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The

PHONOGRAM

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F I F T H N U M B E R

SEPTEMBER

1900



PRINTED MONTHLY FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN PHONES, GRAPHS, GRAMS & SCOPES. DEVOTED TO THE ARTS OF RECORDING AND REPRODUCING SOUND.

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The PHONOGRAM

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¶ The title of this periodical has been chosen for its peculiar significance; *φωνη*, PHONE, the voice, and *γραμμα*, GRAM, that which is written. In simple words, THE PHONOGRAM is a magazine devoted to the arts of recording and reproducing sound.

PICTURES OF THE TALENT

¶ My friend SHATTUCK, who publishes the PHONOGRAM, tells me that people are asking him if he can get Photos of the different people who sing and play for the Phonograph. So I have arranged with L. L. ROUSH (an exceedingly clever artist), to supply all such requests.

PLATINOTYPE PRINTS

OF THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS ARE NOW READY

CAL STEWART · BYRON G. HARLAN · MR. OPENER

OTHERS IN PREPARATION

¶ The prints are on heavy paper, requiring no mounting. Size, about 7 x 5 inches. They are made by a new process, and really might be called Photo-drawings. These drawings retain all the truth of a photograph combined with the

DELICACY OF AN ETCHING.

They are very artistic and novel and all that sort of thing; and are pronounced by people who like them to be even superior to the well-known Copley Prints.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR EACH

¶ They are sent by mail, postpaid on receipt of the price. Of course I can readily understand that some people may think that one dollar is a good deal to pay for a photograph; but these photo-drawings are really ten times nicer than an ordinary solar print.

¶ If the pictures themselves do not convince you of their value, I return your money cheerfully; or, if you are a subscriber to the PHONOGRAM, I will send the prints for inspection, you to pay for those you keep.

JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.

¶ If you like the style of these pictures and want some of yourself, send me one of your ordinary photographs and Mr. ROUSH will reproduce your picture by his beautiful etching process for \$12.00 the half dozen.

We Sat Apart

A LOVE FANTASY IN
FIVE STANZAS

By EUGENE LEE



NEW YORK

Published by AUGUSTE GIRALDI

139 FIFTH AVENUE

MDCCC

A SENTIMENT.

Twenty-two years ago a friend gave me a rare Oriental Jar. Six months ago the cover was broken by accident: when, from a hitherto unobserved concealment, there fluttered a yellowed scrap containing this verse.

Herbert, fill this little Pot
With Roses or Forget-me-not
Or if this were too ill a deed
Then put therein the Fragrant Weed.
And when you puff the filmy Cloud,
And silent muse or dream aloud,
Think then of me and Friendship's Tie
And Pray *our* Friendship ne'er may die.

WHO HAS EVER HEARD OF A PHONOGRAPH TYPEWRITER?

An Advertising Fable, after George Ade.

About Some Years Ago there lived a Doctor in Oshkosh, Wis., or not Far Away, who wanted to advertise himself for Certain Reasons. Now his Pile of the Long Green was not, and when he offered a Ninety Day Note Endorsed by Himself for \$4000.00 for the Back Page in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for One Time, Mr. Curtis gave him the Merry Laugh.

But he was not Cast Down. Not He.

So he thought up a Red Hot Scheme; and the way it went proved that he was a Pansy. He Made up his Mind that he would Invent Something and become a Second Keely now that Keely was Dead and the Graft

was open for Some One Else to Work. So he went to a Prominent Patent Lawyer to get some Points on the Inventions Market. Whilst he was waiting in the Great Man's Outer Office, he Observed a Fair Young Thing Poking Holes in the Alphabet with Great Dexterity, Be-times whispering her Notes to herself.

"You have a Snap, Pauline," quoth the Oshkosh One idly to Pass the Time.

"Nay Kind Sir" rejoined the Young Thing, "If I could but Talk to my Remington without Oscillating My Digits, 'twould be as Thou Sayest."

She was short on Intellect but long on Shape; had she been Fashioned Conversely she would have tumbled to the Great Truth that she had thus Unconsciously Voiced.

Then did the Man smite himself Violently on his Bald Spot. "Frank" said he to himself "Frank you have a Head like a Grape and a Forehead like an Ox. It shall be a Phonograph Typewriter."

Then did the Doctor Hie Himself Home and meditate for Four Days and Three Nights. And the Morning of the Fifth Day saw him emerge from his Profound Seclusion laden with Plans and Specifications and Strange looking Gimcracks.

To one machine shop he went with Much Mystery and gave an order for the making of an "Endless Chain Threshing Machine Tooth Gear" as he called it.

To another model maker he entrusted with Great Secrecy the Plans of an "Automatic Snag Hoister."

To Yet Another he gave an order for an "Electric Shuttle Bobbin" to be made on the Dead Quiet.

To a Fourth Mechanic he intrusted the making of a "Visible Alignment Vibrator"

With the Remaining Plans he tackled a Capitalist who had just Salted Down a Pile made in Brooklyn Rapid Transit and who Felt Good.

Then he Consulted a Milwaukee Patent Lawyer.

Then, To Finish, he told his Wife all about it. "Don't Breathe a Word, not on your Life" said the Doctor.

Then it all Happened just as he had Planned. The Accruing Publicity (for which he paid Not One Cent) was Enormous. To give you an idea I quote almost word for word from the *Milwaukee Journal*.

To become suddenly prominent in the public eye, says Doctor Frank of Oshkosh, Wis., is a catastrophe, the like of which he hopes never again to experience.

Since his name was mentioned in the Journal yesterday as the inventor of the machine which will transform sounds into typewritten words by means of a Phonograph and typewriter combined, he has been pounced upon in the middle of the night by a horde of newspaper men, his office has been broken into and his private papers ransacked by some over zealous person looking for information. His roll top desk has been slashed and cut by the prying knife of some inquisitive reporter. Everyone he ever knew or ever heard of has called to congratulate him, and his mail is becoming so large that he no longer is able to attend to his correspondence.

Mechanics in different parts of the city to whom he had let parts of the machine, telling them that they were parts of a dental drill or some other mechanism, have suddenly become very wise, and he has been compelled to call in all the work. Therefore things are at a standstill. He cannot make the metal model himself—electricity will not

work on a wood model—he is afraid to confide the plans to anyone who could make a machine, and he can't get it patented until he does. Consequently he is in deep trouble, and is anxious to have as little said about the wonderful machine as possible.

To a Journal representative this morning he said a little and what he did say lent an atmosphere of certainty to the rumors which were published regarding what the machine was expected to perform.

“It is an idea on which I have been working for some time,” said the Doctor, “and I have got it so far completed that I am sure the machine will be able to transform speech into written words. When the Phonograph was first invented I saw the possibility of using the impressions made on the wax cylinder in connection with a needle which would be moved by them over the keyboard of a typewriting machine. I cannot, of course, explain the principle of it now, because it is so simple that any one in possession of the idea could readily invent a contrivance which would do what mine will when it is finished. This newspaper talk has handicapped me more than any one has any idea of, and whatever I do now will be watched. At least I feel that way about it, and cannot have the parts made with any degree of safety.”

The Doctor is backed by one of the wealthiest men in the city and there will be no lack of funds to push the machine after it is once completed. It will be made so that it may be attached to any typewriter, although the machine will be sold entire also. A slight change in the keyboard of the machine is all that is necessary, and when it is put on the market the usefulness of the pretty

stenographer will be a thing of the past and a feeling of confidence will once more be restored between the good-looking office man and his wife.

And Here Ends the Quotation from the *Milwaukee Journal*.

Just How the Vibrations of the Human Voice are to set the Keys of the Typewriter in Motion the Doctor at this time Refuses to Disclose; but he says he has Convinced his Brooklyn Rapid Transit Capitalist of the success of the invention and will soon make Formal Application to the Patent Office and begin the manufacture of the machine.

He is a Daisy when it comes to Perpetuating the Bluff, and I think that Keely's Shoes are Occupied by the Proper Person. I was Kurious to know more of the Fonetic Details of the Kontrivance, so I Rote to him, Propounding the Following Hot Ones. "When is a Tale a Tail? Is the following Claws Wright? My Ant Knell was very vane of her blew I and her strait knows," to which he replied very promptly, evidently Discerning that I was a Knowing One. His Letter was Chuck Full of Glittering Generalities, reminding me both in Style and in Spelling of my Esteemed Friend Elbert Hubbard. It was a Type-written Letter evidently Done into Print on a More or Less Perfected "Phonotypewriter" as he calls it. Things were spelt funny. Signefyed, tirms, verious, erlyest, suppli (the *italics* are mine) and Many Others; all of which Convinced Me that the Bluff was still in Good Working Order.

MORAL: There are other ways of advertising than using the Big Magazines.

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC TO CURE MELANCHOLY.

There's not a mother in the whole world but knows how benificent is the influence of the lullaby in inducing the sleep of infants. This is an axiom. And if for infants, why not for those of maturer years.

It is a fact that mental disease is now cured by the artificial inducement of pleasant dreams. Beautiful and harmonious colors and Phonograph music are the means whereby these dreams are induced.

It is well known that bad dreams have a disastrous effect on mind and body. The worries of waking life pass into the dreamer's consciousness, and there continue their evil work. The bad dreams are recalled in the waking hours, and thus prolong their deadly career.

It has long been recognized that music and objects agreeable to the sight have a beneficial effect.

The music and color treatment banishes bad dreams, arouses agreeable ones, restores the tone of the brain and consequently improves the physical condition.

The treatment begins during the moments of drowsiness that precede sleepiness. The soothing impressions are received into the brain, and there produce a happiness, peace and harmony that subsequently show themselves in the improved mental and physical condition of the patient when awake.

The following is an interesting account of the experiments of Dr. J. Leonard Corning of New York, as given in a recent issue of Werner's Magazine.

The problem was, as Dr. Corning states it: "Is it

possible to revive the emotions in those who, from disease or overwork, no longer respond to natural stimuli?"

Music has been frequently invoked, even in the most ancient times, for the cure of insanity and disturbances of the nervous system. As Ribot says: "While certain arts at once awaken ideas that give a determination to the feelings, music acts inversely. It creates dispositions depending on the organic state and on nervous activity, which we translate by the vague terms, joy, sadness, tenderness, serenity, tranquillity, uneasiness. On this canvas the intellect embroiders its designs at pleasure, varying according to individual proclivities."

Seeking to avoid the melancholy images and ideas which persons dominated by depressive moods arbitrarily attach to any melody grave or gay, Dr. Corning resolved to try the effect of musical influence while the patients were asleep. First, because in the state between sleeping and waking the mind is peculiarly open to the full suggestive force of impressions, because power of inhibition attendant upon complete consciousness is absent; and second because he believed, with Buccola, Boudet de Paris, Vigouroux, Morcelli, and Mortimer Granville, that music is medicine because of actual vibrations imparted to the brain itself, and hoped that these vibrations during sleep would modify the emotional character during the waking state.

It has long been recognized that distressful dreams frequently give rise to insanity, the subject being liable to confound the dream with reality. If by auditory stimuli the dreams could be made pleasant and elevating, what would be the result upon patients suffering from disturbance of the nervous system? There are persons that dream

readily at whispered suggestions, but the mere bending over the sleeper, the play of one's breath upon his face or a miscalculation as to the elevation of the voice is often sufficient energy to awaken him.

Dr. Corning devised a hood of soft leather or canvas to cover all the head but the face. The material is cut away at the ears so that they may protrude freely. A metallic saucer, just deep enough for comfort, whose broad flange was perforated so that it could be sewn fast to the hood, was attached, one over each ear. The saucer had a central aperture ending in a metallic nipple to which was attached a small rubber tube going to a Phonograph, which is in an adjoining room. The patient's couch is enclosed in a sort of tent of dark drapery. At the foot of the bed is a small white screen. At the head of the bed the tube of a stereopticon projects through the curtains and throws upon the screen at the foot chromatoscopic figures, those revolving colored wheels so often used at the end of a magic-lantern show.

These hold the attention and subsequently weary it so that sleep comes. The light is then shut off but the Phonograph keeps on playing.

"Harmony," says Dr. Corning, "is more effective than melody for this vibratory plan of treatment, and for this reason Wagnerian compositions render excellent service. Arpeggios and minor chords are exceedingly effective."

He reports cures in a marked case of neurasthenia; a very obstinate case of insomnia where the patient was rapidly growing more taciturn, more irritable and solitary; a case where a naturally superstitious nature had become convinced that his nightmares had an occult origin; a

case where questions like : " What is the meaning of life ?" would obtrude themselves without suggestion into the mind, occasioning the deepest melancholy ; a case of extreme nervous irritability caused by rapid growth and puberty and several cases of hysteria, particularly hysterical palpitations of the heart.

Says Dr. Corning : " While the results obtained are, I believe, quite convincing, they do not justify the advocacy of this plan of treatment as an exclusive measure."

MEAN OR SMART—WHICH ?

The doctor's night bell rang violently.

It was half past one in the morning.

It was raining hard.

The doctor stubbed his toe against a rocking chair on his way across the room, and swore softly. " Who's there," he shouted opening the window.

" Thank heavens," said a voice from the pitchy blackness below. " Thank heavens, I've found some one at last. What will you charge to go right away over to Ed. Williamses place ?"

The doctor's heart sank. A half mile to the Corners and two miles along the river road. " Is it important? Won't it wait till morning ?"

" Must come now," said the voice, " but how much ?"

" Two dollars," said the doctor. His conscience would not permit him so take any advantage in the hour of need and suffering.

Four minutes and he was at the door. " Where's your wagon," said he.

" Footed it," said the stranger, " horse was lame."

Together they hooked up the Doctor's gig.

"You don't know me," said the stranger, "here's our two dollars."

The doctor protested, but the man persisted. "Know the way?" said he. The Doctor said yea. "All right," said the stranger, "I'll catch a bit of sleep."

So they jogged on.

And finally reached the house described by the stranger.

The doctor shook his companion to rouse him. Once awake the man hopped nimbly from the gig. "Good night and much obliged," said he.

"But where's the sick man?"

"Sick nothing," said the stranger, "I didn't say anything about anybody's being sick. The hackman at the depot wanted a five spot to bring me over and I knew I could beat his price. Good night."

And before the Doctor could gather together his really choice vocabulary, the man was gone.

"I've had a couple of Phonographs stolen," yelled a music dealer as he rushed into the station house.

"Never mind," replied a detective, "I'll get the thief. It's a single man."

"How do you know?"

"Because no married man would steal a talking machine."

***THE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.**

(Commenced in May number.)

CHAPTER II—PROPHECY.

Then again in 1844, Captain Matthew F. Maury (the famous hydrographer, the father of the United States Weather Bureau of to-day) wrote to a friend: "What a pity it is that M. Daguerre, instead of Photography, had not invented a process of writing by merely speaking through a trumpet at a piece of paper. Instead of saying 'I wrote you a letter, the phrase would be 'I spoke you a ream.'" The prophesying becomes more exact as the time for the invention draws nearer.

Again, in 1855 (to quote from that happy essayist, George Parsons Lathrop) in an obscure book called "Helionde, or Adventures in the Sun," there was printed another allusion to a supposed invention of the same sort, to this effect. "Aleutedon here informed me that authors had no occasion to employ manual labor in their publications, for they had only to repeat their ideas aloud, and the vibrations of the air differing accordingly to the words used, set in motion a very delicate machinery, which stamped indelibly the language expressed. Copies could afterward be taken in any number." It is interesting to note that even the terms used to express these predictions are closely allied to the true facts of the invention.

Again, we find in 1875, that Jean Ingelow wrote a fairy tale in which there figures a strange instrument called a

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“Acoustigraph” which recorded music of all kinds, and reproduced it most weirdly and wonderfully. These instances may or may not be called prophecies, but they are wonderfully akin to a supernatural foreshadowing of the coming event, which is now to happen so soon.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

A CONVERSATION

Between Mr. Openeer and Me.

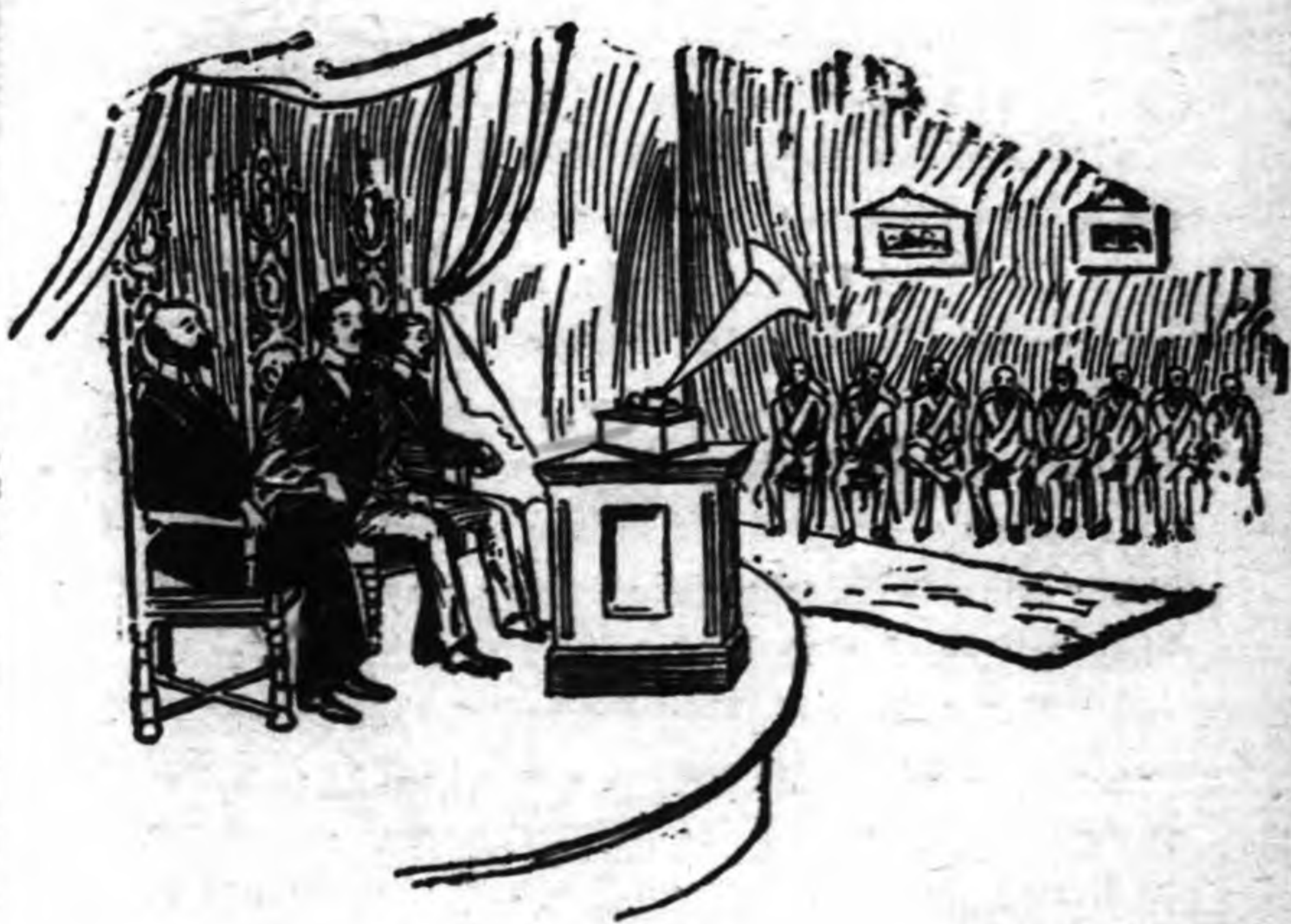
“Openeer” said I one evening as I sat on his front porch, “Tell me what you know about Masons.”

Mr. Openeer smiled. Whenever I make a massé shot like that, he knows I’m desperate and want to score some Phonograph points; so he promptly started that gifted flow of experiences, facts and fiction that has doubtless caused Mrs. Scheherezade to turn in her grave and wish she might retell her thousand and one tales in twentieth century English, so as to be in it with Openeer.

“The first time I ever heard of a Phonograph being used in an initiation was during a visit to Mystic Lodge in the town of”—he paused—“Itsfield, Ohio (with a wink) and since I know you’re keen enough after facts to write down all I say and even publish it for the benefit of your readers, I’m not going into any particulars whatsoever.” He came to a full stop, and I began to plead with him; but he shook his head.

“No, I’m a Mason in good and regular standing and I don’t propose to make a cheerful idiot of myself even for you; but the fact is the Phonograph *has* been used in an initiation and it was a great old time, I can tell you. But

G



G for GRAND MASTER
A lodge room, you note
First they lull you to sleep
Then they bring in the goat

there are other facts along this line that I *can* tell you all about, if you're interested. Phonographs are being used as entertainers every night all over the Country, wherever Lodge meetings are held and entertainment is required, and they always make lots of fun. I was at Pittston, Pa., once on business and visited the Sons of St. George Lodge; they were just starting for Avoca in a body to have a pow-wow with the Rose of the Valley Lodge, so I went along. After the regular business had been transacted, we had a combined literary and gustatory entertainment in which the Phonograph was a star performer, and we had a jolly time all around. Another time I was down in Boston and went out to Somerville to spend the night with my friend Kidder, then a Grand Dictator in the Knights of Honor. He took me to a joint indentification meeting of the Warren and Winter Hill Lodges; where a Graphophone held forth to all the Knights far into the night. A prominent feature of the jollification was a short address by an absent member who sent his regards on a cylinder. It was almost as good fun to listen to his speech, over and over, as Chauncey Depew's long distant telephone speech was to the New York Union Leaguers, to whom he talked, by wire, from Washington. These are the only three times that I've actually been present when a real talking machine has been used, although Heaven knows I've heard men talk who were every bit equal to the real machine in grinding out their everlasting addresses. Some men can't help being first class bores. But it's funny how those three experiences seemed to make me take notice of news items of the kind every time I picked up a paper in the little towns I visit. I've kept a record of most of

them in my scrap book—come in and I'll show you" so we went inside to his library. He took a little volume from his shelves which he said was an index. Turning to L he ran his finger down a column to Lodges, opposite which appeared the figures 8-127. In another moment he had taken scrap book number 8 from its place, and turning to the proper page, he went on.

"Last Fall I was in Newburgh, N. Y., and I picked up a copy of the *Register*. It contained a very interesting account of the meeting of Olive Branch Lodge K. P., at which my friend Captain Baxter used his Phonograph with great success. And here's another clipping from the Portland, Me., *Express*. "Bayard Lodge K. P., South Portland, had a very successful Phonograph entertainment last evening." "That's just a sample" he went on "of the way the instrument is being used all over the Country. I won't bore you by reading all the clippings that make mention of similar entertainments. See—here's page after page of them. But while I'm talking of my trip down in Maine, I'll tell you of my barber shop experience. I had business out at Knightville, and went into Lew Hutchinson's to get shaved. Everybody knows Lew there, he is a character. Just as I settled down into my chair I heard the unmistakable strains of 'Smoky Mokes,' and lifting my head I spied a Phonograph over in the corner of the shop. I tell you it's quite a scheme. Look!" He opened his index book to B, found Barbers, book 11, page 6. Then he read to me the following, showing that this fraternity, as well as Masons, Knights and Companions, recognizes the value of the Phonograph; also showing what a thorough Scrap Book Habit he has formed, and also showing his indefatigable interest in talking machines.

H



H is a **HAIRDRESSER**
Hypnotizing his prey
A *Phonograph* using
In an up-to-date way.

“Barber Houlihan, of Greenville, has placed a Phonograph in his shop for the amusement of his patrons. In doing this kindness he hopes to avoid the use of ether and charm his victims to sleep while under his torture.”—From the *Pascoag, R. I., Herald*.

“A Phonograph has been put in the Hanover barber shop by the proprietor, which is very much appreciated by the patrons. They forget their troubles for the time being.”—From the *Jackson, Mich., Press*.

“J. J. Schuster is exhibiting a Phonograph in his barber shop. Joe is thinking of making it a permanent fixture in his shop, so as be able to give his voice a rest, as it has been in constant use ever since he came to Bradley.”—From the *Bradley, S. D., Globe*.

“‘Just One Girl,’ the popular ballad, ‘All Coons Look Alike to Me,’ also a very fine cornet solo, as played by the Edison Grand Concert Band are the latest records that J. H. Bennett has added to his Phonograph outfit, at his barber shop.”—From the *Enfield, N. H., Advocate*.

“John Beron of the Wendell barber shop has an attraction that is in great demand. It is a talking machine.”—From the *Pittsfield, Mass., Journal*.

“Over in Alpha, Barber Kelly is entertaining his patrons with a Phonograph.”—From the *Woodhull, Ill., Dispatch*.

“All of which goes to show” said Mr. Openeer as he closed up his scrap book with a snap, “what a wonderful all around instrument is the Edison Phonograph. It is all things to all men; and no one can tell what new use will be found for it. For my part I believe that this year of 1900 finds the Phonograph not yet out of its infancy.”

To which I assented.

HERBERT A. SHATTUCK.

PROPOSALS BY PHONOGRAPH.

We are pained to announce that the first proposal by Phonograph has proved a failure so far as hymeneal results are concerned. Now, really this is no laughing matter. While to the frivolous and light-minded it may seem a cue for ribald cachination, to the sociologist and student of political economy it is fraught with great consequences. The reluctance of modern young men to enter into the married state is already a cause of acute alarm in Europe. The Hessian diet has levied a tax on bachelors, in the hope of driving them into matrimony, while the French government, frightened at the failure of that nation to increase and multiply, not only cares for weakling infants, but practically offers rewards for the most prolific families. In this country it is estimated that the bachelors already outnumber the old maids, which is quite a reversal of conditions since the earliest colonial days, when wives, like other luxuries of life, had to be imported.

Without going into the intricacies of the case, we are convinced that the difficulty lies in the diffidence of modern young men when it comes to propounding the fateful question. The new woman is a much more formidable proposition than her grandmother, or even her mother, and the modern youth is painfully sensitive to ridicule. He cannot bring himself to kneel at his lady's feet in the good old-fashioned way not only because it would take the crease out of his trousers, but for fear of being laughed at. Proposal by letter, has its dangers and disadvantages. It is related that Lord Byron wrote such a poetic proposal that he was sorry to waste it, so he sent it to the first young woman who came into his mind. The result was a most

unhappy marriage. Moreover, it seems necessary for the suitor to present his petition orally, in order that the lady may learn from the vibrations of his voice and the number of times he finds it necessary to clear his throat the depths of his love.

Therefore we welcomed the Phonograph as an invention especially adapted to cases of this kind, achieving all the effect of a viva voce proposal with none of the painful concomitants of a personal interview. Van Biene, the 'cello virtuoso and alleged actor, was the first gentleman of note to put the Phonograph to practical use as a means of relieving a surcharged heart and making known his matrimonial inclinations. The object of his affections was his erstwhile leading lady, and to her he used to play his most languishing airs. But the 'cello is not a graceful instrument at best, and the pose of the performer while playing it precludes embracing anything else at the same time. Moreover, Van Biene had a habit of closing his eyes when he played, and was therefore unable to enforce the meaning of his music with languorous glances from his melting orbs. In this dilemma he bethought of his Phonograph into which he recited all the passionate outpourings of his heart and forthwith sent it to his inamorata.

The lady listened enraptured to the musician's burning words of love as ground out by the Phonograph, and, imagination being stimulated thereby, pictured him as a gallant of the days of chivalry instead of a lantern-jawed Dutchman with hair like a Yorkshire terrier. The lady listened and was lost. She accepted the ingenious professor, and for a time all went merry as a wedding bell. But somehow or other this Phonographic courtship never came to a

climax. Possibly Van Biene did not fill enough amatory cylinders or perhaps he failed in his personal love-making. At any rate, the lady repented and called the match off. Hence our hopes of a change of the present deplorable social conditions (through mechanical courtships and proposals by Phonographs) are dashed to the earth. There seems to be no hope for bashful bachelors unless some genius will invent a matrimonial nickel-in-the-slot machine.
—From the *Washington Post*.

ADVICE TO ENGAGED GIRLS.

“No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband, remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face. “In fact I have him right under my thumb.”

“You don’t look very strong,” doubtfully commented the engaged girl.

“You mistake me, my dear, It’s a mental, not physical subjection.”

“Would you mind telling me just how?”—

“Not a bit! Always glad to help any one steer clear of the rocks. First of all you must know that a man in love is the biggest sort of fool, and says things that make him almost wild when he hears ’em in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I kept a Phonograph in the room, and every speech he made was duly recorded. Now whenever my husband gets a little bit obstreperous I just turn out a record or so. Heavens, how he does rave, but he can’t deny it! They always will though if you don’t have proof positive.”

“Thanks!” gratefully murmured the engaged girl. “I’ll get a Phonograph this very day.”—From the *New York Journal*.

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION:— THIRTY CENTS A YEAR

Advertising rates to be had on application.

The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ This month I am a Blue Bird. The same bird as heretofore, same scrit, scroll or screed in my beak, strangely superposed on the same queer bush; only a change of plumage. Last month, as a Snow White Dove, I was a great success. There were sixty thousand PHONOGRAMS printed and circulated in August. Just think of it! It took I don't know how many tons of paper to print the edition, and I flew all over this country and abroad too. Replies from the MAY PHONOGRAM have come from Brazil, Russia, England and one from India. I think my Woodpecker must have had a strain of Carrier Pigeon interbred, judging from distances.

¶ I wish to call the attention of my readers to the list of new records which appear from time to time in the PHONOGRAM. This is to be a special feature of my little magazine and I will remind you that the way to be posted and to keep posted in the matter new records, is to subscribe at once, and make an immediate complaint at headquarters when you don't get your paper each month. Hereafter the PHONOGRAM will be mailed the first day of the month in which it is dated; so, Mr. Subscriber, you should get it during the first week or second week or third week, or later, according as your home is in Greater New York, Denver, Portland, Honolulu or Chefoo.

On with your dimes. Stick three on your visiting card and write "send it."

¶ My Guessing Contest, as mentioned in August issue, has excited more interest than I imagined (chiefly regarding the ORDER OF THE PHONOGRAM of which I shall speak later). Briefly, the conditions are these. Each guess as to color of my next month's bird must be

made in the name of a subscriber to the PHONOGRAM. As many guesses may be entered as are accompanied by new subscriptions (each with three dimes attached). He who shall successfully penetrate the mystery of the color of my next month's bird will be required further to contribute an essay of two hundred and ninety-nine words, no more, on some Phonograph Theme that is dear to his heart; the merit of which shall determine his eligibility to the ORDER. All such essays are to become my property, and will be published in the PHONOGRAM for the edification and enlightenment of future readers. Thus it will be seen that the purpose of the PHONOGRAM is a lofty one. Not only is it to be a monthly bulletin of new records, but it also aims to become a medium for the interchange of talking machine ideas and news.

The PHONOGRAM's competition, therefore, has a dignity that is thoroughly dignified, and in keeping with the scope of the publication.

¶ Speaking of "scope" reminds me of a certain paper that I once ran across that bore a date of issue four months prior to its date of publication. From one point of view it made no difference whatever, as the reading matter was in the nature of news items that were either like axioms or would keep indefinitely without regard to time. But once the editor chronicled the birth of a son to an influential citizen. There he fell down. It was embarrassing. All anachronisms should be avoided—especially where the birth of a son is chronicled four months before he is born.

¶ To come back to the competition. To the successful penetrator of the bird-color mystery shall be awarded a Decoration and Certificate of Membership in the ORDER.

The Decoration is a Prize, as a Reward of Merit for the Theme of two hundred and ninety-nine words (no more). Every Certificate of the ORDER is registered, and is printed in purple, black and gold on fine vellum. The Decoration is a badge of the ORDER—a bird of such color as my jeweler may elect (bearing in its beak a white scrit or scroll) superposed, with a large black S on a golden bush.

¶ The *Order of the Phonogram*, as may be inferred from the foregoing, is a Society for the Mutual Good and Theoretical Advantage of all Talking Machine Owners. We who are in it from the start are all lovers of the Phonograph. I organized the Society. It has no rules or by-laws; they will come later. It has *Two* active members already, and some honorary members, whose names I shall publish in a subsequent issue. The first active member was my friend MR. OPENEER; who, as an Ideal Enthusiast is always in the front ranks. No sooner had he received the August number, than without waiting for particulars, he sent me this characteristic telegram:

Dear Shattuck:

I guess Violet Indigo Blue Green Yellow Orange Red.
Send Decoration and Certificate. Collect.

Openeer.

Thereupon I sent him a bill for the charges and a copy of the terms and conditions, then in the hands of my printer. To which he replied with a letter of apology, containing seven subscriptions (two dollars and ten cents enclosed), a clever MS. entitled "Who Has Ever Heard of a Talking Fire Alarm" (which I will publish soon) and the amount to pay for telegram. Needless to say his rainbow

(Continued on page one fifty-eight)



SOME RECENT MOVING PICTURES.

Events of the day are now to be had for the moving picture machines that have become so popular.

River Scene, Macao, China

Shanghai Street Scene

Landing Wharf at Canton

Street Scene in Hong Kong

Canton River Scene

Shanghai Police

In these street scenes are shown the compounds similar to those in Legation Street, Peking, which were recently sacked and burned by the Boxers.

Battle of Mafeking

English Lancers Charging

Capture of Boer Battery by British

Boers Bringing in British Prisoners

Boer Commissary Train, Trekking

Charge of Boer Cavalry

(Continued from page one fifty-six)

gig won ; and my September Bird being Blue, he gets the Decoration and Certificate all right, as he complied with all conditions including the Theme. I sent him his Badge immediately and he says he regards it as ample remuneration for his MS., which of course is just what it is, i.e.: pay for value received.

The second member is CAL STEWART who wrote as follows :

Dear Friend Herbert :

I calkilate its red, white or blue.

Yours trewly,

Uncle Josh Weathersby.

To him also, I promptly sent a copy of the conditions, and he as promptly sent three names, ninety cents and a contribution of several hundred words, which, being all good, I shall chop up into multiples of 299 and publish in sections. He gets his Decoration and Certificate in due time.

Here, therefore, is the Roll of Honor of the ORDER :

MR. OPENER.

CAL STEWART.

and who will be the next ?

NEW EDISON RECORDS

- | | | |
|------|---|-------------------------------------|
| 7511 | 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia | Church Chimes |
| 7527 | My Little Georgia Rose | Church Chimes |
| 7528 | A Picture no Artist can Paint | <i>Violin</i> Hager |
| 7529 | Gabie | <i>Comic Song</i> Favor |
| 7530 | I don't care if I never wake up | <i>Comic Song</i> Newton |
| 7531 | The Owl and the Pussy Cat | Male Quartette |
| 7532 | Kathleen Mavourneen | Male Quartette |
| 7533 | On the Levee | <i>A Novelty</i> Edison Band |
| 7534 | Just Think this Over | <i>Comic Song</i> Denny |
| 7535 | Here's to the Rose | <i>Sentimental Song</i> MacDonough |
| 7536 | That Minstrel Man of Mine | <i>Song</i> Denny |
| 7537 | Her Name is Rose | <i>Sentimental Song</i> Mahoney |
| 7538 | Einstein on the Ocean | <i>Comic, Jewish Dialect</i> Steele |
| 7539 | Just Cuddle in my arms and go to sleep | <i>Song</i> Kelso |
| 7540 | Baby's Prayer | <i>Male Duet</i> Madeira & Harlan |
| 7542 | Cold Feet | <i>Comic Song</i> Denny |
| 7543 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 1) | Steele |
| | "Imitations of John Kernell, also Mr. Dan Daly in short scene from 'Lady Slavey,' and Hebrew Monologues." | |
| 7544 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 2) | Quinn |
| | "With Irish Stories, ending with comic song and dance, telling of the family next door." | |
| 7545 | Leisure Moments | Gavotte <i>Banjo</i> Osman |
| 7546 | My Department Store Girl | <i>Sentimental Song</i> Mahoney |
| 7547 | Polly and I were Sweethearts | <i>Song</i> Madeira |
| 7548 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 3) | Dudley |
| | "Impersonating Frank Kernell in imitations of Amateur Vaudeville Artists." | |
| 7549 | Vaudeville Specialty (No. 4) | Collins |
| | "Introducing funny sayings, song choruses, dances, etc." | |
| 7550 | The Village Choir | <i>Comic Song</i> Dudley |
| 7551 | Mandy Lee | Male Quartette |

NEW EDISON RECORDS (*Continued*)

- 7552 Strike up the Band, here comes the Sailor
Comic Song Quinn
- 7553 Shultz's views on Geo. Washington *talking* Kennedy
- 7554 Shultz's views on Savage Mosquito *talking* Kennedy
- 7555 Sons of the Sea *Song* Harlan
- 7556 Vaudeville Specialty (No. 5) Denny
"Naming rules of Country Hotel, and ending with song, 'Aint you my Lulu.'"
- 12117 I'd Leave my Happy Home for you *Sung in*
German Watson

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

- B 444 My Dreams *Song* Campbell
- B 452 Flowers from the Garden of Life *Song* Campbell
- B 453 Sunday Sally *Song* Stanley
- B 454 An Innocent Young Maid *Comic Song* Stanley
- B 455 Magnetic Waltz *Song* Miss Ashton
- B 456 Love in Springtime *Song* Miss Ashton
- B 457 Coon Band Contest *A Trombone Eccentricity*
Peerless Orchestra
- B 458 Mandy Lee *Song* Campbell
- B 459 Little Black Me *Song* Campbell
- B 460 Minstrel, 1st part Minstrels
- B 461 The Blue and the Gray *Sentimental Song* Harlan
- B 462 Will I find my Mamma there *Sentimental*
Song Harlan
- B 463 Please Mr. Conductor *Sentimental Song* Harlan
Talking
- B 464 Shultz on the Man Behind the Gun Kennedy
- B 465 Shultz's attack on the savage Mosquito "
- B 466 Shultz on the Paris Exposition "
- B 467 Shultz's views on George Washington "
- B 468 Shultz at Delmonico's "
- B 469 Shultz has Malaria "
- B11067 Air de Lucie de Lammermoor *French Song*
M. Begue
- B11068 La Ronde du veau d'or de Faust *French* "
- B11069 Berceuse de Jocelyn *French* "

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The PHONO GRAM

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E I G H T H N U M B E R

DECEMBER ~~SECOND COPY~~ 1900



PRINTED MONTHLY
FOR THOSE INTER-
ESTED IN PHONES,
GRAPHS, GRAMS &
SCOPES. DEVOTED
TO THE ARTS OF
RECORDING AND REPRODUCING
SOUND. OFFICIAL HANDBOOK *of*
THE ORDER *of* THE PHONOGRAM.

The PHONOGRAM

SUBSCRIPTION THIRTY CENTS A YEAR
SINGLE NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK
at NUMBER 135 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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¶ A dainty birthday gift or holiday present would be *We Sat Apart* by Eugene Lee; a charming little love poem, quaintly conceived, and written in a manner that will appeal to all—especially lovers. It is choicely printed on hand made deckle edge paper, and is bound in old style wrappers. Price, postpaid, Fifty cents.

AUGUSTE GIRALDI, No. 139 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

MY BOOKS.

If thou art borrowed by a friend
Right welcome shall he be
To read and study—not to lend;
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge
Doth diminish learning's store
But books I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

EUGENE LEE.

A PLEA FOR CLASSIC RECORDS.

The clamor for Records of "popular" music has reached a very acute stage. Lists of new records are termed limited and incomplete if they fail to catalogue the latest songs and marches which have become familiar to the public through the efforts of some popular composer or through the music halls. Yet here is a great truth; a person who clamors for "popular" music really wants *familiar music*. Beethoven's symphonies would soon become as "popular" as "The Blue and the Gray" if they were heard as often.

Good music, of which a Beethoven symphony is the highest expression, is the language of the soul. Popular music, in the true definition of the term, is the expression of rhythm—such as a Strauss waltz. If people only knew it, a Beethoven symphony, like a Shakespeare drama,

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creates a distinct atmosphere, even a world of its own. Its secret beauties are not to be wholly revealed without a little effort on the part of the listener to appreciate them.

To sum it all up. It is *unfamiliarity* with the great Classic Masterpieces which prevents the enjoyment of them by the great majority of Phonograph users.

EUGENE LEE.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ORDER OF THE PHONOGRAM.

By MR. OPENEER.

I called the meeting. Not because I was secretary ; for we have no officers or rules or by-laws or anything except a feeling of good fellowship, a stock of Certificates and Decorations of THE ORDER and a list of honorary members. The meeting was quite unconventional, for the H. M's. were not invited ; partly because Mrs. Opeener did not wish to entertain too many at dinner and partly on account of the informality of the occasion. The reason for the meeting was really my desire to know more about *The Roaring Phonograph*, concerning which newspaper items were at that time going the rounds of the press, with these startling headlines : "A Loud Phonograph ;" "A Large Voice ;" "A New Terror ;" "May be heard Ten Miles ;" "A Mischievous Invention ;" and others of like import. I wanted to gather all the information possible on the subject, although I was daily expecting a reply to my letter to the reputed inventor, Horace L. Short, of Brighton, England. So our notes of invitation to

dine with us on October 30th, read, in addition to the R. S. V. P., "Subject for discussion *The Roaring Phonograph*. Please come prepared."

Well, they did. They all caught on, for we are all Enthusiasts and keep abreast with the times. Even the out of town members who could not come, showed their interest. These sent their regrets, wishing us all kinds of success and promised to come to the very next meeting of THE ORDER; and in addition (with one single exception) each contributed his mite of knowledge to the general fund. So, after the coffee and over our cigars, (the ladies graciously permitting) we read their letters and the news clippings and discussed *The Roaring Phonograph* in all its phases and aspects. Most unfortunately I had neglected to lay in a supply of blank cylinders, so my Phonograph could not act as secretary. My report of the meeting, therefore, was made up from the various fragments of letters and clippings that were presented in evidence, aided somewhat by my memory. It is true we had two stenographers in the merry party, but it would have been rank heresy to make use of their expertness on such a distinctive-ly Phonograph occasion; so the company unanimously decided that I should be the scribe. The one exception among the absent ones that I spoke of was Cal Stewart. It's the exception that proves the rule you know, so I started off with Cal's letter. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. Openeer, Haow be you and haow's your fambly? I'm purty tolerble myself, but I have trubbles as you will see by the clipping I enclose which, as it explains as haow my hands are full, exp'ains also why I can't come. I am your affectionate Uncle
Josh Weathersby."

And then I read the clipping :

**SEETHING SEA DID'NT SEETHE WHEREUPON
MR. STEWART WAS PERTURBED.**

Cal Stewart, the singer and actor, had a heartrending experience in Orange on Friday night. He has not recovered from the awful shock at this writing.

During his leisure moments Mr. Stewart managed to write a play, and he selected Orange as the scene of his nefarious endeavor, and the show opened there on Friday. All progressed smoothly until the second act, when the hero, who is Mr. Stewart, is supposed to leap from a passing steamer into the seething billows and rescue the heroine, who has been basely thrown overboard by the heartless villain. The seething billows are managed in much the same way as the ship, that is, by the lowly stage hands, who receive as compensation \$1 a seethe.

They must have been dissatisfied with the performance, for the billows refused to seethe and the steamer did not steam across the said billows to any great extent, owing to the fact that possibly something had stuck. The heroine had already been submerged eleven times when the gallery-ites became excited and shouted to the hero:

“Jump, you lobster ; be you goin’ to let her drown ?”

Unfortunately, Mr. Stewart could not jump, as it was twenty-two feet from where the steamer stuck on the ways to the point where the heroine was being slowly done to death by watery water.

The situation was becoming critical and Mr. Stewart was at a loss for a moment. Then he grabbed a rope, and rushing out on the foaming sea, threw it to the now

thoroughly exhausted girl and hauled her down stage to the accompaniment of loud cheers.

All was safe and the audience cheered wildly and long. 'Twas well and a noble deed. Then the curtain was rung down and from the sounds of language heard it is supposed that Mr. Stewart was expressing his disapproval.

He insisted later that the accident would not happen again if he had to grease the rollers of the steamer himself and stand by with a hammer to start her.—From the *New York Telegraph*.

When the merriment due to Cal Stewart's comical view of the situation had subsided, I called upon Col. K. L. Watt, who responded with a jolly speech on Phonographs in general. His remarks were founded on this clipping which he handed to me when he had finished. Here it is:

MAY BE HEARD TEN MILES AWAY.

According to reports printed in English exchanges a Phonograph is now available by the use of which messages can be delivered in such tremendously loud tones as will make them easily understood at a distance of ten miles. The machine has been tested and its possibilities seem to be practically endless. It will render loud selections in the open air that can be listened to by thousands of people, or it will shout news messages that could be heard high above the roar of the traffic and the thousand noises of a big city. You can whisper a sentence into the machine's little funnel-shaped mouthpiece and it will repeat it in tones that are more deafening than the shrieks of a liner's steam siren. Yet every word is perfectly articulated, and a shorthand writer ten miles away can take down the message as easily

as if you were dictating to him in a small room.—From the Chicago, Ill., *Chronicle*.

When the Colonel was seated, we discussed the wonderful possibilities of this monster Phonograph for a few moments, and I then called upon Eugene Lee, who read a short article from the New Haven, Conn., Journal, which gave the assemblage an inkling of the mechanical construction of the new wonder:

A LARGE VOICE.

A Phonograph recently made at Brighton, England, is an impressive affair. It reproduces sounds with an intensity which makes words distinctly heard for a distance of ten miles, and upon water to a farther distance. Inside the trumpet there is a small and delicate piece of mechanism that looks something like a whistle. This is the tongue of the machine. Instead of the "records" being taken on wax in the usual manner a sapphire needle is made to cut the dots representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time the vibrations cause the whistle to produce a series of air waves, and the machine thus becomes a talking siren which transforms the human voice into a deafening roar.

The Baltimore Sun thinks this machine might be useful in politics as a "spellbinder." It would certainly make itself heard, but it might not excite the "tremendous applause" which the newspaper reports show that the spellbinders excite. And spellbinding without tremendous applause would be poor stuff.

Carolus Broome then addressed us. "I have here a copy of *The London Mail*, and it seems to be the inspiration of both the preceding readings. The article in the *Mail* is headed "A howling Terror" and in addition to the information before given it says: in appearance, the machine is merely an ordinary Phonograph, with a large trumpet measuring 4 feet in length. The experiments were made near the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, where the inventor has his workshops. The instrument was placed on the roof of the laboratory, and was made to repeat a number of sentences. At a distance of ten miles the sounds were plainly heard by a large number of people, every word being perfectly distinct, and at a second trial with a favorable wind it was found that an unknown message could be taken down in shorthand at a distance of twelve miles. Over the water the sounds will carry still farther, and under favorable circumstances they might easily be heard by persons on a vessel fifteen miles out at sea. Placed on a lighthouse or lightship the Phonograph would give a verbal warning that would be infinitely more effective than the fog-horns and detonators at present in use.

The possibilities of the machine are practically endless. It will render loud selections in the open air that can be listened to by thousands of people, or it will shout news messages that could be heard high about the roar of the traffic and the thousand noises of a big city.

"All this is very interesting" said H. A. Shattuck, when Mr. Broome had finished "but let me tell you that Horace L. Short, of Brighton, England, is just about twenty years behind the times. Ever heard of the Aero-phone? No? Yes? Well, I'll tell about it for the benefit of those who haven't.

The Aerophone is an instrument invented in 1879 by Mr. Thomas A. Edison, for increasing the volume of sound and projecting it to an indefinite distance. The same tympanum is used in its construction as in the Phonograph. The imitation of the human voice is secured by the opening and shutting of delicate valves placed within a steam whistle or organ pipe and serving the purpose of controlling the requisite amount of steam or air. The vibrations of the diaphragm, communicated to the valves, cause them to close and unclose synchronously with the inflexions of the human voice; the steam or air reproduces these vibrations and the result is an instrument capable of magnifying two hundred times the ordinary tones used in speech and projecting them miles instead of feet. It is in fact an exaggerated Phonograph, roaring out its remarks or songs, instead of to a roomful of people, to neighboring townships and counties in a manner calculated to endanger the bulwarks of social life.

That is the story of the Aerophone and it rather looks to me as if Mr. Short was inventing something that was already in existence. The descriptions of the English "Howling Voice," as read to us by the Colonel, Mr. Lee and Mr. Broome, seem to fit very clearly the Aerophone as I understand it. How about it Mr. Opeener? What little joker have you up you sleeve."

"No joker at all" said I "except that I can corroborate your statements on every point. Here is a little memorandum I jotted down the other day. In 1879, William H. Bishop wrote as follows for November Scribner's Magazine, describing "A Night with Edison" at his Laboratory, then at Menlo Park.

‘ Here is the project of the Aerophone; the great voice, two hundred and fifty times the capacity of human lungs, which is to shout from light-houses, from ships at sea, from Bartholdi’s statue towering godlike above our harbor. Its principle is simple with a simplicity that constitutes a part of the greatness of these inventions. There is a mouth-piece as in the telephone and Phonograph, but the vibrating disk flutters the valve of a steam-jet which takes the tones of the voice and sends them on to the limit of its capacity.’ I think this disposes very effectually of any claim that Mr. Short, of Brighton, England, may choose to make. Now let us hear from Mr. Charles B. Rutan.”

Thus adjured, Mr. Rutan read the following, prefacing himself by saying that he thought the author of the article was a space writer, at so much a thousand words. “ You don’t have to laugh unless you really want to ” he added:

The megaphone is bad enough by itself. There has been a man in Watertown with a giant instrument through which he yelled advertisements from the top of one of the blocks on Public Square, his voice dropping down into quiet neighborhoods as if from the sky, telling where to buy soap and dress goods. But here is an infernal genius who has combined the Phonograph and megaphone into a giant sound multiplier that will run itself. He mounts his voice cannon on a high building and sets it to bawling its Phonographic speeches; and the people in the ten miles circuit rush to their doors to hear coming from the skies the injunction to use Popman’s Bitters, together with information of bargain sales and houses to rent. It is the end of peace in city, village and country. It is to be presumed, if this experiment with the sound multiplier succeeds, that some syndicate will try to station them every 20 miles all

over the country for advertising purposes, and the air will tremble continually with the racket. People conversing with each other will be interrupted by the giant voice of the tone multiplier worked by an electric battery, telling them to take So-and-So's pills or somebody else's blood and liver purifier. Talk about desecrating the scenery with patent medicine advertisements in letters ten feet high, why it is nothing to the nuisance this new invention will be in setting the atmospheric envelope of the earth all a-quiver with patent medicine advertising.

You know what a small Phonograph will do in the house. Well, magnify that tone 10,000 times and hurl it all around the country, and just think what misery can be produced. Think of chunks of ragtime music dropping around in everybody's back yard. Think of the music of bands being hurled like a hurricane to devastate the country. The world powers all ought to unite to suppress this new invention, as they are uniting to suppress the Chinese who used to do their fighting by making a big noise on gongs.

There is one useful object however, for this giant tone multiplier. It might be used for educational purposes. Lecturers who had something to say might fill Phonographic cylinders and people could sit on their front verandas and absorb information. But even this might not always be agreeable.—From the Watertown, N. Y. TIMES.

“You've stolen my thunder” said Russell Murray when Mr. Rutan had finished “but I think my article is better than the one you have just read although it's written in the same general style. If you can't stand it” he

added waving his hand around the table "just say so and I'll stop it the moment you say 'Enough'."

A NEW TERROR.

The Phonograph has already been used for advertising purposes, and people who have been forced to wait in ferry houses and railroad stations have likewise been forced to listen to husky voices proceeding out of brass horns and calling their attention to the alleged merits of somebody's pills and somebody's soap. Also, the megaphone, with a human voice blown weirdly through it, has apprised riders and drivers on the boulevard that here were drink and bowling and other modern necessities, or, from an upper window near the bridge, has dinned into the ear of passengers, information about slugging and bruising matches to be held in some of the city's palaces of joy in the near future. But now comes a man who says he has invented a gigantophone that will enable affliction to be strewn for ten miles around the country. And this is the end of peace. The people in a dozen villages, hearing the alarm from the skies, will rush to their doors and listen. Then they get something like this: "I call your attention to the Gee-Whiz corsets, made only by the P. P. Smith Company of Yonkers. It is the only corset there is. For heaven's sake, don't buy any other kind. We need your money in our business, and we have got to sell these corsets whether you want us to or not. Go down to the largest store you know and ask for some, and most likely you will get them. You must buy them: You have to. Don't think about any kind except ours. You can't keep your waist in if you don't buy corsets, and the Gee-Whiz ones are away ahead of everything in that line that's made.

Go on, now, and buy some." And hearing these news the citizens will return and close all their windows and put felt about the cracks of the doors and the keyholes.

Another dreadful occasion, made possibly more dreadful by this gigantophone, is the picnic. When the Ninety-second Ward Sons of Gentlemen have one of their periodicals, with chowder and beer and revolver practice and ambulances, in Schmeidrick's Park, they will never be content unless they have one of the new machines in the middle of that park, singing with a dozen times the vehemence of a factory whistle, "Take Yo' Clothes and Go," and ballads of a heart-breaking sort about Motha-a-ar, and about wives who have been astray and come around to be taken back because there isn't any other place to go.

The great value of the new megaphone will not be in the dissemination of news about So-and-so's pills and oatmeal and blacking and novels and private schools, but in increasing oratory. In the quarters of Manhattan where the free lecture is in vogue the megaphone can be scaled down to say a two mile limit, and the windows of the affected district being raised, the inhabitants can sit complacently at home and learn a lot of useful facts about domestic insects and history and the fine arts. In political conventions the audience can be accommodated in a park, and by talking through one's hat into a receiver and having the voice ground over in the machine, every delegate can hear his remarks magnified a thousand times, and, knowing that they are to be thus enlarged, every intending speaker will prepare himself in advance, so that we shall have the remarks shorn of flubdub and the vast thoughts will be put into the eloquence that is peculiar to the reporters who write speeches for our politicians. The alarm is

shared by the entire public, lest such evil things as have been here reviewed should become possible.—From the Brooklyn, N. Y. *Eagle*.

A storm of applause greeted Mr. Murray's contribution to the general fund of *Roaring Phonograph* knowledge; and after a vote of thanks to Mrs. Openeer had been recorded (the particulars of which I must modestly repress), the first meeting of **THE ORDER OF THE PHONOGRAM** was declared adjourned.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH A KINETOSCOPE.

Few travelers have brought home with them such vividly realistic impressions of foreign lands as James H. White of the Edison Manufacturing Company has contributed to the delectation of his fellow men. The most interesting part of Mr. White's impressions, it should be explained, are upon several thousand miles of kinetoscope films.

Without doubt Mr. White has taken more photographs than any man living. A kinetoscope photograph is but an inch wide. It is made by the turning of a crank at an average rate of 2400 a minute. Mr. White has been industriously turning the crank for the last five years. The number of single photographs he has taken runs high into the millions. He has photographed the religious and social ceremonies of every tribe of Indians in the United States, has made photographing expeditions into Mexico, Alaska, Cuba, China, Japan and Siam. Wherever an important public gathering is held, there White can be seen with his

little polished oak box turning the crank, like an organ grinder trying to make up for lost time. Nearly all the vast quantity of moving pictures now on exhibition in all



JAMES H. WHITE.

parts of the civilized world were made by him. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. White knows something about moving pictures himself.

It is interesting to learn from this high authority that moving pictures are more popular in Europe than in the

United States. More than half the enormous output of the Edison Company goes to Europe. More interesting still, Spain is the heaviest buyer of kinoscope pictures. The most popular subject—think of it—is the inauguration of McKinley.

Frequent negotiations with barbaric or semi-civilized peoples have developed the diplomatic trait in Mr. White's make up. Particularly, in dealing with the Indians, a high degree of diplomacy is required. Long contact with the pale face has filled the mind of the noble red man with sordid commercial instincts, almost to the exclusion of all other sentiments. Nowadays when an Indian sees a camera leveled at him he covers his face with his hands, and, rushing up to the photographer, demands a fee of 50 cents for the privilege of taking his picture.

One of Mr. White's earlier experiences with Indians was the Santa Clara Pueblos at Santa Clara, New Mexico. Mr. White wanted to photograph one of the Santa Clara's peculiar dances. He called on the head men of the village. The head men said they would consider it. After two days profound reflection the head men called a town meeting to hear Mr. White's proposal. Mr. White stood up in the center of a solemn circle of red men, women, children and dogs and explained at great length what he wanted to do, why he wanted to do it and when and where and how. Particularly he elucidated the precise value of the privilege he sought. Then he repeated his desire and offer from beginning to end, going still more into details. By request he repeated the proposition several times. Then he retired to permit the idea to percolate through the

(*To be continued.*)

MAX AND MELINDA.

An *Easy One* in plain words for the Children.

See the bea-u-ti-ful lake. See the ca-noes. See the moon-light as it per-me-ates the cir-cum-am-bi-ent at-mos-pHERE and per-co-lates in-to ev-ery in-ter-stice of the pan-o-ra-ma. Do I make my-self plain lit-tle ones? Now pay at-ten-tion and I will tell you a-bout Max and Me-lin-da and their Pho-no-graph. Look at Max. He has a straw hat on his head. This all hap-pen-ed one ver-y hot night last Sum-mer. Me-lin-da re-clines on a cush-ion in the bow of the ca-noe at least it was the bow be-fore Max start-ed the Pho-no-graph go-ing. Now it is the stern. Lis-ten and I will tell you a true sto-ry just as Max told it to me. Look close-ly at the pic-ture and you will see three oth-er ca-noes. It is like-ly there are more in those deep shadows but you can-not see

(Continued on page eighty-four)

M



M is for MOONLIGHT
As it shines o'er the lake
And M is for Music
That *Phonographs* make.

(Continued from page eighty-two)

them. Each ca-noe is pro-pel-led by a pad-dle. Ev-er pad-dle? It is blam-ed hard work at first. Max has no pad-dle. Did he break it? No he threw it a-way. Fool-ish Max I hear you say. No no lit-tle ones. Be not so has-ty. The rec-ord that is play-ing is num-ber 6633. It is an en-tire-ly New Meth-od rec-ord. It hap-pen-ed this way. Max had just bought a doz-en En-tire-ly New Meth-od Rec-ords that after-noon and took them a-round to Me-lin-da's home to try on their Pho-no-graph. Max gave it to her for a Christ-mas pres-ent last year and in-stead of giv-ing her Huy-lers he buys the la-test rec-ords. Sen-si-ble Max. Well that night it was ver-y ver-y hot. Not a breath of air was stir-ring, so Me-lin-da said Let us go on the lake and try our new rec-ords in the Ca-noe. Bul-ly said Max. So when they were in the mid-dle of the lake they stop-ped.

The ver-y first rec-ord Max put on was num-ber 6633, a won-der-ful new song by a won-der-ful new sing-er with a won-der-ful new style of ac-com-pa-ni-ment. Do you fol-low me lit-tle ones? And now there hap-pen-ed a strange thing. Me-lin-da said What a love-ly air. A mo-ment la-ter she said What a nice breeze. Max, more prac-ti-cal said See how fast we are drift-ing. Me-lin-da said The breeze seems to come from the horn. Non-sense said Max. Me-lin-da, more po-lite, said noth-ing. Just then the rec-ord stop-ped and the breeze stop-ped and the ca-noe stop-ped but Max did not stop think-ing. Gee he said and start-ed the rec-ord a-gain. Oh what a nice breeze said Me-lin-da and see how fast we are drift-ing. Max put his hand over the edge of the horn. Eureka was all he said He threw his pad-dle a-side. It fell in-to the wa-ter and bob-bed up and down in the sil-ver-y wake of the

now fly-ing can-oe. A-gain the record stop-ped and the breeze stop-ped and the ca-noe stop-ped. Max quickly tri-ed all the oth-er rec-ords but the ca-noe float-ed still and mo-tion-less in the moon-light. The oth-er ca-noes gath-er-ed a-round, at-tract-ed by the sweet strains that float-ed o-ver the wa-ter. One brought Max his pad-dle back to him. A-gain he tri-ed 6633 and a-gain came that mys-ter-ious zeph-yr and the ca-noe gli-ded rap-id-ly a-way from the oth-ers. With an oc-ca-sion-al dip of his pad-dle Max guid-ed the ca-noe a-shore and hur-ried with Me-lin da, their Pho-no-graph and the pre-cious rec-ord num-ber 6633 back to her house. Here they found Me-lin-da's Pa and Ma vain-ly try-ing to keep cool, each with two palm-leafs sup-ple-ment-ing the e-lec-tric fan in the cor-ner of the pi-az-za. Max said not a word but start-ed the Pho-no-graph, play-ing 6633. In-stant-ly there swept through the vines on

the porch a most de-lic-i-ous cool-ness. Pa said We are go-ing to have a storm and ma went in-to the house to close the win-dows. Pa put on his coat and light-ed a ci-gar. Max whis-per-ed to Me-lin-da, Do not say a word. Set the wed-ding day. So it was set-tled for next week. Max went home soon, tak-ing num-ber 6633 with him. The ver-y next day he went to the Lab-o-ra-to-ry and, first try-ing thir-ty or for-ty of the 6633's to see if they were like his won-der-ful sam-ple, he con-tract-ed for the en-tire out-put of that par-tic-u-lar num-ber for sev-en-teen years. Next he en-ga-ged the won-der-ful new sing-er at a fair sal-a-ry to be his pri-vate sec-re-ta-ry. Then he qui-et-ly set to work to buy up all the 6633's that had been sold. The rec-ord had been out on-ly a week, but over five thou-sand had been made and ship-ped to all parts of the U-ni-ted States and Can-a-da. In the mean-time he or-gan-iz-ed The

North A-mer-i-can Vo-cal Im-pulse Corp-o-ra-tion Lim-i-ted, to sell 6633's for Au-to-mo-biles, yachts, e-lec-tric fans, tram-ways, wind-mills and bal-loons, for re-frig-er-at-ing and Cold-storage pur-pos-es, to Ice Trusts, to Pow-er Plants and to Com-pan-ies of all kinds re-quir-ing a mo-tive pow-er of low cost of pro-duc-tion. Luck-y Max. Luck-y Me-lin-da. They were mar-ried as per sched-ule and bid fair to live hap-pi-ly ev-er af-ter-wards. The won-der-ful sing-er had the mis-for-tune to lose his life in the re-cent Gal-vest-on cat-a-cly-sm; but for-tu-nate-ly Max had ac-cu-mu-la-ted a suf-fi-cient stock on hand of the mar-vel-ous rec-ords to last him for some time. At the last re-ports his com-pa-ny was sel-ling 6633's for a thou-sand dol-lars a-piece. So I guess Max and Melinda can manage to crush the gnow-ing worm of pov-er-ty for a long time yet to come.

POINTS PERTAINING TO THE USE AND CARE
OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

By C. W. NOYES.

Introduction.

It is the author's desire to furnish the readers of **THE PHONOGRAM** with points pertaining to the use and care of the Phonograph which have been gleaned through practical experiments.

Theory and practice sometimes differ in the respect that a theory, when practiced, is not always a practical success. For this reason no theories will be advanced that have not been practically demonstrated.

Every owner of a Phonograph should understand thoroughly the mechanical principles of the reproduction of sound before attempting to profit by any suggestions as to its care or use.

We know that a wax cylinder placed in the proper position on the mandrel of the machine, will when revolved, reproduce the sound vibrations which have previously been cut or indented on its surface. We know this because we have seen and heard it.

We are sometimes asked by our friends who have been entranced by the musical selections played for their entertainment :

“How is this accomplished, and what is the principle?”

How many owners of a Phonograph can give an intelligent answer?

We generally reply to such questions by saying, “Well it's just this way. You see the little point cuts the wax and that's what makes the music.”

(*To be continued.*)

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

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Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ This month I am a Black Bird; a Keel-tailed Grackle (*Quiscalus Quiscula*), commonly known as a Crow Black bird. This month's PHONOGRAM is just like the nest that my Bird builds out in the old orchard; a queer assortment of miscellaneous twigs, sticks and grasses—threads and shreds of Scope and Graph items, gathered from here, there and everywhere. I trust that the nest my Bird has built will prove interesting, even if it affords you only the pleasure of picking it to pieces with critical comment, kind or unkind, on the manner of its making.

¶ Note particularly, however, that this issue (and all other issues) of THE PHONOGRAM contains lists of new up-to-date records. Each issue is mailed promptly on the first day of the month in which it is dated. The way to become posted and to *keep posted* in the matter of new records, therefore, is to subscribe (thirty cents a year, if you please) and my Bird will fly each month to you, bearing in its beak a scrit or scroll or screed containing these lists of new records and other Scope and Graph miscellanies.

¶ Subscriptions commence always with the current issue.

¶ One D. E. has written to me "What's the Bird got to do with it. I can't make it out. Please explain." Friends, one and all, and D. E. in particular, THE BIRD is just a literary freak. The *New York Sun* once had an office cat; and in the days of the elder DANA it was an almost deified beast. It ate up undesirable MSS, it passed upon questions of syntax and prosody, it was held responsible for proofreader's errors and editorial lapses. Why shouldn't I have *Birds* as editorial companions? So I shall continue. Each month I shall call upon a different

Bird to lend its individuality to my periodical. Its plumage determines the Color scheme for the month of its editorial dominance. Its manner of nest building is displayed in the make-up of the magazine. Its habits of song, flight and feeding are reflected in the style and character of the Gram, Graph and Scope items which I present, monthly, for your intellectual sustenance. So, now, D. E., and friends one and all, you have my explanation of **THE BIRD**.

¶ To all who have enquired concerning the *Order of the Phonogram*, I will say that September and October Bird Notes contain such information as they seek. *Very special* enquiries I will answer by letter. The Roll of Honor of the **ORDER** is steadily growing. I will publish it complete in next issue.

¶ **PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.**—Back Numbers, One, Two, Three, Four, Five and Six of **THE PHONOGRAM** are out of print and may be had for a short time of the Publisher for five cents the copy. To the Great Majority of People in the U. S. and Elsewhere, a few bound volumes, Number One are offered, neatly done in stiff buckram covers, and gilt top edges, for sixty cents each. This barely covers the cost of binding and postage. A Special Index of contents will be included in the bound Volume One.

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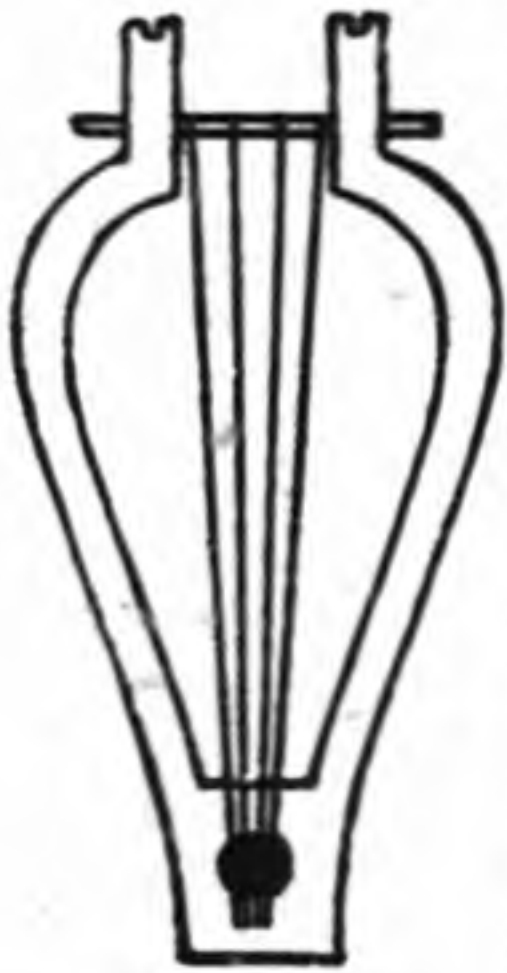
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