

New Method Makes Music Amazingly Easy to Learn



Learn to Play or Sing Every Step Made Simple as A B C

TRY IT ON APPROVAL

Entire Cost Only a Few Cents a Lesson—and Nothing Unless Satisfied

How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or

piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life. No need to join a class. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music by mail—in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure. Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple

Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C.

My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note. No "trick" music no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 225,000 successful pupils—from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

To prove what I say you can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer, and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—

send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard.

U.S. School of Music
126 Brunswick Building
New York

- | For Beginners or Advanced Pupils | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Piano | Harmony and Composition |
| Organ | Sight Singing |
| Violin | Guitar |
| Viola | Ukulele |
| Banjo | Harp |
| Mandolin | Cornet |
| Clarinet | Piccolo |
| Flute | Trombone |
| Saxophone | Cello |

opportunity to follow Christ; we are tied down by conditions that we cannot alter."

The thoughtful man discovers here some misconception as to the true nature of an opportunity. Life may be likened to a football game; its opportunities are the openings, the gaps in the line of opposition, through which we may plunge for a great gain or a touchdown. But in a truer sense, an opportunity consists not in freedom from restraint but in the very restraint itself. In the limitations and obstacles that oppress him a man finds his chance to show the mettle of his soul. They are the challengers that rouse the Christ spirit lying within him, that dare it to come forth and wrestle with them. Were it not for them the Christ spirit might have no occasion to bestir itself and show its power.

Here is a little fourteen-year-old girl. She has spent the last nine years of her life in a wheel chair, a helpless cripple. You might well ask. What opportunity has she for a life of cheer and contentment and usefulness? But were you to watch her in her father's house, you would see strange things. Each morning she wheels herself into the dining room to set the table, into the kitchen to make the coffee, back and forth across the parlor floor pushing a carpet sweeper, or up to the piano to play a lively tune or sing a song; the happiest, brightest, most helpful little girl you could ever wish to see.

Fate, like a cruel giant, trod upon her and left her broken. "There now," said Fate, "there you are. What can you make of yourself now?"

"Thank you for the opportunity,"

The Noble Nature

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

The Mountains

How'er the wheels of Time go 'round,
We cannot wholly be discrowned.
We bind, in form, in hue, and height,
The Finite to the Infinite,
And, lifted on our shoulders bare,
The races breathe an ampler air.
The arms that clasped, the lips that kissed,
Have vanished from the morning mist;
The dainty shapes that flashed and passed
In spray the plunging torrent cast,
Or danced through woven gleam and shade,
The vapors and the sunbeams braid,
Grown thin and pale; each holy haunt
Of gods or spirits ministrant
Hath something lost of ancient awe;
Yet from the stooping heavens we draw
A beauty, mystery and might,
Time cannot change nor worship slight.
The gold of dawn and sunset sheds
Unearthly glory on our heads;
The secret of the skies we keep;
And whispers, 'round each lonely steep,

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replied her indomitable spirit. "I will show you what I can make of myself." The chief task of life is not to be great, but to bring out into the light the hidden Christlikeness of our natures, the patience and cheer, the hope and courage, the determination and gentleness of which every soul is capable. And in this task the very hindrances to our Christlikeness are the truest opportunities for its cultivation.

A Better Day Promised
By Prof. E. C. Moore

Already there are abundant signs that, without the least disparagement of charitable or philanthropic work there is a recurrence to that sense which was so strong in our fathers that the real problem of life after all is that of the inward man, of the attitude of mind, of the state of the soul.

And that inward life, which is in the least like Christ's and can do something of the work of Christ in the world, was never gained or kept without that practice of prayer which is submission to God, communion with God, co-operation with God. It is this inward life, fostered by the spirit of prayer, which makes a man victorious over the ills which beset him and in his own measure the creator of a world in which those ills are to be done away.

I should not know how to touch the prayer-life of a congregation save by impressing them with the fact that prayer is indeed no substitute for our work; but it is the atmosphere of all our work, and then by making every hour of work for missions begin and end with prayer.

Allure and promise, yet withhold,
What bard and prophet never told.
While Man's slow ages come and go
Our dateless chronicles of snow
Their changeless old inscription show,
And men therein forever see
The unread speech of Deity.

Bayard Taylor.

A Song, Sent With a Rose

Yes, every flower that blows,
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting rose
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;
It scented every breeze,
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beautiful maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From celestial shade
The damask charmer fell;
And as her balmy sweets
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The queen of Beauty greets
The gentle queen of Flowers.

John Cunningham.

Is That All?

The following suggestive parable, which we find in the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's church paper, is unsigned, but is doubtless from the pen of the gifted author of "In His Steps."

He was weeping bitterly as if he had met with some great calamity, and the angel who was going by stopped and kindly asked:

"What is the matter?"