

Uncle James' Victory

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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Uncle James helped himself to another portion of the very appetizing roast chicken before him.

"It's a light meat and agrees with me when properly cooked like this," he observed, with the delightful confidence most people have that their individual tastes are unfailingly interesting to every one. "My present cook understands meats to perfection."

The boy, generally referred to by the ladies of his acquaintance as "really a lovely fellow," made haste to agree with his uncle's estimate. In reality he could not have told you whether he was eating chicken or ham sandwich, his mind being absorbed by thoughts of momentous importance, all connected with one problem. This problem, no easy one to solve, was how to approach Uncle James in such a way as to incline his heart toward the lady of the boy's choice.

For the boy was nearly twenty-four, and in his mature judgment Helen Vanderveer was the perfection of feminine beauty. But Uncle James had a disagreeable way of harping on usefulness and ignoring beauty altogether. Helen belonged to what New York calls her "smart set," and the boy had his doubts as to Uncle James' opinion of his choice.

"You're not eating," growled his uncle. "You've got something on your mind, or what you call your mind," he added, with the charming frankness of near relatives.

"Helen Vanderveer," blurted the boy, his nervousness in this crisis scattering his diplomacy to the winds.

Uncle James laid down his fork as hastily as though the tender pullet had delivered a sitting hen.

"Helen Vanderveer?" he shouted. "Are you going to marry into that set of tailored idiots after all I've said to you?"

"If I can get your approval," said the boy meekly. Let no one think the worse of him for his humility. He was



"DID YOU RING, SIR?" DEMANDED A SWEET, FAMILIAR VOICE.

penitence, and Miss Vanderveer had been curtly notified by a very determined pair of parents that unless she secured a count at least she need expect no income. Vanderveer pere had waded through much discomfort to attain his present position, and he meant to show the world that he was as good socially as his check was financially.

Thus the outlook for Helen and the boy was depressing. Uncle James was as determined as the elder Vanderveer.

"My approval!" he cried furiously. "Why, you young jackass! That girl would ruin you in three months! No, sir, you shall be saved from yourself."

He leaned back in his chair. "I've chosen a wife for you myself, a woman that will be the making of you, the kind of woman that will help to make my old age a pleasure to both of us."

"You?" gasped the boy, turning pale. "You've chosen a wife for me! I shan't marry her!"

"Oh, yes, you will," returned Uncle James composedly. "When I adopted you, a helpless orphan, I said to myself, 'I'll see he gets the right wife. And you shall have her, with my blessing.'"

The calm of desperation came to the boy. Rather than give up Helen he would join the "white wings" and earn his bread and herbs on the street. Then he shivered to think how Helen would figure in such a programme, his dainty Helen, whom he had always seen in trailing gowns except for a change to her sportless yachting suit.

"May I ask," he said, trying to suppress his rage, "whom you have selected for me?"

"My cook," said Uncle James coolly. "You needn't start up and snort like a wild horse. She is a lady born, but forced to earn her bread by reverses. Instead of pounding on some infernal piano or screeching on the stage or herding half a dozen spoiled youngsters as a governess she had the sense to take up a woman's highest profession, cooking."

"Cooking! You have a fine idea of a woman's ability!" muttered the boy.

"Certainly I have. The good cook conserves man's intellectual powers, leaving him undistracted by dyspepsia or other nightmares. Since this girl has been with me my brain has been 50 per cent clearer. As to all this rot about woman's companionship, I tell you a well roasted piece of meat or a light loaf of bread is a better stimulant than all the companionship of the best petticoat going. Look at the table, beautifully set! Remember the promptness of our meals for the past forty-

eight. She's waiting on the table today because the maid is sick? She's never sick."

The boy rose, choking with rage. "Understand me, sir," he said as soon as he could speak clearly, "that from now on—"

"Did you ring, sir?" demanded a sweet, familiar voice.

The boy whirled around to be confronted by a slim, demure vision in cap and apron. The vision ignored him completely, her eyes being fixed respectfully on Uncle James.

"Did you ring, sir?" she repeated. "I was sure I heard the bell."

"No, Mary, I didn't ring," said her employer complacently. "But since you are here you may fill my glass again with water."

Mary complied. The boy, standing dumbly by his chair, watched her slender, steady fingers as she served his uncle.

When the girl disappeared Uncle James demanded triumphantly: "Isn't she neat and pretty?"

The boy attacked his dinner with an appetite which he had failed to show before.

"She's neat enough," he said coolly. "With your permission I'll help her clean up the dishes after dinner and see what I think of her."

A few minutes later Helen Vanderveer and the boy faced each other in Uncle James' kitchen, with a sink full of dirty dishes between them.

The boy, coat off and sleeves rolled up, was turning the hot water on with one hand and flourishing a dish mop in the other.

"What in the wide world ever made you think of such a gloriously foxy move as this?" he demanded.

"Why," confessed Miss Vanderveer, laughing and yet blushing a little, "I owe it all to a sharp tongued old woman on Hester street. Some of us were down there slumming, and I carried an armful of flowers. I offered her a rose, and what do you think she did with it?"

"Wore it next her heart forever more," said the boy promptly.

"Not she. She threw it in the dirty grate and with arms akimbo delivered an address. 'I've heard about you rich folks,' quoth she; 'how you come nosin' round 'our folks' rooms, pullin' yourselves up that you are teachin' us something. Teach, indeed! When you know enough to fill a workman's pail with a decent dinner, then I'll hear to your flower missions an' your religions!'"

"We got out of there promptly. The others said they were simply paralyzed by her impudence, but her words stuck in my head. I determined to show that old woman something, and I did. Afterward, when I found from you that your uncle was an economical gourmet, I saw reason to bless my secret lessons at the cooking school. I am supposed," she added, laughing, "to be with the De Peysters in Philadelphia."

The boy dropped the dish mop and folded her in an ecstatic embrace, from which they were finally aroused by a sharp voice at the pantry door:

"Turn off that water, will you?"

The boy leaped to the faucet, for the forgotten dishwasher in the sink was pouring over the edge, spluttering gressly everywhere. But the gourmet apparently did not mind.

"You seem to have come to a good understanding," he said dryly.

"How he got the vote. A story is related of an ambitious gentleman who, rather unwisely, stood as a candidate for some office and who at the close of the poll was found to have received only one vote. The candidate was excessively mortified, and, to increase his chagrin, his neighbors talked as if it were a matter of course that he had given that one vote himself. This annoyed him so much that he offered a two and a half guinea suit of clothes to his only supporter if the individual would come forward and declare himself.

An Irishman responded to his appeal, proved his claim and called for the reward.

"How did it happen," inquired the candidate, taken quite by surprise—"how did it happen that you voted for me?"

The Irishman hesitated, but on being pressed he answered:

"If I told you, you wouldn't go back on the suit of clothes?"

"Oh, no. I promise that you shall have the suit anyhow."

"Faix, then, yer 'ammer," replied Pat, "shure Ol made a mistake in the ballot paper."

Robbers Among the Bees. To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind, who break through and steal. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, and during fall and winter the marauders seem particularly active. Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they will descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of a recent instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes hives will attack neighboring hives. In such cases the old straw "skip" is better than the modern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free, at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that bees are human. —London Chronicle.

FACE AND NECK. How to Attain a Soft Skin and Dazzling Shoulders.

If the girl who has a blotched complexion will beat her face hot with cloths wrung out of water that is very nearly heated to boiling, and if she will hold them on until her face is very nearly scalded, she will find that her skin is smooth and soft and as fine in texture as that of an incubator baby.

After the face has been steamed or heated by the application of hot cloths the next thing is to spread cold cream

upon it. This should be applied not with a sparing hand, but in liberal doses. The thinner the cream in substance the easier it will be to apply and the more there is of it the better for the face.

The cream may be put on half an inch thick, if one can apply it as heavily as that, and it can be allowed to ooze down upon the neck and the shoulders and slowly rubbed in.

Those who want a very white neck and a pair of dazzling shoulders can mix a very little peroxide of hydrogen in with a little insoluble and apply to the skin. It acts as a great bleach.

When plenty of cold cream has been rubbed in the hot skin the whole can be moistened with a linen cloth, and then by some miracle there is wiped off with the cold cream nine-tenths of the blemishes that afflict the skin. In the number can be included blackheads, which seem literally to dissolve before the beneficent influences of the cream.

THE SERVANT QUESTION. Some Mistresses Need Training as Much as Do the Maids.

"Schools for the training of mistresses are as much needed as schools for the training of maids," said a woman who is actively interested in philanthropic work and is frequently called upon to secure places for worthy young women in search of employment as domestics.

"Some of the estimable women who come to me with tales about the inefficiency of servants would probably consider such speech rankberry on my part, but I hear both sides of the story, and I do not wonder that so many girls prefer factory and shop life to domestic service. In the factory or shop they have certain work to perform in a certain time. Then they are perfectly free to do as they like.

"In domestic service the hours of work are mighty elastic and the hours of freedom rigidly defined, and in many houses where the mistress thinks herself and is thought by others to be very charitable and broad minded her servants lead a life of drudgery. Of course there are homes where the mistress is a treasure and the maids likewise, but this oft discussed servant problem and the proposed regeneration and reformation of the maid is not the one sided question so many consider it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SERVANTS AND THE LAW. A servant is not entitled to "give notice" or to receive one.

A servant is not entitled to fare except when traveling on business for her employer.

A servant is not entitled to a "reference," no matter what her behavior may have been.

If a servant is employed by the week and leaves at the end of six days she is not entitled by law to a cent.

A servant cannot be compelled to remain for any length of time in any position she may accept. She has a right to leave at any time.

The custom of "giving notice" is not recognized by law. It is a mere act of courtesy on the part of the employer and the employed.

If a servant is employed by the month and leaves at the end of three weeks or even on the day before her pay day she cannot recover her salary.

The Home Is For Use. Neatness in the home is one thing and a state of perpetual house cleaning quite another. Out of this latter grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the fullest domestic appropriation. Home is not a name nor a form nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it—from flowers and sunshine. In the sympathetic nature which in their exercise of sympathy can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

Threading Needles. Threading needles would not be the painful task that it is to so many aged needlewomen did they know of the labor saving devices invented by a certain woman. She simply took a spool of thread and a paper of needles and, without breaking the thread, threaded the whole paper of needles as if they had been so many beads. When her mother, whose eyesight had failed, wished to sew she takes the first needle, draws off as long a thread as desired, fastens the next needle to the spool and so on until the last needle has been taken. Then, of course, her daughter has to begin threading the needles all over again.

Good Looks. Not many girls are born beautiful, but every girl living can make herself attractive. Unsightly teeth may be improved by the dentist's art. A wide, irregular mouth with thick lips may be cultured into such an expression of sweetness and refinement that it will be really beautiful. An ungraceful walk and figure may be entirely made over by persevering in gymnastic exercises. A muddy, rough skin can be made clear and satin smooth by bathing by frequent applications of a soft scrubbing brush, a hygienic skin lotion and bygienic observances like taking plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Of mere physical beauty health is the foundation, and if you want to be lovely cultivate first of all robust health, which will enable you to be always cheerful and in high spirits. No good looks can long exist with bad health.

Theory and Practice. Professor of Rhetoric—Here is an item of news I would like in the paper.

City Editor (to office boy)—Here, Benjie, rewrite this. Fix it up to print.—Cleveland Leader.

Where She Failed. May-bell—Can you keep a secret? Elizabeth—Yes, easily. But I can't help any one else keep one.—Judge.

JIMMY MAGUIRE'S LAST JOB

(Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McCura.)

When Jimmy Maguire—by which name they knew him at McCoy's—came downstairs into the office carrying a suit case of considerable weight and wearing on his freckled face an air of virtue which was glaringly artificial, the clerk behind the desk looked him over carefully and then deliberately dropped one eyelid.

"At McCoy's hotel, which is near the water front, the guests are very seldom questioned on any matter, but on this particular afternoon there was no one save the clerk in the office when Jimmy entered. It was because the clerk's acquaintance with Jimmy extended over a period of seven years that the gentleman behind the desk inquired casually:

"Anything on, Jimmy?"

"I'm getting my clothes pressed for Sunday," said Jimmy meekly.

The clerk laughed spasmodically. "Anything funny in that?" Jimmy inquired peevishly. "Can't I get my clothes pressed for Sunday?"

"Course, Jimmy, course," the clerk tittered. "Going to get 'em pressed in town?"

"Maybe," said Jimmy, walking over to a rack of time tables and spreading out a folder.

Two hours later Jimmy Maguire and his suit case were speeding through the early evening gloom on a southbound train. The smoker was nearly deserted, and in the dim light of the lamps Jimmy was examining a plan crudely drawn on the back of an envelope. In one place on the rough map was a heavy cross, and near it was drawn an arrow, along whose shaft ran these words: "Alley here. Enter third window from this end."

Jimmy folded the envelope carefully and placed it in an inner pocket. Then he lay back and dozed until the brakeman called "Redpath." Jimmy caught up the suit case and alighted.

He went down the dark street from the station, took the first left, then the second right, as the map had directed, and suddenly stopped before a squat brick building. In the dim light of a neighboring street lamp he read the tarnished sign beneath the cornice, "Redpath County Loan and Construction Company." He went to the rear and found the alley indicated on the map.

He also found the third window which was mentioned. He pulled out his watch.

"Quarter past 10," he mused. "Whole town's in bed probably. This is too easy."

In a few moments Jimmy was inside and standing before the heavy door of a vault which he was examining critically.

"Dynamite nothing," he mused to himself. "Twon't take me thirty minutes to open that."

Jimmy went swiftly and quietly to work. In just twenty-six minutes from the time he opened the suit case he swung open the door of the vault. He took one step forward and then staggered back, for out of the vault tottered a young woman, who stood beside him swaying to and fro. Jimmy sprang forward and caught her just as she fell.

He laid her gently on the floor, with his coat beneath her head. Then he brought water from a faucet he found in the inner office and deftly laved her wrists and temples. Presently she opened her eyes and sat up.

"Pretty narrow squeak that," said Jimmy cheerfully.

"Where—where are the rest?" she asked dazedly.

Jimmy brought a chair and lifted her into it.

"I know all about it," he said soothingly. "You work here, and some one accidentally locked you in the vault at closing time. I confess I didn't expect to find you in there when I opened it. I came of my own accord, you understand, for quite another purpose."

"Oh!" she gasped and regarded him with wide open eyes. "It was just in time for me anyway. I couldn't have lived in there much longer."

Jimmy had risen and was putting his tools in his suit case, after which he shut the door of the vault.

"I have interrupted your business," she said.

Jimmy smiled. He noted she was a very pretty girl. There was something, too, in the way she accepted the situation that won his admiration.

"Really," he said, "I'm not in the mood for love tonight. If you feel able to stay alone here for a moment I'll call a carriage to take you home."

The girl gave him a grateful look.

"I didn't realize there were gentlemen in your—your profession," she said. "But I fear you'll run too much risk in getting the carriage. You'd better not go."

"Nonsense," laughed Jimmy and disappeared through the window.

It was two years from the night that Jimmy Maguire and his suit case left McCoy's that Mr. Andrew Rider—"Silent Andy," more commonly—opened a letter in the office of the same hotel and read as follows:

Dear Andy—You remember that job you put me next to down in Redpath. Well, what do you think I got out of that vault? Old boy, it was a wife, the best and sweetest woman in the world. We were married here in Redpath last Tuesday. You see, she was accidentally locked in that vault I cracked, and I cracked it just in time to save her too.

As I hope for peace and happiness the rest of my days, Andy, I've been an honest man from the moment I first looked into her eyes.

This note is to let you know what has become of me and also to inform you that I have found the best way to live—straight. I wish you would meet me at Southport some day and take away that case of tools. My regards to all the boys.

SAMUEL T. JONES, Proprietor Redpath Hardware Store, SUDNEY H. COLE.

How Wise We Are! A wise newspaper says we should be thankful that we are moderns and heirs of all the wisdom of the ages. Perhaps we should be if we imagined not the average American indigent Philo to be a new kind of silver polish and Sappho an attachment to a piano.—Washington Times.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

The Revolutionary Hero Was a Soldier Even as a Boy.

Wayne was one of the leading spirits of the American Revolution. He served throughout the war, most of the time with the rank of general. What he was as a boy will interest readers, and this they may learn from his biography, written by Mr. John R. Spear.

When he was about fifteen years old Wayne was attending a school taught by his uncle, Gilbert (or Gabriel) Wayne, and this uncle, exasperated at the boy's conduct, wrote the following letter to Anthony's father, Isaac Wayne:

"I really expect that parental affection blinds you and that you have mistaken your son's capacity. What he may be best qualified for I know not. One thing I am certain of—he will never make a scholar. He may perhaps make a soldier. He has already distracted the brains of two-thirds of the boys under my charge by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc.

"They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and barlequins than of students—this one decorated with a cap of many colors, others habited in coats as variegated, like Joseph's of old; some laid up with broken heads and black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games of amusement, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc.

"I must be candid with you, Brother Isaac. Unless Anthony pays more attention to his books I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

BEFORE THE BREAK. When Patience Is Hard For the Strenuous, Energetic Mortal.

We are all familiar with the impatience which comes naturally with age and falling health, the intolerance of little hindrances, the inconsequence in argument, the petulance in comment, which are the first signs of senility. But there is another kind of impatience which has a wholly different meaning. It comes to the high spirited, strenuous man when he feels the hand of age on him or that premonition of death which the human body in some hidden way can give to its owner. A man whose soul is centered on a great ideal to which his life's work has been given chafes at the thought that he must be taken before seeing its realization. A man, again, of fiery energy whose days have been spent in conflicts may redouble his efforts at the prospect of their cessation and show an almost hysterical vitality in his closing years. It is a commonplace of literature. The men of the greatest power have the least tolerance for petty triumphs, the most abiding sense of the smallness of their toils and the magnitude of their task. That line of "In Memoriam" which was one of the last utterances of Rhodes ("So little done, so much to do") is a cry on the lips of all who fix their eyes on a far horizon. Haste to justify themselves, either to make practical some idea or to walk a little farther on the road, is the last infirmity of the strongest and best.—Spectator.

Catching a Tartar. The trite phrase "catching a Tartar" is thus traced to its origin in an old cyclopedia:

"In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out: 'Captain, halloo, there! I've caught a Tartar!'"

"Fetch him along, then," said the captain. "Aye, but he won't let me!" replied the man. The fact was that the Tartar had caught him!

Grose gives practically the same story in his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," 1785, but credits the misadventure to an Irish soldier of the Imperial Austrian service in a battle against the Turks. The closing scene he varies thus:

"Bring him along," said his comrade. "He won't come," said Paddy. "Then come along yourself," replied the other. "Arrah," said he, "but he won't let me!"

Struggle and Strength. Strength comes only through struggle—through struggle and earnest work—never through a frantic beating against the bars nor through self pity.

Ill health is a prison of your own building, a prison wherein you are locked by your own thoughtlessness and lack of self control. Circumstances have something to do with it, and you may have inherited a tendency toward disease. In that case circumstances must be altered and inherited weakness outgrown. Both can be done. Earnest thinking and thoughtful work will move mountains.—Maxwell's Talkman.

EAT WHILE THEY MOVE. Chef Tells of a Peculiarity of Patrons of Dining Cars.

The chef on one of the Pennsylvania dining cars was particularly talkative the other day. The train was waiting for its Philadelphia passengers, and every table in the diner was occupied. The second call of Baltimore passengers was standing around the aisles waiting for vacant places. There was no little amount of dissension among those whose appetites had not yet been appeased. The liners seemed to be eating in a most leisurely fashion, with no apparent concern for those who were less fortunate.

"It's always the way," said the dark complexioned cook, glancing through the car. "When the train is running along those people will eat about twice as fast as they do ordinarily. But when she comes to a stop they start to talk and hardly touch a bite. It's the motion of the moving train that does it. Now, you just watch them and see if I'm not right."

Just then the train pulled out, and the observer saw a sight which firmly convinced him that his informant had spoken truthfully. Plates, knives and forks began to rattle industriously. Every one began to eat as if his life depended upon the next mouthful.

"Didn't I tell you so!" called out the grinning philosopher.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Hourning in Korea.

Koreans wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with a hempen girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a sinner and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only. Secondary mourning is worn for a mother and no mourning at all for a wife. The hat is of wicker. During the China-Japanese war the United States minister ordered every American citizen to have in readiness a dress of this sort for disguise in case of flight.

His Standard of Measurement. "I thought you claimed this was a good restaurant," he grumbled as they passed from the room of the big dry goods store.

"Well, isn't it?"

"Bah! I know of a place over on Madison street where you can get three times as much as we've had for a quarter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Parlor Too! New Boarder—What is the landlady's daughter playing?

Old Boarder—A mixture of airs from a lot of old operas—a sort of musical bash, you know.—New York Weeklv.

Fifty houses are needed in East Clarksburg.

AUCTION ALL NEXT WEEK

At C. P. Stout's Queensware Store on Pike Street—Twenty Per Cent Reduction on All Art Ware Dur.

January 9 to 16, 20 per cent off on all fancy china, saucers, cake plates, art ware, rich cut glass and bric-a-brac. Auction from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m. all next week. C. P. STOUT, 311 Pike Street.

Sweet Melody Flour.

Public dancing at the Elkridge dance hall every Tuesday and Friday nights. Admission to gentlemen 50 cents, and to ladies 25 cents. Music by the Peerless piano player. oct10tf

Sweet Melody Flour.

Dancing every Friday and Tuesday evening from 8 to 12 at the Elk Bridge hall. Come and enjoy the new music just received, since the last dance. Most pleasant dance hall in town. Floor unexcelled. Violin and electric player music. jan7tf

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