Music Hath Charms

(Concluded from page 20.)

and the violinist together and there is a gasp as the notes of that great Hymn of their Fatherland is swept into the souls of those aliens. They see them-selves as children in their happy home, and there is no applause now. Only a paling of countenance; a stiffening of muscles, as that almost human cry wails under the fingers of the skilful musician. How well he knows how to reach the hearts of these people; and the music fell on good ground.

The concert is finished, but the people seem loath to leave the hall, and large numbers of them file slowly out with grim set faces.

Several heads of big affairs, voicing the feelings of their underlings, gather

together to discuss ways and means.

There is a great ship ready for loading at the quay of one corporation. In fact loading of non-contraband has al-ready begun. With so much oppor-tunity and money it is very easy to readjust the cargo. Guns and ammunition they have in plenty and it is such an easy matter to get it aboard without suspicion. Is not the inspector in their pay, and so on all the way But the men to go with the guns.

Ah! the ship will be cleared as a cargo boat with a few carefully selected passengers. How easy to touch at the shore of some unfrequented part and in the darkness take aboard hundreds of men who will some to the hundreds of men, who will come to the place of embarkation in small groups. They will be landed at the pre-arranged neutral country where it will be easy to ship them down to within easy

distance of transport to their country. Once the scheme is found feasible, thousands more can follow by the same route. .

All things happened as if by clockwork and we now find the ship well out to sea with her inspired patriotsinspired by the music of their father-land.... But they had reckoned without those pirates of the sea. They knew their countrymen did not sink ships without warning and then not unless they were armed. . . . A periscope appeared. . . . they had been sighted by a submarine . . . they carried the Stars and Stripes. It was known, however, that a British transport was on the way across. Feeling secure, however, that their wireless would save them from any misunderstanding whether it was a British or German sub, they approached. The

methodical Germans on the sub, how-ever were taking no chances. This ever were taking no chances. This ship might be British under false colours—... They torpedoed the ship. No preparations had been taken aboard the ship for lowering boats, as they had not believed, in spite of the facts presented them. They believed the German everywhere treated friend and enemy alike, with courtesy and

Her work well accomplished, the submarine rose and shelled the un-fortunates on the ship so that none might escape.

As these brave men sank beneath the waves they saw things in a different light. Why had they not believed the stories of the dastardly work of their one-time country— the very powers which had treated them so brutally as young men, and from which they had escaped by coming to America, instead of growing less, had become more arreal. become more cruel.

Two half demented men were pick ed up, mangled and unconscious, and were taken to the American shores. Their story was not believed, but when they finally came to their home city and were recognized, in their hearts these people believed.

If you search among the troops of the Allies you will now find many German faces; where they came from no one knows, but the fiercest in the attacks against the German lines are German faces. Are they those who believed and who are now anxious to fight for the Freedom of America and fight for the Freedom of America and her Institutions, even if her own, of time British born, citizens are not?

A Study in Contrasts

two artists brought to Toronto by the Women's Musical Club, on Tuesday, Feb. 20th. Both artists are young and lovely women appearing in Canada for the first time after winning

ada for the first time after winning triumphs in New York, but there the resemblance ceases. A blaze of footlights haveld all the same

lights heralded the approach of Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera. The audience was dazzled by the beautiful young prima donna with all the appropriate airs and

priate airs and graces, clad sumpti ously in cloth of silver embroidered

with crystal, while her voice, a soprand of remarkably pure tone, held them captive from the start. She scored a veritable triumph in Charpentiers "Depuis le Jour" and her lighter numbers were rendered with great charm.

bers were rendered with great charm In marked contrast came Guioma Novaes, the young Brazilian pianist looking like a simple school-girl in hel plain afternoon gown of black velvet with lowered and de

with lowered lights and dignified de

meanor that seemed to scorn to draw attention to any attraction but her art. Her first number, Schumann's "Carnival," was received with appreciation, but it was not until after her rendering of the Light Tenth Rhansody

rendering of the Liszt Tenth Rhapsod that the audience gave her the acca

mation that it accorded from the star to Anna Case. Her two encores played her took to the star two encores played her took to the star two encores played her took to the star two encores are at the star two encores played her took to the star two encores are at the star two encore

played her technical ability to great advantage, especially the pianissimo passages in "Les Vagues," by Most kowski. Altogether she promises to have a wonderful future and the thusiasm shown for the art of this little black-haired girl of twenty-one, educated by the Brazilian government,

educated by the Brazilian government has been rarely accorded to a pianist appearing for the Canar

appearing for the first time in a Cana

dian city.

The repeated encores which were accorded to both artists seemed emanate from the genuine appreciation of music lovers rather than the greed which is a second to the greed which is a seco

greed which is sometimes laid to charge of Toronto audiences.

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Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

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