The young pelong to cleaning inquired out stood from her s flushed ell across

of my house," giving her a brotherly

pinch in passing.

Mavis turned soberly. She had decided

not to tell him of her mistake. "I think it is just lovely; I didn't expect anything

Jim pushed open a door. "Here is

your room and for the love of mike, hurry—supper is ready and I'm half

Jim laughed. "Hardly," he answered

"I think," Mavis answered slowly,

"that it is the most dismal place I was

ever in." She leaned back in her chair. "Who are your nearest neighbors? Are they nice?" she asked casually.

"My nearest neighbor is a bachelor by the name of Gordon Grant," Jim ans-

wered, giving her just the information she wanted. "He is rather a queer sort,

"Oh, will I?" Mavis thought. "I

"You should see his shack," Jim went

as he was getting his dinner, and he was

trying to fry eggs without lard, butter or anything in the pan." Jim leaned back and laughed heartily. "I borrowed Billy from him because I couldn't catch

my horse."

Mavis understood now why the pony

"We'll ride over to-morrow and take

Billy home," she heard Jim saying.
"No, Sir! I won't," she answered vehemently, sitting up straight with a jerk. "You can go if you want to, though," she added generously.

Jim laughed indulgently. "Had enough

"I'm kind of tired myself," Jim yawned

thing for me first." He opened the piano

and after hunting through a pile of music placed "Good-bye Sweetheart" before

Mavis laughed and sang it mockingly. "That's great," Jim applauded. "You don't know how nice it is to have you

A week later Jim had gone to visit a patient. Pete, the hired man, had left early in the morning to catch the pony Mavis was to ride, which was running wild six miles away, and had taken his lunch, so Mavis was alone for the day. After straightening things up about the house, she took a book and curled up in the hammock on the porch. She had not been there long when a step sounded behind her. Turning her head languidly

to see who was there, she beheld Gordon

pleasantly, showing a row of nice even

"Is the doctor at home?" he smiled

'No," Mavis answered, "he won't be home until evening. Is there any-

'No, thank you, it is nothing of import-

"Won't you sit down awhile and rest?"

He sat on the steps and fanned himself with his hat. "I do hope, Miss Green-

lees, you will pardon my rudeness the

other afternoon, but I was feeling so awfully blue about that filthy shack."

don't mention it," she answered hastily.

"It was my fault entirely. I should

have made sure it was Jim's place before

I took possession of the house, but you

see the horse was bound he would go up that path, so I just let him," she explained.

Mavis flushed and bit her lips. "Please

Grant, their nearest neighbor

white teeth

thing I can do?"

she nodded to a chair.

"You must come and sing some-

riding for awhile, eh?"

Mavis flushed. "Yes, I'm dead tired

and am going almost straight to bed."

was so anxious to go up that path.

"I happened over there one Sunday

but you will like him I think.

don't know about that."

"Mrs. Purcel came over and drily. "Mrs. Purcel came over and helped. Oh, say! how did you like

so nice and dainty."

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"Thank ce," she

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field.

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laughed. "I always have a hard time getting past there whenever I want to go up that way."
"You see I thought he was Jim's

Gordon Grant threw back his head and

I see. How do you like the West?" he asked abruptly.

"Just fine," Mavis answered enthusiastically, then added, "it is rather lone-

some, though. He nodded soberly. "It sure is," he acreed. "I nearly died of lonesomeness

first month I was here.' Mavis felt genuinely sorry for him. was just thinking of getting lunch on you came along—you will stay and some, won't you?" she asked,

g to her feet and brushing back the

"Let me help." He followed her inside. She chuckled, "I'll let you fry some eggs.

Gordon laughed good naturedly. "Oh, I didn't mean the cooking part."
"You may carry that little table and

those chairs out onto the porch. He busied himself meanwhile telling her amusing tales of his housekeeping

Seated at the table a little later Mavis turned to Jim. "You didn't fix this up yourself, did you?" When he rose to go he looked down on her soberly, "I enjoyed myself immensely, Miss Greenlees. You can't imagine how nice it is to get away from that horrid shack and my own attempts at cooking."

"Just come over here whenever you get lonesome," Mavis invited.

strand of hair which would persist in him as he went swinging across the field falling across her forehead. "It will and wondered what he could be doing himself astride a chair. "It sold—got away out there. Apparently he was more for it than I expected." lonesome often.

> Jim Greenlees, sitting by the window he drawled. one afternoon, smoking and gazing dreamily across the field, sat up suddenly and hit the arm of his chair a resounding whack. "By jove!" he exclaimed, "here comes Gordon and I haven't seen him never told you why I was baching here. since yesterday. He sure is getting a deep path cut across that field."

"Poor fellow, don't you feel sorry for him, living alone in that dreadful place,' Mavis answered.

"H'm, he only stays there sometimes; he is over here every afternoon or evening taking you riding or to see some beautiful et lonesome," Mavis invited.
"I will," he answered heartily.
Standing in the doorway, she watched

scenery." Jim squinted down his pipe as he lit it. Mavis laughed. Gordon
Grant entered hurriedly.

"Hello, folks," he greeted, seating

Jim leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "What sold?"

"My latest story."
"Oh," Mavis said blankly. Well, I wrote a Western story all about a bachelor. It seems the editor had bached in his young days, and he said I had better not try to write until I knew a little more about the subject. He was so awfully polite," Gordon boyishly. "I was quite hot about it and then my sister bet me I couldn't come out here and bach. I've done it, but never again." He threw out his hands expressively.

## What St. Louis thinks of The NEW EDISON

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

## PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice Beside It at Victoria Theater Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room, Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "recreating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others hear us". The vocal soloist last evening, was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musicianly. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for the course artist. Miss Case sang BY HOMER MOORE. self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang

"Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Waish, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "Recreator" blending into one beautiful tonal picture.

the "Recreator" blending into one beautiful tonal picture.
The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.
Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the sing-ing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.
A musical event of unique interest
was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metro-politan Opera Company, appeared be-fore 2500 music lovers in a tone test,

of Thomas A. Edison's Wonderful phono-

of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phognograph and sang several numbers with the instrument, records of which had previously been made from her voice. So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew Miss Case had left the stage.

left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS Again Mark Silverstone's tone test

has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the uplift of music. done much for the uplift of music.
That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the 'marvelous task of recreating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." A song of India by Run'sky-Korsakow and a number of Calk court.

Run'sky-Korsakow and a folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famus "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful

tor" blending into one present tone, sliverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skep-tical listeners go, away convinced that the new Edison does recreate and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

## Baily Globe-Bemocrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

TONES IN PHONOGRAPH
That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the mervelous task of very complished the mervelous task of very control of the production of particles and the production of particles are to him an voice in the production of particles are to the him and voice in the production of particles and the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration atspitcal of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had preved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prime domas of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She samp a few harm with the sine very voice. She case the work of the instrument blanched paraction of the instrument of the case of the same beautiful forms quality as when the star able to distinguish when Miss Case coared langing, except by observing that her Jips did not move. The unison between the trained ears gould not detect the slightest trained ears gould not detect the slightest

There is a licensed dealer in your vicinity. Watch for his announcement. May we send you the brochure "MUSIC'S RE-CREATION"?



The NEW makes your home the world's greatest stage

> 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.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 7463 ORANGE, N. J.