

# Music Taught Free

Home Instruction

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The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer, you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

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"They do not die because they cannot, they can only suffer, for no single spark of good can die once you have given it birth," said the voice.

"And these are?" questioned the woman.

"Thought lives," answered the voice. "Listen, long years ago you read in a paper that some poor woman in a certain workhouse needed a piano. You read accounts of their sad, grey lives, you even went and read for yourself on their faces that life had given them few golden sunrises and sunsets to remember. And the thought came to you that, with a little personal trouble and patience and labor, you could bring a little gold dust to lay upon the drab and the grey—could bring a little music into lives deaf and dumb with sorrow. Eagerly you set about doing this, but after a little you dropped the idea. Other matters came uppermost; you said: 'After all, it isn't my business any more than that of anyone else. Somebody will do it and do it better than I could. I'll let things be.' And the thought-life, to which you had given birth and then abandoned, was the elf-child who was seated on your lap ere

now, and asked: 'Have you forgotten me quite, Mother?' Dimly you knew that you had not forgotten—only neglected."

And the woman covered her face with her hands, for her heart told her it was true.

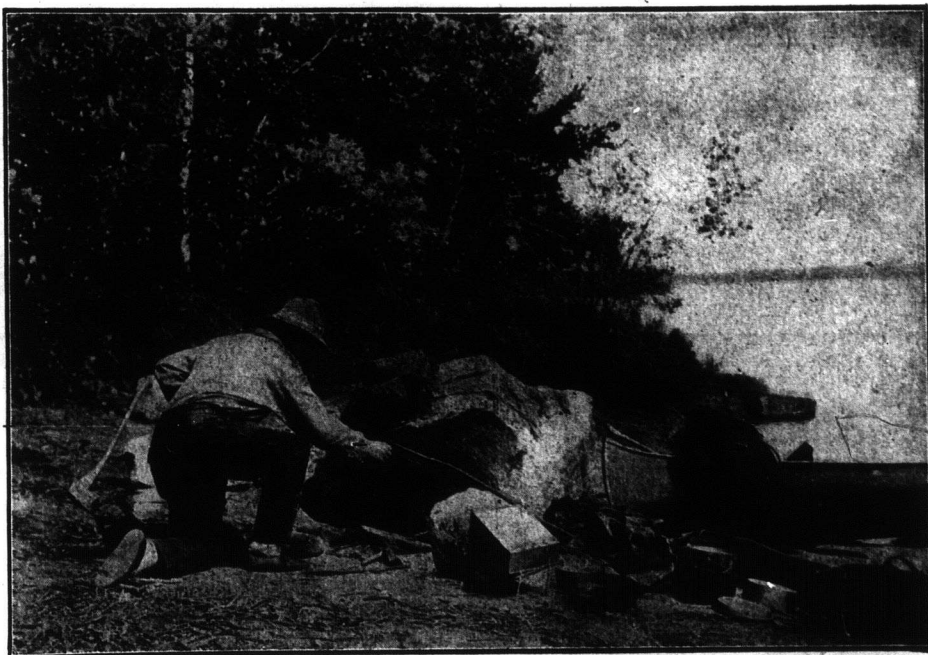
And when at last a cab stopped outside her own gate, and a latch turned in her door, and the son for whom she had been waiting up entered, the room in darkness except for just a dim flickering of firelight.

"Why, Mother!" cried the youth. "It's ever so late, and you've dropped asleep."

"It was rather walking than sleeping," answered the woman, laying down the stocking, the thimble and the needle, replenishing the lamp, and uncovered the little supper. "And—and I haven't been lonely, for I've been seeing things and hearing fairy stories in the flicker-light."

"You ought to go out, Mother. You live too much alone, that is why you see things," rejoined the lad.

"Yes," said the woman, with a peculiar smile, which had more of hope and resolve than of sorrow in it; "yes, that's why."



The skinner of the Lone Star. See the thread of the camera over the left foot.

## From Shadow to Substance

Written for the Western Home Monthly by W. K. Spence.

IT was the old Schoolmaster that told me the story!

I was on the bandcourt of the exhibition, listening to the band, and watching the crowd, a crowd of smart city people, with here and there a group of country folk. I noticed it was the country folk that seemed to appreciate and enjoy the music most, a thing easy to understand, when one knew, that almost every village round about had its local band, and that every village played the role of critic to the rest. The military band was playing a selection of old tunes, when I noticed him first. There was something vaguely familiar about the old man, as he sat with his back towards me, and I was idly wondering who he was, when the band drifted into an old familiar tune. I saw him straighten up and listen as if entranced. When the music died away, and before the crowd had time to applaud, I saw him raise his hat. I did not need to be told why: the whole action was filled with meaning, that old song was for some reason sacred to him; he could not applaud it with the crowd, so he raised his hat.

A gentleman rose from the seat beside him; my curiosity being aroused I went forward and took the vacant seat. I recognized him then, it was my old schoolmaster. He was looking tired, so I persuaded him to come over to the Exhibition Club, and on the veranda, watching the crowds, he told me the story.

"Well," he said, "It's just like most stories. It's about a girl and a boy. They used to come up to my place for lessons on the fiddle. I had told the boy, when he said he would like to come

on Thursday nights, that I had a pupil already that night. 'I know, sir,' he said, 'but I thought it would save time for you, if you could teach us both at once. And then I saw how it was, for the girl, my other pupil, was what people sometimes call, 'a boy's girl.' Aye, she was a merry sprite, that girl, bubbling over with love and mischief. Her face was, what a painter would call perfect, with just enough tan to match the golden sheen of her red hair—and the boy—well—I suppose I should call him just common-place, only, somehow, I don't like that phrase, because there's always something, even in the humblest of us that's different, and I found out one thing in which that boy was different, before I had finished teaching him his fiddle.

"I gave them the usual lessons at first, and then set them to learn one of the old songs, the girl picked it up quite readily, but the boy was slow at first, always striking a wrong note, but he stuck to it doggedly. I suppose the girl helped him there, for she laughed at him sometimes, and no boy likes to be laughed at by a girl. However, there came a night when he played it without a fault. I have heard many good violinists, some who could almost make their fiddles speak, and some who were merely good technically, but the boy lost himself in the music. He had unbounded faith in himself that night, and it seemed to me, that the soul of his fiddle came out in response to the faith of the child. When he finished he looked at the girl, but she appeared to be watching the moonlight out of the window, then he looked at me, but I did not speak. There seemed nothing

## THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer, that washes clothes in six minutes.

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