

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 in-
strument 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 en-
tirely 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 sat-
isfaction. 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 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

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 challenges 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

Howe'er the wheels of Time go 'round,
We cannot wholly be disowned.
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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saves clothes and laundry bills.

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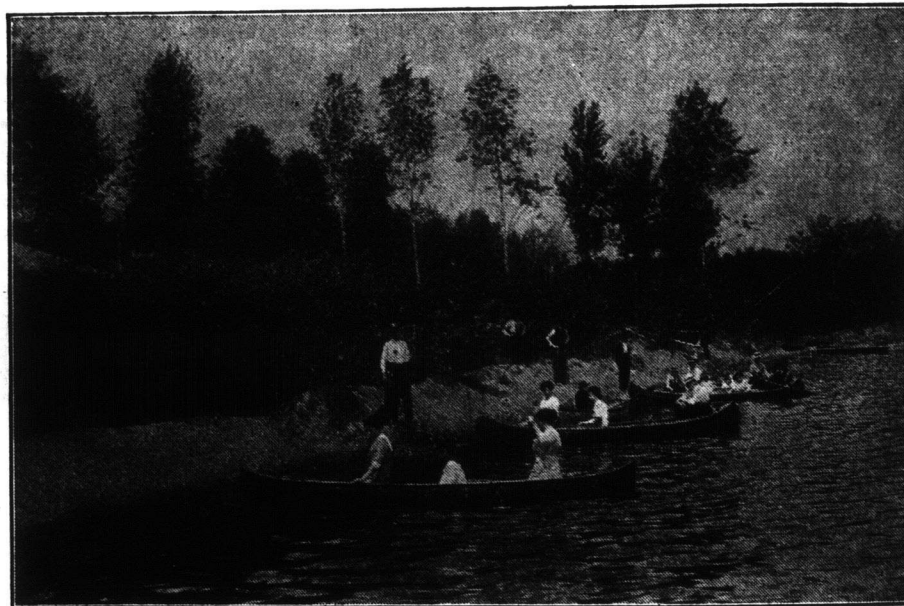


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replied her indomitable spirit. "I will
show you what I can make of myself."

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 beauteous 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?"