CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

To be Given at the Parish House of the St. Luke's Church Tomorrow Evening.

St. Agnes Guild will give a children's program at the Parish House Thursday evening, March 28th at 8 o'clock. Everybody welcome. Proceeds for piano fund. Admission 10 cents.

Piano solo .....Theodore Johnson
Recitation .....Jane Carlson
Recitation .....Meryl Winney
Vocal solo .....Alton Baldwin
Recitation .....Charles Frost
Recitation .....Ione Carlson
Vocal duet .....
Fern Magnuson and Florence Magnuson.
Reading .....
Gertrude Tallman, Evelyn Rodenbur, Florence Paulson and Ethel Rasmusson.
Recitation .....Betty Spicer
Quartette .....
Blanch McNees, Esther Larson, Sophus Larson, John Feig.
Piano duet .....
Borghild Sand, Bernice Severinson.
Recitation .....Ruth Johnson
Vocal solo...Mary Margaret Spicer
Recitation .....Marion Danielson
Recitation .....Florence Larson
Song .....Six Children
Reading .....Five Children
Reading .....Lee White
Song .....Four Girls
Recitation .....Tallman Twins
Reading .....Five Children
Song .....Eight Boys
Song .....Six Children

A "Classy" Farce.

Losing four front teeth in a football game, "Billy," the hero of the three act farce of the same name, which comes to the Opera House next Wednesday evening, April 3, after an all-summer run at Daly's theatre, replaces them with a false set. Being unaccustomed to the use of the substitutes, he accidentally loses them while in the act of proposing to his sweetheart. Unable to pronounce any word with an "s" or "c" in it, he cannot proceed further, with the result that the girl flees from him, terror-stricken. This, as well as the numerous other amusing complications, take place aboard the steamship "Florida" enroute from New York to Havana. "Billy" has taken passages on the boat in order to recuperate, taking with him his sister, Alice, who is to relieve him of the burden of carrying on conversations. Very much to his amazement he finds among the passenger list his sweetheart, her mother, and his rival. These are the chief characters in the play, although before the three acts are over the author introduces a dozen others, all of whom go to enliven the merry farce. "Billy" was taken from a playlet entitled "Billy's Tombstones," which sketch by the way Alan Dale declared to be the funniest offering in vaudeville. Frank G. King, Chic Perkins and fifteen others will be seen in the cast here.

Reduced Railroad Rates to S. S. State Convention.

The Sunday school convention at St. Paul April 9, 10 and 11 will be one of the greatest gatherings of its kind ever held in the state. All the railroads have granted reduced rates. By taking a receipt and having it properly signed by the secretary of the convention the return trip may be made for one-third fair plus 25 cents. Special features of the convention will be singing by the Hamline University Glee Club, addresses by Margaret Slattery of Boston, Mrs. Mary F. Bryner of Chicago and P. H. Welshimer of Canton, Ohio. The music will be under the direction of Prof. Rollin M. Peace of St. Paul. The convention will be divided up into sections so that three different conferences will be in progress at the same time. No one interested in Sunday school work can afford to miss this convention.

The Ladies' Society of the Synod church will meet next Friday. Refreshments will be served at the church basement by Mesdames M. O. Thorpe, J. Skoolheim and M. T. Sandbo. All friends of the society are invited.

John Olson is back from California where he has spent the winter. He called on Willmar friends yesterday and went to Herman today to spend a few days.

DEBATING TEAM IS SELECTED

High School Chooses Representatives to Meet Montevideo Next Monday Night.

The preliminary debate at the high school on Tuesday of last week resulted in the choice of the following students to represent Willmar at the debate with Montevideo which takes place at the Willmar Opera House next Monday night, April 1st, viz: Miss Myrtle Lindstrom of the sophomore class; Borghild Sand, a senior; and Alloys Branton, a junior; with Ethel Styles, a junior as substitute. The judges at the preliminaries were Rev. D. B. Spencer, Attorneys Elias Rachie and R. W. Stanford. The question debated is regarding the establishment of the Parcels Post, the Willmar team to take the negative. The Montevideo team is composed of three boys. An interesting discussion may be looked forward to.

A STITCH IN TIME

Willmar People Should Not Neglect Their Kidneys.

No kidney ailment is unimportant. Don't overlook the slightest backache or urinary irregularity. Nature may be warning you of approaching dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Kidney disease is seldom fatal if treated in time, but neglect paves the way for serious kidney troubles. Don't neglect a lame or aching back another day. Don't ignore dizzy spells, irregular or discolored urine, headaches, weariness or depression. Begin treating the kidneys with the reliable, time-tried remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills. For 75 years, Doan's have been curing sick kidneys and curing permanently. Endorsed by Willmar people.

D. B. Daugherty, 2nd and Monongahelia streets, Willmar, Minn., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills with success for kidney trouble and my relatives have also taken them with excellent results. I had severe attacks of backache and trouble with the kidney secretions when I began the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, but I am now free from these complaints thanks to the curative powers of this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Make Good Showing.

Special representative Predieux of the railway mail service was in Willmar this week and post office clerks Harry Odell and Emil Nickelson were examined by him as to their qualifications. Under the new rules of the department, the post office clerks in second and first class offices will be subject to examinations similar to those of the railway clerks. The boys in the Willmar office made a wonderful record. Out of between 1,500 and 1,600 questions asked neither of the boys missed more than five. That was a pretty good showing and shows that the boys are posted on their duties.

Missionary Society at St. Cloud.

The 19th annual meeting of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary society of the St. Cloud Presbytery will be held at St. Cloud, March 26 and 27. The delegates are expected to come from the various churches of the Presbytery. Mrs. Longely of St. Paul, who visited the foreign fields last fall, will give an address. Rev. R. Porteous and wife will accompany those who attend from Willmar and will take part in the program.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Agnes Nelson went to Kandiyohi yesterday for a couple of days' visit.

Mrs. B. J. Branton and sister, Miss Edna Brown, went to Granite Falls yesterday for a short visit with friends.

Mr. Nelson, representative of the New Home Sewing Machine Co., of Chicago, was in Willmar on business yesterday.

Otto Olson of Spicer returned yesterday after spending a few days at the home of his brother-in-law, John Swenson of Svea.

Success depends more on the way business is handled than on the volume. Successful business men use National Cash Registers.

Victor Berglund of Pennock attended the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Willie Olson at Driscoll, N. D., last week, leaving Friday night and returning Tuesday noon.

Mrs. Gustaf Peterson of Priam came to Willmar yesterday to visit her daughter, Mrs. F. F. Nelson and also to attend the mission meeting at the Swedish Bethel church.

A baptismal party was held at the home of Mrs. L. I. Pinney last Sunday afternoon, when their little daughter was christened and given the name of Eunice Emma. Rev. M. B. Michaelson officiated.

Anton Rudbeck of Svea was taken very suddenly ill last week with an attack of appendicitis and was at once taken to the Bethesda hospital. The latest reports are that he is doing well and an operation will not be necessary as yet.

Her New Year's Caller

He Brought Her an Acceptable Gift

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The old fashioned custom of paying calls on New Year's day still existed in Lanelea. The housekeepers of that prim and lovely village were always plentifully supplied with loaves of frosted plum cake, pitchers of sweet cider and pots of fragrant, steaming coffee and, after an early and consequently hastily prepared dinner, were dressed and ready to receive callers of both sexes, for such was the Lanelea custom. The ladies of the village took much thought in planning their reception hours so that all might have time to pay calls as well as to receive them. These calling hours were usually announced in the columns of the Lanelea Weekly Times.

"I wonder if Estelle Freeman will receive calls tomorrow?" remarked Mrs. Eddy Skinner to a neighbor on the last day of the old year.

"I don't know why she shouldn't," protested Mrs. Smith. "She always has done it and has had real cream in her coffee instead of condensed milk—like some folks."

They were passing the old Freeman place, and there had been a brief glimpse of Estelle's pink shawl in the leafless garden.

Once the handsomest house in Lanelea, the Freeman place still bore indications of its past grandeur.

It was a huge old house, much too large for Estelle's slender form. In summer, when the coolness of its large rooms was welcome, it was the most comfortable house in the village. In winter its rooms were of arctic temperature, except on New Year's day, when somehow Estelle managed to have great fires in the fireplaces in the double parlors and dining room. The rest of the winter Estelle spent in four rooms of the west wing, and the library became her sitting room.

"Do you see any signs of New Year's calls?" pursued Mrs. Eddy Skinner as they paused beyond earshot of the Freeman place.

Mrs. Smith cast a backward troubled glance at the old house. "No, I don't," she admitted. "Of course Estelle always airs the parlor curtains the day before."

"And opens all the windows and draws up the shades," added Mrs. Skinner. "Did you see all the shades were pulled tight, same as every day?"

"Yes, but maybe she hasn't got at it yet. Folks can't do everything like clockwork!" Mrs. Smith's good humored face wore a resentful look now.

"Freemans always do things by clockwork; you know that."

"That's so, but folks change sometimes."

"Freemans never change their minds or their ways, but I guess Estelle will have to do both now." Mrs. Eddy Skinner pursed her mouth mysteriously.

"Don't be so secretive, Hannah," said Mrs. Smith angrily. "If you've got anything to say about Estelle Freeman, for the land's sake say it and get it over with!"

"Well, Estelle's going to lose the place tomorrow," said Mrs. Skinner triumphantly. She was not a hard hearted woman, but merely one who placed a high value upon her ability to be the first one to impart matters of gossip, whether good or bad.

"No!" ejaculated Mrs. Smith sharply.

"Yes. It seems she was possessed to keep the house after her father died, and, contrary to Lawyer Allen's advice, she has paid the interest on the mortgage out of her little principal in the bank until it's all gone. She has not paid any interest for two years, and they're going to foreclose. I'm sure I don't know what Estelle will do."

"She will stay with me till she knows what to do," said Mrs. Smith quietly. And for awhile the other woman was silenced. Presently she spoke again:

"Knowing about the foreclosure, of course I was sure Estelle wouldn't feel as though she could afford to receive tomorrow."

"And so you took it upon yourself to leave her name out of the paper and to tell Tom, Dick and Harry that they needn't call on Estelle Freeman tomorrow because she can't afford to entertain. Humph! I guess Freemans can hold their own with anybody in Lanelea," averred Mrs. Smith loyally.

"Well, I declare!" cried Mrs. Skinner angrily, and without further parley she whisked around a corner and went toward her own neat, white painted, glaringly furnished, unmortgaged home.

Mrs. Smith stared after her for an instant and then appeared to forget the existence of Mrs. Eddy Skinner. Her kindly eyes were turned backward over the way they had come, where the line of neatly painted picket fences was broken by a length of overgrown, unkempt privet hedge that surrounded the Freeman place.

Suddenly she wheeled about and retraced her steps until she came to the ragged hedge, where she pushed her bulky form through the narrow gateway. Instead of going around to the side door that Estelle always used in winter, Ellen Smith marched up the broad front steps and rang a peal through the empty rooms.

Estelle opened the door, her fair, sweet face betraying surprise at the sight of Ellen Smith at her front door. Ellen Smith was an old friend who was privileged to enter the Freeman house at any intimate door without knocking.

"Well, Estelle, can I come in?" Ellen was inside the great, cold hall as she asked the question.

"Come into the library. I've got a nice fire there," said Estelle, leading the way down the hall to a door in the south wing.

Mrs. Smith sank heavily into the rocker and loosened the veil tied over her head. She cast a quick glance around the room and noted that Estelle was mending a linen pillowcase. There was a lack of evidence of the usual preparations for the first day of the new year.

"Of course you're going to open the house tomorrow as usual," said Mrs. Smith abruptly.

Estelle flushed and bent closer over the pillowcase she was darning. "No," was her reply. "The house doesn't belong to me any longer."

"Who owns it?" demanded Ellen sternly.

"The man who owns the mortgage. Haskins Bros. are his agents."

"And a pretty pair of rascals they are!" cried Ellen Smith, suddenly bursting into tears over Estelle's troubles. "I'm not going to ask you how it happened. I dare say you couldn't keep it—not with Haskins Bros. in the deal—only you know I shall expect you to come and keep me company until you decide what to do."

Estelle laughed and cried all at once as she took Ellen's toil worn hands in her own. "Keep you company, indeed! As if you could be lonesome with five children! But I understand, and I will come, Ellen. I am to settle the matter day after tomorrow, and after that they will give me three months to vacate. The place really does not belong to me after tonight.

"You will have to sell off some of the furniture, I expect," muttered Ellen diffidently.

"Yes," admitted Estelle sadly. "You know when father died, Ellen, he begged me to hold on to the place at any cost. He—he thought I might marry some day, but, of course, that is all nonsense." Estelle blushed and turned her head away; then, with a proud shake of her shoulders, she resumed: "There was a tiny sum left in the bank, so I mortgaged the house and have been living on that. I know it is thriftless, but there was no work for me in Lanelea, and I promised father to stay and always keep the house open, but it will have to go now!"

"And, of course, Henry Haskins willingly let you have the money and was nice about waiting for the interest because this is the finest property in Lanelea and worth waiting for!" cried Ellen Smith bitterly. "If I had only known before I might have helped you."

With an ill framed excuse she hastened away, first exacting a promise from Estelle to come to her house and help receive. Although it was drawing near mealtime and her hungry brood would be watching for her momentary arrival, Ellen Smith made her way toward the courthouse, where she was fortunate enough to find Judge Mason still in his office.

Her interview with the rather stern faced judge lasted for an hour, and when she left the office her countenance beamed with delight at a satisfactorily accomplished duty. "I always knew there was somebody Estelle might have married, and from his face when I mentioned her name I know!"

New Year's day dawned cold and cloudy. There was not much inclination to leave warm stoves and go a-calling, but still there was an incentive in the form of alluring refreshments as well as alluring daughters in many households.

Estelle shed bitter tears as she wandered through the lonely rooms, repeopling them with beloved forms, reliving old days when happiness had been such a drug in her youthful market that she had carelessly flung some of it aside. Afterward she came to realize that it was a precious part of the delicate fabric of bliss that is woven into every one's life. Evan Mason had left Lanelea and returned only a year ago, gray haired and with legal honors thrust upon him. She had avoided a meeting with him, and so they had not met.

Estelle had thought perhaps some one might come, but the storm was excuse enough, and there were no paths dug around the Freeman place.

Just as dusk fell there came a resounding peal at the doorbell. Estelle lighted the lamp in the library, where she had been sitting in the twilight, and lighted the red shaded lamp in the hall. As she opened the door a man came in as though driven before the storm.

It was Evan Mason.

When they faced each other in the library the judge held out a hand to the woman he had so hopelessly loved in the past.

"I came to bring you a New Year's gift, Estelle," he said gravely. "The mortgage on your house has been paid. Nay, do not refuse me. You must know I owe my career and everything I have and am today to your father's generosity. I only dare wish you might give me a New Year's gift in return."

"If I only could"— began Estelle impulsively, and then her eyes drooped beneath the meaning in his faithful ones. "If"— she faltered.

"If you only loved me you could easily make me happier than I could ever hope to make you," he said, smiling sadly.

"Ah—but I did—I do now," stammered Estelle, feeling the pressure of the long deferred lips upon her own.

As their eyes met each saw a vision of the new year, and there was no sadness in it.

A Bit of Amateur Detective Work

By a Young Girl Who Used Feminine Instinct

By EDITH D. MARTIN

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A gay winter house party was assembled in the country home of Edward Giddings. A couple of dozen young people spent their time there during the day, some sleighing—for there was snow on the ground—some skating, while others in the house were flitting before the great open fireplaces, of which there were several. In the evening there was bridge whist and "five hundred" and dancing.

There were three young persons present whose relations were naturally somewhat strained—George Chace, Edna Hilliard and Sarah Tucker. Chace had been engaged to Sarah Tucker, but had broken with her to engage himself to Edna Hilliard. Miss Tucker did not appear to be much troubled over her jilting and was carrying on a mild affair with Evan Walker. Some of our party—for I was a guest—thought it was George who had been jilted instead of Sarah. At any rate, of the three concerned in the transition from one girl to another, he seemed the most uneasy. I had known him from boyhood, he often having carried my books for me to and from school, and had shown me other attentions. Edna Hilliard I knew slightly and thought very well of her. As to Sarah Tucker I disliked her.

It seemed to me that George was between two fires. He was just one of those fellows to get into trouble with girls and very likely to make a misalliance—good natured, impulsive reckless. There had been times when I could have drawn a proposal from him, but I was not sure but that he would be sorry the next day for what he had done. Nevertheless despite his faults, I admit that I was very fond of him.

One evening we were playing a romping game in the drawing room—blind man's buff—and one of the girls, Cecile Stanford, who was blindfolded, caught George Chace, and the handkerchief was transferred from her eyes to his. I noticed soon after this that his old flame, Sarah Tucker, was capering about in front of him, occasionally, by sounds permitting him to know her location. In this way he followed her, or she drew him—I didn't know which—into a corner formed by a projecting fireplace, where for a moment they disappeared from our view. Sarah was caught, and they reappeared, George pulling the handkerchief from his eyes.

While Sarah was blindfolded Cecile Stanford noticed that her watch that had been clasped to her corsage was missing. The game was stopped, and we all proceeded to hunt for the lost timepiece. It was not found. Giddings looked very much put out. He shut the doors and said:

"Something is wrong here. I would gladly buy Miss Stanford another watch if it would obliterate the matter, but it wouldn't. That I have a thief among my friends is painfully evident. Some one in this room has the watch. Garner and Miss Ellsworth are in the billiard room playing a game and consequently cannot be suspected. I propose that they be brought in and asked to search every one of us."

The plan was carried out. The watch was not found, but a valuable scarfpin belonging to one of the men was discovered in George Chace's coat pocket. This fixed the identity of the thief to the satisfaction of most of those concerned. George acted as any one would act under the circumstances. He turned pale.

"Do you intend to arrest me?" he asked of the host.

"Certainly not. This affair is bad enough without making it a subject for the newspapers."

Without another word George turned and walked out of the room. His fiancee did not follow him. In half an hour he came down stairs with his overcoat on his arm and his hat in his hand. I was the only person who went out to say goodby to him. Even Miss Hilliard failed to do so.

"Keep up your courage, George," I said. "You've been made a victim of a plot. I shall remain here and see if I can get hold of a crew."

The momentary light of gratitude that came into his eye amply repaid me for my words. Then his face fell back to its former expression as he said:

"In my opinion there will never be an explanation."

I had been unwise in joining George at the door, for it was an announcement that I was his advocate, and it put those in the conspiracy on their guard. After his departure, instead of going back to where the others were, I went to my room, and as soon as I could compose myself began to think. I had observed the circumstances which had occurred shortly before the watch was missed. Cecile was doubtless blindfolded when it was taken. Then I remembered Sarah Tucker drawing George off to a corner, where for a moment they were not seen.

This latter circumstance only confirmed by woman's instinct that she was the arch plotter in the case. I believed she had stolen the watch from Cecile, or picked it up and kept it, or hidden it temporarily. And I believed she had also stolen the scarfpin, and when she and George were out of sight, had slipped it in his pocket. But as I have said, all this was built up on a feeling that, having lost George, she had laid a plot for vengeance.

I have never claimed any detective talent, but as I look back on my reasoning, whether it was right or wrong, I am disposed to approve of myself in that one respect. However, I showed more detective intuition in realizing at once that the only clew to unraveling the plot lay in the watch. I had found the woman, but the finding was useless without the watch.

The rest of my stay with the house party was devoted to a search for the missing article. I did not believe that it could be easily sent or taken away, but I took the precaution to go to the express office and secure a promise from the agent to inform me if any of the guests—a list of whom I gave him—left with him a package for transmission. My chief object was to remain at home when the others were out enjoying their winter sports. With this in view, I was constantly assuming one indisposition or another for an excuse to carry out my plan.

I had little doubt that if I found the watch I should discover it in Sarah Tucker's possession. I did not see how she could well hide it anywhere but in her room. I was obliged to take great risks in going there, for if caught I should be considered a thief myself. I thought of communicating my design as a protection to our host, but he was too headstrong to trust with so delicate a matter, and I preferred to work without a single confederate.

The first chance I got to remain indoors when the others were out I waited in the hall till it was deserted, then went into Miss Tucker's room for a search. I expected to find certain receptacles where she might have placed the watch locked, but to my surprise everything—her trunk, bureau drawers, suitcase, alligator skin bag, glove and jewel boxes—all were open. At first this induced me to believe that I was on the wrong track, but a moment's reflection told me that I was on the right one. If the watch was in her possession and her room was searched during her absence to lock her receptacles would avail nothing and might indicate that she had something to hide.

However, I searched every nook and corner, looked into the toes of her shoes and felt of her clothes. No watch did I find. Hearing some one in the hall, I stood for a moment with my hand on the doorknob. The footsteps passed down the staircase, and there was perfect stillness.

I heard the faint ticking of a watch.

But where? Had I not searched everywhere and found no watch, not even one rightfully belonging to Sarah Tucker? I walked toward the center of the room and stood listening. I had lost the ticking, and it was some time before I could pick it up again, and when I did I failed to locate it. There is no direction to sound, though the nearer one approaches it the louder it is. I moved toward the door where I had first heard the ticking, but if there was any increase or diminution I failed to detect it. At the other end of the room was an open fireplace with a grate between the two windows. I moved toward one of the windows and stood by it. I fancied the ticking to be more distinct. I moved slowly to the other window, stopping to listen after every step, and when I was before the fireplace the ticking seemed louder than at any other time.

I realized that, as the children say in their hiding games, I was getting "warm." I put my ear to the fireplace, and the ticking was louder. I thrust my hand up the chimney and felt its sides. Presently I clutched a watch. It was hanging to a nail. I took it out from its hiding place and saw that it was a lady's watch, and I did not doubt that it was Cecile's.

Hurrying to my room, I washed the soot off my arm and changed my dress, for the sleeve was blackened, then walked the floor to calm myself that I might form a plan for turning the obloquy of the theft from innocent George Chace to the real thief, Sarah Tucker. The stolen article now being in my hands, if discovered with it the charge would fall upon me. It flashed upon me to put the watch back in the chimney. Fortunately none of the guests had come in and I had plenty of time to do so. Then I wrote in a disguised hand on a bit of paper, "Listen at the fireplace of Miss Tucker's room," and, slipping into our host's chamber, left it on his dresser, where he would not fail to see it as soon as he went there. He had taken a party out in an automobile and came in before the other groups. As soon as he entered he went to his room to dress for dinner. I was on the watch, and in a few minutes after his arrival I heard him go to Miss Tucker's room. When he came out I saw that he grasped something in his hand. At dinner I saw by his face that something momentous was on his mind. But he controlled its repression so successfully that I alone noticed it. When he arose from the table he announced that he would like to see us all in the drawing room. After we had assembled there he said:

"A great injustice has been done to George Chace. The stolen watch has come to light under circumstances to indicate that he was made the victim of a conspiracy. I need not accuse the real culprit, who is my guest, to exonerate Chace."

Then he went to Cecile and handed her her watch.

When I met George he threw his arms around me in his impulsive way, saying:

"What a dolt I've been to get mixed up with either of those girls! You're worth a thousand of them."

I forgave him.

MR. MERCHANT

"Success depends more on the system used in conducting your business than any other one thing."—HIGINBOTHAM.

YOU should be as sure of getting all the money for the goods you sell as your customers are sure of getting the goods they pay for.

Whether you do or not, depends entirely on the system you use in conducting your business. You can make yourself deal fairly and carefully with **others** but you cannot always make others deal fairly and carefully with **you.**

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"Look at a proposition to see how you can use it, not how you can get along without it."

E. K. WILCOX and J. A. CHALMERS
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Miss Barbara Bradford

His Nature.

"That informer is a pig!"

"Which explains how he came to squeal?"—Baltimore American.

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There are from 300 to 360 volcanoes on the globe. This estimate includes merely live volcanoes.

A Little Different.

Plaintiff (in lawsuit)—So you think I will get the money? His counsel—I think we will get it.—Puck.

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includes fifty-three of the best that have ever been written. How many times have you wished you had the music and words for some of the old favorites but have been unable to find them when you wanted them the most? Here is a list of the songs, all complete with words and music:

CONTENTS:

America.
Annie Laurie.
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Catch the Sunshine.
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
Come, With Thy Lute.
Comin' Thro' the Rye.
Darling Nellie Gray.
Dip, Boys, Dip the Oar.
Dixie Land.
Flag of the Free.
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.
Good Night, Ladies.
Hail, Columbia.
Home, Sweet Home.
How Can I Leave Thee?
Juanita.
Just Before the Battle, Mother.
Lead, Kindly Light.
Lilly Dale.
Long Ago.
Love's Old Sweet Song.
Marching Through Georgia.
Massa's in the Cold Ground.
Stars of the Summer Night.
Swanee River.
Sweet and Low.
The Blue Bells of Scotland.
The Dearest Spot.
The Evening Bell.
The Last Rose of Summer
The Old Oaken Bucket.
The Soldier's Farewell.
The Star Spangled Banner.
The Vacant Chair.
There's Music in the Air.
Those Evening Bells.
Three Blind Mice (Round.)
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Uncle Ned.
We're Tenting Tonight.
When Swallows Homeward Fly.
My Bonnie.
My Maryland.
My Old Kentucky Home.
O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.
Old Black Joe.
Old Folks at Home.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
Robin Adair.
Scotland's Burning (Round.)

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