

IN THE FRONT ROW

HEADLINERS TONIGHT.

The Stage.
 Hipp... March's Musical Merry Makers
 The Screen.
 Nelson..... The Dead Line
 Princess... A Woman Who Understood
 Dixie..... In Old Kentucky

Observations

By THE RAMBLER.

Just as the sun was setting Sunday an old negro woman came slowly down the hill at the end of Locust avenue extension at Edgemont. Her figure was bent with age and hard work, evidence of the latter showing in the gnarled hands. Keeping well to the left of the road, she shuffled along in an old pair of shoes, much too big and run down at the sides and heels. As she arrived opposite a large concrete dwelling, she stopped and peered anxiously through her glasses, up and down the road, looking for an opening to cross between the lines of rushing automobiles that seemed more numerous than usual at that time, but no one seemed to notice her plight.

Suddenly a shrill voice sounded from an upper window of the mansion. "Hello, Mary."

The woman looked at the house and as her eyes located a little girl about four years old, the homely, wrinkled face lit up with a beautiful smile.

"Hello, Janie," she quavered.

"Hello, Mary," came the little voice again, this time more insistent, accompanied by a frantic wave of the hand. Evidently the little one had not heard.

"Hello, honey," louder, this time and as an opening came between the autos, and the woman started across the road, the front door was flung open and a little girl dressed in white with short socks that showed her dimpled knees, came bounding down the walk, her eyes like stars and her golden hair shining in the rays of the setting sun. Straight at the woman she ran and without regard to

age, color or condition of servitude, gave her a good hug and was hurried in return. When last seen, they were going up the walk hand in hand, Mary, no doubt, telling Janie what a wonderful time she had on her Sunday afternoon off.

Yesterday morning's hike led out Pennsylvania avenue to the home of C. E. Mason, where several beakers of sparkling spring water from the living rock were quaffed, then down the hill, over the railroad bridge and on around the dirt road past the Marion county farm.

Here were no automobile parties dashing along at fifty miles an hour with the mistaken notion that they are seeing the country. Many pedestrians who evidently know the beauties of that part of the country were abroad, among them an Austrian and his wife and little girl, the latter with the large dark eyes and bright yellow hair peculiar to the little children of the Slavish race. The little one had her arms full of lilacs into which she buried her nose from time to time with an ecstatic sigh. A little farther along was the lilac bush, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air" before an unoccupied house. Opposite the house is a valley, the sides covered with dogwood in full bloom, and

showing the river at the end of a long vista.

The road winds among some very beautiful hills, covered with thousands of flowers in bloom, and now and then giving a glimpse of Fairmont hills in the distance.

A sharp contrast to the primeval loveliness of the countryside is furnished at the end of the road, which leads to the Coke By-Product plant, the most modern of its kind in the world.

"All whiskey is good," but some kinds are better than others," some A. Main street restaurateur types on his menu.

All kinds of pie, per cent, 10c.
 Blackberry pie, per cent, 15c.

With regard to the "all kinds" one might take the same stand as the Bowery waiter whose answer "Apple, custard, and mince," brought the re-

sponse. "Give me a piece of apple and a piece of custard."

"Say, woulda youse got agin' the mince," barked the waiter protruding a belligerent jaw.

"Industrial Girls Take a Tramp," read a well dressed youth glancing at a heading in The West Virginian Saturday.

"Say," he commented, glancing regretfully down at his sartorial make-up, "wouldn't I like to be that tramp."

DEATH OF MRS. WILL LYONS.

A message received here Saturday announced the death at Colorado Springs, Colo., of Mrs. Will Lyons, Mr. Lyons is a brother of A. C. Lyons, of this city. This is his second wife, his first wife having been Miss Maude Manley, of this city. Mrs. Lyons' death followed a surgical operation performed recently. She is survived by her

husband and two children, a daughter aged 14, and a son, aged six. A. C. Lyons and his family were away at the time the message was received having gone to Pittsburgh to drive home an automobile from that city.

Freemasonry took its rise in the middle ages, along with other incorporated crafts or guilds.

Some kind of a Comp. DW. This Parish Magazine. In our last number for "Fleur de lais road Fleur de lys."—Boston Transcript.

A Lady Boss.
 Many a man who declares he'd never work under a female boss labors under a Miss Apprehension.



KREMOLA is a scientific hair cream which grows the hair thicker, longer, smoother, and more beautiful. It is the only hair cream that does not dry the scalp. It is the only hair cream that does not contain any harmful ingredients. It is the only hair cream that does not contain any harmful ingredients. It is the only hair cream that does not contain any harmful ingredients.

NELSON TODAY

GEORGE WALSH

"THE DEAD LINE."

A new tale of love and revenge in which action is the keynote. Also

Franklyn Farnum

"The Two Dayles."

Fernet-L-Branca Medical Herb Bitters

The genuine Italian Bitters, manufactured under concessions from the famous chemist, Leonie Branca.

Fernet-L-Bitters is known all over the world as the King of Bitters. Regulates the bowels, quiets the nerves, builds the body. Get it at our drug store.

Manufactured by Italian-French Medical Company.

Now on sale at Holt Drug Co., Fairmont Pharmacy, Fortney Drug Co., Fairmont and Windsor Drug Co., Monongah.

Vincent Argiro, Local Agent, Everson, W. Va.

Cooling and Refreshing

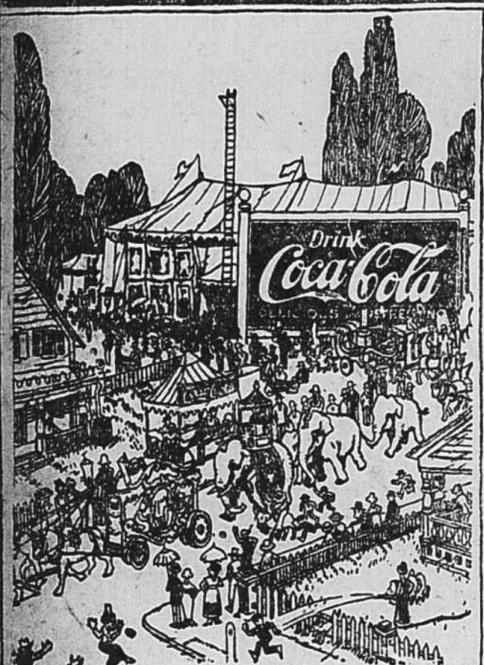
The first sip of one of our ice-cold, thirst-quenching Sodas will make you feel cool all over.

And the best of it is, you can drink as many as you wish without harm, for only the purest ingredients are used in their making.

Pure fruit flavors, pure Ice Cream and spring water carbonized to give it life. Try one today.

Remember, We Make Our Own Ice Cream—It's Different.

MARTIN'S Drug Store



—when "delicious and refreshing" mean the most.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ATLANTA, GA.

HIPPODROME

Matinee 2:45 Evening 7:45 and 9:00

All Week Starting Today BIGGEST ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON

MARCH'S Musical Merry Makers

SHOWING FIRST THREE DAYS

"For the Love of Mike"

PRESENTING

LEW J. WELSH AND RUTH WHEELER and an all-star Company of

25 ARTISTS

PRICES 30c, 40c, 55c.

Telephone 1023 For Reservations.

All Seats Reserved During This Engagement.



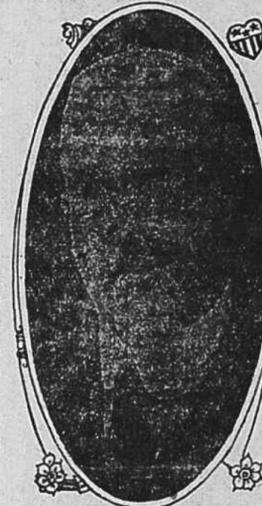
Col. F. P. Grosscup.

Agriculture and Manufacture

Away and by far the two most important assets of West Virginia—the development of which is absolutely necessary to the success and future welfare of the state. The tilling of the soil, the making of it produce "much more than it now yields." The increase of manufacturing, until West Virginia becomes "the GREATEST manufacturing state." These are two policies that Fred Paul Grosscup stands firmly for; and, if nominated and elected governor of West Virginia, will do his utmost to more firmly establish in the minds and hearts of the State's people. Here is a candidate who was born on a farm, knows farming thoroughly; a candidate who is a manufacturer, knows manufacture thoroughly. He offers you the benefit of his knowledge, the results of his years of actual experience. "Think it over."

"A Business Man With a Business Plan"

"PRODUCTIVITY IS THE SOURCE OF PROSPERITY. The soil of West Virginia can be made to produce much more than it now yields; the methods of marketing can be made more profitable both for the farmer and the consumer. A large part of my administration will be devoted to this most important matter."—From Fred Paul Grosscup's announcement of candidacy.



"WEST VIRGINIA IS BECOMING A GREAT MANUFACTURING STATE and can become, in time, the GREATEST manufacturing state; for the laws of economics ordain that manufacturing can be best done where the greatest amount of raw materials going into it is located. Transportation of the finished product will always be cheaper than transportation of the raw material."—From announcement.

POLITICAL ADVERTISING. POLITICAL ADVERTISING. POLITICAL ADVERTISING.