth A. Bass, of Dubuque, Iowa, is one of our accomplished guitarists, and is rapidly gaining renown. A recent issue of the daily press said:

"The All Soul's Guild of 'The People's Meeting' held a very pleasant social re-union last Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. George H. Killeen on West Eleventh Street. While the principal object of the meeting was in the interest of chuch work and the promotion of good fellowship among the members of the People's congregation, music, very pleasant diversified the exercises and was the most entertaining feature of the evening. This was contributed by Miss Elizabeth A. Bass, recently from Minneapolis. She is an accomplished artiste, both in vocal and instrumental music and as a singer and as a guitar player Miss Bass won the warmest appreciation and admiration of her auditors. Socially and musically the evening was one of unusual pleasure."

Alert, there! Guitarists

BY GERTRUDE MILLER

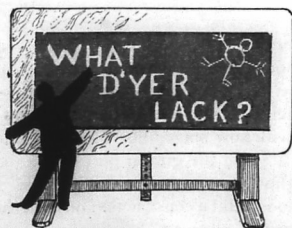
IT has always appeared strange to me that at the present age when the art of music is highly cultivated, that so little time and appreciation are given to the guitar. Among the great number of musicians and music lovers, how many know anything of the guitar and its music? The instrument is surely not at fault, as Shelly wisely expresses it in his poem entitled the "Guitar:"

"It will not tell,
To those who cannot question well,
The spirit that inhabits it
It talks according to the wit of its companions."

As a solo instrument the guitar must be classed among the best, because, in the hands of a master, it is capable of music of all degrees of difficulty from a "Grand Fantasia" from some well-known opera, to a plaintive ballad or song without words. Another advantage is, it furnishes its own accompaniment and is complete without the aid of another instrument. One violin artist whom I know, always prefers guitar accompaniment to his solos, as he thinks it blends so nicely with the delicate tones of the violin, especially in *Cavatina*, by Raff,

SCHUBERT'S *Serenade*, and many others. I think one great drawback to the study of the guitar is the scarcity of good, thorough teachers. So many of them cannot play at all, and if they do it is some *trashy nonsense* which gives their pupils a poor idea of the capabilities of the instrument, and naturally the pupil imitates his teacher and plays music of the same grade. Very often one has pupils come to them who claim that they are quite advanced, and when asked to play they know nothing of scales, but can play the Spanish Fandango and other similar trash. This goes to show that we need more good, conscientious and capable teachers, whose aim is to instill in their pupils a love for good music. Again, a great many people begin to study the guitar with the false idea that it requires only a half hour each day to perfect themselves, and put all their real study on piano. This is a grave mistake, as it takes just as much real study and conscientious practice to play the guitar well as the piano or other instruments. It is not necessary for all teachers to be great artists, but I claim that they should have a thorough knowledge of the instrument they teach and of the best music written for the instrument. My father, for instance, was not an artist on the guitar, but through his thorough knowledge of the instrument he taught my sister and myself, and also many other persons. Another drawback is the amount of poorly made guitars that are on the market. Any teacher will tell you of the great number of poorly made instruments that are brought to them daily by pupils. This alone is enough to discourage the best pupil, as no matter what effort they put forth they cannot produce a pleasing tone. Great care should then be used in selecting a good guitar and some one with scientific judgment should be called upon to select it. With these necessary requisites, and a generous amount of study and perseverance, you will never regret having studied this beautiful instrument and beside raising its standard to a high degree you will be a credit to yourself, your teacher and the public.

Mr Ernest A. Baughman of Marshalltown, Iowa, writes that through the kind suggestions of Mr. Bert S. House, he, the writer, has been enabled to hold his own with banjo study this summer, otherwise he would have been compelled to leave off practicing on account of the heat.





The March of Lige

By
**Captain Charles
McIlvaine**
Author of "1000 Ameri-
can Fungi," etc., etc.

✻ A Christmas Story ✻

Specially written
for the "Journal!"

THE DAN RIVER, turbid and riotous, forceful, rushes from the eastern spurs of the bonnie Blue Ridge, loops southward across North Carolina's border, then northward to its birth State—Virginia. Further along it changes its heroic name to euphonious Roanoke, and with milder manners loses itself in the dignified Sound of Albemarle before greeting the tides of the Atlantic. Along its banks are mountains and fertile hillsides, footed here and there with grand stretches of lowlands. On bluffs or symmetrical knolls, amid groves of gigantic oaks or brave limbed pines, stand great plantation mansions with their clusters of log houses, frame out-buildings and scattered tobacco barns. These tell of old-time wealth and splendor. Where the river waters can be dammed for power, new brick factories fringed by brightly painted villages are germs of cities. These tell of the new era—modern prosperity.

On a highland stands a gray mansion within its stark outside chimneys. Fences and cabins are gray about it; not from the shadows of night settling upon them, but from the palsy hand of war laid heavily thirty years ago. Since then land and buildings have been yielding their life, with no replenishment of fertilizer or repair.

It was Christmas Eve. Lights, one by one, were living the gray of the mansion as, like opening eyes, they gave life to its riverward face. Where an old hat, or bundles of abandoned garments, or crevices of covering boards allowed spears of yellow to escape from paneless windows in the negro quarters, they shone in the coming darkness. With them came hearty laughs, snatches of song and chorus. Later, the rhythmic thud of feet and the shuffle of shoes in dancing to the twanging of banjos. Down the lane, bobbing lanterns headed jolly parties, and far off, from lonely woodland paths, gay whistling told of single comers, warning the witches that they had never a thought of them. The colored people were gathering to a wedding in Cindy Martin's

cabin. Cindy's pretty daughter, Martha, was the bride.

Christmas and Easter weeks are inviolable to the Negroes of North Carolina. The woodpile may vanish, the stock starve, the white folks cook for themselves or go hungry; the Negroes must have their outing; old custom sanctions it. And Christmas is wedding time. Sporadic cases of matrimony occur at other periods, but they are hurry-up weddings and mostly of no account. The Benefit of Clergy is reliable in the Christmas season only, and eight o'clock in the evening is the nuptial hour among these sticklers for custom.

A cheerful wood fire cracked and roared in the stone fire place of Cindy's cabin. The oil lamps, perched high in the corners out of the way of elbows, were sallow in its light. The black forms of seated guests were animated reflectors. As the room filled, the banjo players stopped and the dancers went giggling to their seats.

On a bed crowded as far into a corner as substantial logs would permit, propped up with pillows over which the best shams were spread, rested a boy of ten. His eyes were wide open and glistening, his lips thin and drawn, his ears stood out far from his woolly head, his thin hands continued clapping time, though the music had ceased. He seemed lost in the rapture of its lingering memory. A girl of sixteen came quickly down the open steps leading from the second story. She was dressed in white. Her round head, with its crinkled hair puffed to its puffy extent bobbed upon her plump shoulders to those present, but her eyes and thoughts were for her brother Lige—the boy dying in the corner. She went quickly to him, stroked his pillows, took him in her arms, raised him higher and straighter, patted his cheeks, then kissed him. "It's come to gib you de las' kiss afo' I is married, Lige. Dat's it, honey. Is you comfortable, Lige? I'll be jes ez good to you when I is married, Lige."

The boy put his wasted arms around her neck. "I done reckon I is got to let you go,

Mat. But I is gwine, too. I heard Aunt Allie tell Aunt Mollie ez like ez not, I wouldn't see de sun rise again. De fiddlers aint come, Mat. You has got to hab a ma'ch fo' yo' weddin'. Walt Miller promised me fo' to play you one as you come down de steps fo' de weddin'. Miss Annie had one played fo' her weddin' in de big house. I mind de whole tune, I heard de band play it tru de window, an' you got to hab one like it. Deh aint no fust class weddin' widout de ma'ch. Deh aint no fust class weddin' in de banjo. Where is de fiddlers, Mat?"

"Don't worry, Lige. You'll spile de weddin' ef you worries. Walt Miller sent wo'd he couldn't come. He's gwine to fiddle at anudeh weddin'. I fotch you a nice new mout hrogan fo' a Christmas gift. You can play on it fo' me to-morrow. Here it is. See? It is a big one, bigger than your old one."

Lige's eyes looked at it. He took it, smiled, put it to his mouth. His cough shook him. He dropped it upon the bed. "Yo' is got to hab a ma'ch, Mat," he whispered. She kissed him again and ran away while his eyes were closed.

When he opened them again Martha was gone. He looked about longingly, and up the stairs. He listened until he heard her voice overhead, then he reached under the covers and brought out his old mouth organ. He compared the new one with it, blew a few strains, put the old one back under the covers and said quietly to himself, but with the authority of an expert: "De nee one is got de ma'ch in it."

He called "Aunt Allie." A motherly, turbaned woman rose, went to him and put her head close to his. "Kiver de bread pan wid socehtin' an' fotch it to me. An' fotch me a co'n cob. Don't you lef' nobody see um," he whispered.

"What you want wid de dish pan an' co'n cob, honey?"

"Nevah you mind. Done fotch um. Ef I isn't gwine to see sunrise, I is gwine to see a fust class weddin' fo' Mat."

"Hab yo' own way, honey. Yo' aint gwine to hab it long. Yo' Aunt Allie'll fotch 'em. When you git on de udeh side yo' can tell de good Lo'd dat yo' Aunt Allie waited on yo' to de las'."

She bustled about with a consequential mystery that drew all eyes upon her, but no one saw what she carried, wrapped in her apron, to the boy.

The cabin filled with people of all shades, save white. A lane was carefully kept clear from the stairs to the cabin's center. The preacher came and shook hands all around. The kitchen door opened often and anxious faces peered into the room. Behind them, candles lighted a long table where stood huge cakes, iced and studded with gum drops of various colors, tumblers filled with pickles and stick candy. It was the wedding feast. The banjos tumbled, occasion-

ally suppressed voices joined in the chords or accented the theme of well-known airs.

The bustle of feet overhead turned all heads and eyes to the stairs top. Men took off their hats and women automatically preened themselves. The preacher, with a card in his hand, on which was printed the marriage ceremony, took his stand at the end of the human lane, solidly, as if to block the expected procession should it attempt to get away. The fire along broke the silence.

A highly-glazed button-shoe, a trim ankle a border of white skirt appeared below the stair opening, slowly, as if lowered from something above. The feet of the banjoists came down with a crash, their poised hands swept the strings with a bang, their fingers picked the full, measured melody of:

"In the Louisiana lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,

In the Louisiana lowlands, low."

In single file five young girls descended the steps, their white dresses set off with purple shoulder bows, pink belts and blue streamers from the wristbands. Artificial roses, big as cauliflowers and rivaling book bindings in color, bedecked their crowns of widespread hair. White cotton gloves, regardless of fit, covered their hands. Their faces were set to the importance of the occasion and seemingly fixed with gum arabic. As the first bridesmaid reached the floor, there was a pushing in the crowd, a groomsman dived out of it, seized her by the hand and with awkward solemnity conducted her down the line until the preacher blocked them, and after much twisting, separated the couple and posted them right and left, facing each other. More diving, more couples, more fixing in place until a row of bridesmaids faced a row of groomsmen, stolid as marionettes. The banjos grew louder and louder as the players warmed to their work.

The sharp features of Lige were fixed in anticipation. His great eyes not for an instant left the stair top. Every muscle visible was set rigidly in purpose. The first glimpse of his sister Martha's shoe sole was his signal. He flung the bed covers from his bare legs; his knees held the tin bread pan, bottom upward, tightly between them. One hand jerked the mouth organ to his lips, the other raised the corn cob. His cheeks puffed. The organ slid across his mouth. The full opening burst of Mendelssohn's Wedding March rang through the cabin. Bang, fell the corn cob upon the pan. The banjos stopped. Every face was turned to Lige. His eyes followed the bride as she with her groom caught the step and marched to their appointed spot. His face was rapturous. Every note of the grand old march, chord after chord, deepened by the rapid roll of the corn cob, now struck by its end, now by its length and half length, as distinctness or muffling attuned the strokes to the harmony. The time, the scene, the face of his loved sister, his pride in a

"fust class weddin'," gave him inspiration and strength. The new organ glistened as it flew backward and forward alive with the music it gave. The corn cob was misty in its rapidity as it imitated the snare drum, deliberate as it struck the bass, delicate as it touched the kettle. Note for note, bar for bar, burst and cadence, true to the music he had heard when "Miss Annie was married," came and fell to the end. As the last sound died away, Lige laid down his cob, rested his head upon his hand and closed his eyes.

The preacher turned to the waiting couple. His voice rose in prayer. He read the ceremony from the card. The vows that made the couple man and wife were said. The blessing followed. Then the burst of laughs and congratulations.

When Aunt Allie went to Lige, she laid her hand upon his forehead, lowered her head and listened. When she raised, she pointed heavenward and said: "He's holdin' Martha's Christmas gift in his hand, but he's done playin'. Dat was po' little Lige's las' ma'ch."



A gray-headed clergyman with no sense of humor, acted as chairman at a reading the other day. "I have great pleasure in announcing," said he, "that Miss Mary Jones will now sing, 'For Ever And For Ever.'" And the greater part of the audience, who knew the lady's singing, and put rather too literal a construction on the chairman's words, arose and left the building.

The Stringed Musical Instruments of African Tribes



THE GUBO

INTRODUCTION.

MUSICAL conception would be much circumscribed—perhaps as a whole for all the characteristic qualities which real music possesses, such as time, melody, theme and so forth,—if we did not allow that the African natives were musical.

It appears that the rhythm in all African music measures the melody, that creative power is on a very low level, and that the wealth in *motif* in each work is limited to repetition. But, it is false to affirm the African has no conception of melody, and however incorrect their music may be, the strength of the tone power reaches the summit of musical production.

Any traveler will relate how the natives can keep up a strumming for hours at a time, and how they love these tones of doleful resignation. Perhaps this continuity of tone strumming denotes the beginnings of higher musical conception, and are to them soul-whisperings.

The question is interesting as to how the creating power arose. Artistic and practical creating powers appear to be of at least a two-fold nature. The first, according to universal opinion, the negro does not have. Some Africans can point to only one great creation in the domain of art, the pyramid. This power of creation depends on immensity; but, massive creation is not the basis of a musical performance. The volume of sound of the African drum-concert is also

to be interpreted in the same sense as a massive performance, and it is absolutely inartistic. The problem lies rather on the other side, for musical creation, plastic, pictorial, or architectural are diverse in kind.

The greatest artist who is admired at a concert is marked out because of his artistic abilities. This characteristic is not observed by the African natives, and the lack of it is shown, also, in each composition.

We know that the African native has made for himself scarcely one efficient instrument, but if they have more stringed instruments, and become a more complex race, perhaps they will develop a higher creative power.

PART I.

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

The best form of stringed instruments shows a power of expansion. The other forms in reality sprang from this one, and this is a fact full of meaning, for, "here we do not treat of indispensable things" (Ratzel). The dissimilarity in the geographical distribution is nothing else than a less marked incompleteness of a universal fact.

An instrument found more especially among the Zulus is called the GUBO. It consists of a short bow strung with a sinew. It gives forth a monochord. A small calabash, or gourd, is fastened near one end of the bow to produce the resonance. It is played by striking the string with a thin stick, or reed. The finger of the left hand regulates the tone.

The Basutos have two styles of GUBO, the Lesiba or Gora, an instrument of intense penetrative tone, which is, according to Casalis, enough to make a nervous person insane. The string of this instrument resembles the fifth violin string, and is stretched over a light bent bamboo bow. The string ends in a flattened feather quill.

The player holds end with quill between half closed fingers and palm, and blows hard, when quill and cord vibrate and produce a piercing nasal tone similar to that of a clarionette.

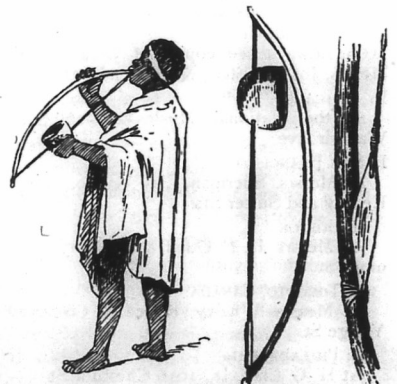
The second form of GUBO is the Tumo, a small bow more stretched out, with the

quill absent. The bow stick is furnished with a thick perforated calabash. The instrument is played by holding in left hand so as not to touch the string which is struck with a small stick. The tone is strengthened by the resonance of the calabash, and it can be varied by touching the string at different points.

The Gora is not struck like the Gubo. It is blown upon. The instrument is to be found also among the Bushmen and the Hottentots. Peter Kolben noted this fact, and called the instrument the Gom Gom.

The Gora of the Hottentots has an olive wood bow, and a sinew of gut about as thick as an A violin string. On one end, where it is fastened to the bow, is placed a split and flattened feather quill, which, together with the string running through it, is held in the mouth.

To further perfect the Gora, a clean empty cocoanut shell is fastened on the string opposite to the end having the quill. The string runs through two holes made in the shell. In this form the instrument gives forth clearer tones, and by moving the shell back and forth on the string, a surprising range of tones is obtained, indeed far beyond any possible expectation of the ordinary layman; of course, a great deal depends upon the musical ability of the performer. When three or four persons play together on their Goras the effect is really pleasing, especially when the tones

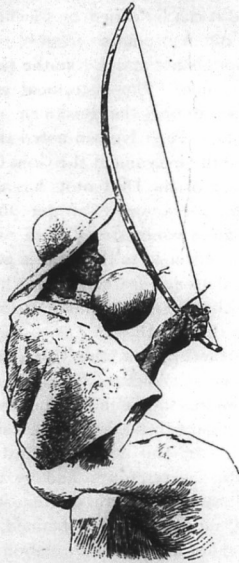


THE GORA

are deep and clear. In such instances the most delicate ear would not be offended. At first hearing one would be ready to believe the music was produced by a European who had brought a knowledge of these instruments to the highest summit of perfection, and then no words could express the astonishment of the stranger at finding two or more Hottentots were simply "serenading."

Another form of Gubo is found in large numbers in the Zambesi region. This form has a Bast or Grassfibre wreath on the bow, and on the periphery of the long wooden bow (one metre long) is fixed a calabash. A sinew of grass fibre is fastened to the bow ends.

When played, these instruments are held with the left hand on the bow and below the calabash which is pressed against the breast so that the opening is closed. The grass string is plucked like a harp string



A BASUTO WITH GUBO

with the fingers of the right hand, or struck with a small short bamboo stick.

(To be Continued.)

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By The Way!

By E. F. Eizear Fiset



THE saying that "variety is the spice of life" is both hackneyed and old. However, the old sayings are so frequently the ones that convey in the most apt manner our ideas, that one may be pardoned for using them.

Variety in food is a necessity to the civilized man, variety in color a necessity to those who can see, variety in tone to those with ears that hear and variety of thought to those who think. The same object presented to two men will give rise frequently to different ideas concerning that object, and yet both men may have eyes that see

* * * * *

I was interested in an article that recently appeared in one of our Journals by a New York man whose opinion we all greet with respect, though here I beg to vary with him on some ideas he holds.

This article was written on the subject of sight-playing or sight-reading—the former necessarily includes the latter, although not *vice-versa*.

He states that, "if any guitarist or banjoist could get an opportunity to turn the pages for a good pianist who is playing difficult music at sight he will be treated to an object lesson that should be of the greatest benefit."

I heartily agree with him in this statement—but where can anyone have this experience? Does any pianist now living claim to play music at sight? Will Rosenthal, the greatest master of piano technique, play at sight such numbers as Balakireff's Oriental Fantasie, Schumann's Symphonic Etudes or others ranking as difficult in piano literature?

I believe that even such a number as Moskowski's Caprice Espagnol, or a Morceau by Saint-Saens would prove too much sight playing for a Hoffman, De Pachmann or Paderewski. Of course we have wonderful stories of what Liszt could do in that line and what Bach could do, but the latter gentleman confessed that he got cured of the idea that he could play anything at sight.

The great artists on any instrument spend months of study overcoming the technical difficulties of their concert numbers.

Yet, I agree that sight-playing can be

cultivated to a high degree, although it is only a very great genius who can play difficult music at sight in an acceptable manner.

* * * * *

Another slight bone of contention which I pick with him good-naturedly is on the subject of exercises for guitar and banjo technique. He maintains that there are none that take the place of Kreutzer's and David's for the violin.

As for banjo, I don't know whether or no there are, so I will passively agree with him there, but for the guitar we have Carcasi's studies that are good, then progressing in difficulty Agmado's, Giuliani's and Sor's. After one can play these, one's knowledge of thirds, sixths, octaves, tenths, double, triple, quadruple, quintuple and sextuple stopping will be considerable.

The thing to deplore is not that we have no work to do but that we are not willing to do it.

* * * * *

The whole secret of mastery of an instrument is contained in the word "concentration". That person who can so cultivate the brain cell that it shall engross itself with a given subject to the exclusion of all else for a certain period of time is the one who will conquer.

Fannie Bloomfield Ziesler once told me that she never practiced more than three or four hours a day, saying that she thought if one could not become an artist with that amount of work per diem one could not with more. Most of my professional colleagues will agree.

If one concentrates their mind and body for three or four hours a day on one thing they will be thoroughly fatigued at the end of the time, more so than by six hours of desultory work.

* * * * *

I notice that there has been recently issued a new book of guitar arrangements and compositions by De Janon. His works are known most widely and favorably in this country. I am extremely fond of his arrangement of the Cavatina from Ernani. It is to be hoped that this new work will have a large sale.

The Musical Woes

OF THE

Widow Bulkley

BY JESSIE DELANE



I.

ALL the afternoon a class of prophets had wisely shaken their heads and significantly pointed to the sky. What they had predicted happened before the bell in a nearby steeple had ceased striking the midnight hour. Then it was that the first snow of the season began falling in such an old-fashioned way as to be suggestive of the best hills for sleds, the strongest ice for skates, the finest turkey for Thanksgiving, the pudding with plenty of the largest plums, and the happiest dreams of dear, old Santa Claus.

The event demonstrated that Winter had inaugurated its reign in earnest.

The flakes were still falling when the people of New York awoke in the morning,—a keen wind wildly blowing from the North, gyrating flurries of snow in every direction, causing them to add to the discomfort of pedestrians.

Anon was heard the sound of sleigh bells; shovelers were clearing sidewalks, and belated milkmen, bakers, and butchers whipped their horses the more as the foaming animals struggled through deep drifts, and hence it was that coffee was drunk without milk, and steak and rolls were missing from many tables.

I was in a most complacent mood, having just risen from an excellent lunch. Advancing toward a window I pulled aside a curtain, and stood looking upon the transformation scene without—my attention being attracted to a group of hilarious schoolboys in their enjoyment of the sport of snow-balling each other—some only desisting long enough to blow their warm breath upon their numbed fingers—their amusement being varied by massing their missiles upon inoffensive, hurrying citizens.

I was absorbed in watching some of the pranks of the rosy-cheeked youngsters—laughing heartily the while—when I was

startled by a characteristically nervous knock on the door, and a head of golden curls abruptly made its appearance, and simultaneously a voice—that was suggestive of suppressed merriment—announced that a lady visitor was awaiting me in the music room.

Thinking that only business of an urgent nature could bring a caller in such a storm, I did not waste a moment unnecessarily, and softly singing some notes from "Mignon," my light footsteps soon took me to the room which had always been dedicated to melody.

Upon smilingly entering it, a single glance at its occupant caused my buoyant spirits to almost forsake me, I did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Sitting apparently as imperturbable as a Fate from whose *fiats* there were no appeals, was a woman who was frigidity personified, her presence emphasizing my realization that I was alone with a being of distinctive individuality.

The contrasting color effects of her apparel surprised me as much as the fact that her height was insignificant in comparison with her abnormal bulk, not even the feathers that loftily waved from her big hat making her seem a single inch taller. She looked as if Nature had compressed her stature in her rotundity of flesh. While her cloak did not harmonize with her dress, both were evidences of fashionable millinery art. A single gold glass failed to hide the obliquity which caused one eye to be less scrutinizing than the other, nor did her thin lips conceal her false teeth. Her age was a problem that I was unable to solve. Traces of faded beauty were not shown in her austere face. Female vanity was obvious in the hasty use of *rouge*, and the evidences of gastronomical gratification were seen in her fat, flabby cheeks and double chin. Lying contentedly in her capacious lap

was a pet dog as white—with the exception of a little pink nose—as the snow that was still falling out of doors. The fingers of her large, ungloved hand were gently stroking the head of the animal—the other hand being unfittingly gloved and holding a bunch of fresh violets.

Succeeding, by an effort, in rising, she made an awkward attempt to bow to me, her words being few and formal as she gave me her engraved card. I read upon it the name,—“Mrs. Angelina Mary Ann Bulkley.”

II.

I had just finished my criticism with reference to the widow's general appearance when she languidly raised her drooping eyes, and querulously asked in a cracked voice:

“Have you—Ah!—such a thing as a thermometer in this room?”

The question was unexpected. It was, however, at once answered by me in the negative, with surprise in my tone.

“I did not make the inquiry,” she added, a tinge of asperity in her words, “because I have one on every floor of my house—not excepting my bedroom and *boudoir*—but because I thought that you should not be without such a necessity here. Not that this atmosphere is impure at all, but the temperature is, at least, five degrees above what I should consider as normal for health. The science of hygiene—”

Not waiting to listen to another word—my silence being a protest against her intrusive knowledge—I hastened to the nearest window for the purpose of opening it to the admission of the biting wind that was to be heard howling among the bare branches of the trees in the park—the thought being forced upon me that I had as a visitant a type of the crank species—and to throw up the sash was the act of a moment. Apparently disconcerted by my

prompt concession to her insinuating desire for colder air, she remarked deprecatingly.

"I hope that you have not given yourself the trouble to open the lower sash of that window on my account. Perhaps you would not object to closing the sash, or rather leaving it up a few inches only. Thanks. At home I am inflexible in insisting upon the necessary circulation of oxygen, at the same time not allowing my servants to cease their warfare against flies, moths, and the germs that are to be found in all dust!"

I had scarcely seated myself with as much equanimity as was possible under the embarrassing circumstances, when the weighty human kaleidoscope in color effects asked with obviously simulated urbanity and more smoothness in her voice:

"*Parlez vous Francais, Madame? No!* I do not think that the education of a woman is finished unless she speaks that beautiful language."

The satirical thrust that was seemingly hidden in her words did not cause me to utter a syllable in reply. Complacently she continued:

"My question was prompted by a desire to address my future remarks to you in French, as I wish to improve my slight knowledge of the vernacular of a chivalrous nation."

After making this *naïve* confession she assumed a meditative *pose*, a single audible sigh escaping her lips.

A glance at my face would have shown it to be an index to conflicting thoughts, if not dissatisfied feelings, the latter controlling me so far that I was about to impulsively address an inspiration in sarcasm to the anomaly in rotundity when she abruptly exclaimed with passionate earnestness and an apparently unconscious dramatic air.

"My unexpected visit here has reference to the possible solution by you of a musical problem which—like an adverse Fate—is irresistibly hurrying me on to lunacy!"

The intense feeling that was shown in the utterance of this startling declaration caused the stranger to become an object of increased interest to me. In her excitement she had risen to her feet—the sleeping dog falling on the floor,—but quickly regaining her self-control she seated herself and became a statue, her gaze being fixed upon my wondering face as she *nonchalantly* inhaled the perfume of the violets.

Reflection now caused me to allow the perplexing thoughts that filled my mind to converge to the determination to continue to be a listener only to the idiosyncracies of an evidently unhappy mortal of dislocated mental faculties.

III.

Without changing her position the widow placed her glass to her best eye, which was still fixed upon me. Slowly relaxing her

attitude she became animated with the warmth of undisguised feeling—the following remarks being made by her in a vivacious manner:

"I have a niece named Marie, who is only nineteen years of age, and who is the most charming creature in the whole world, aesthetic criticism would assert that she belonged to the exceptional beauties of the romantic type in all that served to make more fascinating the artlessness that is inseparable from naturalness, her rapturous soul being happy only in Elysian dreams that—at times—bore it far above the dull realities of earth. And she is such an enthusiast in her love for music! If she is not dreaming, she is playing the piano! She is so infatuated with that instrument as to often disregard conventional requirements so far as to sit down to play *en negligé*—not having eaten a mouthful of breakfast! Perhaps the remembrance of some of your own experiences at her age, will sustain me in the assertion that"—lowering her voice to a tone intended to be confidential—"girls will be girls! Eh! I do not forget that I was a girl in the days when I spoiled many good appetites for excellent dinners by eating *bon bons* and lumps of sweet chocolate—washing them down with a delicious julep. I suppose that I must now be included in the category of epicures because of my preference for boiled legs of fat frogs, which, I assure you, far excel *Pates de foie gras* in delicacy of flavor, and which have always had a tendency to give me a sort of hypnotic feeling should I have eaten too plentifully of them.

"My dear friend, Madame Lalarge, was prophetic in asserting that my eating steamed oysters and picking grilled bones at late hours, caused me to dream of being weary of cutting off coupons from my Government bonds, and that the ghost of Jay Gould gallantly came to my assistance, and we finished the job in an hour. How dreadfully disillusioned I was upon awakening to surrounding realities to inhale the odor of hash for breakfast!

"After I had listened one evening to the opera of 'Die Goetterdaemmerung,' I enjoyed a midnight supper of devilled crabs, plum pudding and champagne. After closing my eyes upon my pillow, my head seemed to have become a detached ball which was being vigorously kicked about by the Yale and Harvard teams! Awakening with a scream, I soon fell into a fitful slumber, in the course of which I had a frightful nightmare that finally took the shape of my insatiable landlord in demanding the payment of another increase that he had recently made in my rent. And the very next day he called upon me for the money the result of his visit verifying the truthfulness of my dream!"

This woman of amplified bodily circumference paused, as if her volubility had exhausted her breath.

IV.

When the widow again spoke there was more emphasis to her words and a shade of sadness in her voice.

"The *Grande* piano upon which dear Marie dotes so fondly, will be the death of me, should existing circumstances continue in their relevancy to its dissonant sound effects. Although Marie is a comparative novice in her want of knowledge of the instrument, all her zeal in trying to learn its secrets has not resulted in her advancement—except in a superficial sense. Vibrating without regard to time is among the least evidences of her lack of artistic skill. Often, owing to the mistakes caused by commingling her notes, and the want of other notes, she makes such a racket as to cause discord to dominate instead of harmony. If, in my judgment, she has a fool for teacher, she should not be regarded as a dunce of a pupil when the fact is known that she has the misfortune to be somewhat deaf in one ear.

"Six times in as many weeks has the adorable Marie thumped—the word is American, but of Irish origin—that piano into a condition requiring as many visits from an expert to tune it. With a fatuity deserving of better success, she persistently keeps on pounding the keys! I may not be a musical critic, but I do know that a piano is not a piano in the general dissonance caused by the colliding of its high notes with its low notes.

"I will always insist that Marie has not a competent teacher. The fellow will stand gesticulating beside that piano in his efforts to encourage his pupil to play louder, always louder! And the more discordant the results the more vehemently he applauds Marie by clapping his hands.

"It is a consolation, however, for me to reflect that in the course of future events this *maitre* may find upon presenting his card to the perspicuous St. Peter, that the latter had relegated him to the never ceasing turmoil that exists in the regions where Satan rules."

Gravely nodding her head as if in approval of her indignant words, a smile of satisfaction was followed by sounds that were suggestive of choking on her part, but they were really caused by chuckling over the prospective fate of the poor *maitre*.

After deliberately rubbing her glass, she dangled it from a finger of her left hand as she resumed her talk.

"Should I have had a free Punch and Judy show on the roof of my house, the sight would not have gathered a larger crowd of codfish vendors, old clothes men and ragged urchins on my sidewalk than does the *unique* practice of sweet Marie, all faces being turned towards the parlor windows, all eyes filled with curiosity, all ears listening to the *grotesque* in Marie's manipulation of the keys. Some slatternly women with bawling babes in their brawny arms, wagged their heads dubiously—cynical men exchanged significant glances, the

incredulous whispered together in a sympathetic sense, the pious devoutly crossed themselves as if to exorcise the notes of a witch of discord!"

V.

The loquacious widow lost not a moment in continuing her remarks, as follows:

"My laundress had chosen to leave my service because of my refusal to pay her wages in gold, and give her Sundays in which to go to Coney Island, breathe its moral atmosphere, and revel in its fascinating attractions, including feasting upon dead horse and drinking dubious beer.

"I was, therefore, under the necessity of having all my washing done at a Chinese establishment, and the first time that the basket of clean clothing was brought to me on the back of a pig-tailed representative of the Flowery Kingdom, that piano happened to be on the rampage to such an extent that the Celestial lingered in the basement hall in a listening attitude. As he was departing these were the words that the heathen creature—smelling of opium and soapsuds—gleefully uttered aloud: 'Blery fine mlusic—muchee likee Chinatown mlusic!'

"After this equivocal praise from a pagan critic, the piano playing still went on—apparently from bad to worse—in its generally annoying sound effects.

"My naturally sensitive nerves are showing some of the results of the rasping ordeal. My wits are becoming dull, and even my memory is failing me. The other day I made a mistake in counting my change at a bargain counter. My most solemn promises to pay pressing debts—including my pew rent—have not been fulfilled. It is all owing to that piano.

"At the breakfast table this morning I forgot—for the first time in my life—to put the usual quantity of Old Cognac in my two cups of Mocha coffee—pouring it all into one!

"And when I was sitting in my easy chair in my *boudoir*, I was in such mental trouble about the means of raising the money that was necessary to pay the installment due on the piano, as to put the lighted end of my cigarette in my mouth!

"I would as soon think of eating raw onions before going to an O'Grady Three O'Clock Tea as to doubt the veracity of my esteemed friend Madame Lafarge—who is a married sister of Madame Lalarge—when she informed me that Miss McCarty had confidentially expressed to her the opinion that the playing of dear Marie was an approximation to a cage full of screaming parrots with the tooth-ache, or a lot of monkeys and apes playing ten-pins, and quarrelling and fighting over games, or anything else that was significant of distinctive noises.

"I would rather be a missionary and take my chances of being eaten by cannibals than to forget that I was black-balled upon applying for membership in Sorosis. My ex-

clusion was simply because of my advocacy of women's right to wear trousers, although a member told me that the Society had not degenerated into an organization for exceptionally fat women.

"I believe that should Spain ever claim the North Pole by right of discovery, her rule over the natives of that region of ice and snow would be beneficent and just.

"Whether Mars was inhabited by races who knew the difference between draw-poker and progressive euchre, or by Christians who loved their neighbors as themselves —"

She did not finish the sentence, because she was under the necessity of pumping more or less air into her lungs. While she was thus engaged, her language had served to remove my last doubt that personal troubles had caused her mental vagaries. I had begun to seriously reflect upon the best way of getting rid of the corpulent being without creating a scene, I being apprehensive lest she might have an attack of hysterics or apoplexy. I even imagined that heart failure might cause her to suddenly collapse on the floor. Despite all my fears she calmly sat toying with one of the silky ears of her still sleeping pet.

VI.

In a few minutes the widow had started her tongue on another jag in words.

"My physician has told me that should I ever expect to marry again, I must prolong my life by finding some means of ending the tireless and peculiar playing of that piano. When he first heard the instrument in full blast, he remarked that was just the right sort of thing to be donated to a lunatic asylum. He then very kindly intimated to me that rest in a sanitarium would prove beneficial to me.

"Two weeks ago one of my boarders informed me that he would not ask for a renewal of his lease of the top floor of the five-story brick dwelling—in which I have lived for twenty years, and from which I have buried three husbands—unless I would promise to have dear Marie cease her piano playing, he alleging that the din was making his nights sleepless, and was increasing the risk of losing his life insurance by causing suicidal thoughts on his part.

"Last week a neighbor called to tell me that he would not take a second mortgage on my furniture unless the wrangling and the jangling of the piano should end without further remonstrance from him.

"Just before lunch yesterday a man who lives in a rear house, and who is always in arrear for his taxes, made his appearance in a state of great excitement and declared that he had lost so much flesh owing to insomnia caused by the piano noises, as to have been compelled to buy new suits of clothes, and that want of sleep had caused his facial looks to change so much as to resemble those of a notorious pickpocket.

"Then came one of my boarders with a bill for the value of a bull-dog, which he claimed was alive one night and was found dead the next morning. As I could give him no satisfaction in a monetary sense, he became dogmatic in his doggerel, and had I been a man, he might have become pugnacious. He left threatening a law suit, and declaring loudly that the piano had killed the beast.

"Upon his departure the sexton of an Orthodox Hebrew Synagogue introduced himself to me in broken English, and stated that the funeral of a wealthy pawnbroker named Balls would pass my residence in the afternoon, and it was the request of the congregation—and especially of the relatives of the deceased—that the piano should be silent long enough to avoid adding to the sorrowful feelings of the mourners.

"The exceptional person to make no complaint next had an interview with me. He asserted that it was his misfortune to have a mother-in-law living in his family, who, apparently, never intended to die. He was consoled, however, by the reflection that the piano might result in her demise at an early day should its racket continue unabated, and in the event of the piano causing the death of his mother-in-law, he would take great pleasure in renewing my promissory note for sixty days. Before leaving, he advised me to buy a number of Kalamazoo tom-cats—a breed noted for fighting qualities and as disturbers of human slumber—and let them loose in my back yard every night.

"As if to add to the unfortunate situation generally, Bridget—who was an excellent cook and judge of whiskey—was prostrated by a severe attack of illness resulting from eating too freely of a genuine Irish stew that embraced too many imported French mushrooms. To what an extent she had drank too freely of my best Irish whiskey was not very problematical. Her red nose generally pointed towards a whiskey bottle.

"The climax was reached when my colored butler left me without a moment's warning to go to fight for the Boers. He was a darkey with a weakness for the functions of master of ceremonies at cake-walks and was always playing hookey from revival meetings. He would make a success as a fakir in amusing the Christian people who visit cheap and popular sea-side resorts in order to study sin in the varying phases of human life. How far a native of Kamshatha would prefer whale oil for good old rye whiskey I cannot tell, but I do know that that darkey had an insatiable appetite for ice cream as a steady article of diet. He always stoutly claimed that it was the only remedy for his dyspepsia.

"It was under such generally unfortunate circumstances that I was compelled to answer to the ringing of the front door-bell and the basement bell, sometimes both ringing at once.

(Continued after Music Supplement)



No. 3—Music-Art

By F. Aug. Gevaert.

With some people gifted with true musical sensibility, they leave a deep, durable impression, also reaching the other domains of the human soul. It is through the hidden action of an elite minority rapidly increasing, that in music, the surface of general culture rises little by little. The ascending impulse which has led the contemporary generation towards more highly complicated and most select musical enjoyment, has been of an astonishing rapidity; characteristic of the nineteenth century. To be convinced one only needs to compare the present repertoire of an amateur pianist, or singer, with the one of fifty years back.

In those days simple little songs, and easy operatic selections, formed the invariable element of family concerts. To-day we find on all pianos, instrumental, vocal, and dramatic works of masters. Everywhere the classics have taken the lead. How shall we explain this, which seems to be impossible contradiction? The simultaneous culture of traditional and innovated art, rids itself of all impediments. Can we not see by that any other cause than our instinctive desire to prevent the return of extreme sensations, so as to establish a moral equilibrium? It is ever proved that the presence of this double tendency, so abundant in its results, has coincided with the stormy period of the struggle of the Wagnerian art, the evidence of which fact, has even struck the most avowed adversaries of this great musical art

III.

It would not sufficiently justify the title of this discourse, did I not point out to you, in a brief abridged way, the direct action of music, on the other æsthetic manifestations of the end of our century. It shows itself in painting, the proof of which is found in the technical vocabulary of modern painting, full of musical terms. The action of music on the literary productions of the Roman language, is not less to-day. It is highly proclaimed in France by eminent theorists of literary criticism. In describing the art of emblematical poetry, Mr. Ferdinand Brunetiere says: "The two contrary influences of literature and art—Baudelaerism and pre-Raphaelitism have been soldered together, through the fires, a third one music, the greatest and most general of all, or rather the art of Richard Wagner." With us, as well as in France, Italy or Spain, one speaks in a familiar way of a Wagnerian poetry or painting. In times, long before the triumph of the works of Richard Wagner, musical influences were felt, not only in Germany, where since at least a century, music is considered an essential agent of general culture, but also

in France. They were evident in the novel writings of 1830, and even go back to the first recital, of the symphonies of Beethoven, complete emancipation of instrumental music. There is no exaggeration in saying, that it was the discovery of a world for European art. Beethoven was the Christopher Columbus of those marvelous regions. It was through Beethoven's symphonious art, that Wagner (according to his own statement) gained the conception of his dramatic organism.

The orchestras, the brass bands, enlarging the domain of their musical sounds, transform at the same time their expressive power, and their power of intellectual suggestion.

The modulated voice, the human organ joined to language, has no rival when one wishes to express primitive sentiments, passionate moments of which the subject is fully conscious, such as hope, love, hatred, rage and enthusiasm. The ideal voices of the instruments, productions of art, hold unbounded sway; they draw us to the enchanted land of dreams, they bring back half forgotten remembrances, they move our inmost feelings, and open for us, the obscure regions of the unconscious, through which come the decisive actions of our existence.

Musical sounds have rendered us sensible of that, which no eye has seen through, or tongue tried to articulate. It is the pre-eminent order of sensorial impressions, physical movements, that in our times, one has tried to introduce in painting, prose or poetry.

The painter has tried to put on canvas, the invisible, the intangible, and the wrong side of phenomena. On the other side, the poet and prose writer has drawn out of the vocabulary, all that it conceals, in the appealing and suggestive power. The one and the other trying to rouse feelings; impressions like those, caused by instrumental sounds. The poets above all, aim to bring forth in the imagination of the reader associations of ideas, sudden, through the unforeseen, as is produced by combination of chords and harmonical transitions. The verse of the most inspired poet of the new generation: "Music before all!" is the rallying cry of the new symbolical school.

It cannot be denied that the obstinate search for musical sensations has caused the enrichment of the French language, and in a certain sense, its modification. The idiom first characterized by clearness and precision, had to stoop to the notation of the shading of sentiments, extremely delicate and complex. It has been obliged to bring out the feelings of the soul, which it never transcribed before. By that it found itself well prepared to initiate the French logical rational spirit of nature, in the misty and transcendent conceptions of the new literatures of the North. It does not become us to pass judgment on the new literary tendencies, or to reckon on

their future importance. Here we have only solved what share music had in the recent evolutions of the æsthetic taste.

IV.

After having shown the present position of musical art, in the social and intellectual life of our present times, I cannot part with my readers without bringing forth, a question of the greatest importance, for its solution holds the secret of the future destiny of music.

This grave question I will then give you, "The great expansion, that the musical movement of the XIX century has made in the very depths of our populations, is it not called to exercise a benevolent, productive influence, in the intercourse, of the different classes, of the people?"

"In other words, is music still capable of holding social mission?" In principle it is not to be doubted.

To strengthen my affirmation, I will not remind you of the old myths of Amphion and Orpheus, which show in music, the first organizing element of human associations. I will not implore the testimony of Pythagoras, the divine philosophy founder of the harmonical science, or Daman the music master, political counselor of Pericles. I will be satisfied to repeat to you the words of two contemporary great thinkers, of whom the authority will not be doubted. The celebrated English sociologist, Herbert Spencer, says: "Music must take a rank at the head of fine arts, for it is the one which does the most towards the happiness of humanity. Not satisfied with exciting our strongest instincts, it awakens the sleeping sentiments, that we did not understand, or know of. The obscure presentiment, of an unknown happiness, and the confused dream of a new and ideal life. Only a prophecy, the fulfilling of which music must assure." Mr. Emile Montegut, one of the finest French psychologists, proclaims the social mission of our art, in these enthusiastic terms: "They are the miracles accomplished by that magic of sounds, called, music. It breaks through the luxurious carnal inclosures, which extinguish the human words. It gives to souls, the means of communicating together; it creates a language, the power, and kindness of which, is felt by the poor, and most ignorant. It speaks, and suddenly the souls hearing it, sigh in their solitude, shiver with joy, and are radiant with happiness. Imagine a crowd, a prey to the emotion caused by a musical work. What large surge of moral life, intangible, and luminous, circulates through the auditorium."

Laying aside the poetic turn, and the unfolding of their thoughts, we are of the same belief as the two eminent writers, that music is the human art in reality. More than another it seems called to unfold its moral action, in the hearts of the modern democracies. The art of the form, does not produce æsthetic commotion in a hundred people at the same time. But, music the beneficent art, of which the most powerful manifestations take place before assembled crowds, thanks to its mysterious power of softening the feelings, music seems to be destined to diminish self-praise, to revive amongst men, the feelings of sympathy, of fraternity, and to render to people, the consciousness of their solidarity, where struggling for existence has parted them.

(To be continued.)



PRACTICAL TALKS

BY BERT S. HOUSE

Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs.

Their Organization, Membership,
Instrumentation and Music.

NEW SERIES, No. 2.

IN my last this space was devoted to a discussion of the college club. There is more to be said on this subject and it should be understood that these remarks are not intended to reflect upon the standing or ability of any particular club, but rather to put before the fraternity in general a few points where reforms might be introduced with good effect. So far as I am concerned, my personal relations with several college organizations have been of the most pleasant character, and it is in a spirit of friendly criticism that I hold up the reform for some of the boys to take a peep at.

In the conversation referred to in the last article, something was said about the general average of club members being unable to read music readily, thereby making it necessary to put them through the "stuffing process" in order to get them into shape to play their parts. I was much amused at this statement as I knew the contrary to be the rule rather than the exception, and cited as an example my own club, the members of which are able to handle third grade music at sight. The gentlemen were evidently a little incredulous but they did not say so. I have no doubt that the "stuffing process" is resorted to in some cases, but not to the extent that my college friends would have me believe.

I have noticed a peculiar thing about college clubs and that is their work is governed in a great measure by their own precedents. Their formation, instrumentation and stage work have been handed down from year to year without any variation to speak of. Why this should be so I cannot say, but the fact is evident to any one who has attended their concerts. A club of which I have personal knowledge will serve as an illustration. I have been present at several concerts given by this organization and have enjoyed their playing very much indeed. The effect, however, was sadly marred by their stage appearance. When the time arrived for the concert to begin, the curtain rose and discovered the stage set with two parallel rows of empty chairs.

The members, clad in evening dress, entered one by one, sufficient time being given for each member to reach his place before the next one appeared. Each man remained standing in his place until they were all on, when a nod from the leader gave them the signal to sit down, which they did like so many automatons. The banjos occupied the first row and the mandolins and guitars were placed in the rear. The leader sat at one end of the first row and gave the signal to begin by another nod. The attack can be imagined. As they left the stage at the conclusion of the number the soldier-like regularity of movement seemed to be forgotten for they made their exits like a flock of sheep jumping over a fence. In case an encore was demanded the foregoing performance was repeated; and this happened at every club number on the program. Probably the boys did not realize how ridiculous it looked to the audience, but I heard some unfavorable comments on it from people in the audience. The same idea was carried out at subsequent concerts given by the same club. On this point particularly, a reform was badly needed.

Many of my readers have doubtless noticed that college clubs almost invariably divide their forces into two parts, viz: a banjo club and a mandolin and guitar club. In the case of the former the mandolins and guitars are usually brought into requisition for harmony parts while in the latter form the banjos are left out. In many cases there are no banjo parts written for some of the music but in the main the only real difference lies in the distribution of the leading parts. I am somewhat at a loss to discover a sufficient reason for the complete division.

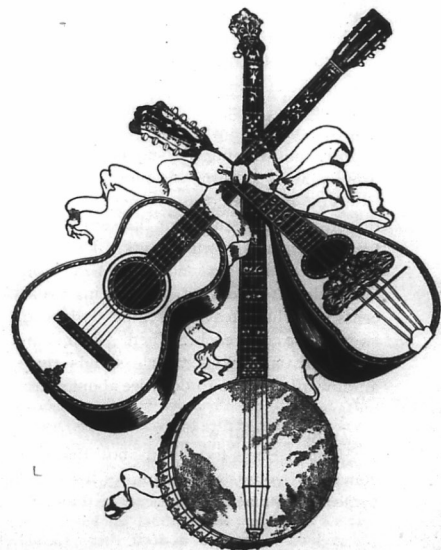
The custom of playing without notes is largely prevalent among college organizations, and while not confined to those clubs, we find it here more than anywhere else. The advocates of this method of playing have a precedent in the original Spanish Students who never used notes when playing their concerts. Their case, however, was an exceptional one, and there is much to be said on both sides of the question. Playing from memory is all very well when the selection is an easy one but when a club starts in to play a good, stiff number, the "spots" are handy things to have nearby. Mistakes are not so liable to occur when the player is paying attention to his music. I have heard it said that one reason the college men do not use notes is that it distracts their attention from the pretty girls

in the audience. There may be some truth in that but I won't stand to prove the assertion.

In conclusion I would say to the college clubs, keep up with the times. Model your organization after the best ones you know of outside the college. Be progressive. Do not think too lightly of your work. You are apt to be subjected to the same criticism that falls to the lot of others, and it is to your interest to make as good a showing. Do not look forward to your concert tour as a holiday that will be one long round of pleasure with no hard work, but rather work with a view to reflecting credit on your organization and the college to which you belong.

In parting, let me add another word of advice. If you have a college yell, don't bunch together on the stage and spring it as I have heard some clubs do. It is childish to say the least, and whatever laurels you have added to your reputation will be knocked into a cocked hat. Such things have their place, I dare say, but that place is certainly not in a concert room in the presence of a cultivated audience. Save it for out-door use.

(To be continued.)



WHAT

WE

TALK

ABOUT

The Exploits of Two—(?)

—BY BOLSOVER GIBBS—

PART TWO.

"Come in, Sam. You're on good time; just 'alf past seven. There's nothin' like punctuhality! Your trunk's 'ere. Tell me 'ow you managed that fool of a janitor, an' then I'll tell you 'ow I fixed things hup."

"I got the dollar, first."

"That was good! 'ow did you get it?"

"Borrowed it."

"That was better, as you parted with no hassets. Hassets should always be at a premium. That's the true secret of finan- ceerin'."

"The janitor didn't turn up at the restaurant until half past six, and I began to fear he wasn't coming. He's generally there at six prompt."

"Ha, ha! 'e was standin' in the front door way when the furniture man an' I came along. 'E didn't know the dealer. I then introduced the dealer as a friend from Chicago. We chatted and smoked for awhile an' then I suddenly remembered old Jenks the coal man wanted the janitor to see the coal weighed afore it left the yard, an' so off Billy went as our cart came hup."

"Billy told me he'd been to the coal yard, and that old Jenks was mad to think he was suspected of cheating."

"Ha, ha!"

"Billy swore he would never take in coal again unless he saw it weighed as he now believed Jenks had been cheating all along."

"Ha, ha! Billy owes me a good turn for that."

"Billy was full up about that abduction case in the evening paper, so we had lots to talk about. Then I treated him to a drink and that together with what he had before supper, sandwiching his supper, made him drowsy, and I left him asleep in the saloon."

"You managed things fine. I sold all there was in the studio for the sum of nineteen dollars and seventy cents. I sold one thing at a time an' not all of a lump. 'Ere's the hitemized list. Deducing twenty cents for drinks leaves us nine dollars an' twenty-five cents each. There's your share. My trunk is packed, your's stands there, an now all we 'ave to do is see about gettin' on board."

"Where's your wife?"

"Gone! She's fixed hup, but that's no concern o' yours. Come on, we'll go down to the docks and see what can be done."

"Say, quartermaster, we want to see the steerage steward, where are we to go?"

"Forrard! Go along the port gangway, and ask for Gilbert. He's there."

"Gilbert what?"

"Gilbert Hardy."

"So! He belongs to this ship."

"He won't after to-morrow morning when he gets paid off. Arthur Davies then takes the berth."

"When do you sail?"

"To-morrow night."

"Thanks! Come on Sam. * * * Now we are through the gangway let's go ashore again. We don't want to see Gilbert. I know 'im, but we don't want the Quartermaster to think anythin', or Davies to learn that we know Gilbert. Lucky we spoke."

"Steward, is Mr. Harthur Davies on board?"

"You'll find him below. Go down that companion way."

"Thanks! * * * Mr. Davies I believe."

"The same."

"Well sir, we won't detain you more than a minute. We think of takin' passage by this vessel, and as we both are musicians, as you will perceive we carry our instruments, we want to know if we would be allowed to make collections for performances given."

"I don't think the captain would raise any objections. So far as I am concerned you may, and I think you will do well as we shall carry a large number of passengers."

"Very good. Try and reserve a couple of good bunks for us near the port holes. Much obliged. Come on Sam, get on deck. * * * Let's go into the saloon. * * * By the looks of that party there they are Westerners. Some are to sail and some are not. We must strike 'em for dollars! We just want a few more to hadd to those we made on the street last night and this mornin'. I'll speak to that young gent in shore rig. * * * Sir, as we notice the ladies of your party are sad at leave takin', we would be very 'appy indeed to sit and play here awhile if by so doing it would impart a little cheer."

"You are very kind indeed. Good idea. Go ahead. Keep your eye on me."

Luke, *sotto voce*: "You bet!"

"Luke! Luke!" exclaimed Sam with the disease of *mal de mer* pictured all over his visage, "has the moon come up yet?"

"Ye Gods!—I think everything has come hup!—Just take a look around."

"There's more yet. Ugh!—"

"You've got 'em bad!"

"It's awful. Ugh!—Wish I'd stayed

at home, and never listened to you. Oh, Lord! There go my lights!"

Luke only smiled as he watched Sam's red hatband flutter and sink to meet the embrace of the tempestuous seas.

"I'm a goner! You've been my evil genius, Luke. Finish your infernal work at once."

"Stow that! Come on and join me at supper. They are goin' to serve pork and beans an'—"

"Oh Lord!"

"Marmalade."

"Get behind me!"

"You bet!"

"Say, Sam, our valuable services are required to-night."

"So! Where? In the saloon?"

"No! Down in the Glory Hole."

"Where's that?"

"'Tween decks, in the fok'sle."

"Never heard of it."

"You'll be initiated this time. A full ceremony takes place to-night. All 'ands will be present. We provide the music. You know the dead march in Saul?"

"No!"

"You will do!"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Let's go below. I'll write out a part for you to commit to memory. Come on. Show begins at two bells."

(To be Continued.)

"RAGTIME" IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

During the last month the Editor of *The Church Economist* had occasion to visit one of the leading Sunday school supply houses of New York. Seeing exposed for sale a large variety of Sunday school song books, he asked the manager which of them all sold the best.

The manager picked up a cheap, paper covered booklet, bearing a sentimental title and of the commonest appearance, and one the contents of which was seen to be of the most shallow and flippant character. "This book," he said, "is just now selling better than any other."

"Can you and will you explain why?"

"Certainly," he replied. "This book is compiled by two young men who have boldly and frankly set out to write Sunday school music on current principles. Just now, as you know, the fad is for 'ragtime.' The 'coon song' and ditties of that type reign at the vaudeville and other resorts. Hence, these writers compose a ragtime Sunday school book. When the fad changes they say they will change with it and keep in touch with the new fad, whatever it be. And I am bound to say the scheme works; the books sell."

"But how about this and that?" asked the Editor, referring to Sunday school collections of the so-called "easy" or "popular" character which have enjoyed extensive sales.

"Oh, they're dead stock," said the manager, "had their day. You see, Sunday schools always want new books; they're always changing. And just now, as I've said, it's 'ragtime.'" Then the Editor picked up an approved collection, still "easy" but largely made up of the historic hymns of Protestant worship and tunes that were written by intelligent musicians with a serious purpose, and which have been indorsed by continued good usage.

"Oh, we don't sell any of that," said the manager, "no call for that sort of music."—*The Church Economist.*



MICHIGAN.

BATTLE CREEK. On October 30th, there occurred, at the Methodist Church, one of the most enjoyable concerts ever held in this city. The Allen Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo Club appeared in force, and rendered the following programme in admirable style:

- a. Phoenix March.....Agnew
- b. La Vigne.....Guckert Club.
- Banjo Duet—"Stars and Stripes".....Sousa
Mr. Allen. Mr. Coggeshall.
- Harp Guitar Solo—"Loves Old Sweet Song"
.....Molloy
Mr. Allen.
- Wildwood.....Allen Club
- Mandolin and Harp Guitar—"Evangeline"
.....Pomeroey
Mr. Allen. Mrs. McCutcheon.
- Mandolin Solo (unaccompanied) Medley Fantasia
a. Trio
b. Duo (melody and accompaniment)
c. Church organ effect
d. Duo (pizzicato accompaniment)
e. Quartet Form
J. Worth Allen.

- Serenaders' Patrol.....Clay Club.
- Banjo Duet.....Allen
Mr. Allen. Mr. Coggeshall.
- Mandolin Solo—"Ben Hur Chariot Race" (Duo)
.....Paull
Mr. Allen.
- Old Electricity.....Snyder Club.

Mr. J. Worth Allen, director of the Allen Club, is a graduate pupil of Samuel Seigel, and is a soloist of unusual ability. Mr. Seigel says of him: "I cannot speak too highly of Mr. Allen's ability, and I regard him as one of the best players and teachers in this country." As will be noticed by the programme of above concert, Mr. Allen uses a Harp-Guitar for solo work. Mrs. McCutcheon is an able accompanist, and her work at the concert elicited much favorable comment. Her playing is most effective at all time.

DETROIT. Mr. N. Sidney Lagatree is now head of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar department of the Michigan Conservatory of Music, this city. The Lagatree Mandolin Quartet has been gaining further laurels. This Quartet consists of,

- N. S. Lagatree, 1st Mandolin,
 - W. W. Baird, 2nd Mandolin,
 - A. Robinson, Cello,
 - G. H. Swan, Harp.
- On the evening of October 17th, Mr. Lagatree presented a highly finished and enjoyable recital. Programme was as follows:
- Mandolin.
 - Serenade Badine.....Gabriel-Marie
 - (a) Menuett.....Bocherini
 - (b) Le Cygne, Melodie.....Saint-Saens
 - Polonaise.....Bohn
 - (a) "Slumber on".....Abt
 - (b) "Love's Old Sweet Song".....Molloy
 - Fifth Air Varie.....Dancla
 - Vocal.
 - (a) "Licht der Sonne".....Glinka
 - (b) "A Dream".....Bartlett
Mr. Albert Rosoff.
 - Banjo.
 - 2nd Mazurka (Kuywiak).....Wieniawski
 - (a) March (Posthumous).....Schubert
 - (b) Spanish Dance.....Moszkowski

- Witches' Dance Fantasia.....Paganini
- (a) Wiegenlied.....Hauser
- (b) La Pericole (selection).....Offenbach
- Gypsy Rondo.....Haydn
- Miss Martha Hohly and
Miss Edith MacNaughton } Accompanists.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA. On November 11th, the Mt. Vernon Banjo Club gave a very fine concert in the Baptist Temple, under the auspices of the Usher's Association. Programme was as follows:

- Organ Solo.....March, "Aida"
Mr. J. Phillips Rowland.
- Selections.....Florodora, Burgomaster
Mt. Vernon Banjo Club.
- Baritone Solo....."The Time Will Come"
Mr. D. Houseman.
- Reading....."Biff Perkins' Toboggan Slide"
Miss Josephine Crowley.
- Contralto Solo.....(Selected)
Miss Kathryn McGuckin.
- Xylophone Solo, March....."On Duty"
Mr. Frank Ogden, accompanied by Banjo Club.
- Baritone Solo.....(Selected)
Mr. D. Houseman.
- Reading....."The Cow and The Bishop"
Miss Josephine Crowley.
- Contralto Solo.....(Selected)
Miss Kathryn McGuckin.
- Waltz....."Excerpts"
Mt. Vernon Banjo Club.
- Mr. W. G. Young is the manager of the Mt. Vernon Club, for which responsible position he is well qualified.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON. Great preparations are being made for the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Festival to take place here at Tremont Temple, January 22, 1902. Mr. Walter Jacobs is the Manager, and he is indefatigable in the work he is doing. The soloists to appear are:

- Vessel Ossman.....Banjoist
- Samuel Siegel.....Mandolinist
- Katherine Hutchinson.....Soprano
- Alida Donnell is down for readings, and the Clubs will be the Boston Ideals; the Bacon Banjo Quintette; Bay State Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra, and Lansing's Boston Mandolin Orchestra.

The Festival Orchestra will be composed of 150 performers.

Undoubtedly the event will be the greatest in importance since the Philadelphia Festival at the National Export Exposition in 1899. In all probability the attendance will be not less than 3,000 people. Further, it is intended that the first regular meeting of the Guild will be held during the Festival, and the Institution be thus launched upon its career.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK. The second Concert of the Olympia Musical Club took place on November 6th. The Club was assisted by the North Newark Musical Club, the Newark Quartette Club, and the Bernhards, vocalists. The active members of this club are:

- Zithers. Misses Edith Baigent, Katie Ross, Katie Noll, Katie Schadt, A. Kuhnle; Messrs. Ch. Sichter, Geo. Lauerhass, Frank Schambach, Jos. Thome, A. Grafe, Robert Dallmus, Ernst Conrad.
- Mandolins. Messrs. P. Keimig, F. Seidler, W. Bock, Adam Stortz.
- Violins. Messrs. A. Klittich, J. Nabb, C. Rech.
- Guitars. Messrs. Fred Koch, Fred Smith, A. Mayer, Ch. Sichter.
- Mrs. Jos. Thome was the able director.
- Programme, admirably rendered, was as follows:
(a) "Opening March".....A. Spiegelberg
(b) "Butterfly Mazurka".....Jos. Thome
- Olympia Musical Club.
- The Newark City Quartette
- Messrs. Clark, Growney, Freeman and Dempsey.

- (a) "Heart Whispers"—Song without..... Words.....F. Umlauf
- (b) "Die beiden Lerchen"—Polka.....J. Kellner
- Miss Edith Baigent Miss A. Kuhnle
Mr. Jos. Thome Mr. F. G. Schambach
The Bernhards, Vocalists.
- (a) "New Love, New Life"—Waltz.....Burda
- (b) "Eröffnung-Marsch".....Bartel
North Newark Musical Club.
(Mr. M. Bock, Director)
Newark City Quartette.
- "Ein Abend am Traun-See".....Hans Frank
Mr. F. G. Schambach.
The Bernhards.
- (a) "Chicken Pickin's"—Dance Descriptive.....Thos. Allen
- (b) "The Speedway Galop".....A. J. Weidt
Mandolin, Guitar and Violin Section.

The Newark Zither Society, A. J. Weidt, Director, presented a Grand Concert on November 13th, following was the exceptional programme:

- (a) Festouvertüre.....H. Warmshacher
- (b) March, "Alle Mann an Deck".....C. G. Burda
Newark Zither Society.
- Piano Solo, Grand Galop "Concert".....Schulhoff
W. P. Florschuetz.

- Mazurka-Herzblatthen.....W. Boeck
Ladies of the Zither Society.
- Serenade, "Parting".....A. J. Weidt
Guitar and Mandolin section of the Society.
- Songs { "My Own Wild Western Rose".....Shattuck
{ "Old Farmers Slow".....Geibel
Harmonie Quartette.
- Gavotte, "Gedenke Mein".....Steffens
Zither Society.
- Banjo Solo, Behind The Hounds.....T. Allen
A. J. Weidt.
- Song, "Asleep in the Deep".....Petrie
J. Moeltner.
- Assisted by Harmonie Quartette.
- March, Triumphzug des Königs Wein.....Burda
The Pyramid Section of the
National Turnverein.

Next JOURNAL issue will contain an elaborate article about this Society which is spoken of as the Pride of Newark.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO. Mr. Samuel Adelstein is undoubtedly doing his utmost to keep the Mandolin well before the general public, and in connection with over 3,000 copies of his book, MANDOLIN MEMORIES, that were gratuitously distributed on the Pacific Coast, he is fully entitled to believe that he has done considerable for one person unaided to help the cause. Following is a list of Mr. Adelstein's professional engagement of the past three months:

- September. 11th, Seaman's Institute, San Francisco; 17th, First Presbyterian Church in Alameda; 20th, St. John's Episcopal Guild, San Francisco; 26th, Musicale at residence of Mrs. Martin Schultz, Oakland; 21st, California Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco.
- October. 29th, Musicale at residence of Mrs. D. F. Ragen, 1299 Haight St., for benefit of St. Agnew's Church, San Francisco; 31st, California Chapter Order of Eastern Star, Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco.
- November. 1st, Musical Program given by Theodote League connected with Second Unitarian Church; 3rd, Musical Program of United Brotherhood; 6th, At Reception to Ladies given by San Francisco Chapter of Royal Arch Masons; 8th, At Musicale given by The Lebanon Presbyterian Church (mandolin duet with his pupil Miss Anita Ferguson); 12th Musical Program at Congregational Church in Alameda; 13th, At Musical Program given by Unitarian Club in Alameda; 21st, At Musical Program given by the Ladies of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco.

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It contains a treatise upon the perfect tremolo, and how to perform it correctly; also, illustrations showing clearly the correct position of holding the mandolin, so as to obtain the best effects when playing; and also, an illustrated finger-board, with the location of the notes upon the different strings.

It contains Solos, arranged with full harmony, which new style of arrangement brings to light many hitherto unknown beauties of the instrument; something found in no other work; and which is a most valuable feature to all who desire to play the mandolin as a solo instrument.

It contains Duets for Mandolin & Guitar; also for Two Mandolins; all new, and a number of beautiful Marches, Polkas, Song and Dance pieces, etc., which were written, arranged and graded for this work exclusively. The grading has been carefully done; the pieces ranging from very easiest to the most difficult.

The book is well and substantially made: bound in heavy, flexible covers and beautifully printed from stone by the lithographic process, and sells for One Dollar per copy.

For sale by all music dealers, or may be had of the publishers.

LYON & HEALY,
 CHICAGO

With a start she glanced hastily at her watch, remarking *sotto voce*, "Stopped again." I was only too glad to tell her the correct time. An apology fell from her lips for having detained me longer than she had intended when she began her talk, and as if influenced by the determination to end the interview, she raised her hands imploringly, and thus addressed me in a pleading tone:

"I must not delay my departure longer than to ask a favor of you. Having heard the whole story about a piano that was the cause of bad luck to so many people, I wish you would meet dear Marie and myself here to-morrow—the hour to suit your convenience—for the purpose of persuading my niece to dismiss her teacher and select another instrument in preference to the piano."

The suddenness with which this proposition was made nonplussed me. I was silent regarding an answer—in fact, a refusal was rising to my lips—but the words of earnest entreaty of this fleshy contrast to a bean-pole decided her appeal in her favor to the extent of my offering to recommend to Marie a lady teacher who wanted pupils, and who was a personal friend of mine.

My proposition was accepted as the only alternative under the circumstances, and the next day Marie became one of her mandolin scholars upon the payment in advance for a term of lessons.

Marie was found to be a pretty, fascinating, willful and capricious young lady. She had only taken a few lessons when she became somewhat deaf in the other ear, and was compelled to relinquish the rest.

My friend lost sight of Marie for some time. One day she was surprised by a visit from Marie, whose hearing had in the interval been so far improved by skillful treatment that she was allowed to learn the banjo instead of the mandolin. And it seemed that the more artistically she vibrated the strings of that popular instrument, the less she realized that her hearing had ever been impaired.

THE END.

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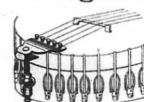
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 or 4 Mandolin Solos,
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 by eminent composers.

The Musical Woes of the Widow Bulkeley

(Continued from page 13)

"The first person to be admitted by me was a man to tune that piano once more. Then came an individual whom I recognized as the collector of the installments that were due on that piano. Now, I would rather eat roast octopus than to pay him another dollar until I have a receipted bill in full from sweet Marie's patient dressmaker."

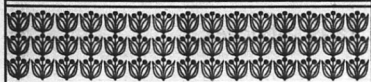
VII.

"Oh! Never has my soul been so sorrowful since the day when my favorite husband

died." Here the widow placed her handkerchief to her eyes. "He was an aeronaut and fell out of a balloon ten miles from land and at a height estimated to be five and three-quarter miles. He had sometimes said that it might be his fate to meet McGinty at the bottom of the sea. He did not leave me one cent of the ten thousand dollars in insurance on his life, all having been bequeathed by him to his divorced wife."

The widow paused. She was evidently restraining emotional feelings of some sort.

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



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(Since May, 1898.)

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Correspondence is solicited from all interested in the cause of the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar.

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

Copy, advertising and literary, should reach the office not later than the 1st of the month.

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

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

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

A red slip in the JOURNAL constitutes a notice of expiration of subscription.

No. 132, DECEMBER 1, 1901.

...EDITORIAL...

THIS issue completes Volume XVIII, and closes the record of an eventful year, a year which, perhaps, has had more than its share of radical changes, twists and turns, in the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar world. Good shake-ups are necessary at times to point out more clearly the path that lies ahead.

I heartily thank all readers for the exceptional support they have accorded the JOURNAL this year, and wish (in which the Stewart family join) them all

A Right Merrie Xmas,

and

A Bright New Year.

CHARLES MORRIS.

KINDLY NOTE.

MR. Arling Shaeffer has received the following letter, and sends same on for publication in the JOURNAL, believing that some readers will be disposed towards making the coming Xmas a little bright for an unfortunate:

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., November 6, 1901.

MR. ARLING SHAEFFER.

Kind Sir.—You will, no doubt, be surprised at getting a letter from a poor unfortunate convict, but knowing you to be a man who can be appealed to, I take this opportunity of appealing to you in love, friendship and truth, I have lived in this place ten years, and in ten more years I will get out. Through the kindness of the warden I have the privilege of learning the Guitar, and I am going to ask you to help me by sending a book of instruction. I make ten cents per week, and will send you that until you are paid for your trouble. I have an old patched-up Guitar. Some of the frets are gone, but the instrument has a good tone. If you can do anything for me to help me learn, I will appreciate the kindness as long as I live. It is a great pleasure to me, as it helps to pass the long and weary days, weeks, months and years away. So hoping you will be blessed with a long and happy life, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) _____

Mr. Arling Shaeffer responded to the request, and sent the Method, etc. (free of charge, of course) If any readers care to forward some Guitar music they are not in need of, or strings, etc, to Mr. Shaeffer, 241 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., he will be pleased to send same on to the unfortunate man.

DISCUSSION.

American vs. Italian Writers for the Mandolin.

AN article upon this subject was to have been received in time for insertion in this issue, from Mr. Arling Shaeffer. The necessity, however, of early printing of this issue in order to ensure the despatch of heavy mailing promptly upon the date of publication, defers the insertion of said article until January, 1902.

Mr. Shaeffer, in his correspondence, states: "I assert that America has done more to advance the Mandolin artistically, both in performance and composition, than Italy has ever done. I claim that our American compositions have reached a much higher standard of excellence than any produced in Italy. I am quite well acquainted with most all of the foreign publications for the Mandolin, of which Italy has the most and the best, such as it is. But by no means do any of the foreign writers expand into the great possibilities of the instrument as has been demonstrated by Siegel, Stauffer, Abt, Stoddart and some others of this country. The Italian school clings to the violin style of writing, melody only, little or no self-accompaniment or full harmony style such as our aforementioned players have indulged in. The Mandolin has advanced more in ten years in this country than it did in one hundred years in Italy. The instrument is not generally

well played in that country. Many of the performers do not read music at all, and only play like the Mexicans do the Guitar, in Mexico. I think a discussion upon this subject conducted through the JOURNAL will interest everybody. My article upholds our American artistes and composers, and leaves myself out of the question entirely. I intend to publish some pieces by Italian composers right away, and send free copies to those competent to make comparisons with those of American composers and draw conclusions. This will do much to enable players to become more acquainted with both schools, and towards stimulating and encouraging American composers which they are more than entitled to."

If any readers of the JOURNAL desire to make any advance opinions or statements upon this interesting topic, they are requested to forward same to me before the 15th of December, on which date the last form of January JOURNAL is made up for the press.

CHARLES MORRIS.

THE GUILD.

OWING to the JOURNAL having to go to press early in November, the regular report could not be prepared in time. The latest news appears in the *Cadenza* for December. The Secretaries of the Guild propose to call the first meeting to order at the Festival to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on January 22, 1902, and Mr. Partee and I would like to hear at once from as many of the applicants for Guild membership as can arrange to be present.

CHARLES MORRIS,

Philadelphia Secretary.

TO VISITORS.

FRIENDS who have written stating their intention of calling at the JOURNAL office, are advised that 1016 Chestnut Street is again the place where such calls may be made.

Mr. Lemuel Stewart, assistant editor of the JOURNAL, is located there, with Mr. H. G. Clay, who carries a full line of the S. S. Stewart's Sons 4S Banjos, etc., and both gentlemen will be pleased to meet old and new friends of the JOURNAL at all times.

Correspondence with Mr. Lemuel Stewart may be addressed to 1016 Chestnut St., care of H. G. Clay, Jr., or to the editorial and publishing rooms of the JOURNAL, as heretofore.

Bankrupt Estate Stewart & Bauer.

AS creditors are now taking more interest in the JOURNAL, it is well they all know the estate is indebted to Charles Morris to the amount of \$80.00. The Stewart & Bauer Co. owe the same amount. Total \$160.00. Liabilities actually incurred with JOURNAL to date is \$240.00, off which \$20.00 only has been paid to Mr. Morris since he began publishing the JOURNAL, on December 1, 1900. More anon.

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Maizy, My Dusky Daisy.
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Everybody Has a Whistle Like Me.
When The Birds Go North Again.
The Old Pestmaster.
In the House of Too Much Trouble.
I've Got Troubles of My Own.
Why Don't the Band Play?
Magdalene, My Southern Queen.
I Ain't Gwinter Work No More.
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There are Two Sides to a Story.
Tobie, I Kind O' Likes You.
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Stewart's Journal has no merchandise to sell. Its revenue is solely derived from subscriptions and advertisements.

All advertising copy or notes for insertion in Commercial Budget must reach the office by the 1st of the month to insure insertion.

Copies of music publications for Review should be sent at earliest moment.

ADVERTISING RATES

	Price per insertion
One inch, single column	\$ 2.00
Half column of 6 inches	11.00
Full column of 12 inches	21.00
Quarter page of 25 1/2 square inches	16.00
Half page of 51 square inches	31.00
Full page of 102 square inches	60.00

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Norway	Gold	Crown	26.8
Peru	Silver	Sol	43.6
Portugal	Gold	Milreis	108
Russia	Gold	Ruble	51.5
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SALUTATION.

The JOURNAL Editor and Publisher, and all those directly connected with the JOURNAL, herewith beg to thank the trade and profession for the liberal patronage accorded during the year now drawing to a close, and wish for all

A RIGHT MERRIE CHRISTMAS
and
A BRIGHT NEW YEAR.

New Music Review

SERIES No. 10

[Publishers are invited to Submit Copies of New Issues for Notice under this heading.—Ed.]

E. C. Ramsdell, Boston, Mass.

(a) Overture, The Merrie Musician..... E. C. Ramsdell
(b) March, Soldiers of Uncle Sam E. C. Ramsdell
(c) The Lover's Waltz..... E. C. Ramsdell
(a) For 1st and 2nd Mandolins, Mandola and 3rd Mandolin, Guitar accompaniment and Piano accompaniment. FOUR MOVEMENTS. Nine-eight, Key C; two-four, Key A minor; Common, Key D, and six eight, Key G. Depicts a musician in four different moods. FIRST MOVEMENT. *Andante con moto*, opens stately, and contains fine chord work to a passionate melody. SECOND MOVEMENT. *Allegro agitato* is a striking contrast in three parts; mandolins having the melody in the second part to which the mandola and the guitar respond in the third by a marked bass solo. THIRD MOVEMENT. *Andante moderato*, 16 bars, may be likened to a chorale or prayer. FOURTH MOVEMENT. *tempo di Marcia*, very lively, and is a pleasing finale to a very meritorious work. This overture is not difficult in any degree. It has been written (and arranged by Geo. L. Lansing,) to meet present requirements of clubs. There are so few overtures suitable for club work that this one should be in great demand. While a simple work, it is solid; and one the performers and hearers will ever enjoy.

(b) A happily chosen title for an original stirring and lively march. Keys F and Bb. Six-eight time. Arranged by Geo. L. Lansing, for Banjo, Mandolin or Guitar solo, and all club combinations. Trio contains a very effective movement in imitation of a drum and fife band. This march bids well to become a big favorite.

(c) A short waltz, keys C and F. Very original and pretty and well contrasted melodies. As original as the Loin du Bal Valse. Arranged by Geo. L. Lansing as Mandolin or Guitar solo, and Mandolin and Guitar combinations.

The type work on the above is good, print very clear, on strong, durable paper.

M. Witmark & Sons, New York.

(a) Oasis, A Caravan Episode..... Otto Langey
(b) Hampton Roads..... Leo. E. Berliner
(c) Barnyard Frolics..... John W. Bratton
(d) Our Native Land..... Victor Herbert
(e) Good night, beloved, good night, J. B. Oliver
(f) Tale of a Bumble Bee..... Gustav Luders
(g) Dance of the White Rats... E. Fieff F. Kamman
(h) You needn't say the kisses came from me..... Stanley Carter

(i) Molly Molloy..... Fred Rycroft
(a) On the order of a patrol. Truly oriental in character. Keys G, D and Bb, two-four time, for 1st and 2nd Mandolin, Guitar or Piano accompaniment. Mr. Langey has long been known as one of the most original and versatile of modern composers of this particular class of composition. The variety to be found in all his works of an oriental character is astonishing. Persons who have resided long in Eastern lands, are familiar with the peculiar habits and lives of peoples there, consider Mr. Langey is peculiarly happy and successful in

all his themes and their treatment.

(b) March and two-step for 2 banjos. Six-eight time. A distinct advance on many recent publications. Melodious. Very popular with "sea-jackies." Not difficult.

(c) For 2 banjos. Two-four time. A rollicking rollicker that every banjoist will delight in. Very showy.

(d) Being March No. 2 from the "Singing Girl." Half common time. This bright and lively march is a favorite everywhere, and banjoists will be glad of the opportunity now to obtain this arrangement by Geo. L. Lansing.

(e) Solo, Bb Cornet, or Baritone, with Piano accompaniment. An arrangement by Tom Clark, of the famous song. Verse section in common time, chorus section, twelve-eight time. Key Bb. Always effective for concerts or musicales.

(f) March and two-step, from King Dodo, for 2 Mandolins, Guitar or Piano accompaniment. Two-four time. Keys C and F. Quaint and full of humour.

(g) For Mandolins and Guitar or Piano accompaniment. Keys C and F. Common time. One of those compositions written for a special style of stage dance. Marked rhythm. A very creditable and pleasing effort.

(h) Arrangement of the popular song for Mandolin and Guitar. Key D, common time. As a parlor item it is growing in high favor.

(i) Arrangement of popular valse song for Mandolin and Guitar, Piano accompaniment. Key G. Easy. Good for young students,

Walter Jacobs, Boston, Mass.

(a) Yazoo Buck..... D. S. Godfrey
(b) The Horse Marines..... Thos. S. Allen
(c) The Assembly..... Paul Eno
(d) Northern Lights Overture..... A. J. Weidt
(e) Cupids on Parade..... Geo. L. Lansing
(f) Among the Flowers.....

(a) A Wing Dance. Keys G and C. Two-four time. One of the liveliest little numbers recently issued. Published for all combinations.

(b) March and two-step. Keys C and F. Six-eight time. Military to a degree. Very spirited. In high favor with bands and orchestras; and an excellent club item.

(c) March and two-step. Keys G and C. Six-eight time. Mr. Eno has here given us an effort that will greatly please.

(d) Overture for full Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar orchestra. Mr. Weidt's latest and most pretentious effort, and which does him great credit.

FOUR SECTIONS: Key A minor, common time. Key C and F. Two-four time. Key F. Nine-eight time. Key F. Two-four time. FIRST SECTION, MAESTROSO, *ff*, opens with bass solo, 16 bars leading into a glowing melody in Key of C. SECOND SECTION: *Allegro*, in two movements recall the favorite style of Herman and Bouillon. THIRD SECTION: *Andante amoroso*, is a pretty melody providing the desired contrast. FOURTH SECTION: *finale* in two movements is a fine piece of climax working. The entire overture is a valuable addition to the original works issued for clubs and any well balanced club will experience pleasure and profit in the performing at concerts this season.

(e) March and two-step. Two-four time. Keys C and F. Arranged as solo for any instruments and for all combinations. No rag-time measures. Light and airy. Has a vocal section

for the cupids. Swinging melodies throughout.

(f) Since mention of this in No. 131 JOURNAL, parts have been issued for all club combinations, and solo parts for all leading instruments. The effort is one of Mr. Eno's best, and is fast gaining a warm place in affections.

Jos. W. Stern & Co., New York City.

- (a) La Spandola.....George Rosey
 (b) Kiss Me Good-Bye and Go, Jack
B. M. Jerome
 (c) My Evaline.....M. A. Sloare
 (d) Miss Hannah from Savannah.....T. Lemonier
 (e) My Castle on the Nile.....B. Williams
 (f) The Silent Violin.....H. W. Armstrong
 (g) The Phrenologist Coon.....W. Accoco
 (a) Spanish Medley Waltz Suite. Keys C, G and F. Very melodious and characteristic. Not difficult.
 (b) A two-verse lover's parting song. Militaire throughout. Key Eb. Range D to Eb. Verses six-eight time, chorus two-four. An admirable number. Is suitable for all English-speaking communities on earth, and bids to become a leading favorite. The attention of music dealers in British Colonies is particularly called to this publication.
 (c) A dainty two-verse song with refrain. Key G. Range D to E. Very musical.
 (d) Two-verse Coon song for swell ladies. Common time. Key Eb. Range D to C.
 (e) Coon song on a new and original plan. Two verses and chorus. Very funny. Two-four time. Key G. Range D octave. Humorous accompaniment.
 (f) Two-verse sentimental ballad. Has a fine touch of human nature. Key G. Verses common time, chorus slow waltz. Range D to E.
 (g) An intensely funny Coon song. Two verses. Key Eb. Range C to F. Will live long after the Coon "love" songs are forgotten.

Agnew Music Pub. Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

The Twentieth Century Method for Mandolin, by J. E. Agnew, is now published, and contains graded studies especially for beginners. The book is a decided step forward.

GROENE MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

The Heinline Complete Instructors for Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar, are unquestionably among the best and most practical of any methods issued for years. The Mandolin Method has been enlarged and revised, and all teachers are advised to send for sample copies and the special terms mentioned in the advertisement in this issue.

TRUAX MUSIC CO.

This firm has a new announcement in this issue that will be read with interest. The adjustable Mandolin Bridge produced by aforesaid firm, is used and endorsed by Samuel Seigel and other famous players. The circular now being issued by the Truax Music Co. contains information that every Mandolin and Guitar player ought to read.

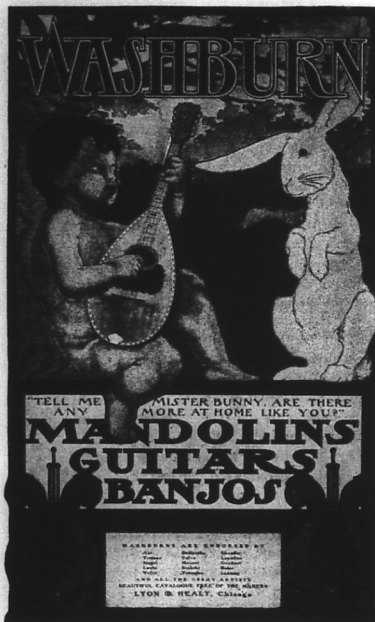
MESSRS. LYON & HEALY.

Few musical houses in the world have attained to a greater eminence of reputation and magnitude of interests, as has the firm of Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill. There is hardly a section of the globe to be found where the name has not reached. Anything and everything known in musical merchandise is handled by the firm, and they are manufacturers of many lines of instruments and fittings, small and large, from a mandolin to a pipe organ, stringed instruments, wind instru-

ments and instruments of percussion. Along with the instrument trade, an immense publishing business is conducted.

For the undertaking of great enterprises toward the continual elevation of musical art, the firm is greatly to be admired. As manufacturers of harps the firm is without a rival, and their collection of rare old violins is on a par with Hill's, with whom they rank as experts on violins.

Coming to the Lyon & Healy productions that are of particular interest to JOURNAL readers, are the Washburn Mandolins, Guitars and Banjos, which are endorsed by Abt, Tomaso, Siegel, Levin, DeReszke, Calve, Maurel, Scalchi, Tamagno, Shaeffer, Lapatina, Guckert, Lansing and others. To the present great popularity of the Mandolin, Messrs. Lyon & Healy have induced not a little by their steadfast efforts in putting out high grade instruments; and having salesmen who can explain with ease and grace to customers any question put in reference to the instruments. The present year has been as records plainly show, the most successful in the history of the Washburn instruments



In view of the greater interest now being displayed towards the Guitar as a solo instrument as well as for accompanying, it is interesting to note what the superintendent of the Lyon & Healy factories has to say upon the construction of the Guitar. He says:

"In the better grades of Guitars, rosewood is generally used for sides and backs, chiefly because of its beautiful figure and the very high polish it is capable of sustaining. This wood grows in abundance in South America, and is brought in logs to this country. The logs are then sawn into thin lumber. This stock when received at the factory is sawn into sides and backs and then carefully put in racks so constructed that the air circulates around each piece until thoroughly seasoned. This process is slow but sure, and guarantees beyond doubt that the wood can be used with safety. It takes about three years. The top is made of American spruce and receives the same process of seasoning as the rosewood. The top used on cheap guitars is usually thick and heavily braced, but with high-grade instruments the spruce is carefully selected and the top is made of the proper thickness and special attention given to the bracing, so that the best tone may be obtained. The best toned instruments

have very thin tops, and nearly always bulge a little back of the bridge. This bulging is really a benefit, although it is usually regarded by dealers and players as a defect. Pearl ornamentation is no detriment to tone if properly made and artistically put around the edges and sound-hole. Heavy ornamentation is usually put on cheap, gaudy-looking instruments, made to catch the untutored eye. The neck is made of Spanish cedar, and the finger-board of ebony. Nearly all the ebony used in this country is brought from Africa. It is a most difficult wood to season and is very susceptible to checking. This wood cannot be used with safety before it has been seasoned for at least three years. The finger-board forms the most important part of the Guitar. The scale must be absolutely correct, as the slightest inaccuracy in the first spacings makes the instrument absolutely worthless. Unfortunately there are on the market too many commercial instruments, and it is surprising how many dealers in their mad rush for cheap goods will grasp this grade of instrument, which is sure to disgust the beginner. There is no objection to the neck if it has a very slight bow, as it makes fingering a little easier. Many players, knowing this advantage, request the neck made in this manner. All zither finger-boards, you will find, have a slight bow. The model or form is very important and must have the proper proportions, as this has much to do with the tone. Considering the length of the strings, the distance from twelfth fret to fret in bridge should be one-sixteenth longer than from the twelfth fret to nut at head, otherwise the strings will be sharp when pressed against any fret.

The cut that appears on this page is a reproduction by the Viking Head Studio, and the poster has just been awarded first prize in the poster competition just held by "The American Printer," of 150 Nassau Street, New York City. Every teacher and studio is welcome to a copy of this brilliantly colored prize art poster which measures 12 x 18 inches. All that is needed to secure a copy is to write to Lyon & Healy and mention Stewart's Journal, and one will sent you in a tube, post free.

JOS. W. STERN & CO.

This firm is having heaps of congratulations showered upon them for their enterprise and great artistic success of the 4S Banjos, and Mark Stern Mandolins and Guitars. Mr. Fred S. Stewart's visit to Philadelphia in November with samples of the 4S Banjos, caused quite a sensation. Curiosity had prevailed in Philadelphia since Mr. Fred S. Stewart made known his move to New York, and it rose to a high pitch on the day when it was whispered Fred was in town again. The curiosity gave way to amazement and intense pleasure among banjo experts when they saw what a 4S instrument really was, and had criticised its every point, and had thoroughly tested it. One and all declared that Mr. Fred S. Stewart had indeed succeeded in following in his father's footsteps, and produced a genuine musical instrument the like of which had not been seen since Mr. Stewart's death, and which proved that Mr. Stewart did not after all carry with him to the grave the real secrets of making the glorious instruments which had born the Stewart name. Mr. Fred S. Stewart was commended for having so well guarded his father's discoveries, ideas and desires, until such time as it was ripe to put them into practice in an ideal Stewart Banjo. The banjo fraternity and lovers of the instrument everywhere, here and abroad, owe Messrs. Jos. W. Stern & Co. a deep debt of gratitude for their enterprise, and there can be no questioning the fact that when the merits of the 4S Banjos are more widely known, a rich and well-earned harvest will ensue. The instruments are put out and offered for sale upon merit only, and not upon the

reputation achieved in past years by a man who is now no more. It is one of the most difficult things in the world for the son of any man who attained a world-wide reputation, to follow up the parent's work. But there are exceptions, and we truly have one case now, in which there will surely come a time of much rejoicing. Nothing will, this Xmas tide, gladden the heart of admirers of the old genuine Stewart Banjo so much as to "have and hold" a 48 Stewart.

JOS. MORRIS.

This rising young publisher of 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., issued last month, November, for two mandolins and guitar, his great song hit, "Things in the Bottom Drawer." His "Darkies Home Sweet Home," with tremolo climax, is a great banjo selection, and is being featured by Fred Stuber, the popular banjoist. Last Journal issue contained two of Mr. Morris's publications for banjo, and this, the Xmas number, contains another. Some announcements of very important publications will soon be made, meanwhile Mr. Jos. Morris wishes all Journal readers to know that he is fully equipped for catering to the especial wants of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists, and a card to him will bring forth valuable information.

THE A. C. FAIRBANKS CO.

This firm reports that this season promises to be the best they have ever had for the banjo. The White Laydie Banjos have proved to be instruments that take at sight, and at present orders for future delivery will keep the firm busy for some months. Messrs. Fairbanks aim to make the very finest class of goods, and keep the name "Fairbanks" at the front in everything pertaining to the banjo. Rome was not built in a day, and in any line it takes years of hard work to obtain a substantial record. Messrs. Fairbanks expect that with their best materials and skilled workmen and a thorough knowledge of the business to produce the results they desire.

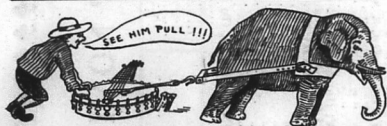
The Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Festival to be held in Boston in January, is attracting widespread attention, and already some of the noted people in the musical world have stated they will attend. Messrs. Fairbanks are working earnestly for the success of the undertaking. The Guild Secretaries will be present, and also most of the applicants for membership from the Eastern States.

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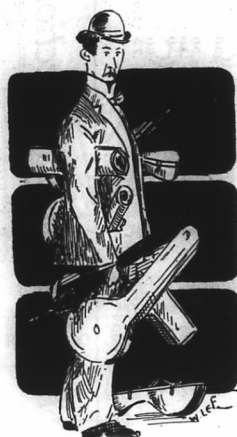
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