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S. S. STEWART'S
BANJO  GUITAR
JOURNAL.

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S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

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S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL

Is Published Each Alternate Month.

SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CENTS PER YEAR,

With premium, consisting of a copy of the
Banjo and Guitar Music Album.

THE TEACHER.

At this period of the year most of our banjo and guitar teachers enjoy a period of rest from their labors. Those who are opulent enough to lay aside all music teaching during the heated term are indeed fortunate.

There is little to be gained in any department of life by overwork, and at certain seasons it is well for every person, if possible, to lay aside all business and care, and enjoy a period of relaxation.

Music teaching, like all other business, has its enjoyments on one side and its annoyances on the other.

Too much music will produce weariness and discomfort just as likely, as too much of anything else.

A series of concords heard continuously become monotonous and tiresome to the musical ear, and discords are therefore employed to vary the monotony.

So it is with us poor mortals in life—too much pleasure becomes monotonous and wearisome, and we must have our little discords in the shape of trouble to blend with our lives and make them endurable.

But on the other hand, too frequent discords render ones life very unpleasant and often unendurable. It is therefore better to harmonize one's life as much as possible and endeavor to adapt ourselves to the conditions in which we are obliged to live.

The sensitive, nervous teacher has often a hard life. He may be compelled to accept as pupils a class of people with whom it is difficult to harmonize.

Through lack of pecuniary resources he may be compelled, in order to gain sustenance, to teach in a manner decidedly adverse to his views—views which adaptation and musical talent, coupled with persevering study may have shaped.

His pupils may through lack of musical knowledge and experience—thinking they know far better than their teacher what is best for them, decline to be instructed in scales and fundamental principles, and demand "new tunes" at each and every lesson. There are those who would rather run before they have learned to walk—they run first but generally bring up with a walk and often

come to a short stop. There are few teachers who have not had their share of this class of pupils.

The intelligent teacher finds this class of teaching at variance with his ideas and frequently becomes disgusted with his business. Then, when he finds others who appreciate his efforts to instruct and who show their appreciation in their endeavors to profit by his instruction, he is cheered and even better able to lead them in their studies than if no inharmonious conditions marred his labors and life.

There is an old saying: "Every man to his trade," and this applies directly to the teacher.

It is not every one who can instruct successfully.

The most proficient performer before the public may fail entirely as a teacher.

Instructing in any art requires a natural aptitude or talent, without which the most apt student may fall far short of success as a teacher. And yet success in teaching does not lie entirely with the teacher. Every person born into the world has a natural capacity for acquiring some one thing better than he could acquire anything else.

Some may possess only one talent—others several—but every one possesses, undeveloped in himself a particular talent or ability for acquiring some one thing better than he can acquire any other thing.

With some this one thing may consist of music, with others mathematics, and with others financiering

No one ever becomes a great musician unless he has within himself the gift or talent for music, which may be developed to a greater or less degree—But it must be *in the man*. If a musician finds that he can teach others his art—if he likes teaching better than performing; then it is safe to concede to him a special call as a teacher of music. That is, he may conclude that teaching music is his calling for this life, and he is pretty sure to be successful. But, as we have previously said, success in teaching lies only *in part* with the teacher.

He cannot give *talent* to his pupils; neither can he confer upon them *musical gifts*, that must be innate, so far as their ability to acquire skill in music is concerned.

When a pupil has a natural desire to study music it is almost certain that he possesses *talent* to some degree, or at least the ability to become a musician to a certain extent; otherwise he could not have within him the *desire* to study music.

It is far better for parents, whose children

desire to learn music, to provide them with suitable instruments and the means to properly proceed with their studies than to attempt to suppress the desire with an idea that their learning music may unfit them for other studies or hinder them in future business prospects.

But, on the other hand, the parent, however much he may desire his son to become a musician, should hesitate to force upon him musical studies with an idea that he can make a musician of him. He must be *musical* or he can never be a *musician*.

There is a good story told of an ignoramus who, having "struck oil," decided to give his daughter a musical education.

He procured for her the most fashionable teacher his money could obtain, and after a few weeks instruction he demanded to know how his daughter was getting on.

Says the teacher: "Your daughter, sir, I am sorry to say has no talent for music."

"Talent, sir?" exclaimed the parent—"here, how much 'I take to buy her one?"

He had plenty of money, but there are some things that money cannot purchase, and one of them is *musical talent*.

Thus it is that the intelligent teacher will have some pupils at whom he points with pride and others at whom he does not care to point at all.

When a pupil has made several successful public appearances it becomes an excellent advertisement for the teacher who can say: "have you heard my pupil?"

Others may hear the successful one play and say "I'll go to him (the teacher) for lessons; he is a great teacher—he must be—for he taught so and so."

But he could not have taught the pupil successfully unless said pupil had the talent within himself. Bear this in mind.

There are many pupils who soon acquire all their teachers are able to teach them, and in some cases far outstrip them in ability to perform, and yet the same pupil may be a failure as a teacher.

On the other hand, had successful pupil gone to an incompetent teacher he might have been so retarded in his art as to have become discouraged, and through lack of proper instruction never have learned to play at all.

We say to the the pupil: Endeavor to secure a good and intelligent teacher and follow his instructions faithfully; at least until you are sufficiently advanced to be able to judge as to what is best for your progress.

We say to the teacher: Be faithful to your pupils; remember that each is a separate in-

dividual, and that no two can be successfully taught in precisely the same way. The way is open unto all and yet no two are alike—no two have the same way. Tact is essential to the successful teacher. Do not overwork yourself; do not overdo your work; do not strain the sensitive nerves of the ear with too much "banjo," but vary the monotony by a little of the more pensive guitar. Be virtuous and you will be happy.

Imported and Native Guitars.

In many catalogues put forth by music houses we find the following article on Guitars (or articles so little varying in purport as to amount to the same thing).

"It is well known by all in the trade, that the imported Rosewood Guitars, from the fact of their being made of unseasoned material, will not stand the climate of the United States.

All who have ever dealt in them have had considerable annoyance and loss by the Guitars splitting and warping. Many efforts have been made to improve their quality, but without success."

Some of the dealers go on to say that they are manufacturing a *reliable Guitar*, especially adapted to the climate of America, etc. According to the information set forth in these various catalogues one would be led to suppose that all Imported Guitars were entirely worthless and that Guitars of a superior quality were manufactured plentifully here in America. But such is by no means the case.

It is true that the Imported Rosewood Guitars are very unreliable as well as inferior in tone, but there are often Maple Guitars met with here, imported from Europe, which are good in tone and sound equally as well as any Native Guitar the changes in our climate; the only trouble being in the fingerboards, which are generally made of stained wood instead of solid hard wood.

We have occasionally met with these Maple Guitars, manufactured in Germany, which in point of finish were equal to any moderate priced instrument turned out in America, and in some cases superior in tone.

But owing to the meagre prices paid for these goods to foreign manufacturers by our American importers it would be folly to compare an imported Guitar with an instrument made here and costing probably five times as much. Hence there can be no fair comparison between the cheap Imported Guitars and those of native manufacture.

When a person has succeeded in securing a good Imported Guitar of curly maple back and sides, it is well to have a new fingerboard and frets put on it, after which it is just as liable to stand the wear and tear of our climate as any Guitar made in this country at double the cost.

We do not mean to assert that all imported Maple Guitars are good, nor do we believe that ALL American made Guitars are good—not by any means. Some of them crack in spite of fate and some of the best made turn out dull in tone.

There are comparatively few Guitar makers in this country, and the general cry among wholesale dealers and reputed manufacturers is "we can't get enough Guitars to fill our orders."

If this is the case why don't they get more?

The reason is, as we have just said, because there are few *guitar makers* in America. There are those who claim to be manufacturers of Guitars who never manufacture an instrument, but simply buy their stock where they can.

The *Tilton Patent Guitar* is one of the prominent and best advertised Guitars made in this country. The instruments are advertised by the reputed manufacturers, J. C. Haynes & Co., of Boston, Mass., but supposed to be really manufactured in Mt. Vernon, New York, by Almerberg, who is believed also to manufacture the *Bruno Guitar*.

It is alleged that the patents on the *Tilton Guitar* have run out and that the Guitar is now

unprotected legally; but whether other manufacturers consider the improvements claimed by Letters Patent on this instrument worth imitating is a question.

The *Washburn Guitar*, advertised by Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, Ill., we have never as yet been able to examine, therefore have but little to say concerning it.

Touk & Bro., of New York, sell a guitar, said to be manufactured in Ravenswood, Ill. They are a good medium-priced instrument, judging from what we have seen of them. Several importing houses in New York tried guitar making but all made a failure of it for one reason or another.

J. Howard Foote, proprietor of the *Bini Guitar*, claims that it is almost impossible to secure reliable hands to make fine guitars, and this we believe to be the truth. There are very few skilled workmen in America who understand guitar making. There are plenty of them in Europe, but they do not like our damp climate. Some of them come here and go back home again, preferring less money and more native cheese.

CONCERNING STRINGS.

It sometimes happens, especially during the hot season, that strings will "snap off" frequently, and in fact, in some cases, break as fast as tuned. If the banjo is not tuned *too high* in pitch the fault lies in the strings.

There are no strings made that will withstand the hot climate, or summer seasons, with the same durability that they have in cold weather, or in a dry and even temperature. This is a fact well known to experienced banjo players and musicians generally.

Then again, every dealer, and consequently every performer, occasionally gets poor strings. This is as certain to happen as death and taxes.

Even in the highest priced strings imported into this country, those that are false in tone will be found, and also, at certain times, those that break. Because a string breaks it is no proof that it is an *old string* (Chestnut,) or a string that has been kept long in stock, for some of the freshest strings imported break just as frequently. The difficulty lies in the material from which the strings are made, and often in the unfavorable weather during their manufacture.

Therefore, when you swear at the breaking strings, dear reader, you should first damn the poor little lamb whose intestines have been consumed in the making of the strings. Then damn the weather, which may have been inclement during the process of making the strings. If this does not appease your wrath, you may safely swear at nature for daring to allow damp or unfavorable weather, than at the manufacturers of the strings—then at the dealer, and finally, at your fingers, for perspiring, and thus causing a separation or disintegration of the fibres composing the string—but never blame the string itself—it can't help it, ye know. Those who prefer steel strings do not require any information, as wire strings never snap on account of the weather. But for such, Ham Bitters is a useful lubricator.

Our Latest Publications, Banjo Sheet Music, Etc.

We advertise in this number our new issues of sheet music for the banjo, additions made to our already large list.

We can safely say that at no time have we been able to offer our customers a choicer collection of new pieces. The two quintettes by Mr. Lee, are something entirely new and cannot fail to meet with the approval of our music buyers.

Mr. Lee's new gavotte, *Yours Truly*, is something very fine, as is also the new arrangement of *Alice Weston Waltz*, for two banjos.

The *Knock About Schottische* and *Wild Rose Waltz*, by Raymond, are good, and some of Mr. Armstrong's latest efforts, especially *Boil Dat Cabbage* and *The Rivulet*, are exceedingly original, whilst his *Entree Galop*, for two banjos, is "immense."

The *West End Schottische* and *Homeward March*, by Hooper, will be found excellent for teaching purposes

OUR ADVISERS.

They Have Their Own Ideas About Running a Journal.

—0—

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED.

—0—

Chicago, June 10th, 1886.
Dear Sir—If I was running your paper I'd make a "show paper" out of it. Run in all the variety news and you'll make a big success out of it.
R. B. C.

New York, July 1st, 1886.
S. S. STEWART:
Dear Sir—I think that if you would leave all negro and variety business out of the *Journal*, and confine it strictly to the refined musical class of readers, it would greatly improve the paper.
C. R. S.

Boston, Jan. 19th, 1886.
Mr. STEWART:
Dear Sir—I don't like that "short hand method" in the *Journal*. If you will leave that out and give us more good music, it will be immense. Your paper is "great," only don't print any more "ham music."
Yours,
J. B. A.

Milwaukee, July 1st, 1886.
Mr. S. S. STEWART:
Dear Sir—Are you not going to print any more of your "short hand" banjo and guitar music? That was immense. I like to read your *Journal*, but I haven't time to masticate regular music. Go on with the "easy method," and your circulation will double out here.
Respectfully,
W. J. H.

St. Louis, May 16th, 1886.
S. S. STEWART:
Dear Sir—I think the *Journal* is A. 1, and would not be without it for anything, but the music you publish in it is too difficult for the majority of your readers. If you would publish easier music it would go better. I am an old hand at the business and I know of what I speak.
Prof. T. J—

Hartford, Conn., June 17th, 1886.
Dear Stewart—The *Journal* came to hand all O. K., and I am delighted with it. I sat down last night when I got it and learned all the music for banjo contained therein. I think the music is very easy and pretty. I am not much of a player yet, only a new hand at the business, but your music is so easily arranged that I can learn it very readily. I enclose my subscription for a year.
Yours fraternally,
J. H—

Washington, D. C., June 30th, 1886.
Mr. STEWART:
Dear Sir—Your *Journal* is immense, only it is not quite splay enough for me. I like my beef rare, and plenty of sauce. Stir up all those "ham fatters" and make things lively all around the ring.
Yours, with regards,
Tom J—

Baltimore, July 10th, 1886.
Dear Stewart—I was reading Bolsover Gibbs' letter in your *Journal*, and I think he is the best man you ever had to write for your paper. I'd like to make his acquaintance if he should ever come my way.
The *Journal* is doing great work, only be careful that some of those "ham fatters" don't knock you in the head or stick a knife in you some dark night.
Yours,
C. K. W—

Ham Pills, taken daily, afford a speedy relief.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 5th, 1886.
Dear Stewart—The *Journal* has greatly improved since I saw it last. Your last issue is a "corker." This is my holiday and I have read it all through. Now give us poor guitar players more guitar music and we will bless you for ever more.
B. G.
(Not Bol Gibbs.)

Rochester, N. Y., July 1st, 1886.
Publisher B. and G. *Journal*:
If I was running your paper I would leave out all guitar stuff and publish banjo music exclusively. By doing this you'll soon be a great power in the community.
Johnnie P—

Richmond, Va., June 3d, 1886.
Mr. S. S. STEWART:
Sir—I read your last *Journal* and find it a very fair paper, but I would suggest that you omit such trash as Bolsover Gibbs writes. He is an ass, in my opinion. He seems to think that nobody knows anything except him. If he ever comes down here I'll knock him out.
Yours truly,
S. N—

Don't forget it; Ham Bitters a sure cure.

Send to S. S. Stewart, Philadelphia, for all your Banjo and Guitar strings.
Get the best—no charge made for postage.



JOHN H. LEE.

Mr. John H. Lee, whose portrait appears above, is known to our readers as a most accomplished musician and composer for the banjo.

His compositions and arrangements have been published by us, and as we make it a rule to secure all of the very best banjo music for publication we have arranged with Mr. Lee to purchase all the music he may compose for the banjo.

He is engaged in writing a complete course of lessons for the banjo; now being published by us, to form a book called the *Eclectic School for the Banjo*.

On the part of the author we will say that the work will be gotten up with the fixed purpose of improving and elevating the status of banjo playing and giving the pupil such a course of instruction as is difficult to otherwise attain.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Lee's writings will feel assured that his work will be well done, and conscientiously done. PART FIRST (consisting of "First Lessons") of the *Eclectic School*, handsomely printed from engraved plates, will be ready in September, probably before this number of the *Journal* reaches many of our readers.

PART FIRST will cost \$1.50 net, and will be sent by mail on receipt of amount. Copies may now be ordered to be sent as soon as issued.

Of part second we are not as yet prepared to speak, either as to time of issue or of the price of same, but will give particulars in future issues.

BEWARE OF TRICKSTERS.

We dislike at any time to be at war with our fellow tradesmen, but occasionally there come to our notice such petty tricks, done to injure our reputation, that we are obliged in justice to ourselves to take notice of them.

Recently it was brought to our attention that a music dealer, to whom we had sold some few banjos, had purchased them with the intention of preventing further sales of the Stewart Banjo in his locality.

This he assayed to do by keeping the heads loose on these banjos and having them *incorrectly strung* and otherwise in an unattractive condition.

Then when anyone would call and ask for a *Stewart Banjo* he would introduce one of another maker, which was in good condition, and endeavor to show how vastly superior it was to the Stewart.

But only inexperienced amateurs and beginners are deceived by such tomfoolery and sneaking business methods.

The experienced player knows that the *Stewart Banjo* is the best banjo made at any price, and has gained an enviable reputation.

It is about time that some of these dealers who charge their dupes three hundred per cent. profit on banjos, and hesitate to sell anything without their enormous profit, are brought to bay and shown in their true colors.

BANJO FINGERBOARDS.

Recently a correspondent wrote us that one of our banjos purchased by him, the fingerboard had turned out to be "anything but ebony," as represented, and seemed to think that we had cheated him.

We hereby agree to pay the sum of one hundred dollars in cash to anyone who can prove that the fingerboard mentioned on this instrument was anything else than ebony.

This is our answer.

We purchase all our ebony in the log, direct from the importers, Messrs. Labatut, New York City. We saw and plane the same in our own shops, and can guarantee that it is nothing else than ebony. But it happens that in nearly all of the best ebony wood light colored streaks appear after the log is cut.

A long experience has shown us that where the ebony turns out to be *jet black* in the log it is nearly always sure to crack some time after being worked up, and the wood having the light streaks is therefore the most serviceable. Any intelligent mechanic who has worked in this wood will verify the truth of this statement.

It, of course, is necessary in order to produce a good appearance to the wood, to give it a suitable coat of black stain, not only to make the ebony entirely black, but also to assist in finishing the work.

It is sometimes the case, with persons who have the misfortune to perspire freely, that a portion of the stain will work out of the wood and mix with the acidulous perspiration of the fingers, and when such a person sees this, if he is inexperienced, he will think the fingerboard is made of imitation ebony.

The fault lies with the player nearly always.

The majority of persons in handling the instrument would not cause the stain to come out of the wood. There are some workmen who cause their tools to rust during the heated periods, whilst others can handle the same materials and never cause them to rust.

We can guarantee that our ebony is ebony, and will forfeit one hundred dollars to anyone who can prove that it is not ebony.

THE WAR OF RACES.

The "International" and the "National" banjo methods have been running a race, and the "National," by using a lot of "old stuff," has "got there" ahead of time.

To be more plain we will say that the "International" banjo method, said to be in process of publication by a Boston house, has been in the race with another method called the "National" method.

The *International* method will doubtless appear at some future time if no unforeseen event retards its progress. The *National* method has had a somewhat premature birth and appears to fall far short of expectations. In fact, there is about as much chance of this book ever filling its intended mission, i. e., becoming *National* and superseding all others, as there is of its reputed author appearing before the King of Siam with nothing but his night gown on.

With this book a student has as little help in acquiring a knowledge of the banjo and banjo playing as he could desire. It is true that the work contains the "rudiments of music," but they are the same old rudiments as can be found in dozens of other books, and neither give nor take away anything from the world of ideas.

Intelligent teachers and students will examine the work and draw their own conclusions as to its purpose and merits. They will have plenty of time to digest it before they are afflicted with its rival, the *International*—in four parts, don't forget it.

S. S. STEWART,

Banjo Manufacturer,

No. 412 North Eighth Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See page 8 for notice of removal to new factory.

WHO IS THE BLOWHARD?

A blatant advertiser of banjos, etc., recently in the columns of the *N. Y. Clipper*, advises the public not to pin its faith to any "blowhard," who tells them that the entire profession recommend his goods, and in the same breath, included in the same N. B. (No Beans, please), the advertiser, who probably is a little *non compos mentis*, informs the public that his firm is the only concern that challenges the entire world, etc., etc.

It is plain to be seen that necessity has no law with such a blatant mass of *nihil ad rem*, and the public will soon learn to wonder at nothing. A "blowhard," is presumed to be one who has more "wind" than common sense; and we think there is no question but that the firm alluded to above, or at least that portion of it which writes its business advertisements, has applied unto himself a proper title. At any rate, the very fact of his having placed an air tube or pneumatic conductor, in certain banjos of his more recent invention, would lead one to suppose *prima facie* evidence of his "blowing"—(for what is a tube good for if you don't blow through it?)

The true "blowhard" is one who continually advertises or professes to do what he is too impotent to perform, and this our blatant advertiser has continued to do for the past six or seven years.

The true advertiser who can furnish the article he professes to manufacture and sell, has something more than unbacked assertion and brazen impudence to fill his advertising columns with. He furnishes the testimony from such people as use and recommend his goods—and holds them up to the light of day that all may sift them through.

If the blatant advertiser and true "blowhard" has any better testimony than this let him advertise it to the world; let him put in "the finest thing in the shape of a circular ever issued," and scatter it forth to the four winds of Heaven. Then let those who possess the requisite degree of intelligence sift his testimony, weigh it in the balance and give judgment according to the facts.

There are always "letters of recommendation to be bought"—yes; from a certain class of people, this is so: there are those who would sell their souls, like Esau sold his birthright, for a mess of pottage, and the sooner this class of persons sell themselves out the better it will be for the manufacturer who has been so unfortunate as to have had anything to do with them. But the public soon inform themselves upon these little matters and get at the true inwardness of such schemes.

S. S. Stewart, the now World Renowned Banjo Manufacturer, has dozens of letters from such performers as Horace Weston, E. M. Hall, P. C. Shortis, W. A. Huntley, John H. Lee, James Sanford, Al. Baur, W. H. Vane, John E. Henning, Billy McAllister, Harry Shirley, R. G. Allen, George W. Powers, C. E. Latschaw and many others. The letters already published, from some of the foregoing gentlemen are only samples of what we have received from them. From some of these performers we have a number of letters, written under different dates and all speaking of the Stewart Banjos in the highest terms. But the same Stewart Banjo is now so well known and the same superiority of these instruments so universally acknowledged that we place only secondary consideration on letters of recommendation. One thing is certain—that if the Stewart Banjo had not been a *better banjo* than any other banjo made it would not have won even those letters already published from those gentlemen previously named. No other banjo manufacturer has ever been able to produce such evidence, and it is the true "Blowhard," and blatant son of Balaam, who advertises without such testimony to back his assertions, and instead puts forth notices of "prize medals," awarded *without competition*, and by judges who are without experience and entirely incompetent to decide upon the merits of a banjo of any description.

Those who are gifted with any degree of intelligence can point to the true "Blowhard."



E. H. Ferguson and N. W. Smith gave a Banjo Musicale at the 2d Universalist Church in Rochester, on May 20th last, on which occasion these gentlemen gave their Banjo solos, Guitar duos, and Mandoline selections with great success.

R. H. Hooper, of Richmond, Va., performed a "Stewart Banjo" solo at a concert in Corcoran Hall on May 11th last, meeting with great success.

At Mrs. Cary's Studio, in Rochester, on a pleasant evening last Spring, a select Musicale was held, on which occasion Messrs. Ferguson and Smith displayed their skill as banjo and guitar artists. A local has the following: "Those who have never heard the banjo played as a parlor instrument were completely carried away by the artistic manner in which it was handled last evening. All were surprised at the beautiful harmony which lies dormant in the little instrument, to be brought out by a master touch. Mr. Ferguson rendered his guitar solo, Pensee's Nocturnes, and the banjo-olo, American National Guard March, in a manner which suggests a large amount of thorough practice, and fairly places him in the foremost rank of banjists. With the assistance of Mr. Smith, the guitar duo, Witeha Waltz, and the banjo duo, Hunter's March, were well received. The entertainment closed with a mandoline duet, and in response to an encore, selections from "Little Duke" were given. Mr. Ferguson was the recipient of a beautiful basket of flowers from his pupils."

E. M. Hall writes from Haverley's Minstrels under date of May 31st: "John Lee's Construction of Chords in the Journal is splendid. John knows what he is about; I consider him one of the best posed Banjists in haruony that we have got—if not the best."

P. C. Shortis made a "big hit" in Chicago.

W. I. Pratt, of Iowa City, whose portrait appeared in the Journal some time ago, has purchased an interest in the I. C. Dry Plate Mfg. Co., and takes an active part in that business, which he says is booming.

Try Ham Bitters.

Edward Mackey, of Eagle Rock, Idaho, writes: I enclose 10 cents for the June Journal you sent me. The Vacation Polka by Mr. Lee is well worth the price you ask for the entire Journal.

From the Critic (St. Louis) June 1886.

THE CRAZE FOR STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

Stringed instruments are becoming very popular all over the country, and here in the West the craze has just begun. The guitar, banjo and Spanish mandolin are the favorites, and many accomplished performers are to be found. In the Eastern cities the execution of some of the ladies is wonderful, and where they have given time and care in their practice they become very clever players in a short time. In Chicago there are quite a number of excellent players. Mr. John E. Henning and Miss Meta Bischoff are the leading ones, both executing with great brilliancy the most difficult compositions on the guitar and banjo. Mr. Henning's composition for the banjo are known all over this country and Europe. Miss Bischoff is the daughter of Prof. Wm. F. Bischoff, and is, without doubt, the most wonderful lady guitarist and banjist in America. Mr. Henning and Miss Bischoff will be married in Chicago next Wednesday, and will visit the large Eastern cities and watering places during the summer, where they have made engagements to give private exhibitions. Signor Cesare Valisti of the famous Spanish students is having great success in introducing the Spanish mandolin, and has the support of the leading families of Chicago, who are placing their daughters under his charge. He has already a class of thirty, and some of them have advanced wonderfully. Mr. R. G. Allen, a very clever banjist, teaches the old style of plantation picking, and some fine performers are the result of his labors. Mr. P. W. Denzell, a rising young artist, has a good class on the banjo and guitar, and the work of several little girls and boys who have taken lessons but a short time is very pleasing. In St. Louis, we regret to say, there is not so much interest taken in stringed instruments, but this fall a large number of young ladies will begin these studies. We have several good teachers here and room for more. Mr. Wm. Foden's compositions for the guitar are very popular, and he is an excellent performer and teacher. Mr. Ben F. Sellers has a good class, and his pupils are making rapid progress. Miss McUel and has given years of practice on the guitar, studying harmony and execution from the late W. O. Bateman. She has taken up the banjo, and her execution on both instruments is very brilliant. She has a good class on both instruments. Next winter it is proposed to give a series of concerts with stringed instruments only, in which our local players will be invited to take part, and the great Chicago banjo quartette and orchestra have promised to assist.

Charles Morrell, of San Francisco, renews his advertisement in the Journal for another year, and likewise his subscription. He says "you spoke in your last number of publishing the Journal monthly or weekly, I have forgotten which. Either way you can count on me as a subscriber."

Horace Weston, The Illuminated Banjo player and inspired wizard, wrote us from New York, under date of June 15th last. "I arrived safe and opened at Niblo's Garden Theatre. We made a big hit and will play as long as the piece runs."

OEHLER AND ALBRECHT—Fred O. Oehler, Teacher of guitar and compose of many popular melodies, among which are Emma Mazourka, Lucifer Quick Step, etc., has removed from Mt. Vernon, New York, to this city, where he intends in connection with step brother, Otto H. Albrecht, to open a Guitar and Banjo Studio some time this fall. Our readers are acquainted with Mr. Albrecht's compositions for the banjo, which have been published in the Journal or in sheet music form.

The Marques Bros., Banjists, were in Glasco, Kansas, per late advice.

R. G. Allen, Banjist and teacher, of Chicago, had a complimentary "Banjo Recital" Tuesday evening, June 29, last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Henning, of Chicago, were in Philadelphia recently.

Steel wire strings are the ruination of a fine banjo. They cut the fingerboard, and have a tendency, by reason of their non-elasticity, to cause the neck to spring upwards.

P. C. Shortis' thirty second birthday was observed by his friends in Chicago recently. They tendered him a surprise-party, and made it a merry one. Tony Pastor, Mamie Leonard, Keller, Hooper and Thompson, and others were among the guests.—N. Y. Clipper.

Fred. W. Perkins is teaching the Banjo in Chicago. He uses the Stewart Orchestra Banjo, at the place of which he is an adept.

Frank Armstrong, Teacher of Banjo, New York City, called recently. He has taught a large class of pupils the past season.

Andy Collom, Combe Banjist, is summering at his home in Delanco, N. J. He called recently, stating that fishing was good.

Frank Golden, Banjist, is traveling with Billy Snow.

Read Francis A. Brown's letter in another column.

P. H. Coombs, of Bangor, Me., is at present devoting his time to civil engineering. He resumes teaching about November 1st.

E. M. Hall rejoined Haverley's Minstrels recently.

J. H. Parker, of Montreal, Canada, says that business premises to be good with him the coming season. He has lately enjoyed a brief vacation, visiting Boston and other cities.

George Ware, the well known Operatic and Dramatic agent in London, England, has just imported two Banjos of S. S. Stewart's manufacture for "Artine," the best lady banjist in England, and said to be a great favorite of Lady Sullivan's.

J. E. Henning writes from New York that he has made arrangements with the house of Dittson & Co. of Boston, to publish all his compositions. Mr. and Mrs. H. gave several private concerts in Boston, meeting with very flattering success. They use the Stewart Banjo exclusively.

It should be borne in mind by our new music customers, that only our latest issues of music, etc., are advertised in each number of the Journal. For a full list of all our publications our customers should send for our catalogue. It should also be remembered that we have lately purchased the entire plates and catalogue of Henry G. Baskmak, of New Orleans, and are now sole proprietors of Hackmar's Banjo music and Practical Banjo Method. The Stewart Banjo publications, as the catalogue now stands, are the standard of the World.

C. S. Mattison, Teacher of Banjo and Guitar, San Antonio, Texas, reports business very good with him.

L. A. Burriett, the affluent and affable Banjo Teacher, has removed from Elizabeth to his new house in Bayoune, N. J.

Ike Browne, whose advertisement appears on another page, has quite a list of Banjo Songs and music for sale. He also writes songs to order, both words and music. His latest effort is a song for the piano, "The Old Spinning Wheel," price 35 cents.

Honolulu, H. I. gives forth its praise in the following proclamation. W. M. Pomroy, writes under date of June 30, last; "The 12 inch \$40.00 Orchestra Banjo, etc., arrive! all O. K. and as represented in catalogue. I am more than satisfied with the lay out. I have given the Banjo a fair and square test, and arrive at the conclusion (as well as a few friends of mine on the islands, who play the banjo) that it is the 'Dandy of them all'! The finish through out is Grand, while the tone is Wonderful and clear. I am more than pleased with it. One of my friends sends for one to-day; he is so pleased with mine that he must have an S. S. S. only. Send me a few of your catalogues, and I will do all I can for you here."

Wherever the Stewart Banjo is introduced it rapidly supersedes all other makes and styles.

A letter from a prominent Iron Merchant in Glasgow, Scotland, was recently delivered to us after having been a couple of months floating around the ocean. Its enclosure, a P. O. money order, was in good condition. We have other remittances which were on board the same steamer—The Oregon—to be heard from. But as the Oregon lies at the bottom of the ocean, we shall not be surprised if we never receive further lost correspondence.

Thomas J. Armstrong, the popular Banjo and Xylophone Teacher, advertises his new Xylophone music in this issue.

The Ham's Visit to a Physician.

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes, sir; take a seat."

"Doctor, I have heard of your skill in manipulating cases like mine, and so I have called upon you for consultation and prescription, if you think you can cure me."

"Ah! that's well—what seems to be the matter?"

"Well, I have a sort of restless feeling during my hours of repose, and my hands and fingers feel sort of queer, just as though I had the hives."

"Anything else?"

"Yes! I have a cough, which appears to come on worse when I begin to practice a new tune."

"I suppose you are a banjo player?"

"Oh, yes! I am a great player—I practice every day."

"By what system do you play?"

"Why, by the 'simple' system; don't you think that's the best?"

"Well, my friend, it is plain to be seen what the trouble is in your case. You are afflicted with the 'method'—"

"What's that?"

"Some authorities call it the Ham Fever, others call it the Ham's Itch. But I generally call it the 'Method,' as that is a less offensive term; but in any event, the affliction is the same."

"Great Jehosaphat! can I ever be cured?"

"Well, it will require a little time to make a cure. If you had been attended to before the disease got so deeply seated I could have knocked it out of you. You know the old saying—'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

"Great Creation! I've really got the Simple Method Itch! Why, the very idea of the thing makes me shudder."

"Oh, do not despair. Try HAM BITTERS. But you'll have to drop the 'open and shut' hash, or there never will be a chance for you to get well."

"Oh! I'm so sick. Boo-hoo——"

"There; don't cry, souny—the Ham Bitters and Simple Method Itch Ointment will soon cure you. Others have had it just as bad and been cured—don't be discouraged."

"Oh, my! oh, my! I wish I'd never had anything to do with Simple Method Ham Open and Shut Door Methods, and Hock-shop 38-screw banjos, then I'd not have the Ham's Itch."

Reader, take warning—Don't be a Ham.



G. L. LANSING.

G. L. Lansing, teacher of the banjo, whose portrait adorns this issue, was born in Troy, N. Y., the original home of the "silver rim" banjo, in the year 1860.

He became interested in the banjo through hearing the once famous performer, G. Swain Buckley.

He began teaching in Boston, Mass., some four years ago, and has probably the largest class of pupils in that city.

He says that he considers the Stewart Banjo the "only banjo." Mr. Lansing may be addressed at his rooms in Tremont Temple, Boston.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM BOLSOVER GIBBS.

Bar Harbor, Maine, July, 1886.

Dear old *Journal*: Since mailing you that *Sweet as a Peach Polka*, I have been so upside down and rushing around from place to place that I have scarcely had time to think about what I was going to do next.

I have had a great loss since I wrote last—the death of my friend, Banjonaris—poor dog, how much I did think of him; I could almost shed a tear now as I write. He was a good dog and none knew him but to love him. Some scoundrel hit him on the head, and now he is no more. But I'll never forget him. I had him buried in a nice place out 'neath the shady elms where I can sit and fish whenever I am out this way, and watch his grave o'er which the sun flowers grow.

* * * *

I had a talk with a man the other day about the size of banjos, and during the conversation he asked me what my opinion was in regard to size, and this is what I told him.

Some time ago I was in the habit of taking daily exercise with a pair of twenty pound dumb bells. Being advised by a physician that they were too heavy for me I procured a smaller pair, weighing only eight pounds. These I continued to use for some weeks. At first they seemed to be so light that I could scarcely swing them with any degree of satisfaction, but after a time I began to find them much easier to swing than I had formerly found the heavy ones. As time went on I began to tire of their use, and as some people might say, I began to get lazy. So I purchased a pair of dumb bells weighing only four pounds, and began to use them. Some weeks before this I had thought the eight pound bells mere toys, only fit for a boy to handle, but now as I began to exercise with those of four pounds the eight pounders began to feel somewhat heavy, and it seemed funny that I should ever have considered the eight pounders as light. But this was not all. As time went on I thought I would try the old twenty pounders again, when lo! they had suddenly become so densely heavy in my hands that I thought it would be a mortal sin to exercise with them. Now why was this? Was it because I was less strong or less active than a few months previous? No; I was just as strong, if not stronger

than then. Then what was the trouble? This is where the mind cure comes in. It was all in the mind. Metaphysicians say that the action of the mind upon the muscular ligaments of the system is decidedly profound. A man can accustom himself to almost anything in this world, but the changing around is what knocks him out. Changing from one size of dumb bells to another upsets one for a time, but you'll soon get used to it. That's the way with banjos; if you are used to a big one, a small one may seem *minor* for a time (minor means less than half, hence I think it a suitable word to utilize here), but when you get used to a small banjo it's hard to manipulate the large one.

This I consider a suitable solution of the problem, although of course some people haven't got the strength or the nerve to handle a large banjo any more than others are strong enough to swing heavy dumb bells.

* * * *

A man said to me recently. "I know all about banjos, you can't tell me anything. The science of music is a mere bagatelle to me, I can knock music out of anything."

Now what do you think of that? This man was a veritable Hercules combined with a Mozart, a Paganini, a Beethoven and a Jackass. He knew it all; he could knock music like a dude knocks a lawn tennis ball. I never talk to a man who knows everything. The universe is not large enough to hold it. It should go to Boston.

* * * *

As I was quietly walking the streets one day in a certain city, I passed a music store, and in the window I saw some goods labeled "*The Champion Banjos of America*." Just then a gentleman with a little boy came along, and the boy seeing the 'jos, asked his Pa, "*Papa; what is them things in there?*"

Well might he ask, but who could answer?
"What is *them things?*"

How appropriate, sometimes, are the names given by the unlearned child to "things."

* * * *

Now Stewart, you know that I am frequently taken with absent-minded fits; sometimes to such an extent as to render me supremely ridiculous to those who do not know that I have got on to one of my musical reveries.

Well, the other day I was thinking of a new melody and the flowing harmony I would put to it, and I had just thought of the best place to throw in a double diminished seventh and a couple of minor thirds as I waltzed gracefully into one of the best restaurants in town, thinking I would take a bite of lunch. I sat down to a table, thinking all the while intently on the music which I heard internally.

The waiter bobbed up to me and said, "what'll you have sir?"

"Give me a roast cat on ice," says I, not thinking of what I had said.

The waiter bobbed his head and says he—

"What did you say, sir?"

"Never mind, says I, about the beef, give me a diminished seventh and some smashed E's."

The waiter did not move away and I happened to look up and see him grinning, and just then I heard a woman at the next table giggle. I was all taken aback; I suddenly came to myself and lost the delightful melody and harmony I was contemplating. Says I, "what's the matter with you, anyhow, didn't I just tell you to give me some soft shell crabs on toast and some mashed potatoes?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the coon, as he waltzed off grinning all over his face.

I looked around a few minutes after and saw the waiter jabbering to a man at the desk, and then the next thing I knew, the man walked over to me, and says, "I think I've met you before, my dear sir; let me see, your name is Mr.——" "Gibbs, sir," says I, "glad to meet you, but tell your cook to hurry up those crabs, I cant wait all day."

"Here, says I," pulling out one of your *Journals*, "allow me to present you with a copy of the *Banjo and Guitar Journal*, you'll find all about me in that. I dare say that you've seen my picture in the papers; I'm chief correspondent for the *Journal* and composer of music."

With this the coon came walking in with my lunch, and I began to eat, and had no time to bother with the man any more, so he went back to his desk and began reading the *Journal*.

If there's anything I do love, its soft shell crabs, and I tell you I did enjoy them this time.

When I got done, I walked up and pulled out a roll of bills (some three hundred dollars), and paid my check, "good day, sir, says I, and out I went."

Just as I was going out, I heard some one say: "Who is that crank, anyhow?"

"It's no crank," replied the clerk, "that's the celebrated Bolsover Gibbs, the great Banjo Artist, I knew him as soon as I seen him, but the waiter took him for a lunatic on a tare." You see, Stewart, they all know me.

* * * *

Since I have been in this locality, I have met lots of your friends, or I might say, friends of the STEWART BANJO. There are a lot of them here this summer, mostly among the wealthy classes.

I met Johnny Henning on the road here and was introduced to his charming wife. I predict a brilliant career for the two, they are musical artists from the world go.

I wish I had time to go to Providence just now and see old man Huntley and dear old Lee. Ah! Stewart, I tell you if they ever get out West they'll knock the boys silly.

Good-bye,

Bol. Gibbs

The Way of the Transgressor is Sometimes Hard.

On the morning of the 16th of June last, a man entered the music store of S. S. Stewart and presented an order purporting to be from the firm of J. E. Ditson & Co., the well known music house, for "two first-class banjos." Not having the instruments ready and the bearer of the order not being able to state the style of banjos desired he was told that the goods would be sent to Messrs. Ditson & Co., in a short time.

In the meantime the alleged order was sent to Messrs. Ditson with a request for more details, when Mr. Trumpler, the manager of Ditson's branch, disclaimed any knowledge of said order and pronounced same a forgery.

On the same day at a later hour a party was arrested on leaving a pawn broker's establishment where he had pawned a zither. At the hearing, at central station, on the following morning, C. F. Zimmermann, the Second Street musical instrument dealer charged that the prisoner had presented an order on him for a banjo and zither, signed by Seltman, a musical instrument dealer on Callowhill street below 9th. He delivered the instruments and one of his hands followed the prisoner and had him arrested after pawning the zither. The prisoner was identified as the same man who had on the previous day presented the forged order for the two banjos at Stewart's. The five dollars he obtained on the zither was found upon his person, and after a closer inspection the pawn ticket for zither, together with others for a banjo, pair of shoes, suit of clothes and a cornet were found concealed in his socks.

The cornet he had obtained from R. C. Kretschmar, musical instrument dealer on 9th street, upon a forged order purporting to be from the music house of F. A. North & Co.

At the trial on the 24th inst. he pleaded guilty to the charges of forgery and obtaining goods under false pretenses, and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

Thus it appears that a man will sometimes go to a great deal of trouble to obtain something, which, after he secures it, leads him to a place where he will be obliged to labor hard enough to pay for a hundred or more such articles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Baltimore, May 26th, 1886.

MR. S. S. STEWART:

Dear Sir—I send you 10 cents due on your paper. I think it is well worth the difference.

James S. Nolan.

Edward Kerr, of Albany, N. Y., writes: "You will find 10 cents extra enclosed for the latest issue of your Journal. I have received mine, and I don't see how you can get up such a splendid work for the small sum of 20 cents."

N. B. Hazen, of Martinsburg, N. Y., writes: "I am in receipt of your Journal for June and July, and would say that it is more than worth the money you ask for it. Enclosed you will find 10 cents for balance."

E. H. Ferguson, banjo teacher, of Rochester, writes: Enclosed find 20 cents extra for the two Journals received to-day. They are well worth the difference in price."

E. E. Vance, of Columbus, O., writes: "I am greatly pleased with the last issue of the Journal. It shows your enterprising spirit, and the sketches, portraits and feature articles do you great credit. Mr. Lee's lessons on chord construction are just what I have been wanting for a long time, but I hated to wade through a large book on harmony and thorough bass to get the information. I hope in the next issue you will have a lesson on modulation. I am willing to pay 20 cents for a paper like the Journal of this month, and you will find 10 cents extra enclosed."

C. B. Wiltse, of Matteawan, N. Y., writes: "Banjo and Guitar Journal for June and July received. I think same well worth 20 cents, and enclose herewith an additional 10 cents."

E. H. Ferguson, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I see in your correspondents' column that a party in Waterbury, Conn., would like a series of lessons on the banjo, and knows of others also who would like instruction. If there were enough to make it worth my while I would take it in hand."

(Mr. Ferguson's address is 129 Powers Block.)

Charles H. Loag, of Lancaster, writes: "The Journal for June and July came to hand, I looked it over and think it GREAT. It is the cheapest and best publication devoted to the interests of the banjo and guitar I ever saw. Any banjoist or guitarist can gain valuable information from your Journal, besides receiving a large collection of good music during each year."

James H. Jennings, of Providence, R. I., writes: "I enclose 20 cents for your June Journal. I would not be without it for anything."

F. T. McGrath, of Gloucester, Mass., writes: "I like the Journal very much, and would not be without it at any price."

Thos. H. Hughes, of East Webster, Mass., writes: "I received the model Banjo, and must say that I do not see how you can make a banjo, such as you sent me, for the price (\$35.00). It is worth twice the amount you charge for it. I do not see how you can do it and live. I have seen them all, but they stand nowhere when brought by the side of yours. The workmanship on the banjos of other makers is only botch work in comparison with yours. A man is not wise who will give you orders how to build his banjo. He should send to you for a banjo, and leave the rest to you. The tone is great, and does not seem to have any 'silver bell' to produce it either. The secret of producing the great tone is with you, and you only."

O. R. Babbitt, Woodside, Cal., writes: "I have just received the double number of the Journal and wish to say I am very much pleased with it, and cheerfully enclose the extra 10 cents. You are doing well in publishing such an admirable paper, and I hope all your patrons appreciate what you are doing for them—as I do. I am practicing on the lot of music you have so promptly mailed me. It is all that could be desired. Wishing you health and prosperity, etc."

Frank D. Bartlett, of Milton, Mass., writes: "In justice to you I wish to say that I have given the banjo I bought of you a long and thorough trial. I have used all the leading banjos of the U. S., but the STEWART is, by far, the most perfect of them all. Its carrying power is something wonderful—the lightest touch can be heard clear and sweet further than any banjo I ever heard, and I have heard hundreds of them."

F. S. Bunce, of Hartford, Conn., writes: "I find great pleasure in using any music published by you, as it is always correct, and I think great credit is due you for the advancement of banjo music in the past few years."

Francis A. Brown, of Omaha, Neb., writes concerning his \$100.00 10 inch American Princess Banjo: "My banjo came yesterday, and I am surprised at, and very greatly pleased with its elegance and remarkably brilliant and powerful tone. The instrument meets my entire satisfaction, and the fine workmanship and design show high artistic taste on your part. The jeweled pegs and ivory tail-piece are very elegant indeed, and the finger-board, inlaid from nut to rim, is fine beyond description. Allow me to say that I can fully endorse all the comments I have heard or read as regards the eminent superiority of your banjos over those of any other maker. They are not only incomparably better in brilliancy and volume of tone, but are better in workmanship than equal price banjos of other manufacture."

W. B. McCloud, of Columbus, Ohio, writes: "Will you please notify me when my subscription runs out. I do not want to miss a number, or to have it delayed. If you get out a new style Journal, price not over \$3.00 per annum, you can count on me for a subscriber."

We have received many letters of similar character to the foregoing, but lack of space prevents our printing any but a small percentage of those received. We have a variety of complimentary letters bearing upon our last issue, and each correspondent enclosing 10 cents extra for the difference in price of our "double number." For the letters showing that our work is appreciated, and for the dimes accompanying them, we return our most hearty thanks to our friends in every part of the country.

When the following was received, our article, THE TEACHER, was already in type.—EDITOR.

A WORD TO BANJO TEACHERS.

Much as has been said and done relative to improving the banjo in a mechanical point of view, thereby augmenting its possibilities as a solo instrument, the fact still remains, that many people have yet to be converted to the idea that it is a first-class instrument, and to recognise it as such, and give it the position to which it is justly entitled.

While the early history of the banjo may have had much to do with this, for which it is in a manner excusable, the question of the day is how far are we responsible for this prejudice.

The old time banjo, clumsy in construction, without embodying a single principle of the banjo of to-day, unless a rude outline in form may be so considered, rendered advancement almost impossible—music of the simplest nature only was adapted to it. Now we might say the banjo has adapted itself to the highest order of music.

The "Professor" of twenty years ago rarely ventured above the 5th position, but his vocal accomplishments were more highly appreciated when the banjo simply served as an accompaniment, and for which it was then decidedly more appropriate.

But the banjo is like many of our great men, though of humble origin, it is rapidly forcing a recognition, and commanding an admiration, which, until of late, it has been denied.

But the feeling will prevail among certain classes that the banjo and burnt cork are indissoluble, and that the beer garden artists are the true exponents of the instrument.

It is true that the violin and piano figure as largely in these places as the banjo, but the reputation of the former was established long ago.

The banjo cannot be elevated through these places, though it may reach them after a public recognition, and survive a contact, which at first would be its death blow. Though we may be unable to effect a speedy remedy for this, we can, to a great extent, purify our own atmosphere.

As teachers we are not only educators of our pupils but of the public at large, and through us alone can prejudices be overcome, and people be made to accept our standard of the instrument's excellence.

The banjo, with all its capabilities, needs still yet the aid and proper encouragement of its supporters to keep it upon the broad level of the violin and piano. This is not owing to what the banjo is, but to what it has been, and its present abuses.

"Bum" Professors, who work the saloons by night and "teach among der first families" by day, are not calculated to impress the f-f's by their argument that the banjo is booming. They estimate the banjo's progress by their nightly collections amongst the gin mills.

If there are those who are satisfied to get the most money out of the business, whether it be in the line of teacher, maker, or composer, without a thought or a care as to the means employed, it speaks ill indeed for the future of the banjo.

However, I anticipate no such grave results. The banjo, generally speaking, is in good hands, and I wish every teacher to join with me in endeavoring to purify the moral as well as the musical tone of the banjo, particularly the former, for I think we can leave the latter with perfect safety in the hands of our leading manufacturers.

IKE BROWNE.

Information for Correspondents.

A party in the music trade writes as follows: "I could sell three times as many (banjos) if I could get them cheaper. It does not cost any more to make them than other good made banjos, and you charge about four times as much."

Now what does a banjo player or banjo buyer think of this? The dealer could sell more if he could get them cheaper. He knows that they do not cost any more to make than other "good made" banjos, and yet we charge him about four times as much. Then why in the name of Jullus Caesar doesn't he buy the other "good made" banjos instead of paying three hundred per cent. more for the Stewart Banjo than other goods of the same kind cost him? In other words, the dealer wants to buy the Stewart Banjos at the same prices he buys the Store Tubs for—but it can't be done. No, sonny, we do not want any of that class of trade—send it to Boston.

DON'T BE A HAM.

Another party writes as follows: "It is now over three weeks since I sent for a copy of your Banjo and Guitar Journal. If it is too much trouble for you to send it, kindly return stamps and oblige."

This is nice, isn't it? If it is too much trouble to send it we are to kindly return stamps. Who would suppose it could be less trouble for us to return stamps than to mail a copy of the Journal. Just think of the amount of choicely taffed sarcasm contained in this small epistle. But our correspondent does not inform us as to the amount of stamps we are expected to return, and as we cannot return what we have never received, we are compelled to hastily mail our sarcastic correspondent a specimen copy with our best wishes: they are of all kinds, these—our correspondents.

Still another gentleman writes in this wise: "Dear Sir—Mr. Stewart, I received strings, as their was, instead of sending five B's, you sent them As (A's), let me know wher is the other dollar gon". You sent no songs, I wish you to send back the dollar or songs to its full amount, or I'll let you know how smart you ar' by placing your name in the papers."

This is a corker on a hot day. Verily there are fish of many kinds in the deep waters of the Banjo World. But don't be frightened, friend, nobody has run off with your dollar.

Apply Ham Ointment to the afflicted member.

THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTION.

A false light leads straight into the bog, and misinformation is worse than no information at all.

"We on this globe," said Voltaire, "are like insects in a garden—those who live on an Oak, seldom meet those who pass their short lives on our Ash."

It is one thing to see that a line is crooked, and another thing, to be able to draw a straight one. It is not quite so easy to do good, as those may imagine, who never try.

Fewer laugh with us than at us.

Montaigne says: "People give the name of Zeal to their propensity to mischief and violence, though it is not the cause, but their interest that influences them."

The greatest man is great in matters of self conduct; the wisest is wise in little matters of life; the one is never little, the other never foolish.

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe.
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, Good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, Oh! save me from thy Oaudid Friend.

Candor—which spares its foes, nor ere descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
Candor—which loves in see-saw strain to tell,
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well.

Draw honey from the fleeting flower.

When life charms my heart, must I kindly be told that I'm too gay and too happy for one that's so old?

OUR LAST NUMBER.

The last issue of the Journal can be had for 20 CENTS per copy. It is twenty-four pages, and contains the following music:

Two pages Lee's Chord—Construction; Vesper Waltz, for banjo—Pleasant Moments; Schottische, for banjo; Little Daisy Polka, for banjo; Easy Mazourka, for guitar; Easy Jig, for banjo; Guitar Melody; Anna Song, for mandoline and guitar; The Waterfall, for zither; Buckley's Polka, for banjo and piano; Vacation Polka, for banjo; "Oh, Nellie, you couldn't, now could you?" banjo song; and Break Neck Schottische, for banjo.

Besides the foregoing music, etc., this number also contains a large amount of reading matter of interest to banjo and guitar players. Price 20 cents, postage paid.

Fish Stories and Fishermen's Luck.

Do you believe in luck?

Perhaps if you do not, you believe in "Fishermen's Luck," so called—every fisherman believes in that. The wind and weather, likely, have something to do in shaping the luck of fishermen, generally, but the good old allegorical "luck" still hangs fire.

I have caught my share of fish. I have pulled the Sun fish, the White Perch and the Bass from the fresh water streams, and I have also pulled the Weak fish, Striped Bass, Flounder and Porgie out of the briny ocean and bay. Of all fishing give me the salt water kind.

Have you ever indulged in the luxury of following a stream all day, with rod and reel, fishing for Trout or Bass?

Have you ever viewed the beauties basking in the shady streamlet, and seen them turn up their pretty noses at your bait, and gently turn around and shake their tails at you. Oh! how provoking is such an experience.

If you have not "been there" yet, there is no telling how soon you will be—so don't laugh.

Not long ago an acquaintance kindly told me that if I wanted to catch some very fine Perch, I must go up to Manayunk on the Schuylkill. So one balmy afternoon in June, accompanied by a friend, I took the cars for the station known as Manayunk. On alighting from the cars we were informed by one of the residents that there were no fish in Manayunk, and we would have to walk two miles further on. We gazed upon the muddy water, and believed, with sinking hearts, that it would require at least a two mile walk to find clear water.

We crossed the bridge—We walked at least two miles in the sweltering heat. We found a good, rocky place, and after rigging up our lines we began to fish.

No sooner had we begun to fish than it began to rain. The longer we fished the harder the rain came down.

Old Sol, who had so nobly shed forth his rays a short time before, withdrew the light of his countenance, and the windows of Heaven were burst asunder, and it rained in torrents.

We caught, between us, three Perch and a big Eel. We lost three hooks—we got wet—oh! so very wet. We started for a station.

The *hail* now joined forces with the rain, and us two poor running fishermen were compelled to accept the full force of the argument.

My friend had provided himself with some patent bait in connection with the ordinary earth worms. The patent bait was composed, I understand, of dough-paste, limburger cheese and asafœtida, baked or boiled. I shall never use it again. When I got home the smell of it had deprived me of all appetite.

I carried no fish home, but when I got there and changed my clothes, I found that my family had kindly provided me with a supper of fried fish, knowing that I would not have any luck up the Schuylkill.

Not long after this, I heard that fishing was "immense" up the Delaware. Rock Fish, Cat Fish and Perch were being caught in great numbers.

Now, I don't take much stock in Cat Fish nor Cats, but the "Rock Fish," being similar to the Striped Bass, of salt water celebrity, I was anxious to try my luck at catching them. I arose at 5 o'clock, one fine morning. I met my friend at Chestnut street Wharf, at seven o'clock.

I had my tackle, etc., some eatables, and a big basket to keep all my prizes alive until I was ready to return. My friend had the same rig out. We were equipped for all the fish we could catch.

But hold on, the day previous, my friend had visited the wharf and procured a mess of *Sturgeon Roe* in a tin pail, said to be the best bait in the world for catching Rock Fish. We took no other bait along. We left on the Steamer "Twilight," for Delanco, N. J. We arrived there about nine o'clock.

The Captain of the *Twilight* had said that Delanco was the best fishing grounds on the Delaware, and *Sturgeon Roe* was the best bait to catch them with.

We had begun to feel good. In imagination I could already feel the big fish pulling at my line, and see my basket full to the lid of the striped beauties, and my mouth began to water for a taste of the good supper I should have when I got home with the fresh fish. Well, there were already two fishermen ahead

of us sitting on the pier with their tackle, waiting for the tide to rise.

"What bait have you?" said one of the fishermen to my friend.

"*Sturgeon Roe*," replied he—

I noticed the blue look in the face of the fishermen as he replied. "You ought to catch plenty of fish with *Sturgeon Roe*, I have only got *Calves Liver*. They don't bite very good yet, but they can't stand the *roe*."

Then we took pity on the poor men who had the *Calves Liver*, and said, my friend, "We have plenty of bait, a good deal more than we can use, you are welcome to use all you want."

This cheered them up.

We got our poles and lines ready, my friend turned out the *roe* on a piece of board.

Have you ever fished with *Sturgeon Roe* bait?

Perhaps not!

Then don't.

When the bait had been opened to the breeze, one of the fishermen said—

"Phew! that *roe* must have been picked long before it was ripe."

Now I never had any experience with that kind of bait before and I don't want any more.

It seems that the *roe* will get stale in a single night. In this case it did so at any rate. It had been kept on the ice but even the ice could not conquer propensities for turning rank.

It was rank.

It wouldn't stay on the hook.

The fish wouldn't bite at it; they would smell it, nibble the end, and go. That's a fact.

What need have I to relate all the experience of this day at Delanco.

I caught four fish: One Sun, two Smelt, and one young Shad, who somehow managed to get the hook caught in his mouth as I was reeling in my line.

But I didn't catch any of these with the *Sturgeon Roe*.

I happened to meet Andy Collom, who lives there during the summer, and he got me some worms, with which I caught these four fish; the largest of which was about five inches from nose to tip end of tail.

Putting worms on a fishing hook is not always a pleasant task. The "gism" sometimes squirts out in one's face.

When you use worms, it is well to put them in a jar with clean moss for a couple of days to scour them out.

I got home at ten o'clock that night, a poor, tired fisherman. I washed my hands twice with hot water and soap. I had no appetite for supper. I could smell nothing but *Sturgeon*—odorous *Sturgeon*.

Reader, if at any time you go fishing with *Sturgeon Roe*, see that you use fresh *roe*, and be sure to have a pail of water, with plenty of soap handy, and also an old pair of scissors to manipulate the *roe*.

If you do not heed this advice you may regret it for a week, that is if you possess a weak stomach and dainty appetite.

After this trip I made up my mind not to go fishing any more, but two or three days afterwards I was at it again, nearer home and with better luck.

But I have not the time nor space at present for a full account of my various exploits in catching fish.

I have taken trips to Atlantic City, hired a yacht at the Inlet, and gone out for three or four hours. If the tide is not yet right for fishing, in such a case, you can sail around on the waves until the tide is ready. Then, if you strike a good day, and not a N. E. wind, you will probably fill your basket.

You bait with fresh clams, shrimps, or soft crab, if you can get any.

There is no strong smelling bait here and you go home with the lingering echo and "harmonic" sea breeze still soothing your nostrils.

Quite different from fresh water and odorous bait.

Isn't it?

T. J. A.

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SPECIAL NOTICE. REMOVAL.

Owing to my increased business—selling my Banjos, etc., in Europe and other countries, and also in every part of the United States where intelligent people are found, and also the continued publication of new Banjo music, I have for some time found my present place of business entirely too small for my work.

There being no possible way of enlarging the present building (occupied by me since 1882) I have been forced to seek larger quarters.

After spending some time in looking for a suitable place I have secured the four-story building, situated at No. 223 Church street, and also the entire fourth floors of the two adjoining buildings, which will be transformed into a banjo manufactory, music publishing house, and store for my wholesale and retail business.

As soon as alterations, etc., are completed I shall remove from my present place of business to the location aforesaid.

As I have a lease on my present place of business for some time to come, all letters may be addressed as heretofore, viz :

S. S. STEWART,

No. 412 N. EIGHTH STREET,

Philadelphia, Pa.,

Until notice of removal has been given my correspondents.

Letters simply directed to S. S. STEWART, BANJO MANUFACTURER, PHILADELPHIA, PA., will reach me through the mails just as soon as though fully addressed.

I shall probably occupy the new building in September, but cannot tell until alterations are completed.

With increased and perfected facilities for music publishing, etc., I shall be enabled to furnish the banjosts throughout the country with *new music every day in the year*.

My new store and manufactory will be situated in *the heart of the business centre of the city*, within a stone's throw of the principal banks, insurance offices, printers, binders, paper dealers, lumber merchants, etc., which will greatly increase my facilities for doing business.

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This piece is quite easy, and suitable for parlor performances. The parts are so printed that the performer can cut them and make each part separate if desired. The Polka is complete if used as a Banjo duet, Banjo solo, or Banjo and Piano duet, or for Banjo and Guitar; but is not sold excepting at above price, 35 cents, which includes all the five parts.	
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223 Homeward March, by Rob. Hooper. A. Excellent.....	10

The Music in this Number.

In this issue we give two more pages of Mr. LEE'S LESSONS IN CHORD CONSTRUCTION; consisting of Chapter Third of the work.

We can safely say that in no book for the Banjo, and in no musical work extant can the information given herein be found.

All books of Banjo instruction are deficient in the department relating to chords and harmony, and in fact this branch has been considered entirely separate and foreign to instruction in Banjo playing. Hence, teachers are, as a rule, sadly deficient in this branch of knowledge, and pupils have had no means of learning the proper construction of chords.

The exercise in chords, which gives the proper name of each and every chord therein, will supply a long-felt want.

Those who have studied the lessons in Chord Construction, and continue to follow the work to the end, will have acquired a knowledge which could not have been learned from any book we have ever seen, and information which no teacher of the Banjo, so far as our knowledge extends, has been competent to impart.

The Banjo duet, by Mr. Lee, which consists of two tunes so arranged as to be played together in harmony, is a decided novelty for teacher and pupil, or for two students, or even for public musical entertainments, whilst the NOVELTY WALTZ EXERCISE is something decidedly original. After you have played it one way all you have to do is to turn it upside down and play it the other way, and the result will be the same.

It is a "double entry" composition in close harmony.

The GIPSY QUEEN POLKA, by Ike Browne, is the first composition by this composer we have published, and it will doubtless prove acceptable to our numerous readers.

For Guitar players we give the SLEIGHBELL SCHOTTISCHE, for two Guitars, by F. O. Oehler. This is one of Mr. Oehler's best compositions and cannot fail to please our Guitar players. It may be played upon two Guitars, or Guitar and guitar-necked Banjo with fine effect.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Prof. A. Lopez, the eminent guitarist, of Brooklyn, has been ill for some time but is now recovering. After regaining his health he will write for the *Journal*.

Arling Shaffer, of Denver, Colorado, called recently. He has a store connected with instruction rooms, and does a good business in teaching Banjo and Guitar.

He informs us that he sold his Stewart Banjo for \$65.00—being \$15.00 more than the catalogue price.

He now wishes to add a couple of Stewart's very best Banjos to his list.

B. Henderson, of Chambersburg, Pa.; says the last two numbers of the *Journal* were "immense."

Benj. B. Dale, Cornet manufacturer, always has his advertisement in the *Journal*, as do also C. Morrell, Banjo manufacturer; W. L. Hayden, Guitars, etc.; W. I. Peters, music, and F. A. Kilber.

Mr. Myron Fuller, of Providence, upon hearing Mr. Huntley play upon the Banjeaurine, immediately ordered one through Mr. H. He expresses himself as being delighted with the instrument, and has discarded his large banjo of ———'s make.

Mr. J. E. Henning, of Chicago, and his wife (Miss Meta Bischoff) called upon Messrs. Huntley and Lee in New York recently, and the four held a delightful impromptu concert. Mr. Henning executed several delightful pieces upon the Banjo, and his talented wife displayed her proficiency upon both Banjo and Guitar. This little lady displays great ability upon both instruments, and has attained a degree of excellence unusual for a woman. Messrs. H. and L. were particularly delighted with her Guitar selections. They are all stopping at New York at present.

Messrs. Huntley and Lee entertained the captain, subordinate officers, and a few select friends on board the steamer Rhode Island, during a recent passage from Providence to New York. We will not say that the officers neglected their duties, but were frequently absent from their posts during the progress of the Banjo entertainment.

S. S. STEWART'S

Banjo and Guitar Journal

Is the only paper of the kind in existence. It reaches more *Banjo and Guitar* players than any paper of whatever kind or nature in the world. And yet there are some teachers who have not business enterprise enough to place their names in its "Teachers' Directory."

No wonder some teachers live and die in obscurity. A card in the teachers' column costs only one dollar per year—not as much as the majority of teachers expend for cigars during one month.

Reader, if you can afford to remain out—we can stand it as well as anybody.

LATEST ITEMS.

Just before going to press we had a visit from Maskel and De Boe, Banjo teachers, of Grand Rapids, Mich. They were highly pleased with the *Imperial Banjeaurine*, and intend to add this instrument to their collection at no distant day.

Mr. De Boe left his order for one of Stewart's latest style eleven inch rim Gold and Silver mounted, pearl inlaid Banjos.

They have been visiting all the principal cities and various Banjo manufacturers through the east and west, and have not changed their opinion that Stewart makes the best banjo.

Thos. J. Armstrong is visiting Boston and other cities.

T. De Harport, Banjo and Guitar Teacher, of Denver, Colorado, is a great lover of the Stewart Banjo.

He is doing a good business.

Messrs. Huntley & Lee have lately been entertaining the elite of Providence, R. I., with some very choice banjo music. They gave a concert in the private parlors of Mr. Henry B. Winship and wife, at the Narragansett Hotel, before a select circle of friends. An equally delightful occasion was that of an afternoon spent in the rooms of the R. I. Club, of Providence. The event was an impromptu affair, but the members and visitors present were delighted to such an extent that the entertainment was prolonged to an unusual length.

17659

BANJO DUET.

PLAYING TWO MELODIES AT THE SAME TIME.

Arranged by J. H. LEE.

Tune Bass to A. NATIONAL SCHOTTISCHE.

Tune Bass to B. HOME SWEET HOME.

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NOVELTY WALTZ EXERCISE.

For the Banjo by J. H. LEE.

NOW TURN ME UPSIDE DOWN AND I WILL READ THE SAME.

NOW TURN ME UPSIDE DOWN AND I WILL READ THE SAME.

For the Banjo by J. H. LEE.

NOVELTY WALTZ EXERCISE.

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Vol. III, No.10, August, 1886

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17658

SLEIGH BELL SCHOTTISCHE.

FOR TWO GUITARS.

Composed by FRED. O. OEHLER.

1st Guitar. *mf*

2d Guitar.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests.

The second system of music continues the piece. It includes a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and chordal structures. The text 'D. C.' is written below the second ending.

The third system of music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth notes. The notation includes various chordal structures and rests. The text 'D. C. al Fine.' is written below the system.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It features a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth notes. The notation includes various chordal structures and rests. The text 'D. C. al Fine.' is written below the system.

Sleigh Bell Schottische.

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