

MUSIC'S RE-CREATION-WHAT IS IT?



*Zenatello has recently
been knighted by the
King of Italy*

"A voice of golden tone, prodigal in its expenditure, yet responsive to every emotional shade." This great Italian tenor's voice has just been Re-Created by Edison's wonderful new art. In this picture you see the great Zenatello actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of his voice, and proving conclusively that his living voice and Edison's Re-Creation of it are indistinguishable. Zenatello is one of the many great artists who have similarly proved the absolute perfection of Edison's new invention.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Zenatello's voice and then hear Zenatello himself when you have the opportunity

Music's Re-Creation is a new art, known only to Thomas A. Edison and his trusted assistants. The word Re-Creation (accent on the first syllable) has been adopted by music critics to designate the perfect musical result accomplished by Thomas A. Edison's latest and perhaps most wonderful invention.

The NEW EDISON

THIS new instrument Re-Creates every voice and every form of music with such literal perfection that the Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original performance when heard in direct comparison.

This astounding test has been successfully made in all of the principal cities of the United States, and the music critics of America's leading newspapers concede freely in the columns of their own papers that Edison's Re-Creation of speech, song and music are indistinguishable from the original.

Do you want to know more about Edison's new art? If so, send to us for a copy of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation;" also ask for a booklet containing excerpts from newspaper comment on this new musical art.

Watch your Local Papers

for the announcement of a merchant in your vicinity who has been licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate this new invention.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
Dept. 7589 Orange, N. J.

WHEN A MAN STOPS DRINKING

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this time it held forty human beings, packed and crowded and squeezed in. The door was locked and away we went—drunken men, Chinamen, negroes, a ragged underworld mob, and surely such a foul-smelling aggregation of supposedly human beings were never before huddled together. On arriving at the prison our names, ages and occupations were taken; a bath and shave followed and, with a suit of prison clothes on, we were marched to our home—a cell.

From that hour I was plunged into a profound, persistent melancholy. It was as though the whole fabric of life had suddenly toppled over and crushed down upon my brain. As I peered through the bars an awful loneliness came over me. I was sober at last. I felt such a horror at being shut out from the world that I determined I would never touch another drop of strong drink. From that minute my coming back started. I am as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar that I have had "My Last Drink."

There was no dawn of hopefulness that I could map out. The shadows of life were lengthening and growing thinner. Time and age were relentlessly creeping on, and ill health, a legacy from drink, were facts whirling through my brain with lightning rapidity.

EVERYTHING was dark, dead. I realized that Time had its hand on the door of my life. There was nothing in the past to which I could turn. I must begin life over again. I flung myself on my cell cot, and with closed eyes saw my past go round and round like the hands of a clock. My grief and trouble were borne in silence. The terrible stillness was worse than death itself. I was stunned. The path I had travelled had come to an end. I could not rid myself of its memory. Here I was—a convict. For what? For attempting to secure money in an illegitimate way to appease my insatiable desire for drink.

This same place is yawning for every drinking man. No man who flirts with alcohol is immune from the path I followed and the end I found. The clock of human life is set at a definite point. The pendulum will, some day, swing the other way, either for better or worse, and always for worse for the drinking man.

Coming back after you have dropped to the bottom is a slow, wearisome journey. One hardly knows which way to turn or what to do. Friends and acquaintances have lost confidence in you, employers are chary about giving employment, and I found myself at the bottom of the ladder of life. With credit, reputation, and standing absolutely gone; the outlook was indeed discouraging.

I soon discovered it was a pretty good world after all, for I found many loyal friends, and quickly, too.

As soon as I convinced these friends that I had taken "My Last Drink," there was nothing spared to encourage me in every way. They secured employment and tendered substantial financial assistance, exacting nothing from me but a promise to be firm. Had it not been for these friends my coming back would indeed have been rocky, and almost impossible of achievement. What these good men did for me was voluntary, and they were actuated solely by a noble desire to do humanitarian work. Their mission has not been fruitless. They are as much gratified at the outcome of their kindness as myself and family.

If any moderate drinker, who regards prohibition as an enemy to his personal liberty, could only know of my happiness, and contrast it with the despair I endured through drink, surely he would not refuse to forego his moderate drink, and would do his utmost to put this home wrecking incubus out of reach of the poor wretches whose appetites have grown beyond their control.

Sobriety stands for law, order, peace and happiness. Whiskey stands for drunkenness, poverty, distress, crime, vice and all its countless attendant consequences.

It is not only the welfare of individuals and of families, but the future of the entire nation that is involved in this evil. It is a social, moral, religious, industrial and political question, and is vital to the future of the race as well as to the nation.

Business efficiency, industrial economy, the fundamental principles of thrift, clean manhood, pure womanhood, and good citizenship, demand the abolition of the drink traffic.

The rights of humanity and the good of the community must be considered, and it is my purpose to devote the remainder of my days in helping to uplift those enthralled in the quagmire of drink, who have lost their moorings and are being plunged headlong into this awful maelstrom of destruction.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH BUSINESS

(Continued from preceding page)

consequently my knowledge of business affairs has been gathered from the hard school of experience. Women cannot afford lbridge parties, too many tea parties, nor the time lost in doing things which distract their attention from the main objective. A woman's work should not end when she is married, she should continue to keep in touch with the line of thought with which she set out to make a business success in life, never forgetting that circumstances may compel her some day to go back to the business world. My final word of advice to Canadian girls about to enter business is—"Study out what you are best fitted for and then make it your aim and object to secure a position doing that work which you have found you like best above all others." Conscientious thought with work will bring good health mentally and physically, and with it, success."

Women Should Look at Business as Men Do

"If the girls who are working down town would get the right viewpoint on business, there would be more work turned out and they would earn more money and help each other upward to a more effective industrial appreciation."

In these words, Miss Mary Lambert of the Great West Life Insurance Company,

who has been "working down town" in Toronto for eighteen years, stated the case for the beginner.

"I shall never forget how I first saw the light," went on Miss Lambert. "The incident I am about to relate occurred fifteen years ago this Summer. In those days office hours were much longer than they are now, and on this particular day of which I speak, the work seemed unusually hard. So much, that although some letters still remained to be typed, I slammed my desk down; left my dictation book in the drawer; put on my hat and went home. There was a party on that night—and anyway I did not think the letters important.

"Two days afterward I was called in to see the manager, and was told the letters to Montreal had not been received, although they had been dictated in time to have done so. I gave the usual excuses, and in reply was given this: 'Miss Lambert, a man gets responsibility by being ready to assume it. He sticks to his work until it's done because he's got to. The same thing applies to women, although it is not natural for her to find herself in the business world. However, the world is changing and twenty-five years from today there will be big positions for the women who are not afraid to look facts and details in the face. But if you expect

to remain in business you will have to use your conscience toward your employer as much as I do.'

"I have never forgotten that talk," went on Miss Lambert, "although I think now that there is no reason why more women shouldn't enter business for themselves and invest their own capital. Corset manufacturing, ladies' tailoring and the higher grade restaurant work are businesses that require women's attention, and should be developed with that end in view."

These comments by women who have themselves achieved business success in a marked degree should prove an inspiration, and act as an incentive to all those who have as yet only reached the contemplative stage, regarding the fuller responsibilities to be met with in the commercial arena in the days that will shortly come.

Not one of these women who speak through this article earns less than \$1,400 a year and in several instances the salary is more than double that figure. But these rewards were not made possible except by hard work, and close application.

All are agreed that there is plenty of room at the top for the girl who likes doing something useful.

The girl who can
Is as good as a man
For "Business is Business"
Since Time began.