

From an actual photograph taken in Mr. Rachmaninoff's home, in New York City

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The photograph, from which this

illustration is reproduced, was taken in Mr. Rachmaninoff's home, in New York City. It shows the great Russian pianist playing the Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (Liszt), while the New Edison RE-CREATED his previous rendition of the same composition.

The three music experts who listened from behind the screen, were amazed and astounded at the absolute fidelity of the RE-CREATION to the artist's original performance. Once more, the New Edison's perfect Realism triumphed in the test of direct comparison.

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## Robert Burns, Poet and Farmer.

By Sandy Fraser.

**I**T will be 162 years on the 25th day o' next January since a wee laddie by the name o' Bobby Burns put in his first kick about the weather, lack o' nourishment and his surroundings in general. That being the case it is as appropriate a time as any ither to be callin' him tae mind and celebratin' his doings an' sayings by a wee word about the best-loved poet o' ony land to-day. That may be puttin' it strong but it's na mair than a fact, and one great reason for it is juist because Robert Burns was subject to sa mony o' the faults an' failings that beset the rest o' mankind in general—and oorselfs in particular. He enlisted oor sympathy frae the first day we made his acquaintance.

He got a cauld reception right on the start. As he says himsel':

"Twas then a blast o' Januar' wind  
Blew hansel in on Robin."

Two things were against his having an easy time o' it. One was that he was the eldest son and the ither was that he was born on a farm. His feyther was a guid mon in his way but he might hae been a poet himsel' for all the ability he had in the money-makin' line. He was as poor as a Highland cow and had the auld-fashioned habits o' honesty an' a large family.

Thomas Carlyle says oor poet's feyther was a mon o' "some knowledge and had a mind open for more." It was this last quality that made him worth while takin' notice o'.

But his poverty held him doon and he didna get the time he wanted for the education o' either himsel' or his children. Poverty is guid medicine but, like all ither blessings, it should be taken in moderation. An overdose is apt tae leave ye rin doon in flesh.

As a consequence o' the above-mentioned state o' affairs oor young Robby had tae soak in maist o' his early education while holding the plow in the stony fields o' Ayrshire. Na wonder he took tae writin' about "honest poverty an' a' that," later on and consoling himsel' wi' the fact that

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that."

The family moved frae one farm tae anither in the hope o' cheating Fortune but each move saw them a wee bit poorer than the last. However, oor future poet was getting the foundation laid for the work that was ahead o' him. It was right on the farm that he found the subjects and gathered the material for those poems which stand oot frae the rest sae plain that ye almost forget ther was onything else he wrote.

What about "The Cotter's Saturday Night"? Where dae ye think he saw this picture?

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry  
sugh;

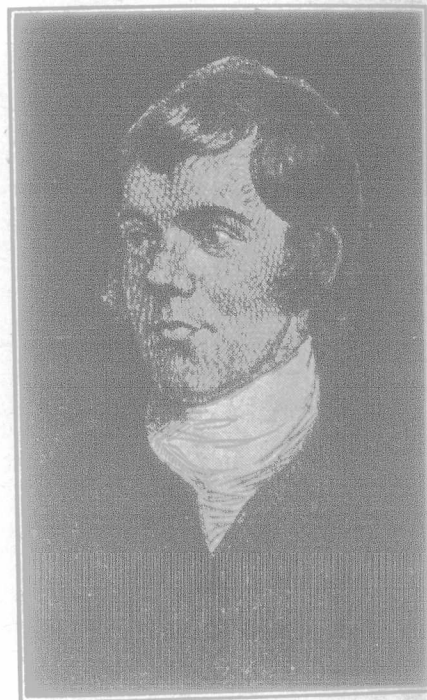
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;  
The miry beasts returning frae the plough;  
The black'ning trains o' craws to their  
repose;

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,  
This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his  
hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to  
spend,

And, weary, o'er the moor his course does  
hameward bend."

I ken he never could hae written  
"The Cotter's Saturday Night" if he  
hadn't been somethin' o' a genius, but

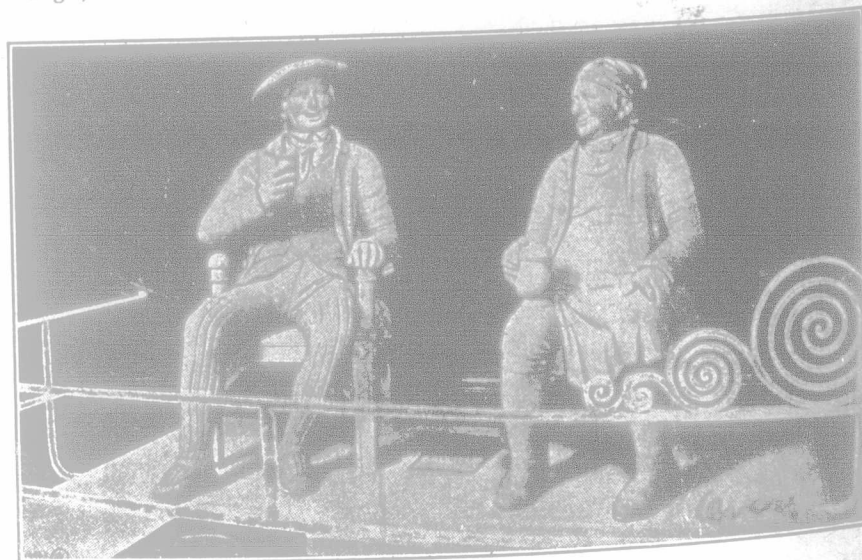


Robert Burns.

Genius couldn't hae done it wi'oot the help o' Experience. Some will tell us that he had experience o' anither sort that was considerable o' an inspiration to his genius, at times. As for instance, the time he says, "I wasna fou", but juist had plenty." Robbie Burns was fond o' his drappie, like mony anither son o' Scotland, or mony a son o' Canada, for the matter o' that, but ye must bear in mind the fact that he didn't live in the days o' "Dominion Alliances" and "Anti-Saloon Leagues" an' that sort o' thing. Na doot he kenned weel the harm there was in an overdose o' the stuff, for he sings about it in this way:

"Oh, guid ale comes an' guid ale goes  
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,  
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,  
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon."

But strong drink was looked on as mair or less o' a necessity at that time an



Tam O'Shanter and Souter Jonny.