

THE REAL NEGRO MUSIC.

DO NOT SEEK FOR IT IN ARTIFICIALLY MADE "COON SONGS."

It exists up and down the Mississippi and Negroes themselves can't sing it. Theatrical Musical Tunes of the Wind Players. The Real Music is Sang Its Origin and Its Expression.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., May 16.—Announcement in a recent issue of THE SUN that a band of all negro performers would give "Carmen" in the Lexington Avenue Opera House in New York...

The experiment has been tried many times of gathering in the South and sending out an all-negro band. The members of an all-negro band are the same as those of a white band.

Naturally, being an imitation of an imitation, they did not draw. The members of a band of greater length, the members of them split and earned their living in vaudeville, where they do well.

The most prominent instance of the Afro-American cultivated to the thirty-second degree is Mme. Sissieretta Jones, heralded long ago by an enthusiastic press as the "Black Patti."

Of the musically talented negro sent through the schools, Southern experience, at least, teaches that he is apt to have a competent and a competent singer, but he is not a singer.

People in the North and East for the most part do not know genuine negro music, because they have not heard it. They have heard so-called "negro music," mostly of the minstrel actor, written by white hacks.

Negro music by negroes, the expressions of untaught minds striving for harmonies, do not betray excessive cynicism. The hearts of these people do not "beat in synchopation," like Chopin's in the first flush of his Parisian career.

A familiar example is to be found in "Sweet Marie." This air, in slightly different form, being sung by New Orleans negroes for fifty years. It was, and is, slightly synchopated. So also of "Ta-ra-ta boom-dee-ay," which is highly synchopated, but to words of lascivious import, was howled by dancing blacks on Congo Square a half century before the father of Louis Armstrong was born.

There is, down by the Mississippi, in the city of Memphis, Tenn., a sort of lone cave or cave of a strong negro. The music is a half-negro, possibly she is approaching some important town and wishes its citizens to know that all is well with her owners.

not only behold buck and wing pas soula to double discount anything ever produced in the theatre and be enthralled by mixed dances to which the widest fling of the camera are directed.

Songs of the dance, however, of which the "cadian chant," "Dancey Galland," "Bourne," is an example, and the songs of the lower classes of Afro-American minstrelsy. There are plantation choruses concerning the seasons of the crops, songs descriptive of everyday life in the negro life, songs of boating, of the best kind of dead, and hymns, and stamboning, songs sung at funerals, and songs of the negro class there is a vast number.

When the lovely "Mystery" first appeared at the shop, little notice had been paid to it. With the acuteness of those who had been diagnosed as a young woman who had come to choose some simple gift for a comrade in her own walks in life.

Walking up to a counter where were displayed the sterling silver goods, she asked to see some of the goods.

"Twenty-four dollars," said the clerk with a show of indifference.

"What is the price?" she asked.

"The price is twenty-four dollars," said the clerk.

"I will take it," she said.

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deck near to the "jacks" by which the pilot steers. The latter, in particular like the figure on the mast, is the most important part of the rigging at the throat, his white teeth gleaming in the light cast by the rows of furnaces and his face upturned to the stars, throws his right arm above his head and his left hand on his hip.

From the fifty semi-giants before him came a great rolling sound of sound that crashed over the flood for miles. One sees such choruses in a theatre.

Among the rudest and most savage people we find sparks of this sentiment. The old heathens held their most beautiful and attractive festivals in honor of the dead, and the praises of the departed were sung.

The olden legends of the East allowed this devotion to degenerate into ancestor worship.

Our aboriginal Indians have thousands of quaint rites, varying with the numberless tribes into which they are divided, for the purpose of honoring the souls and keeping alive the memory of the dead and glorious deeds of their departed chiefs and the beauty and virtues of their mothers.

A sentiment so universally exhibited must be deeply rooted in the human heart; it has its source, indeed, in the eternal youth of the soul, it is a religious instinct, the heart which finds its counterpart in the earth. The heart may be crushed and frozen by the sordid cares of life which bind it down with the numbness of senses of winter, and yet, as the glad awakening earth flings up its free arms to embrace the ever-renewing youth and freshness of the spring.

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MEMORIAL DAYS TRIBUTE.

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER ON ITS SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE NOW.

Obliteration of Sectional Feeling—Maryland's Tribute to the Soldier Dead of Both Armies—Gallantry of the American Soldier—Brilliant Lessons.

Devotion to the memory of the dead is the birthright of any one people, or tribe, or nation, and does it find its origin in any given period of history. It is a sentiment as ancient as creation and as widespread as humanity.

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NEW YORK POLYGLOTS.

Many of the Ignorant Are Excellent Linguists—A Remarkable Collection of Them.

"An old French friend of mine," said a man who has travelled around a good deal, "used to say that any man who learns a new language has reached a new level of civilization."

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CASUAL MEETING AT THE ZOO.

A Student of Science Finds a Veritable Well of Scientific Lore.

I am just a humble student of science, and take a particular pride in my knowledge of matters zoological. I was leaving over the city on a fine day when I happened to see the Zoo when a keen-eyed individual standing beside me, looking pleasant and chummy-like, said:

"Strange animal that," "Yes," I answered, "logs extremely long, over two tons weight."

"Small and incapable of flight," he broke in, "a large white bird, genus struthio, habitat, Africa and India; feeds on grass and grain, eggs of great size, averaging three pounds in weight; American ostrich, genus pennis, has three toes, is considerably smaller than the true ostrich, and—"

"Well, my heart went right out to him, and I was glad to follow the lead of the leopard's case, I couldn't help thinking how pleasant it was to meet one upon whom one could vent some zoological lore."

"Look at that leopard," I began, "how agile—"

"Yes, and sturdy," he interrupted, "Felis pardus, habitat, Africa and Asia; feeds on small mammals, birds, and insects; is a very fierce animal, and is very valuable for its fur."

"I beg pardon, but I'm the agent for the 'Zoological Compendium,' giving a full account of all the animals of the world, their habits, their modes of life, their uses."

"Near the corner of Pryor and Decatur streets two diminutive negro boys, one 11 and the other 12 years of age, attracted and held spellbound for the space of a half hour yesterday afternoon a gathering of fully 200 people with a torrid discourse on the damnation that awaits those who do not repent and turn from the evil of their ways."

"The boys, Henry Spalding and Abner Reynolds, are full-fledged evangelists, one might say—"

"I beg pardon, but I'm the agent for the 'Zoological Compendium,' giving a full account of all the animals of the world, their habits, their modes of life, their uses."

FATE OF THE WAR BOOKS.

MOST OF THEM FAILED TO SELL WELL, SAYS A PUBLISHER.

That was because the Public Got Fresh. Vindictive Accounts of the Spanish-American Conflict in the Newspapers—Davis, Roosevelt, Hobson and Sigbee Sold the Best.

Of making many books there is an end. There's a tradition to the contrary, but its origin never tried making books about the Spanish-American War. Some of the New York publishers will envy him his luck. The fate of the war books has been an interesting commentary upon modern conditions and feeling, if one has watched the process from the inside.

"Don't say war book to me," said a well-known publisher recently. "I'd rather do the fiction. I've seen the market for war books. The public, while it is at fever heat with excitement, gets newspaper stories written by the cleverest men in the profession. The work is done under the pressure of intense enthusiasm and is dramatic and direct to a degree that not one man in ten thousand can attain. The result is a block of books that are a literary review of the war. The public has had its appetite glutted during the very storm of battle, and the ordinary writer's best stuff has been written then. Only a man whose personality wins readers, or whose literary instinct is remarkable, can make a success of a war book published after the excitement is over."

"I suppose that the four most successful books—"

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