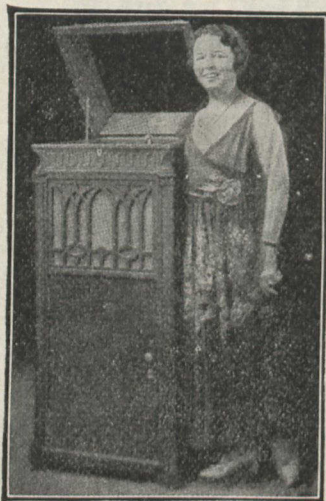




A photograph of Christine Miller proving by actual comparison that the New Edison does faithfully reflect her voice.



A Faithful Reflection of Christine Miller

The clearest pool of water mirrors the image above it no more faithfully than this marvelous instrument reflects the voices of its artists. So complete and perfect is the Re-Creation that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the artist's performance and that of

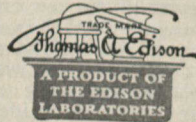
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"The Phonograph with a Soul"

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THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.



The Magpie's Nest

(Continued from page 41)

He had seen quite clearly that she was powerless. She looked at him quickly, and obeyed. He went ahead in a sudden noiseless spurt, cleaving the water as if it were his native element, making nothing of the drag she must have been to him. She did what she could, but it was not much. Yet it seemed the briefest minute—it was perhaps ten—until she felt the firm sand beneath her feet and stood up, with that heavy languorous feeling one knows who has come out of the water to the lighter ether.

"I am tired," she said simply. "Thank you. I couldn't have got back alone." A slight breeze touched them; she shivered.

"You're cold," he amended sharply. He was still trying to protect her from the elements. She looked fragile to him, and as if she should be so shielded.

"Yes. Let's run." They did, and fell on the steps of the hotel out of breath and aglow. Later, when they had dressed, they went back to the beach again and took up the interrupted tale. She let her hair fly on her shoulders to dry. It had the pleasing quality, rather common to light hair, of not looking stringy when wet, and the light got into it, and gave it more than its natural beauty, for its ordinary shade was very soft, almost dead, fawn-color, without the hint of red which makes chestnut hair so lovely. But hers suited her too-pale, waxen skin, and it had a beautiful texture, the hair "like sea-moss" of Alciphron, which Browning recalled. When her face had that ashen look of fatigue her hair looked faded also; but now it was charmingly alive, and curled in feathery ringlets at the nape of her neck. And her crescent brows were ruffled from the drying of her face, so that they rose in a curious peak in the center, two circumflex accents over her eyes; and she looked much younger than her years. The immaturity of her emotions, checked and arrested in her disastrous love affair, had kept her face as girlish in expression as when she was in her teens. Not even her waned cheek and the fine lines about her eyes could alter it.

"Odd," he said, his words redeemed from banality by his positive interest in the fact, "that we should have met again, after so long. Are you—"

"Am I—what?"

"Glad?" he asked, overcoming his self-consciousness with difficulty.

She thought awhile. "Yes, of course," she decided finally. "Why, it's almost like going back home. I think that's why I got used to you so quickly. It does seem as if we'd been friends for a long time. Of course I have no one else here. I might be boring you to death!"

"Do I act like it?" he demanded.

"How do you act when you are bored?" she countered.

"I go away," he said truthfully. "And this time I— Will you be angry if I tell you something?"

"Probably," she said. "I have a most cantankerous disposition, and it's been soured by disappointment. But I won't do more than kill you."

"Well—"

"Go on," she said, slightly exasperated. Anything protracted always did exasperate her slightly; she had described herself rightly as wanting to eat life like an orange.

"I followed you here," he said, reddening, and looking slightly defiant. And he picked a blade of grass and examined it with deep interest.

"Where? You mean to the beach?—from town?" She looked puzzled, scarcely annoyed. "How did you know?"

"I was called out of town yesterday," he said. "And I wanted to see you to-day. So I telephoned—Mrs. Hassard answered. And she told me—and I came down."

"Well, all right," said Hope. "Don't you think it must be dinner-time? I shall have to be careful what I tell Mrs. Hassard—silly old goop. Hiya cultus wawa—she talks too much." So she dismissed the subject, rising with a dainty yawn and lifting her arms above her head with a fine classic gesture to pin up her hair. Carter sat still a moment merely to watch her; she was so slim and straight, not too thin as he had at first thought, but what the French call *fausse maigre*. He had to recant his opinion that she was not pretty if she chose; or if it were true, then it did not matter.

(To be continued)

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