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THE CRITIC.

A critic is supposed to be one who criticises. Critics are of various orders; Webster defines the term in various ways; "One skilled in judging of the merits of literary works or productions of art," etc. "One who passes a rigorous or severe judgment; one who censures or finds fault; a harsh examiner or judge; a cavalier; a carper."

The lot of all editors of paper, all writers of books, all composers of music, all public speakers and all public men in any capacity is, on frequent occasions, to be the subjects for dissection by various critics of one order or another. The editor and sometimes the author, through their publications, frequently assume the right to criticise; and thus become themselves critics, and when criticised have often the opportunity of criticising the critic in turn.

The editor of a paper or other publication is the least in fear of the critic.

A *cricket* is an insect characterized by a chirping note.

The cricket is often very pleasant to listen to during a silent evening, but it becomes monotonous if one is compelled to listen to his chirp too long and too frequently.

So it is with some of our aspiring critics: We can stand a fair amount of chirping but we do not care about too much of it.

A cricket never asks you if he is welcome or if his chirping is agreeable; neither does the critic. He chimes in with his critical chirp, little caring whether it is agreeable or not.

The banjo business is infested with chirping crickety critics.

"Stewart can't play the banjo at all," chirps the crickety critic. "I was at his store two or three times and I never heard him play a tune yet." In the mind of the chirping crickety critic this "settles the whole business." Stewart can't play a banjo at all—even a tune. He may be well enough able to write books, compose or arrange music, carry on a large business, talk to all visitors who may call, write for the *Journal*, conduct a large correspondence and superintend the manufacture of his instruments, but he can't play a banjo. No: of course not. That is a feat entirely beyond his powers. The cricket, with his little chirp, thinks so at all events, for did he not on three different occasions call at Stewart's store, and is it not a fact that on these occasions he did not hear Stewart play a banjo? Therefore, in the mind of the crickety critic this is *prima facie* evidence that it cannot be done—never has been done, and never will be.

The cricket of the critical correspondence waste-paper-basket series writes; "I would very much like to introduce your banjos in this locality, for there is not one of them in use in this city, and I feel confident that if I should use one everybody else would want one." Our egotistical chirper lives in a city of perhaps 50,000 population. He knows, therefore, that there is not a Stewart banjo in town. How does he know this? He probably officiates at some "free and easy" dive, and the people he comes in contact with are those of his own ilk. He would not be tolerated in the parlors where the Stewart banjo is used, and therefore in scanning his section of the earth "through a glass darkly," he sums up his conclusions on a par with his own little crickety mind.

But this cricket is harmless. We have often listened to his chirp—mailed him a catalogue and passed his epistle with a sigh to the waste-paper basket. We have by long experience trained our ear so as to detect the *chirp* of the cricket, and not mistake it for the *grunt* of the fully-developed critical critic.

The fully developed critical cricket knows all about the banjo. He studied harmony whilst we were learning our A B C's. If you want to know anything about chords or harmony just ask him. If you don't want to know, it will be all the same. He'll tell you all he knows just the same—and it will not take him very long to tell it; so have patience. He has a way of fingering chords which is simply infallible; by his system, if it were but published, everybody would learn to finger the banjo neck in precisely the same way. Of course this must be easy for every one, because he himself is an example of what can be accomplished. He has trained his mind, his muscles and his ear until he can play everything at sight, and harmonize a tune at once without study. He don't *think* he's right—he *knows* he's right. Of course over everyone must see it precisely as he does, because his crickety mind is just a little deficient in certain branches of knowledge, and not being conscious of this he feels just as happy as though he were the most learned, astute and intelligent man on earth. He can play in any key. He can also sing in any key. He can talk on almost any subject, likewise. It makes little difference to him whether the banjo sounds as well in G as in B. He will talk C sharp major to you and might even go so far as to ask whether you could play in the key of B sharp. He, of course, will only do this to "kid" you. He wants to learn whether you are alive to the scientific fact that B sharp and C natural on the piano as well as upon any fretted instrument are one and the same thing.

* * * * *

"I was at a concert last evening where two musical artists did a 'double act' on the banjo and cornet," remarks an astute and self-constituted critic; "and you could hardly hear the banjo. Now, if I'd had hold of that banjo you wouldn't have heard the cornet—I'd have drowned it out."

Just so. That's the idea in the mind of the featherless gosling critic. He thinks that if he could have manipulated that banjo upon that particular occasion that he would have done wonders. He would have given the poor cornet player no chance at all. His idea as to what an accompaniment on the banjo or other instrument should be is that it should, in some peculiar manner, lead off the melody, as it were. In other words, he is on his metal and when he goes in for music he means war. When he goes in for tone he's going to have *tone* "and don't you forget it." He'll down them all.

Now the chances are ten to one that if this particular critic were to change places with the performer in question his knees would shake and his hands tremble and his "solo" accompaniment would be so low that it would be inaudible to the audience.

It is all easy enough to stand back and talk—almost any critic can do that much, but when the time comes for action he would prefer to get safely behind some big rock before firing at the enemy. An attack of "Buck fever" on the stage is almost a sure disease to be contracted by crickety critics when they attempt to perform the part of those they have attempted to criticise.

A cricket was once perched upon the limb of a swaying swinging willow. A caterpillar chancing to come along was thus addressed:

"Good morning, doctor, I'm glad to see you—how's your banjo?"

"Right well, I thank you," replied the animal—then, says the cricket, "Don't you know that Stewart don't amount to much? He is a blower! Don't you know that his banjos are not correctly fretted in the upper register? Don't you know that the reason he sells so many banjos to professionals is because a professional player don't know when he gets hold of a good instrument?" The caterpillar listened very intently to all this and then said:

"Friend, thou art young and inexperienced. Wert thou older and wiser I should take it upon myself to punch thy head, but being as it is, I will only say that thy wisdom and knowledge is only equaled by thy self-conceited foolishness. Thou art evidently one of those half-fledged insects not yet capable of understanding, for thou dost not know a *false string* from a fret which is not correctly placed. Thou shouldst go and soak thy little chirp in vinegar and water, and clear away the debris from the *lower register*, and learn to chaunt bass. Good bye! If I longer tarry the spirit will surely move me to kick thee." Saying this the caterpillar withdrew.

This is not overdrawn. We are daily meeting with those who are critics of this order and who being so
DENSELY IGNORANT

of everything pertaining to the banjo and music take a great delight in assuming to be well informed upon the subject of which they know nothing in fact, we sometimes find them so walled in by their own ignorance that they cannot possibly understand that they know nothing.

It was only recently that one of our customers, through his ignorance, endeavored to injure our good name and well-earned reputation for making fine banjos by telling his acquaintances not to buy a Stewart Banjo as they were not correctly fretted in the upper positions. He evidently, in his poor little innocent heart, thought that the frets, from the twelfth fret upwards, should take a sudden move at right angles with the brackets. In fact he had on a false string and had never yet learned that there was any such thing in existence as a false string which would not register its tones in accordance with the laws of acoustics.

There is still another and no less common species of cricket which has a tendency to make itself familiar with all the new music of the day as well as with all the music of antiquity. This fledgling knows all about music except that he don't know his *scales*. He

will talk keys, chords, discords, etc., for he knows all about that sort of thing, but he can't see why it is that E should be made sharp in the key of F sharp minor, and he generally prefers to note it as F natural in his favorite arrangements. He would, of course, were he to write the scale of F sharp minor, have two F's in his scale and no E; but he has never written a scale in his life, and so it don't make any difference. He wasted no time when he took up the study of music; he dove immediately into the science and ignored such trifles as the rudiments.

He can tell you just where any new piece of music or any portion of a melody is "stolen" from. He only has to listen for a minute and it requires no coddling of his subtle brain to tell at once just how much of the new tune is really new and how much is "taken from" some other tune.

But not being familiar with his scales, both diatonic and chromatic, he does not always discover that a new melody which he has passed as entirely original has been simply stolen from an old scale, and that there is really not a new note in the entire piece.

Were he to find this out he would denounce the composer at once as a plagiarist.

MAIL NOTICE.

Customers ordering music, books, heads, strings, etc., sent by mail, must bear in mind that all mail packages are sent at purchasers' risk. Those who desire same registered should remember to send *ten cents* over and above the cost of goods and other postage to pay for the same. We assume no responsibility for the safe delivery of mailed goods of any description. Our responsibility ceases when packages are delivered at the Philadelphia Post Office. All mail orders are filled by us on the same day received.

To avoid delays write your name and P. O. address very plainly on every letter.

ISN'T IT FUNNY THAT WE DON'T GET OUR MAIL?

Here is a specimen of the manner in which some people do business and then wonder why things will go wrong:

Altoona, December 13th, 1887.

S. S. STEWART,

Dear Sir:—About six months ago I sent you a dollar bill for a banjo head, in a letter. I have not yet received it, but a cousin of mine, J. Schmitt, told me the other day that he received one from you but sent it back. Please let me know if this is true.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN F. SCHMITT,

1307 Fifth Avenue.

—Copy of reply to above.—

Philadelphia, Dec. 15th, 1887.

JOHN F. SCHMITT, Altoona, Pa.

Sir:—Your letter of December 13th at hand. Your order for the banjo head was filled last January, nearly a year ago. The package was addressed to JOHN F. SCHMITT, Altoona, Penna., which was precisely the way in which you wrote the direction in your order. Some time after that the package was returned to me through the P. O. Whatever blame may be attached to the matter rests entirely with yourself, not with our office. The package is again mailed you to-day.

Yours, etc.,

S. S. STEWART.

In this instance the customer orders a banjo head, which is mailed as per his directions. He fails however to give his address in detail and another person of similar name receives

the package, which he returns to us. We hear nothing from the party and are left to wonder why the package is returned. Not hearing anything concerning it within a year we should naturally conclude that the person ordering the goods must have taken it into his head to check his baggage for another world, and therefore did not require the banjo head. But it happened in this instance that our customer was still in the flesh, and still pondering upon the unsettled question of his dollar bill and his banjo head—still wondering why Stewart should act the dead beat, but never dreaming that he omitted to give his local address in his order. Pondering diligently upon this he takes little thought of the lapse of time, and a year has nearly closed its jaws around our customer before he begins to think that it has been six months since he ordered a head.

REMINISCENCES OF A BANJO PLAYER.

BY A. BAUR.

My first recollection of hearing a banjo played was about the year 1851 or 1852 at a hall on the Bowery nearly opposite the old Bowery Theatre, in New York. I do not now remember the piece or pieces played by the performer or who he was (my age was 6 or 7 years at the time), but I do distinctly remember that he played an air similar to "Jim along Josey" or "Wait for the Wagon." He came on to the stage with a "Good ebenin' white folks," and immediately proceeded to play the melody through in the "old time" style of playing with thimble and striking the fifth string very frequently. After playing the solo through once he sang the song with banjo accompaniment. That the audience was delighted was evinced by the fact that he was repeatedly recalled. The number of times I cannot say, as I fell asleep before he had finished replying to encores. This was the only part of the performance I saw. After the banjo playing I have only a faint recollection of being carried out by my uncle, who had taken me to the "show." I afterwards heard Joe Sweeny and Billy Whitlock (both of whom are claimed by their friends to be the "Father of the Banjo"), Tom Briggs, "Pick" Butler, Charley Plummer, G. Swayne Buckley, Phil. Rice, Hi Rumsey and others. Tom Briggs was famous at that time as a banjo player. His rendition of "Home, Sweet Home," with two short variations, always sat an audience yelting with delight. Poor Tom! Were he to come back and hear the modern banjo, he would not recognize his favorite instrument. I can well remember the time when F on the upper line was thought to be the highest note on the banjo. It was E then. The neck of the banjo was so much longer than now that the natural keys of the instrument were D and G instead of E and A, as now. A very good idea of the old style of banjo playing can be formed by referring to "Brigg's Banjo Instructor," and transposing the pieces one degree higher than they are written in the book. Very few players attempted to play by note, not because they could not learn, but simply because no music had been written for the banjo, and everybody thought it impossible to write music for this instrument. One prominent player once said to me, "Why, I beat them all, I can play twelve complete tunes, such a thing was never heard of before, but it took me a long time to learn them," poor fellow! If he were living now he could find hundreds of amateurs who can play thousands of tunes, or as long as they can sit up and read

music that is published the same as music for other instruments. I heard about all the banjo players of note, many of them I cannot recall by name. Julius Von Bonhorst was quite an effective player in his time. I have regretted many times that I did not buy his old banjo. I could have had it for a trifle, and it would have been a valuable memento. The rim was made of a piece of boiler iron, and was nearly as large in diameter as an ordinary wash tub. The neck was so long I could scarcely reach to the nut. The 4th string (the same old string he had put on) was a violoncello A or 1st. The 3rd was a violin E, the 2nd a violin A, and the 1st was a heavy violin E. The brackets were of all styles and sizes, and looked as if they had been put on at different times and places. I have now in my possession a banjo bridge made in 1855, which is 2½ inches wide. Compare this with a banjo bridge of the present day. The latter measures scarcely 1½ inches.

In 1855, like all boys, I ran away from home and sought work, which I found in a book-bindingery on Spruce street, New York. In my capacity of errand boy I had to take books to the marbler to have the edges marbled. The man who did this work for my employers was said to be the best in the city. His place of business was on the south side of Fulton street, between William and Dutch streets. The entrance was a narrow hallway and up one flight of stairs. In the rear was a door on which the sign "C. Morrell" was tacked. The room, as I remember it, was about 16 or 18 feet wide, and about 24 feet long; before each of the two windows by which the room was lighted was a trough in which the marbler had his sizing and made his colors. Between the two troughs or sinks was a shelf or table. On the right, facing these windows, was a long table. A stove and two or three chairs completed the furniture of the room. I am thus particular in describing the room because it was here that the pioneers of the banjo congregated. Here was laid the foundation of the modern banjo. Every banjo player of note, and every lover of banjo music visited this room, and time and again have I heard the expression "Hello, Charley." "How d'ye do, Pick?" "Come again Jerry." "Where is Neil?" "See my new banjo." "Here's a new tune," &c., &c.

I was at that time 10 or 11 years of age, and took a keen interest in all the doings of the habitues of the place. Many a time I have gone to Morrell's with a dozen or so of books with instructions from my employers to have them done at once and hurry back, and times innumerable have I been told to "shut up," "go and tell Kron and Albrecht that I'm very busy and cannot marble their books to-day." Probably there would be nothing to do but to marble a dozen or so of books I would have with me, but the chairs and long table, and every available spot would be occupied by from two to a dozen. I never arrived at the dignity of occupying a prominent seat. I usually kept in the background where I sat on my package of books and listened to the different players until I dare not stay longer, and would then hurry back to the shop and tell my employers what Morrell had told me. I never missed being sent back to tell Mr. Morrell that the books must be done that day or not at all. I never allowed the "grass to grow under my feet" until I got back to where the banjo playing was going on. Life was made miserable for me between Morrell threatening to "break my jaw" if I bothered him, and Mr. Albrecht's threatening to discharge me if I spent so much time at Morrell's. I often wished I was big enough to "lick" Charley, but have long since forgiven him, and wondered for years what had become of him. I never lost an opportunity to inquire of nearly every "old time" banjo player if he ever knew a banjo player named Morrell. About 15 years ago I asked some one the ques-

tion, and the answer was "why there is a banjo player in San Francisco by that name, but I can not say where he came from." I always suspected that I had at last located my man, but was not certain until six or seven years ago I saw one of Morrell's circulars, in which he "gave himself away" by stating that parties desiring it could have their banjo heads beautifully marbled, or words to that effect. Charley Morrell is, without doubt, now the oldest banjo player living. He could give the present banjo players some very interesting reminiscences of the banjo of 30 or 35 years ago. I can remember when on at least one or two occasions there was to be a banjo match with most of the prominent performers of the day participating. Charlie was consulted by every one and on all sides, and was kept so busy that he marbled less books, and consequently I got more scoldings than ever. If I remember right, he made one or two of the banjos that were intended as prizes; at least I distinctly recollect of his showing the instruments to some one who came in. They talked for some time about the match, looking over the banjos carefully. In the meantime more players come in, and before the day was over nearly everybody had tried his favorite instrument. Speaking of banjo contests or matches reminds me of one that took place in Steinway Hall, New York, in 1883, and it may interest some banjo players to know why the prizes were not awarded to the best players. The question is simple and easily answered. The only consideration of any value after the receipts of the hall were safe in the pockets of the projectors of the contest, were the medals to be awarded to the contestants who should be awarded first prize for picking, and the medal for stroke playing. In my opinion this question was decided some time before the contest. At that time I was located in New York City, and took much interest in the banjo. As the banjo match was well advertised, it was looked forward to by all lovers of the instrument as a rare treat in store for them. About every player of note, at least those belonging to New York and vicinity, had been announced to take part; and as the date drew near everybody was on tiptoe of expectation in anticipation of the good things in store for them. I admit I was as much interested and excited over it as any one well could be, and will candidly confess I was nearly unfit for any kind of business. My thoughts being constantly on the banjo contest, when, if all advertised promised were kept, we should have the pleasure of listening to such an aggregation of talent as is seldom a man's privilege to behold. Three or four days before the contest, however, I came to the conclusion that the best man could not win, consequently lost interest in the affair. The cause of my change of feeling was this: I felt such an interest in the matter that I frequently, on my way down town in the morning, would stop at the office of the managers of the affair to see how the prize banjos were progressing. I decided in my own mind, though, that the most valuable part of the banjos was the metal plate on which was to be engraved the name of the victor in each class of players, but could not resist the temptation to "take in the whole show." I watched the workmen build the banjos up from the very foundation, and really wanted to see "fair play," when, like a thunder clap from a clear sky, the whole arrangement took unto itself an entirely different shape. One morning I talked, and after looking over the banjos and talking with the principal manipulator of the scheme, he surprised me by saying, "Al, we would like to have you act as one of the judges in the coming match." I immediately replied, "No—I can make enough enemies without acting as judge for a banjo contest." He answered, "Well, the case stands just this way: The Dobson's originated the idea. The Dobson's have hired and will pay for the hall. The Dobson's have

done all the advertising and work, and paid for the prizes, and by — they are going to appoint the judges." He did not say, "And the Dobson's will award the prizes to whoever they see fit," but he might just as well have said so, for from that moment I lost all confidence and interest in the affair, and was convinced that under no circumstances would the match terminate otherwise than as these men willed it.

On the afternoon of the day of the match I was called upon at my office by a party who wished me to act as judge for Mr. Horace Weston. I told him I did not think I could do so. He then gave me a note which read as follows: NEW YORK, April 30, 1883.

MR. BAUR,

Dear Sir:—Can you possibly meet Mr. Horace Weston this evening by seven o'clock at 147 Bleecker street, to act as judge in this banjo contest on his behalf, and oblige.

FRANK CONVERSE,

Per W. S. P.

"W. S. P.," who signed the above note, is W. Stewart Pond, son of Mr. William A. Pond, the well-known music publisher, of New York. I did not feel at liberty to tell what I thought would be the outcome of the contest, or my reasons for thinking so; I therefore simply declined to act. Had I consented and met Mr. Weston, I would have been obliged to give him my reasons for not wanting to act. This I did not care to do at the time. At the contest that evening it was so plain that the judges had been appointed and prizes awarded before the contest, that I became disgusted, and left long before the farce was over. Mr. Converse afterwards told me that he had been asked by Mr. Weston to act for him, but having an idea how it would end he declined. In a conversation with one of the winners (?) of the two gold medals awarded that evening, he told me, pointing with pride to the medal on his breast: "This is what I won at the banjo match." That he and his brother were not playing for banjos; that the match was to decide who excelled in picking, or the guitar style, and who excelled in stroke, or banjo style of playing. This was another revelation to me, as nothing of the kind had ever been mentioned or possibly even thought of except by the originators of the fiasco. They accomplished what they started out to do, *i. e.*, put quite a snug sum of money in their pockets, and retained the medals, which, next to the money taken in, were the most valuable part of the business.



The banjo world continues on the move.

Horace Weston, the famous colored banjoist, called recently. He had been travelling with Hick's Georgia minstrels.

Truman P. Reitmeyer, Lewisburg, Pa., is an ardent admirer of the banjo. He writes that he has derived benefit from persuing *The Banjo Philosophically*, by Stewart.

J. Brittain Beers, teacher of the banjo, Bethlehem, Pa., sends us a number of new subscribers to the *Journal*.

M. J. Betz, No. 1003 Ridge Avenue, deals in all musical instruments. He also teaches the banjo.

The Marques Family, consisting of father, mother and children, are giving neat entertainments through the West.

W. G. Collins, Washington, D. C., wrote recently: "I want to say a good word for the banjo I presented to the Odd Fellows some time ago. The society made more money out of it than any other article voted for. It is a magnificent instrument in tone and workmanship."

Charles G. Taylor, Boston, in a recent letter says: "I purchased one of your banjos from Dr. Bartlett, of Milton, about a year ago. I have played the banjo for the last seven years, and during that time I have owned instruments of nearly every good make in the country, and I must say that yours is the finest toned one I have ever handled."

W. Vanderpool, played banjo at the Ocala Music House, Florida, on the evening of November 19th last. He was accompanied on the piano by Professor Pike.

Edw. C. Gilson, Orange, N. J., says he likes the *Journal* immensely.

Thomas H. Kelly sends us the following clipping from a paper in Newport, N. H.:

"The festival held by the Newport Drum Corps last Thursday evening was very successful so far as regards the stage entertainment, the supper and the occasion as a social affair. The banjo quartette did splendidly, and were heartily encored. Misses Paul and Chase did excellent work in two duets, and Miss Comstock sang with her usual acceptance. Fred Gamash displayed a good deal of skill in Indian club swinging, and a banjo solo by Mr. Titcomb completely brought down the house. The drum corps gave a sample of what they could do in their line and then all who wished danced to the music of the Newport Orchestra. By reason of rain the attendance was not so large as it otherwise would have been; nevertheless, the entire proceeds footed up to a good figure."

F. C. Adams, Franklin, Pa., has an old time Farnham banjo.

The Omaha Lodge, No. 39, of the B. P. O. E., held a social in their room on the evening of November 23d last, complimentary to the officers of Fort Omaha, on which occasion Messrs. Gillenbeck and Mangold made a hit in their banjo duets.

Pemberton W. Willard, proprietor of the Japanese Village, recently purchased a fine Stewart banjo which he intends to take with him to Australia, India and Japan.

E. J. Campbell is teaching the banjo in East Troy, Penna.

R. O. Goldsmith, Bennington, Vt., is said to be a competent banjo teacher.

W. J. Scott, banjo teacher of New York City, is doing well.

Charles C. Bertholdt, banjo instructor, teaches in St. Louis.

L. E. Scott, Brockton, Mass., has more pupils than any other teacher in that locality.

D. Emerson, New York, continues to publish his banjo compositions.

Mrs. William Frier, New Britain, Conn., writes: "I find all music I get from you is just immense."

Miss Elma F. Mills, Ishpeming, Mich., writes: "I receive the *Journal* regularly, and think I could not do without it. I have often wondered why I did not subscribe for it before. I think it is a great help, at least it has been to me."

L. G. Chrisman, Sigourney, Iowa, says: "Please find enclosed 50 cents for your *Journal* for another year. I would not do without it for five times its cost. The information it contains is worth more than three times its cost, not saying anything about the music."

Miss Edith Secor, Bayonne City, N. J., teacher of the banjo and xylophone, writes that she thinks the Irene Loraine Mazourka beautiful.

Byron A. Couse, teacher of banjo in Albany, N. Y., is a great stickler for the Stewart banjo.

E. H. Ferguson, Rochester, N. Y., says in a recent letter: "The banjeaurine at hand; I would say I find it every way superior to any banjo I have ever heard. I think its tone resembles the mandolin, only sweeter, and has not the harsh effect which arises from the wire strings. It will be very popular with the ladies, as it is so easily fingered."

L. B. Grable, Davenport, Iowa, is an excellent banjo player.

James P. Brown, Butler, Ill., a guitarist, writes after purchasing a Stewart guitar neck banjo: "It sounded rather queer as compared with the guitar when I first got it, but before evening that had worn away and I was playing solos on it, and even like it better than my guitar, and for solos with piano accompaniment, it is far ahead of the guitar."

George J. Lane, teacher, Worcester, Mass., likes the *Journal* immensely. He writes that he is teaching the Pupil's Schottische, in last issue, to his pupils.

From a Rochester paper:

"E. H. Ferguson will give a banjo recital at Mrs. Cary's studio next Wednesday evening at which time he will introduce the banjeaurine, the greatest improvement made on a banjo. It is said to have a more musical tone, more carrying power and a higher register. Its tone is something like that of a mandolin only sweeter as there are no wire strings. Following is the programme:

Piano solo—Polonaise, in E. Major.....Liszt
Mrs. W. B. Menneiley.
Address—The Banjo.....
E. H. Ferguson.
Banjo solo { a. Enchantment Schott.....
b. Erminie Gavotte.....
E. H. Ferguson.
Victory Parade March.....Goldey Shepard
Rochester Banjo and Guitar Club.
Piano solo—Spinnelied.....Wagner-Liszt
Mrs. W. B. Menneiley.
Guitar solo—Magnolia Mazurka.....De Janon
E. H. Ferguson.
Banjeaurine solo—Blue Bells of Scotland....
E. H. Ferguson.
Piano solo—Gavotte 2d.....W. G. Smith
Mrs. W. B. Menneiley.
Guitar solo { a. Aimee Schott.....
b. Erminie Lullaby.....
E. H. Ferguson.
Mystic Schott.....Goldey Shepard
Rochester Banjo and Guitar Club.

J. H. Parker gave a banjo concert at Victoria Armory Hall, Montreal, Canada, Monday evening, December 5th last.

We have now the *Wayfayer Waltz*, published for two banjos. The second banjo part may be had on receipt of 25 cents. For four banjos \$1.00. For guitar 25 cents; for two guitars 50 cents.

M. D. Silverman has a banjo and guitar studio in Toronto, Canada.

Maskell & De Boe, Grand Rapids, Mich., write: "*Journals* went like hot cakes this time—better than ever."

Matt Ballenger, the banjoist of Salem, N. J., sends his photograph, for which we return thanks.

S. S. Stewart's Kentucky saddle horse Colonel, is one of the best bred horses in this part of the country. Broken to all gaits and a hunter likewise, it is no wonder the banjo maker takes pride in the animal.

G. H. Billings, Auburn, N. Y., says he thinks the *Journal* is steadily improving in tone.

J. C. Hennessey, of Wickes, Montana, sends us his latest banjo composition, Charlotte Estelle Schottische, for which we return thanks.

There was a grand mammoth banjo concert by the Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, given at Tremont Temple, Boston, Wednesday Evening, December 14th, 1887, concerning which the Boston *Herald* has the following:

"It was a festival night for banjoists at Tremont Temple last evening, and the twing twing, twang twang, thump thump of the popular instrument of the day was heard by the immense audience present for two hours, varied only by occasional interruptions by a glee club and a humorist. The procession of banjo players that filed into the building singly, in couples and in crowds astonished and puzzled the ordinary passers through Tremont street, and created a great excitement among the favored ticket holders. The idea of massing all the available banjo talent of the town and giving a concert with a banjo 'orchestra' originated with the members of the Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, and the result attending the carrying out of their idea was certainly interesting to those who attended last evening. Mr. William A. Huntley was the star artist of the evening, and the solo talent, in the line of banjo playing, included Miss Vena Robinson, Miss Flossie Southward and Miss Marie Thresher. The Longwood club and the Freshmen club from Harvard College also took part in the programme as well as a miscellaneous "orchestra" of over three score players, the Lotus Glee Club and Mr. Edward T. Phelan, humorist, assisting. The great "act" of the evening was the appearance of the "orchestra," which, under Mr. George L. Lansing's direction, played Shattuck's "Invincible Guard March" with splendid precision, creating the most novel and enjoyable effect. The Ideal Club, which has been heard frequently in and about the city this season, made another brilliant success, and both the Longwood and the Freshmen clubs played with highly commendable skill. Mr. William A. Huntley again showed himself an accomplished soloist, and was enthusiastically applauded for each and all of his selections. Miss Thresher, 6 years old, gave evidence of early talent, and the other soloists, also of tender years, acquitted themselves with credit. Mr. Phelan is a very clever imitator, and his contributions to the entertainment were greatly enjoyed, as were also the numbers introduced by the glee club. Altogether, the concert made quite a new departure in banjo playing, and proved that the instrument can be used with advantage in many combinations suited to the concert hall."

K. G. Bellairs, of St. Louis, is a diligent student of banjo playing.

C. W. Howell, Jr., Newark, N. J., says he considers the *Journal* the best he ever read.

From the Manchester City News:
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Dec. 3, 1887.—THE ARTS CLUB: The members of the Manchester Arts Club, Albert Square, opened their winter session a fortnight ago by a house dinner, presided over by Mr. E. B. Ivan Muller, M. A., and the first of the fortnightly gatherings was held on Wednesday last, when Mr. William H. Murphy gave a guitar and banjo recital, and sang a number of songs and ballads. He was introduced by the chairman of the evening as an example of what a troubadour would be if he lived in our days. Mr. Murphy exhibited a remarkable range and variety of vocal and instrumental ability, and did all he set himself to do with a nerve, vigor, and an abandon that was extremely captivating. His performances on the guitar showed the unexpected capacities of that fine and recently neglected instrument, and his songs and ballads ranged from the tender "Only to love her" of Santley, and the romance of "The Night Watch" by Pinsuti, to Father O'Flynn and the Irish Christening; from the nightmare song in *Iolanthe* to the Toreador's song in *Carmen*; and again, from the Minstrel's song in *Mikado* to the hilarious Ballyhooley Blue Ribbon Army. Mr. Murphy's efforts met throughout with hearty appreciation. Mr. Dewhurst, a sound and genuine actor of the old school, gave several recitations; and the other contributors to the evening's entertainment included Messrs. Frederick Doeg, J. F. L. Crosland, William Baldwin, Sidney Locke, E. H. Downs, and Joseph M'Kim. Mr. Frederick Villiers, the artist war correspondent of the *Graphic*, was present, and in responding to some words of welcome from the chairman he received an enthusiastic reception.

E. H. Ferguson's banjo and guitar recital, held at Mrs. Cary's studio, Rochester, on the evening of December 14th last, was a very enjoyable affair. Mr. Ferguson may be congratulated upon his banjo work.

We extract the following from a recent letter received from W. H. Whitcomb, Poynette, Wis.:

"I enclose postal note for 50 cents. I don't know when my subscription for the *Journal* expires, but the last of the year is good time to make certain. I wouldn't miss the *Journal* for any price. I have a complete file of them, and it is wonderful what progress you have made. Accept my wish for a merry Christmas and happy New Year, and let the *Journal* come just the same."

The concert given by the American Banjo Club under the direction of Mr. Thomas J. Armstrong, at Association Hall, Monday evening December 19, 1887, was a complete success. There for the first time many ladies and gentlemen were made aware that good music can be produced from the banjo, both as a solo and orchestral instrument. The club will likely soon be heard from again in a still better concert.

Miss Hattie Howard Pratt, of Northampton, Mass., plays the banjo very well.

M. J. Catlin, Newburg, N. Y., writes as follows: "I use your music exclusively, and prefer it to all publications. I have one of your \$50 banjos, and think it a wonderful instrument. The 'Stewart' is without doubt the finest banjo made, and is gaining many friends in this city."

There is now an immense sale for some of our banjo music. Such pieces as the *Wayfarer Waltz* and *Irene Loraine Mazourka* are very popular.

Charles H. Partee gave a concert at the Pickwick Theatre, St. Louis, Tuesday evening December 27, 1887, at which the following programme was presented:

PART I.
Overture.....The Douglas Clog
Composed by Charles H. Partee.
Messrs. Will J. Kennedy, J. K. Waterman, Hunt Turner, W. A. Blair, W. C. Clark, John McCargo, Fred L. Knight, Harry George, G. W. Sheble, Edward Schwidde, H. C. Chamberlain, Wallace McCargo, Erwin Grimm, Henry Lee, W. Maguire, Clarence L. Partee, Charles H. Partee, Miss Lillie Kennedy, Miss Heywood, Mrs. C. H. Partee.
Banjo solo.....Shepard's Reel
Master Hunt Turner.
Magic Trick Duet.....By Armstrong
Harry George and G. W. Sheble.
Classical solos by the celebrated clairvoyant
Clarence L. Partee.
Waltz Medley, Minnie Schottische, Buffalo Mazurka, Montrose Quickstep, etc.
Violin solo.....Harry W. McChesney.
Miss Ada McClelland, the gifted and accomplished
banjo and guitar soloist.
PART II.
Artistic trios,
C. L. Partee, Mrs. C. H. Partee, Chas. H. Partee.
Charles H. Partee,
All the different styles of playing—"Minor Jigs,"
"Home Sweet Home (original variations)," "Bocaccio March," etc.
Recitation.....The Quack Doctor
Mr. Sampson Dawe.
Partee Brothers—Charles H. and Clarence L.
"Gracie Schottische," "Marie Waltz," "Dancing in
the Sunlight," etc.
The banjos used by the Partee Bros. were made by
S. S. Stewart, 223 Church street, Philadelphia.
Recitation....."Angels of Buena Vista."
Miss Richard Raepheal.
Just the plain comedian—Charles H. Partee,
Will Vocalize.
"Thankful for That," "They Cawn't Do It, Ye
Know," "I'm Going to Make Other Arrangements,"
"Her Age It Was Red, and Her Hair Was 19,"
"Oh, Thomas, Come Up on the Roof."

The concert throughout was a complete success, although it being a bitter cold night, the audience was not as large as it would otherwise have been.

Miss McClelland was ill and therefore could not appear. The programme in other respects was carried out as published.

W. A. Huntloy, of Providence, R. I., is doing an immense business in teaching. William is as smiling and serene as ever, and will no doubt grow rich and powerful in his business.

Joseph Ward, colored banjo and guitar artist, and his pupils D. C. Wilson and L. W. Pullen, of Hightstown, N. J., called recently and purchased banjos. Ward is an excellent player.

Charles L. Gortzman writes under date of Jan. 7th., from West Webster, N. Y., that he is about to leave for Los Angeles, Cal., where he will open a banjo and guitar school.

Hallock C. Alvord, of New Haven, plays on banjos of all sorts and sizes.

A. Baur, of Brookville, Pa., advertises in this issue.

H. W. Harper, Grand Rapids, Mich., sends us an excellent cabinet photograph, for which we tender thanks.

The veteran, C. Morrell, of San Francisco, also sends us a photograph of his son Charles, Jr., the well-known banjoist.

We are sorry to learn that the Markee Family (Markee Family) lost all of their banjos, drums, mandolins, printing, etc., by fire recently.

Charles Morrell, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Next Monday I will forward you the money for my third year ad. in the 'Little Giant,'—excuse me, I mean the little *Journal*. I am very well pleased with the last two years, and am now going to try it another year. My banjo books are in demand all over the world. Many thanks to the little *Journal*. Banjo business with me is very brisk, busy all the time.

Mr. Sullivan made the fiddle talk at a concert given in the lecture room of St. Stephen's Church, Montreal, Canada, Tuesday Evening, Dec. 20th, last.

In the *Wayfarer Waltz*, in first edition, the second strain is made to play but once. But in the second edition it has been altered to play twice, having a first and second ending. The second banjo part is written to play with the new edition, as are also the parts for piccolo and banjeaurine.

A soiree musicale was given on Friday evening, January 6th, at the residence of Mrs. Dundas Lippincott, No. 509 South Broad street, Philadelphia. The affair was given for the benefit of the Cooking School, and five hundred tickets were sold at two dollars each. The entertainment included Mr. D. C. Everest's violin solos, and banjo selections by lady pupils of Mr. T. J. Armstrong.

THE BANJO CRAZE IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From a Philadelphia Letter.]

The banjo mania has broken out again in fashionable society with a virulence that exceeds anything ever known before. All the maidens and a good many of the old women also strum the instrument. Banjo classes abound on every side, and 'banjo recitals' are among the newest diversions of fashion. A club of forty players gave a concert the other night, and in the crowded audience were representatives of all the sweetest names in town. Teachers get what they please to ask, and a young woman who erstwhile starved as a teacher of the piano now has her own carriage as a professor of the banjo. Youths and elderly men, too, have caught the fever, and the brawny young man who only a few months ago was worshipped as a hero of the tennis-field, now finds himself neglected unless he can pick the banjo and sing his little song. The star strummers among the men are in demand at the smartest parties, and have the choosing of society of the most charming girls, with unlimited champagne and salad thrown in, all at the price of a little strumming and singing. Moonlight sleighing parties that used to be considered complete with a dish of that toothsome Philadelphia delicacy, 'catfish and waffles,' as an incidental, are now voted slow unless a banjoist forms one of the company. The banjoist, in a word, is the boss of the hour."

The foregoing is from a New York paper.

There are in existence a class of persons who, possessing a certain amount of "book learning," coupled with a dearth of ideas and small practical knowledge, failing to succeed in various attempted business pursuits, at last seek literature as a means of eking out a precarious livelihood. To this class we believe the writer of the "Philadelphia letter" belongs. It is doubtless a writer of the male gender, for we can scarcely think that a female writer would designate elderly persons of her own sex as "old women." But whoever the writer may have been one thing is certain, he has no knowledge of the subject of banjo playing, and is not in any way familiar with what is going on in the banjo business. The writer states that "a club of forty players gave a concert the other night." Now it is strange that forty banjo players should have a concert here in our own city and we not know of it.

Further, the article states that "teachers get what they please to ask." This is like many of the "fish stories" daily printed in the papers, false. Fashionable people do not pay their money for the mere asking, and we know of no teacher who does not earn honestly every cent he gets.

Take it all in all we believe that this "Philadelphia letter," so called, was manufactured in New York, for the Philadelphia correspondent has certainly no knowledge as to what is going on in Philadelphia.

It is true that some of our most intelligent people are now studying the banjo, but it is also true that this is a result which has been gradually produced by those, who, knowing what was in the banjo as a musical instrument, have been for a long time working for a just recognition of the merits of the banjo.

In fact, the banjo has a great future before it. It is not only becoming justly popular in our own city's musical circles, but in nearly every other city. As we write this the foreign mail brings us a letter from Lady Wolseley of Wolseley Hall, Colwich, England, ordering one of our fine banjos, and stating that the instrument is becoming very popular throughout England.

As Frank Lockwood, a noted member of Armstrong's American Banjo Club, was sailing on the Schuylkill river on skates, between Shawmont and Lafayette, the ice suddenly gave way and Frank was immersed in seventeen feet of Schuylkill drinking water, ice cold. Nor is this the worst part of it. As Frank was calmly floating on his skates, borne along by the wind, using a window curtain for a sail, he balanced himself by means of his \$50.00 Stewart banjo which he carried in a russet leather case. Of course the banjo got a cold water bath and is now up for repairs. We had not, at the time of going to press, learned how Frank got out. But we do know that he got out and was not drowned. For we have since seen him and loaned him a banjo for immediate use and we know that he was a solid flesh and blood banjo player.

THE BANJO ORCHESTRA.

A Banjo orchestra is not exactly an institution suitable for the sea side summer resort, nor for dispensing music in the open air concerts usually given by orchestras and bands during the warm season of the year, but nevertheless, an orchestra composed of a number of banjos of various sizes is now becoming an attractive musical novelty and bids fair to successfully compete with any orchestra or collection of stringed instruments before the public.

The Banjo orchestra may be composed of from four instruments upwards. A simple quartette of banjos makes very agreeable music. Such a quartette should be composed of First and Second Banjo, Tenor or Banjeaurine Banjo and Piccolo Banjo.

But an orchestra of from twelve to eighteen banjos is about the proper thing. The selection of instruments for such an orchestra is as follows:

- 4 First Banjos.
- 4 Second "
- 3 Banjeaurines.
- 2 Tenor Banjos.
- 3 Piccolo Banjos.
- 1 Bass Banjo or Banjo Cello.
- 1 Guitar neck Banjo or Guitar.

The "First Banjos" should be the usual 11 or 11½ inch rim instruments to tune in "C and G," as should also the "Second Banjos." The banjeaurines are tuned a fourth higher than the "ordinary banjos," and the nine inch rim "Tenor Banjos" are tuned in unison with the banjeaurines, and play the same music as may be written for the banjeaurine, but owing to different dimensions of the instruments and the difference in the general construction, producing a different quality of tone and effect.

The 9 inch Rim "Tenor Banjo" should be made for this purpose with necks not longer than 14 or 14½ inches.

The Piccolo Banjos, made to tune an octave higher than the "ordinary banjo," should have necks not longer than nine inches.

The Bass or Cello Banjo is made with thirteen to sixteen inch rim and eighteen to twenty-one inch neck, and is strung with thick strings so as to sound an octave deeper than the ordinary banjo.

Where there are piccolo banjos there should, of course, be a bass to balance.

The guitar or guitar neck banjos may also be used with good effect.

As we have only recently constructed a bass or cello banjo for the use of banjo combinations, there have as yet been no parts written and published for this instrument, but it can readily play the part written for the "second banjo," and as the tones are deeper and fuller, one or more of the second banjos can be dispensed with if there should be a lack of performers.

We have now published and for sale Huntleys celebrated *Rocky Point Schottische*, arranged for six instruments, viz., 1st and 2d Banjos, 1st and 2d Piccolo Banjos, 1st and 2d Banjeaurines. These parts may be doubled or trebled so that twelve or more performers can use the arrangement, or vice versa. If there are but four performers, one piccolo and one banjeaurine part can be dispensed with.

We have also published Herbruger's composition, called *Stewart's Favorite Quickstep*, arranged in the same manner, and having an additional part to be played on the guitar or guitar neck banjo.

We have previously published *The Grand Inauguration March*, by Stewart, arranged for four banjos by J. H. Lee, and as two or more banjos may be assigned to each part, this arrangement makes also a very effective piece for the Banjo Orchestra.

Then there is the *Marteneaux Overture*, published some time ago, and now being successfully performed by various banjo clubs, which is arranged for four banjos, and each part being capable of multiplication by almost any number of banjos.

Then we have Armstrong's publications of the *Anarantine Mazourka* and *Triumph March*, so successfully performed at the recent concert of the American Banjo Club. *The Wayfarer Waltz* has also been lately arranged and published as a Banjo Quartette, arranged for first and second Banjos, Piccolo Banjo and Banjeaurine or Tenor Banjo, and we should not forget to mention O. H. Albrecht's *Golden Bell Waltz* and *Ridgway Park Mazourka*.

Other arrangements for the use of Banjo Clubs will be issued from time to time.

The Bass or Cello Banjo, as constructed by Stewart, is a large sized instrument, with a neck made thicker and wider than usual, and with larger pegs.* This is necessitated by the use of the heavy strings required to tune the instrument to a pitch a full octave lower than the banjo as usually played is tuned. These instruments are to be used when a number of banjos are played in concert, and are not intended to be used as solo instruments. The price of them is thirty-five dollars. They are as indispensable to a banjo club as a violincello or bass is to a string band. It has five strings the same as other banjos, and is played in the same manner.

A bow banjo having two strings has also been constructed. It is held similar to a violincello and played on with a violin bow. A violinist can produce good effects in a banjo orchestra with one of these novel instruments.

* It is however best to make the bass banjo with "Patent Head" (Guitar Keys), as the thick strings are then much easier to tune accurately and as they seldom break the player is not bothered in handling the pegs as would be the case with thin strings.

S. WELLS' FAVORITE CLOG.

FOR BANJO AND PIANO.

Tune Banjo in "C and G" with Bass to D.

By JOHN C. FOLWELL.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a Banjo staff and a Piano staff. The Banjo staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The Piano staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score consists of 16 measures. The Banjo part features a rhythmic melody with many triplets and slurs. The Piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the 16th measure.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

POLKA.

By GEO. C. STEPHENS.

1st Banjo.

2d Banjo.

Tuning of Instruments for the Banjo Orchestra.

The Banjos of ordinary dimensions are tuned in C in the manner familiar to all Banjo players. The Banjeaurine is tuned a fourth higher; the Piccolo Banjo is tuned an octave higher; the Tenor Banjo, 9 inch Rim, is tuned in unison with the Banjeaurine; the Bass Banjo is tuned an octave lower than the ordinary Banjo.

Banjo.—(As noted)

(Corresponds with)—Piano.



Banjeaurine.

Piano.



Piccolo Banjo.

Piano.



9 inch Rim, "Tenor Banjo."

Piano.



Bass or Cello Banjo.

Piano.



Guitar.

Piano.



This diagram shows the corresponding notes on the Piano or Organ to each of the instruments when properly tuned, and will be readily understood by students who have made themselves familiar with the various articles published in the Journal.

RENO POLKA.

By THOS. J. ARMSTRONG.

Tempo di Polka.

Banjo. *mf*

f

1 X 2 1 1 X 2 1 1 X 2 X

f *mf*

5 Pos..... 5 Pos..... 5 Pos.....

f *mf*

D.C.

RUSTIC DANCE.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

By CHARLES H. LOAG.

Moderato.
f

FINE.
ff

f

p

D.C. al Fine.

CHAMPION WING DANCE.

By THOS. J. ARMSTRONG.

Banjo. *Allegro.*

mf

5th Pos..... 10th Pos..... 5 Pos.....

f

5th Pos..... 9th Pos..... 5th Pos.....

D.C.

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Detailed description: This is a four-staff musical score for Banjo. The first staff is the melody, marked 'Allegro' and 'mf'. The second staff is a continuation of the melody. The third and fourth staves are for the left hand, showing various fret positions (5th, 10th, 9th) and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). The piece ends with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

OLD EPH'S POLKA.

By T. J. ARMSTRONG.

Banjo. *Moderato.*

mf

ff

1 2

FINE.

Copyright, 1888, by S. S. STEWART.

Detailed description: This is a four-staff musical score for Banjo. The first staff is the melody, marked 'Moderato' and 'mf'. The second and third staves are for the left hand, showing various fret positions and fingerings. The fourth staff shows two endings, numbered 1 and 2, leading to a 'FINE' ending. The piece is marked 'ff' in the third staff.



"Complaining Subscriber" writes that he has not received his *Journal* for the past four months. But he neglects to add that it is his own fault entirely, for he moved or changed his place of residence without having notified us at all, and the paper has been sent to his previous address, which being in a country town, his postoffice is probably open to the inspection of the various "hangers on," and if the papers are not still lying there they have doubtless been appropriated by some one else.

Those who do not notify us when they change their address, need not expect us to follow them with the paper. Another mistake some make, is to notify us of change of address just at the time the paper is ready for the mails, and then expect us to search out his wrapper and change the address thereon.

Another correspondent writes that he lost or mislaid his last *Journal*, and desires that another copy shall at once be mailed to him.

He doubtless has been led to believe, by some strange misunderstanding of business principles, that all we had to do was to speak the word and the paper would pop out. But the *Journal* is not printed without money, and is worth every cent charged for it, and more too. Therefore, those who are so careless as to lose their paper, should enclose ten cents when they order another copy. Gentlemen will always do this, and others are requested to do likewise.

A thoughtless correspondent writes that as he has the "Album" already, which we give as a premium to subscribers to the *Journal*, he would like two pieces of music as a premium with his subscription.

We must remark that if the *Journal* alone is not worth 50 cents per year, without any premium, to our correspondent, we should prefer not to have his name on our subscription list. We do not in any case give sheet music as a premium to subscribers to the *Journal*.

J. W. Donnelly, of Boonville, N. Y., writes as follows: "Your *Journal* is immense; I have learned more since I began taking it than I ever dreamed of before. I have been an 'ear player,' but am working on one of your Complete American Banjo School Books now. It is fine."

A. C. F. writes: "I enclose 12 cents, for which please send me two of your maple bridges, if you can tell me about how high bridges should be for my banjo, a description of which I gave you in a former letter."

ANSWER.—No one can tell just how high a bridge should be without seeing the instrument it is intended for. The height of a bridge depends upon the pitch of the neck, and upon the taste of the performer. If a bridge is too high, it should be lowered by rubbing the feet upon a flat surface of sand paper, after which a little rosin dust may be rubbed on to prevent slipping.

We extract the following from a somewhat lengthy letter received recently:

"Some of our men here, about organizing a Banjo Club, asked me about the Stewart, but I am afraid our experience will not justify me in recommending it."

Now what do you suppose was the writer's reason for speaking in this strain?

Simply because he had a new head put on his banjo, and when he got it back, the hoop, of course, was up. Instead of gradually drawing it down, he thinks that the banjo has been injured and the neck has been set down lower than the rim. One would think that anyone interested in the banjo, with access to the *Journal* and all other printing, explaining these

things, would know better than this. And yet almost every day we have one or more cases displaying just such ignorance.

Once there was an old woman who wanted to take a drive. She got in the wagon and told the horse to go, but the horse wouldn't go. She couldn't make him go. Why not? Simply because he was tied to the post. So it is that some people damn others for their own sins and mistakes.

Banjo Head: We charge 75 cents for a 14-inch banjo head, and one dollar for a 16-inch banjo head. We charge \$1.50 for putting a head on any size rim from 9-inch up to 13-inch. This includes the head. If you wish to purchase the head and put it on yourself, you can do so.

Full directions will be found in our illustrated price list.

A correspondent who fails to enclose a stamp for reply, writes as follows: "Will you please inform me the proper distance at which the bridge should be placed upon the head from the edge of the rim on the three following sizes, viz: 6, 8 and 11 1/2 in. rims, (there being no frets to denote distance.)"

What would be the cost of a new nickel-plated rim for each of above sizes mentioned, with one wire edge, formed round and not fastened together? By giving above desired information, you will confer a favor for which I shall be greatly obliged."

ANSWER.—Our correspondent is evidently one of those individuals whom we are meeting with almost daily in our business. He is "banjo struck," and thinks he can make some banjos. But as his letter clearly displays the fact that he is ignorant of the first principles of banjo construction, we advise him to spare his energy and desist in the attempt.

In the first place there is no "proper distance" for the bridge to stand. The distance varies with each manufacturer.

In the next place no one but a "botch" would think of forming a rim round and putting in a wire and brazing it after it was formed. What kind of a joint would such brazing give?

Consequently we cannot supply such rims as he desires.

We seriously think our correspondent had best quit banjo making.

W. M. writes: "I have one of your \$25.00 banjo-guitars. Could I get a neck of you (a banjo neck) so that I could change them easily—using either guitar or banjo neck as I wished?"

If I had a banjo neck, same as used on your Universal Favorite Banjo, could I exchange them easily myself?"

In reply to this we would say that it is not well to change necks in any rim, but should a player decide to do so he must have his two or more necks made exactly to fit the rim, and understand how to adjust and pitch them after they are once in. Changing necks, of course, would not be tolerated by a good player, as it is ever open to disadvantage. A neck once properly fitted and adjusted should be allowed to remain, so that the strings may always lie at the same distance from the finger-board, and also that the rim may retain its brace within and not be forced one way or another whilst the head is tight.

J. S. S., St. Paul, writes: "Have you any strings for the banjeaurine so that it can be tuned to C, an octave below the ordinary banjos?"

No; we should say most decidedly not. There are no such strings in existence. Our correspondent should read *The Banjo Philosophically*.

R. M., London, Eng., writes: "I see in your price list never to use a wire or steel string on a banjo. My 4th string is a silver one. All the banjos in England have, I believe, a silver string for the 4th. How do you account for that?"

Our correspondent is evidently quite a novice. Our remarks concerning steel and wire strings had no reference whatever to the wound string which is used for a fourth string on the banjo. The wound string, called the 4th or bass string of the banjo, is composed of fine strands of silk spun with very thin copper wire, silver plated. The string is so covered in order to greatly increase its density, without at the same time,

greatly augmenting its thickness. The thin wire wrapped over the silk accomplishes this very well, otherwise it would be necessary to use a very thick string, that is, providing the string was not wrapped with wire. But if the string so wrapped was composed of gut or wire inside, it would require to be much thinner than the silk, as gut is much [more dense and wire is very much more dense than the silk. Hence, as a thick string does not give a clear tone, sufficiently clear for a banjo, thick strings would not produce a pleasing effect if used as the 4th or bass string on the instrument. It is then necessary to have a thin string of just sufficient density for the purpose. This is accomplished with the silk strands wrapped with thin wire thread, as has been explained. The remaining four strings are of gut.

"THE AMERICAN BANJO CLUB."

Thos. J. Armstrong's Banjo Club gave their first concert at Association Hall, Philadelphia, Monday Evening, Dec. 19, 1887, presenting the following programme:

PART FIRST.

1. Selection, (a)—"Triumph March," Armstrong
(b)—"Golden Bell Waltz," Albrecht
American Banjo Club.
2. Quartette, "Twilight on the sea," Sudds
Excelsior Quartette.
3. Violin Solo, "Souvenir DeBellini," Artot
Master L. Gustav Schmidt.
4. Duet, "I Feel Thy Angel Spirit," Hoffmann
Miss Adele Knepley and Mr. L. G. Armstrong.
5. Banjo Solo, "The Wayfarer Waltz," Stewart
Mr. S. S. Stewart.
6. Recitation, "The Story of the Frightened Barber,"
Mr. L. G. Armstrong. Saxe
7. Quartette, "O who will o'er the downs so free,"
Star Male Quartette. De Pearsall

PART SECOND.

1. Selection, (a)—"Amaranthine Mazurka,"
(b)—"Bristol Polka," Armstrong
American Banjo Club.
2. Soprano Solo, "I am watching, I am waiting,"
Miss Adele Knepley. Little Tycoon
3. Recitation, "A Modern Sermon," (by request)
Mr. L. G. Armstrong.
4. Banjo and Piano, "The Drum Major's Quick Step,"
Misses Edith E. and Viola Secor. Armstrong
5. Violin solo, "Concerto No. 1," De Beriot
Master L. Gustav Schmidt.
6. Quartette, "Arion Waltz," Vogel
Excelsior Quartette.
7. Selection, "Martaneaux Overture," Vernet
American Banjo Club.

The Banjo Orchestra, known as the American Banjo Club, comprised on this evening, sixteen performers, as follows: Thos. J. Armstrong, Frank H. Lockwood, E. W. Bonsall, George Rice, Wallis Huidekoper, Gustave Assenmacher, P. C. Dougherty, De Witt C. Everest, Otto H. Albrecht, Fred. H. Strawbridge, Gus. Augustine, Wm. S. Dougherty, Edward Clark, Herman Rowland, W. T. Shoemaker and D. Hitner Geise.

As will be seen by the programme, the club appeared three times. The performances were in good time and well executed, and entirely captured the audience, which numbered about one thousand people.

The performers, who appeared in full evening dress, presented an attractive appearance, their showy banjos giving them the appearance of plumed knights arrayed for battle.

Mr. Everest, who sat in front and played a piccolo banjo, attracted the notice of the ladies in the audience, who have an eye for manly beauty, and his close resemblance to President Cleveland was remarked by more than one present. His face wore during the entire evening a beaming smile, and as he plucked the strings he did indeed resemble the President, as he looks when he has just hooked a fine large trout. Mr. Albrecht, too, who sat next to Mr. Everest, pulled the strings of his "Little Wonder" with much effect, and was by no means slow. He is more on the Bismarck

style, but not yet quite stout and fat enough to be taken for Bismarck himself.

Of the other players who so nobly performed their parts, we can safely say that each and every man was right on time and up to the mark.

The banjo and piano playing of the Misses Secor was most excellent. Miss Edith is a splendid banjo player, and handles the Xylophone in a manner hard to equal. Her sister, Miss Viola, plays an excellent piano accompaniment. A few more ladies like these would soon start all the ladies in the country playing the banjo, although such a result is not to be desired by any manner of means.

Master L. Gustav Schmidt, only twelve years of age, plays the violin in a manner which would do credit to an artist of double his years. The ladies and gentlemen who did the singing, comprising the Excelsior Quartette, and Star Male Quartette, it is needless to say, proved themselves artists of the first rank.

Considering that this concert was a sort of an experiment, and that it was very little advertised, Mr. Armstrong may well feel proud of the highly appreciative and intelligent audience, and the complete success of the performance throughout.

Among the audience were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Moncure Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Campbell, Dr. Rush Huidekoper and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Struthers, Mr. James Harrison, Mr. R. Wistar Harvey, Mrs. Everest, Miss Nellie Everest, Miss Mamie Distin, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Strawbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Stewart, Mrs. and Miss Prichett, Rev. Wm. L. Bull, Mrs. Bull and Miss Annie Bull, Prof. Henry Myers, Miss T. J. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Judson R. Hoover, Mr. H. A. Latour, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Gideon, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Brown, Mrs. Phoebe Ashbridge, Miss Sallie Benner, Mrs. Mary Jones, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Lopez, and Mr. Horace Roberts.

(From the Philada. *Item*.)

"The performance of the banjo club which appeared three times during the evening, was in every way admirable, showing careful and effective training, and a thorough mastery of the instruments used."

(From the Philada. *News*.)

"The banjo concert at Association Hall last evening was a decided success. It was given to a large audience, who knew for the first time the amount of music that could be knocked out of the plantation instrument."

(From the Philada. *Times*.)

"The American Banjo Club gave a novel entertainment to a large audience at Association Hall last night. There were three first, four second and three piccolo banjos and seven banjeaurines."

(From the Philada. *Sunday Times*.)

"On last Monday evening at Association Hall a grand novelty concert was given by the American Banjo Club under the able direction of Thomas J. Armstrong. The concert, it is said, was the first of its kind ever given in this city, and was certainly a revelation in banjo music."

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE JOURNAL?

Such is the constant inquiry from such as have allowed their subscriptions to expire, and therefore do not receive the *Journal*.

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L. A. BURRITT.

This gentleman resides in the beautiful suburban of Bayonne, New Jersey, and is prominently identified with the Rail Road business, having an office in New York City. He is one of our best banjo players, and plays pretty much all of the music in our Catalogue.

F. W. WILLOUGHBY.

This gentleman, who is located in New Haven, Conn., is a first-class teacher of the banjo. Recently he took a trip this way and made a call upon us, and we were glad to meet with such an upright and distinguished musical exponent.

Mr. Willoughby has long been identified with the Stewart Banjo, and uses them exclusively. His address is No. 53 Lafayette St., New Haven, Conn.

"ROCK AND RYE CRAZY."

PARODY ON ROCK-A-BYE BABY, BY J. H. ANKER.

Daddy is snoring on the station floor bare,
While mamma waits for him, quite ready to swear;
Her hand grasps the poker, which she gently swings;
But dad's snoring safely, while vengeance she sings.
He's rock and rye crazy, down in the dock,
You'll see by his nose he loves rye and rock.
Now he has the shakes and thinks that they crawl,
He sighs for his bottle, he'd drink cork and all.
Oh its rock and rye on the sly put him on his ear;
For rock and rye he would buy instead of good beer.
For angels and hummers he hovered too near—
The coppers have nipped him, he's up for one year.

Daddy sat drinking in the gin-mill next door,
With his hands in his pockets, his feet on the floor.
But he's juggled for a year, now, it's tough and it's wrong,
For he'll die if deprived of his toddy too long.
He's rock and rye crazy, my dear old pop,
He's drunk as a daisy, a brick in his top.
He froze to the shutter, his head to the wall,
A policeman grabbed him, sore head and all.
When rock and rye he would spy, old daddy dear;
This rock and rye he would buy and get on his ear.
For angels like papa get drunk and don't care;
The judge winds them up with six months or a year.

My poor helpless daddy you are in for it now,
You punished more rum than the law did allow:
We hope soon to greet you, without this refrain:
"There's ma with the poker, guess dad's drunk again."
You're rock and rye crazy, dad, you must stop;
You're rum dum and lazy, you drink 'till you drop.
Reform, now, dear papa, behind the jail wall,
Some day in the spring-time on you I will call.
For rock and rye you may sigh, for a whole year
To rock and rye say good bye, dad, with a tear.
The angels you look for will never come near,
So good bye, dear papa, I'll see you next year.

BOLSOVER GIBBS GETS SICK.

NIAGARA FALLS, Dec. 30, 1887.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I suppose you have been wondering all this time what has become of old Gibsy. You remember me telling you about the good time we had with the catfish, or to make it more catchy to you and your readers, the good time the catfish had with us? I hope you were not uncharitable enough to think that I was trying to compete with anybody in the "fishing line," as that was not my game. I will proceed to explain to you why you have not heard from me since the last time. It dates from my fishing excursion, which proved to be a very disastrous occasion, for it resulted in laying me up for quite a long time or less with the brain fever, which the doctor said was brought on by my over anxiety to be scrupulously truthful and accurate in relating my fishing adventures, and partly from grief at forgetting to tell you about losing that old "Dobson" of mine, which I found very useful on such occasions, and which I had along at that time, and how glad I was of getting rid of it without signing articles of which I will tell you some day when it's fashionable to tell fish stories,

with all the customary variations and cadenzas accompanying such creations; but such was not the case. I think that the true cause of my indisposition was because that the state of my health would not permit me from keeping well much longer, and consequently I became sick in trying to fathom the true inwardness of the why and the wherefore. I was not assassinated last June when I wrote that poem on "Gentle Spring," for which I paid the New York Sun publisher to publish in his "Want Column." But to resume:

As I said before I have been a very sick Bolsover, and at once fell to the care of my friend and cousin, Doctor Commonwealth Jones, and to describe the extreme grief, I mean delight, of that individual at getting a patient once more, is more than can be expected of a poor struggling banjoist and traveler like myself at one sitting. I feel safe in thus talking about the doctor, as I left him in London about four weeks ago, with the Buffalo Bill Combination, with whom he has engaged as medical adviser and general utility, owing partly to his resemblance to Scarface Charlie and partly because he fell in love with one of the squaws and married her, and she being under contract she could not leave the combination. The doctor is very sensitive, but by the time we meet again he will perhaps be the father of several little half-breeds, which will be sufficient cause for him to remember me as an old time friend, and then he'll stand treat instead of fight.

But I am getting off the subject entirely. The doctor told me confidentially that I would always be a "little off," owing to the peculiar effect that the malady, from which I was suffering, always had on banjoists of my calibre. The doctor may have been right, but I doubt it. To my thinking (you know what that means) he was just too complimentary for a little bit. He would have been appreciated very muchly if he had been more considerate, and let me down in a little more "larghetto" pianissimo "rallatando" movement. But the doctor's vocal and elocutionary education has been sadly—there I go again, excuse me if I presume that it would be suicidal folly for me to tell you that I have or have not recovered. You can, that is if you are up in my style of classics, judge sufficiently of that problem by perusing further, if you have the requisite patience, which I know you have or you would not put up with Bolsover Gibbs as much as he does without even knowing where it is to come from. One dollar to the first best answer; to the second best my photograph; to the third best—where was I—ha! I have it.

After prescribing several quart bottles of malaria—I mean valerian, several gross of legitimate pills, and various other purgatory medicines (please make corrections as I am not up in medical transcriptions) to my extreme surprise, I mean delight, the doctor brought me around sufficiently so that I was once more able, after six weeks actual standard, to sit up in my bed in parlor C, of Snowflake Cottage, Long Branch, N. G.—excuse me—N. J. (perhaps the doctor was right after all) and the first thing that I said that was in any way rational was "give me that 11-inch Stewart over there." And would you believe it, I was able to tune the fourth string to B without any difficulty (a feat which you know I could seldom accomplish with ease).

I may as well mention right here that, according to extended reports, I was as crazy as any brain-fevered patient the doctor ever had (I being the first and only) and I said lots of little things, and big things, and augmented things, and multiplied things, that would be considered abundantly superfluous and practically out of place more than once in a century. Under these circumstances I think it would be policy for me to take back what I said about the doctor, as he is acquainted with my wife, and there are lots of little episodes and transpirings in my eventful career as banjoist, traveling salesman, fisherman, etc., he may have heard me mention, and in a fit of his unequalled absent-mindedness may mention, regardless of consequences and otherwise. I can see by the cunning smiles on the doc's face that I have been slightly unconsciously communicative when I had 'em. I'll write him at once. There is always something in suffering that can be construed as a blessing, something that makes a man fondly look back to his days of misery. In mine there was no exception, and I will proceed to extract it as briefly as it is impossible.

(Continued on page 15.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

In all my misfortune I was in great luck. My wife having heard of my being sick, was completely prostrated by the shock, and in consequence was unable to nurse her poor Bolsover in his delirium, and the doctor recommended one of the chamber-maids at the cottage to nurse me, whom I have since bribed, and as her name does not indicate that she is very communicative, it being Cecelia Brownstone, I feel very safe. In fact, Brownstone I always considered better than brick (no a-front meant).

Well, to make a long story longer, I took the aforesaid "Stewart" and played (or executed) one or less of my favorite patheticisms (you can safely publish that last word, as I hold the copyright), in the style of which you so often commend me, *editorially*, of being so hard to imitate, and felt so much better that I thought I would like to try every banjo in my valuable collection, and which I proceeded to do at once in my usual captivating style, and which, as might be expected, went straight to the heart, through the ear of the fortunate listener, which in this case happened to be Miss Cecelia Brownstone. Not being duty bound to speak of Cecelia, I can't see the necessity, but will only add that I met with the usual success, for which I am noted among the fair sex.

Everything went well until after trying several dozen of all known makes and dimensions, I came upon that iron-clad arrangement in the form of a banjo made by——, the one which you remember I told you about some time ago, I think it was the day before you moved out of your Eighth street quarters. You cannot help forgetting it, for if you refer to your books you will find the account still in my favor, the one which I told you I fell heir to accidentally by the death of a fellow comedian of my school, Jeremiah Blackup by name and occupation, who died in my arms after being tossed several miles by an express train, which carelessly came upon us while we were traveling from San Francisco to Kansas City, and with which I would have parted long ago, were it not for the remembrance of poor Jerry, who, to say the least, lived as long as he could, and knew what it was not to earn enough too. I also kept it because, that in thinking of him it reminded me always of how imprudent it was for locomotives to run into poor banjoists who had just risen to the dignity of "walking gents."

I picked it up and began to manipulate along its abbreviated finger-board, which was strongly in contrast with its exaggerated tail-piece, when suddenly by the world (not the N. Y. edition) began to recede from my optical accomplishments, and all was again delightfully oblivious. The doctor said it was a relapse, but from the very elaborate reports of the chambermaid it was more of a collapse. The doctor, by the way, has a tender regard for the Stewart Banjo, as much so as he has for Bolsover Gibbs, perhaps more, but there is no jealousy in mine—and he at once jumped to the conclusion that any other one but of that brand would be injurious to his valuable patient; and he at once ordered all my vast stock to be packed up and sent to my New York residence, on Fifth avenue, with the exception of my three "Stewarts," and every once in a while, when he had time, which was almost always, he'd sit down, pick up one of the banjos, and proceed to contaminate the air with the only tune (Wait for the Wagon) which he has been able to accomplish under the tuition of Erastus McDugan, who has been in Chicago, Ill., for several years, from simple method, until at last, through very frenzy, he brought me out of my stupor.

After a lapse of six weeks in all the doctor said that I was convalescent, whatever that means I can't say, and recommended that I should take a trip to Europe. I at once asked him if the swimming was good, and if he thought that I could stand it, or if I could, that I would delight in that kind of pastime at such a time, or if convalescence meant floating? He merely smiled, and such a smile—but you have never seen the doctor smile, and therefore you cannot realize. He said: "My dear Bolsover," with a strong accent on the "Bol," "I know that, or at least suspect, that you will about go broke by the time you settle up your board and doctor bills, and other little divers things connected with this spell of sickness," (could it be possible that he investigated during my unconsciousness), "I will," said he, "be your guardian angel, and I am going to show you how to raise money enough, not only to get yourself to Europe and do Europe, but to pay my expenses at the same time

and not being over particular about how my time is spent, as long as I am with you and that sweet toned "Stewart," I will go along with you and will deduct it from my bill, and take the rest in banjo instructions, say for a year or two." It was plain to be seen that I was to be one of the doctor's pet victims, and he was going to make up for lost time on his first real patient.

Of course there was no use resisting the doctor, especially after what I had already gone through, and thinking that a sea voyage would do me good in more ways than one, I told the doctor to proceed with his plans. "All in good time, my dear boy," said he "all in good time," and left the room very abruptly, as he generally does when something unusual appears on his mental discrepancies, and in doing so he of course left me also to wonder who was the doctor and who the patient, the patient or the doctor. Just then the landlady came in. I will just mention that the aforesaid landlady's name was Methitable Tonguefast, and that she had all the usual paraphernalia and make up of the general type of the Long Branch Landlady, including the smile and tone of voice. She told me that she was very glad to see me so much improved, and presented to me my little bill for board and attendance for myself, and board and entertainment for Doctor Commonwealth Jones, which amounted to date to one hundred and seventy-five dollars and seventy cents, and she said, she hoped that I would settle up before I would settle down again into another long spell of nothingness. I told her that I would not be very backward in coming forward regarding just dues, but told her I would have to consult with the doctor regarding some little items, and also about going home to my dear little wife who looks just like her, and would do so as soon as the doctor drops in; and would then pay in full as, you know, I always do. She then said that she did not think that the doctor would drop in very soon, as he had just taken the morning express for New York. "What," says I, "has the doctor been mean enough to thus forsake his patient in his misfortune?" The old villain (I merely thought that last remark).

I told the landlady to leave me indefinitely for the present, as I could not think while she was around, in her delightfully interrupting style, but at present out of place under such circumstances, and it was not my intention of leaving until morning, at any rate (her's included) and assured her at the same time, that her claim would be recognized, and should anything happen she would have as much chance as my other creditors.

After being left alone with a well practiced courtesy from the aforesaid landlady, I began to wonder at the strange actions of my esteemed medical friend at leaving me without saying good bye, but not being of a worrying disposition, I soon fell asleep, and snored, and tossed, according to my nurse, until 12 o'clock the next morning, and would have snored longer, perhaps, but was awakened by the abrupt entrance of the doctor with the exclamation: "Everything is all right, my boy; in three days we will be sailing the ocean blue, your wife will be here on the afternoon express, and we will all go together on the Thistle as ballast, for half fare, as the owner of that speedy craft was about taking her home, and would be glad to have such illustrious company along with him. Then he forthwith laid a large roll of greenbacks in my hand. The old villain had gone to New York and called on my wife and told her it was my wish that she proceed at once to convert my personal belongings, including my stock of banjos and make ups, into cash, and that I had given him "carte blanche" to assist her in doing so, and that she was expected to accompany I and him on a trip to Europe. She at once proceeded to do so, and with the doctor, succeeded in raising the some of \$600.

I asked the doctor who was the craziest, he, myself or my wife? Or if he thought that I could live on my excellent reputation after my money was so foolishly spent. "And besides, dear doctor," said I, thinking how much better I could enjoy myself if my wife were not compelled to share the perils of a sea voyage with me, "is it necessary that she should accompany us?"

"That is all right, my boy, I have already thought about that. When she comes I will recommend that her health would not warrant her taking a sea voyage on a racing yacht, in fact such a thing might prove fatal to her existence, and that a few weeks at this

cottage would make her the envy of all other invalids. You leave that all to me; but one thing I expect from you, don't let her think you are a party to such an arrangement, but rather coax her, but not too hard, to come along with us. You might safely venture to refuse to go without her. I will force things on to you, as it were. I'll insist, you know, as medical adviser."

The old villain. Just then I received a telegram from the manager of the National Opera Co., saying that their affairs had been satisfactorily settled, and that they would send a postal order by next mail for that two thousand they still owed me, which I afterwards went out and collected. The inquisitive doctor wanted to read the telegram, but I told him it was from my wife, and would be sort of tiresome to a man of his intelligence to read. It would not do to let him know of such good fortune, it might have been the cause of putting him under further obligations to Bolsover Gibbs.

Well, the doctor's scheme worked up to the handle. My wife came down. We embraced, cried, hugged, kissed, and did all the usuals at one and the same time—some cranks say simultaneously—the doctor pictured to her how injurious a trip in the Thistle would be to a person of her nervous temperament, especially if a storm were to come up, and at the same time that such a thing was the only cure for her suffering, emaciated spouse. He acknowledged that while a trip on one of the Inman line steamers might possibly be beneficial to her, the smoke and dust from the boilers would surely be the death of her Bolsover. The dear little angel of a wife never suspected, and after a tearful parting, and after promising that I would not get drowned, or if I did, that I would not haunt her if she married again; and after settling all my liabilities (a strange proceeding for one who is about to cross the ocean), and after laying \$1000 in my wife's hands—while the doctor's back was turned—as a sinking fund, we were soon on the train for New York, where, after making a night of it, as well as my health would permit, we took an Inman steamer for Liverpool (the Thistle was only used as a bluff), and by six o'clock the next day we were on the high seas, as happy as our strained consciences would permit. The voyage was—well the trip across with the doctor, and how we spent our time and money, and my return home alone, I will describe in my next.

I hope the landlady has discharged the chambermaid. I wonder if my wife took a fancy to her, or if the nurse knows what "mum" means. If she don't, I am lost.

In suspense.

Bol. Gibbs

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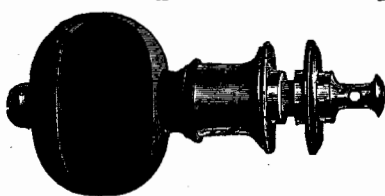
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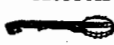


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