



AMBEROL RECORDS

for FEBRUARY 1920

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No.	TITLE	TALENT
*29044	Simon the Cellarer—Bass Song	Arthur Middleton
*29045	Heaven is My Home—Baritone Solo	Thomas Chalmers
3902	Cleo—Fox Trot	All Star Trio
3903	Fancy Little Nancy—Saxophone S. I.	Wheeler Wadsworth
3904	Train Time at Pun'kin Center—Comic Rube Sketch	Cal Stewart and Co. Glen Ellison
3905	Same As His Faither Did Before Him	Lewis James
3906	'Twas an Old-Fashioned Song He Was Singing—Ballad	New York Military Band
3907	Windy Willie—March	Metropolitan Quartet
3908	Love Blossom—Mixed Voices	Louisiana Five
3909	Yelping Hound Blues—Jazz Fox Trot	Premier Quartet
3910	Floatin' Down to Cotton Town	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3911	Nobody Ever—Fox Trot	Golden and Hughes
3912	Back Home on the Farm—Negro Sketch	Al Bernard
3913	I'm a Dancing Fool—Comic Song	Premier Quartet
3914	I Love You Just the Same Sweet Adeline	Vernon Dillhart and Cho.
3915	Carolina Sunshine—Popular Song	Lewis James and Vernon Archibald
3916	Love's Adieu—Ballad	Imperial Marimba Band
3917	Serenade d'Amour	Peerless Orchestra
3918	Abandonado—Mexican Waltz	Virginia Rea and Lyric Male Quartet
3919	Good-Bye, Beloved, Good-Bye—Old Melody	Al Bernard and Ernest Hare
3920	Henry Jones, Your Honeymoon Is Over—Comic Negro Sketch	Ada Jones, Len Spencer
3921	A Picture of Long Ago—Sketch	Helen Clark and George W. Ballard
3922	Broken Blossoms—Ballad	

NORWEGIAN RECORDS
 9240 Paal paa Hougie
 9241 Vor Gud han et saa fast en borge
 Ambrol Records are sold in all stores. Records marked * are \$1.50

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Light-Fingered

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Ruth was born in India—and then his health broke down and he had to come home. He—

The specialist sat up suddenly.

"India!" he exclaimed. "Was he—is he a St. Cross College man?"

Mrs. Lister nodded.

"With one arm?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"I have heard of him."

The doctor's eye had wandered from his undusted tables to the plants in the window drooping for lack of water.

"Mrs. Lister I'm going to study your daughter. Can you spare her for a few weeks?"

"Oh! But—I thought if by indirect means we could —"

"Can't be done. I want her here under my eye. She interests me. Get some foreign woman in to do the work."

"Ruth mustn't know I've told you!"

"No, no. Of course not."

"Then you really will undertake the case?" and hope glowed in the faded eyes.

"I'll try. As I say, I'm merely a student at this kind of thing. But I want to watch and study the girl. I need a young lady to admit my patients and to keep the three rooms tidy. It isn't arduous work and the hours are ten to one and then two to six. I've had a good deal of difficulty in securing even a passably good girl since my old one left to be married. It may not be much to offer the daughter of a professor —"

"Oh, she'll take it quick enough! You — you won't be afraid she might —"

"Let her try!" said Dr. Service with a brief smile. "In fact I'll confess that that is exactly what I hope I can trap her into. Better a mighty good scare from me than —"

He broke off significantly. The woman took a long breath.

"Do—do you think you can cure her?" —eagerly.

"I have hopes."

They rose. Mrs. Lister opened her handbag. Dr. Service held up a protesting hand.

"No cure, no pay," he said, throwing open the door.

Two women more unlike than Mrs. Lister and her daughter, Ruth, it would have been hard to find. Thus reflected Dr. Service three days later as in the lunch hour interval he found time to observe the young woman more closely. She had arrived in the morning about nine, eager-eyed, fresh-cheeked and more than a little doubtful of obtaining the job. She was city-wise enough to know that positions so desirable as this didn't go a-begging very long. And great had been her joy at being taken on "on trial."

She was tidying the instrument stand. Dr. Service pretended to read his mail. His ruminations, one eye over the top of his paper, went something like this: "A regular little speed demon! Neat as nails, too. A great deal of spirit. Must get it from her father. Good eyes, frank and straightforward mostly, but yet with an odd, basilisk-like way of veiling them occasionally. Nothing otherwise furtive or scared about her."

itself even. And then we're not really farmers. My husband was a professor in a college in India for seven years—

Maybe after all her mother was wrong! Must have some admirers a girl like that Dainty ankles. Wonder if she pinched those silk stockings she has on! And if she isn't humming a song! Surely a girl with an uneasy conscience—Wow! how she swatted that fly! Brains, spunk and speed!"

He had credited her with the first-named as early as ten o'clock. She had known enough, in sorting the bottles, to group the acids by themselves, the oils, ditto, and his letter files had undergone a metamorphosis at her hands long before noon.

"May I put these geraniums where the sun can get at them?"

Dr. Service glanced up. No cap awry here!

"Certainly."

"You had them in the wrong window, you know."

"But why toil in your lunch hour, Miss Lister? There's a long afternoon ahead."

The girl returned, after placing the plants in the south windows.

"Do you call this toil?" she asked, whimsically and with a little twist of scorn to her lip. "Why, I've just played all morning! I—I'm so happy I could cry!"

Her voice caught in a half sob.

"I'm very glad you like the position."

He said gravely.

"It's not altogether that. It's—the freedom and the life and the—change."

She began impulsively, and ended with swift reserve.

"Country life has palled?"

"It's fierce," said Miss Lister frankly.

Dr. Service folded up his paper. He sent her several observant glances. She stood leaning against the tall oak instrument case thrumming with restless fingers on its top. In her shadowy eyes there was a kind of seething discontent and passionate defiance combined.

"Perhaps you'll not care so much for the city when the novelty wears off," he suggested.

"Well—I'm not borrowing trouble on that," she said with a short, unmirthful laugh. "Before that time comes I'll have made some friends, I hope."

"Friends? Why, surely you already—"

"Girl friends. Those of my own age. I've never had a girl chum in all my life. I—I feel like an escaped prisoner!"

"My dear girl!"

"Yes, I mean it! Mothers' Missionary Teas, and dull good-natured married women and crying babies and prayer meetings and always the same old shabby clothes to wear, and no money to go anywhere, and—and looking round you, and picturing your own probable future stuck there in that dead backwater all your life, no chance to make something of yourself, no fun like other girls—oh!"

She turned quickly to hide a rush of hot tears. Her small hands were clenched tightly at her sides. But when she wheeled again she was smiling.

"But now!" she cried, a glad little ring to her tone. "Oh, it's going to be heavenly! I—I feel as though you were —were my deliverer. I can't tell you—I just can't—how grateful I am! Aunt Jane has come to stay with mother and I hope she stays forever! I'll never go

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