

asked if he would have a song ready, his answer was, "Don't ask me now, 'Doc.' I am so tired after the ball."

His friend had hardly gone when Mr. Harris found his words "After the Ball" constantly recurring to him, and as they recurred he began to hear music with them. Before long he had his music amanuensis at his side, writing down bar after bar of a melody that Mr. Harris was whistling. That was the genesis of "After the Ball," and it is a good example of what a few bars of music and a little rhyme will do toward accelerating a young man into the rays of the popular limelight.

"The Banks of the Wabash"

To have a city named after them is not the lot of common mortals. Musical composers, like artists, used to be named after cities. This was in the days of the old Italian painters and the old Italian composers of church music. Since then it has not happened often, if at all, to any of the composers of serious music. It is not recalled that there is a city rejoicing in the name of Hayden, Mozart or Beethoven. But "way down in Indiana" there is a city named Dresser. It was named after the late Paul Dresser, when his great song hit, "On the Banks of the Wabash," was at the height of its popularity.

Paul Dresser was a wonder at writing words with the sentimental home association that never fails to touch the hearts of the people, and wedding those words to tuneful and appropriate music. Even if you never had seen the Wabash, but heard his song on the effect of the moonlight, "on the banks of the Wabash, far away," you longed to go there and look at the thing for yourself.

"Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" Another wonderful "home and mother" production of Dresser's—wonderful from the standpoint of the popular song writer—is "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me." The words are, no doubt, open to criticism, but in a popular audience they somehow never failed to make straight for the heart:

"Just tell them that you saw me,
And they will know the rest;
Just tell them I was looking well, you know.

Just whisper, if you get a chance,
To mother dear, and say,
That I love her as I did long, long ago."

The song is in narrative form, and whatever may be thought of the words from a literary standpoint, the halo of sentiment around them, draws one to them every time they are sung.

"Dearie"

Many songs are simple, but have nothing else to recommend them. But the songs that are simple and carry, must possess more merit peculiar to themselves or they would not last. If one was to analyze all the popular songs that ever were written he never could arrive at any set of rules for composing a popular song. It is that subtle quality of getting over the footlights and making an impression, brief or lasting, that makes a song popular for a short time or forever. And it is their inability to get over the footlights that has made failures of many songs which, on paper, possess far more merit than those that have succeeded.

In any event, "Dearie" got over the footlights, and stayed over. Forgotten? Not at all. Ask any music dealer and he will tell you that its author and composer still should be making a comfortable living out of the royalties.

"Dearie" saw the light of day in Charles Dillingham's production of the musical farce, "Sergeant Brue," in which Frank Daniels was the star.

"Maggie Murphy's Home"

"Maggie Murphy's Home" takes one back to a little theatre 'way down on Broadway, New York, where the east side and Murray Hill came to hear Ned Harrington, Tony Hart, Johnny Wild and the rest of that admirable group in the "Mulligan Guards," and other favorite productions. The east side auditors whistled in the galleries, while the Murray Hill contingent clapped with gloved hands. Dave Braham, now dead, wrote the music, led the orchestra and played the fiddle.

But one might go on and on writing about songs that apparently have been

forgotten, but really are not—songs that no longer come across the footlights, but still come over the music counter. One hesitates to name any because there are so many, but in addition to those which have been referred to above, there safely could be put on the list, "White Wings," "The Blue and the Grey," "Sweet Violets," "Sidewalks of New York," "Pretty Pond Lilies," "Never Take The Horse-shoe From The Door," "Sweet Marie," "Little Annie Rooney," "Whoa, Emma," "Over the Garden Wall," "Grandfather's Clock," and many another.

The Trappers' Catch Brought the First Foreign Wealth to Canada

Millions of dollars will change hands between trappers and dealers for American raw furs this season. It is, indeed, wonderful to contemplate when one thinks of the thousands upon thousands

of fur-bearing animals killed every year throughout Canada, and still the supply does not seem to be withering, says Mr. A. B. Shubert, President of A. B. Shubert, Inc., Chicago, U.S.A., probably the largest house in the world dealing exclusively in American raw furs.

Many people are of the opinion that the fur industry is becoming extinct, due to the fact that the animals are being killed off in many parts of the country. This is not the case, in fact, it is just the opposite of conditions as they exist. The demand of fashion and competition of the large circular houses have sent the price of furs up to such an enormous height that a clever trapper can make a small fortune, if he handles his catch properly.

The fur trade has rightly been called the greatest of Canadian natural resources. No industry, agricultural, min-

eral or otherwise has been the origin of as much wealth to Canada as the fur industry. Before a single field was cultivated, a single mine was opened or a single railroad constructed, fur-bearing animals of Canada were the only source of revenue. This was one of the main reasons for the rapid colonization of Canada, especially of the West. It was the trappers' trail that formed the path of the first highway, and the trappers' fur catch formed the first cargo inland waters of Canada. It was also the trappers' catch that brought the first foreign wealth to Canada, and ever since Canada has been an important factor in supplying the world in furs. No other natural resource has been productive for so long a time or has yielded such an aggregate wealth as the fur-bearing animals; so after all the fur industry is not dying out.



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