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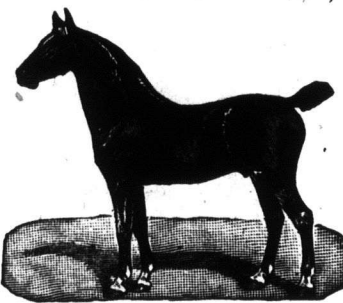
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I have used GOMBULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM for 10 years; have been very successful in curing curb, ringbone, capped hock and knee, bad ankles, rheumatism, and almost every cause of lameness in horses. Have a stable of forty head, mostly truck and speedway horses, and certainly can recommend it.—C. C. CHAMBER, Training Stables, 990 Jennings Street, New York City.

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## Favorite Songs

By Max McD.

IT may seem like repeating an oft-told tale to recall the incidents of well-known songs for which the world has so long shown reverence and reared monuments. But it is well from time to time to brush off the dust and cobwebs that gather upon the fading records, and bestow a few flowers and tokens upon honored graves. There are times when we all yearn for the old familiar songs that go right to the heart.

Any person who has given any thought to the subject must have been struck with the decadence of popular songs of the present day as compared with those of several years ago.

"Time was when a mother blessed the day That gave to her an angel in the form of Nellie Gray."

Although we are not so uncontrollably moved by gratitude to the lyricist as was that mother, we can sympathize more deeply with her if we stop to consider the words that are now-a-days embellished by popular tunes and hoisted upon a too complacent public by enterprising publishers of music. At least Nellie Gray was an innocent maiden, fit to dwell in a "cottage lowly," beside which a "weeping willow grew." Not so much can be justly said of the majority of our modern lyric heroines. The new woman—musically speaking—is a "Great Big Beautiful Doll," with eyes that won't behave and manners that bespeak a giddy knowledge of the world. The general morale of modern songs has descended several steps. In trying to be clever the writers have degenerated to foolishness and downright coarseness. They flaunt the double meaning too boldly for even questionable taste.

Frequently we still hear Foster's negro melodies and Clover's romantic ballads, because they have some of the red blood of humanity, but these frivolous compositions that publishers exploit in a mistaken belief in their commercial value, shrivel like mushrooms, because they don't contain a worthy human sentiment.

## Old Folk Songs

The author of "Old Black Joe" was Stephen Collins Foster, who also wrote "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Uncle Ned," "We are Coming, Father Abraham," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "O Susanna, Don't You Cry," and "Hard Times Come Again No More"—the most popular American folk songs. He was born near Pittsburg on July 4th, 1826. When only seven years old he went into a shop one day and picked up a flageolet, the first instrument of the kind he had ever seen. In a few minutes he was able to play any simple tune. At thirteen he began writing songs, but it was three years later before his first song was published—"Open Thy Lattice, Beloved." "Hard Times" was published in 1854, and immediately caught on. "Uncle Ned" appeared in 1847. No American song writer has ever come so near to the heart of the people. None of these songs are likely to die. Why is it that coon songs come and go, but "Old Folks at Home," "Uncle Ned," and "Old Black Joe," remain? Is it not because they came out of a man's heart, and sing from the heart to the heart still.

Are they forgotten?—the old familiar songs. The music sellers say "No." They may have disappeared from the vaudeville and popular concert stage, and have been supplanted by the rapid fire succession of temporary hits, but forgotten they have not been. They still are sung in parlor and best room, and by many a fireside.

Go into a music store and ask for "Marguerite." The salesman doesn't have to whistle up to the stock room for it. It may not be on the sales counter, but all he has to do is to turn to a nearby shelf, and there it is. That doesn't look much like as if it had been forgotten. And the same is true of many a song that no longer comes over the footlights.

## "Home, Sweet Home"

The one characteristic of songs that live on from generation to generation, is that they must appeal in a direct, simple, spontaneous way to common human sympathy—love of home, mother or coun-

try. It is a common belief that what is called classical music has had a greater influence on men than the simple tunes and melodies. This is not so. The greatest effect on the world through music has been made by simple songs and hymns. On the evening of May 8th, 1823—ninety years ago—at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, Maria Tree first sang a song which, though simple, thrilled the audience, and has since re-echoed in every heart of the English-speaking race. It was a plain little poem by a homesick American, set to music by a very ordinary musician. Yet millions of songs have since been written, thousands of orchestral scores composed, and tons of these either sold or burned as waste paper, while for over ninety years one simple, unpretentious song has lived and still lives to soothe and cheer the homesick wanderer, or, put its benison on those who are happy in their own homes. I refer to "Home, Sweet Home." It is really the first thoroughly popular song written. It belongs to all times and all people.

John Howard Payne, becoming an orphan at the age of thirteen, developed into a wandering actor, and from that time he never knew what it was to have a home. One cold, dreary day in October of 1822, when he was thirty-one years of age, he was alone in a foreign country stranded, and living in a garret in Paris. In that moment of keen distress and heart sickness, with the tears falling like rain upon his paper, his inner eye bounded across the ocean and he saw again his childhood home, nestled under the trees, close to the hill, with the cherry blaze of the hearth, his loving mother singing light-heartedly while preparing the evening meal, and his father affectionately holding him on his knee while assisting him in his school-boy tasks. With this panorama of his childhood flitting before him, he indited that exquisitely expressive song, "Home, Sweet Home."

## "John Brown's Body"

We are told that at Fort Warren, Mass., there was a splendid male quartette in a battalion of one of the United States regiments, and one of the singers whose name was John Brown, was a Scotchman. This John Brown was somewhat eccentric and was usually made the butt of humor, which he often resented, but which was the more vigorously applied by the battalion. One night when the quartette came into camp they were asked the usual question, "What's the news?" They reported that John Brown, the great abolitionist, had been hanged, and some one jokingly replied (referring to John Brown, the Scotchman), but his soul goes marching on. From this joke was evolved:

"John Brown's body lies a'mouldering in the grave,

But his soul goes marching on."

The John Brown song was most enthusiastically adopted by all who heard it, and that which was originally a joke became a literal prophecy.

## "Rock-a-bye Baby"

The ministry of song is one of those mighty influences which are expressed in universal language, and so become the interpreter of all tongues and are illustrated in every stage of human existence. The tiny infant, lying in its mother's lap, is wafted into dreamland to the crooning tones of:

"Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top,

When the wind blows the cradle will rock,"

or some other equally soothing lullaby.

## "After the Ball"

"After the Ball" was written at the request of a friend who wanted something to sing at a semi-professional entertainment. As this was to take place within a few days, the friend wanted it quickly. Charles K. Harris had not, up to that time, made a great success with any of his songs, but his friends regarded him as a young genius who could knock off a song to order in no time. The day his friend came to him, however, Mr. Harris was tired. He had been at a dance the night before and didn't feel up to the mark. Consequently, when he was