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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.
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London, Ont., Monday, December 20.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

The burial in Westminster Abbey of an "un-
known soldier" was an event that stirred the
sentiment of the whole civilized world. From
a trench in Flanders to the pantheon of the
British people came the body of one who died
that others might live. King George followed
on foot, chief mourner as representative of a
race.

A question that has been heard frequently
of late is, who first suggested this idea so
simple yet so appropriate? The Manchester
Guardian answers the question by saying that
it was first proposed in some of the French
newspapers, but was not accepted by the
British Government until there had been a good
deal of pressure brought to bear.

The Guardian says that the first person to
bring the matter to public attention in Britain
was Colonel Ashley, the chairman of the Com-
rades of the Great War, who asked a question
of the prime minister in the House of Com-
mons late in October. Mr. Bonar Law, who re-
plied, turned down the idea at that time, stat-
ing that the intention of honoring the fallen
would be much more impressively carried out
by the Cenotaph.

The dean of Westminster took the matter
up, however, believing that the abbey was the
fit and proper place for the burial. Bishop Ryle
took the suggestion to the king, who approved
of it. The result was that it became the most
important part of the Armistice Day proceed-
ings, and was taken over at once by the com-
mittee under Lord Curzon, which had charge
of the unveiling of the Cenotaph.

THE CRY OF THE HUNGRY.
With the recurring Christmas season there
comes the danger that its real and Divine im-
port may become obscured or lost in a round
of feasting, promiscuous gift-giving and frivol-
ous gaiety. No one would now could divest it
in Christian lands of the element of joyousness
especially in what it brings to childhood. It
is the outward symbol of an infinite redemp-
tion, the acceptance of which, in faith, renews
with gladness the very springs of life. We may
misuse, but cannot invalidate, the element of
eternal goodness in the festival. In all com-
munities where these observations are read,
the Old Scrooge type of individual might not
be discoverable, and we hardly need recall
Jacob Marley's accusing ghost to scare him
away—Marley, who, like his skintight partner,
never raised his eyes to that blessed Star which
led the Wise Men to a poor abode. Dickens ham-
mers the nails so securely in the Scrooge coffin
that he is not likely to raise his detestable head
to sneer at the "common welfare." But in these
festivities people may become too self-centred
in their generosity, and having offered the tra-
ditional invocation,

"Heaven bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
Us four and no more—Amen!"

conclude that the obligations to humanity, for-
getting that all have somewhat to do in trans-
mitting the rays of that glorious Bethlehem
Star beyond our family circle and social centre.
Locally, personal observation and the personal
touch are to be cultivated, for, like mercy, they
are twice blessed. Scrooge left everything to
the Workhouse, the Prison, and the Poor Law.
For anything else he had "Nothing!" To the
affluent nowadays it may be easy to fill out a
check and do it all by proxy, but human nature,
whether in private homes or deserving institu-
tions, craves a bit of individual heartiness and
sympathy, for which money is no adequate sub-
stitute. And, then, there are the "regions be-
yond." With all its immeasurable iniquity and
horror, and its aftermath of improvidence and
sin, the war has drawn the people of the world
nearer together. In blood and tears, it has fer-
tilized the soil for the growth of Christian brother-
hood. The far-away sufferers are nearer now.
Their moans of wretchedness and death come
to us over the wires of publicity, and we
cannot shut them out. Messages of sorrow
and despair make the whole world kindred.

Last week, in the city of Boston, Mass., a
historic gathering was held of the Federal
Council of the Christian Churches of America.
While the business of the Council was to review
generally the affairs of mankind that concern
the church, the calls for material help were
such as to predominate the spirit of more than
one session. A pleasing incident of one gath-
ering was the visit of the great French general,
Nivelle, who came on behalf of the French
Government to present to Rev. J. H. Franklin,
D.D., secretary of the Board of Foreign Mis-
sions of the Baptist Church, the medal of a
Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his splen-
did services among the devastated cities and
suffering people of that nation.

Speakers were present who had personally
investigated the world fields most seriously
stricken with disease and famine, viz., those of
Central and Eastern Europe, the Near East, of
Asia and China. "Perhaps never before," says
a newspaper report of the proceedings, "was

such a panoramic view of the misery of the
world presented to a Boston audience." Speaker
after speaker pleaded pathetically for material
help for some portion of the world that lan-
guishes under the pangs of hunger and cold.
Herbert Hoover gave, with harrowing details,
the call for aid to feed the 3,500,000 children in
European institutions. The delegation of the
Council described as the most needy countries,
Hungary, Austria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia,
Jugo-Slavia, Transylvania and Germany. The
pitiable conditions are such that they cannot be
exaggerated. Great populations are hungry,
almost naked, and becoming the prey of
epidemic diseases. Millions of little ones are
actually starving, and others growing anemic
and undeveloped. Rev. James L. Barton, D.D.,
gave further evidence of the terrible reality of
the situation in the Near East. Still worse was
the picture presented by the Rev. F. W. Bible
of the situation in China, toward which, by the
way, broad-visioned and sympathetic churches
and other donors in Canada are contributing
generously. By reason of destructive floods
two years ago and drought subsequently the
worst famine of forty years have developed.
The area suffering most is said to be the five
northernmost provinces, where 20,000,000 to
30,000,000 or more are virtually starving. To
such straits were they long ago reduced as
grinding the leaves and bark of trees into a
flour, and also eating the short grass that
sprang up after the fall rains. To provide fuel
they were tearing down the house-doors to bake
their crude fibre bread. Driven out by hunger,
the people are wandering about in aimless
hordes. Great numbers of those who could not
escape from country districts to the cities were
committing suicide to escape the dreadful alter-
native of eating human flesh or selling members
of their families. More people face starvation
in these provinces this winter than died during
the Great War in Europe, and even now they
are reported to be dying at the rate of over
4,000 per day in North China. To the Chris-
tian Church, always the leader in these great
humanitarian movements, the present crisis
presents a wonderful opportunity to give a com-
manding demonstration to the people of Asia
of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, in contrast with
the greed of traders, grafters and exploiters
who have been debauching the Asiatic for
years with morphia and other vices of civiliza-
tion, and raiding their resources. The contem-
plation of these calamities, as well as local
needs, should bring home even to the trivial-
minded thoughts of responsibility and self-
sacrifice.

In the Gospel by St. Matthew there is de-
picted a vision of the Judgment. In that final
accounting, the King, having separated those
before Him, says to those on the right, "Come,
ye blessed of My Father," into life eternal; but
pronounced the doom of eternal departure upon
those to the left:

"For I was hungry and ye did not give me
to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink;
I was a Stranger, and ye took Me not in;
naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick and in
prison, and ye visited Me not."

"Then shall they also answer, saying, Lord,
when saw we Thee hungry or athirst, or a
stranger or naked, or sick or in prison, and did
not minister to Thee?"

"Then shall He answer them, saying: Inas-
much as ye did not to one of the least of these
ye did it not to Me."

READING AND PICTURES.
Mr. Harry Collins, principal of the Industrial
School, Chatham, addressed the Arts Club of
Western University on Saturday evening. His
subject was the training of young children in
English literature.

Mr. Collins would make a much greater use
of beautiful and interesting pictures to accom-
pany the reading than has yet been practiced.
The picture training can be begun of course
even before the reading. As the childlike people
of the middle ages were taught religion by pic-
tures, sculptures and architecture assisting the
word of the priest when most of the congrega-
tion were illiterate, so it is with the children
and literature. Incidentally, Mr. Collins con-
demned the colored "Sunday supplement" of
the present day, its blotchy, hideous and blatant
vulgarity, as an influence against which the
school has to contend. In order that the schools
may accomplish their work of training the mind
and taste of the pupils, the parents have to be
educated to the need of a home beautiful and
to a discrimination between the true and the
tawdry in books and pictures. "I care not,"
said a Jesuit teacher, "who has the child in
hand after, so long as I have him up to seven
years of age." Let the parents, aided by pub-
lic librarians, attend properly to the prelimi-
nary education of the child till he goes to
kindergarten, and the teacher will have some-
thing to build on for the formation of literary
taste and love of reading.

A great advance has been made in recent
years, especially in the larger towns through
the co-operation of public libraries with home
and school, in the character of illustrated books
read by young children. In London we have
been more than usually fortunate, with librar-
ians like Mr. Carson and Mr. Landon, ideally
equipped and adapted for their work, and sup-
ported by Miss Hazel Tanner, who would be
hard to match in Ontario as a director of the
children's department. Inspector Edwards and
the teachers under his eye have been very wide
awake in co-ordinating the library and the
school. A special department has grown up
at the Public Library, in which albums and
mounted pictures of all sorts are kept for the
illustration of various subjects, literary, his-
torical and scientific. The public should know
all about this.

But Mr. Collins would carry on more system-
atically and extensively the plan of combining
pictures and literature. One art stimulates
another; the same spirit of beauty pervades all.
The lecturer has worked out a moderate list of
artistic books for children graduated according
to their ages from four years old upward.
Such a list should be published, posted every-
where in libraries, and added to from time to
time. It would be of incalculable assistance to
parents and teachers. They would get to know
the best illustrators and modes of illustration,
as well as more interested in the books worthy
of such art lavished on them. Trained on books
of beauty, respecting and loving them, sur-
rounded by pictures instructive and formative
in the schoolroom, a generation of children
would grow up that would treat the "colored
supplement" or the yellow movie as so much
garbage and send them after the dinosaur. But
good books they would cherish, promote and
read.

From Here and There

A SERIOUS DISEASE.
(Winnipeg Tribune.)

Hypnotization is a disease which has afflicted and
still afflicts the United States. Americans of today
are hardly blameable. Millions upon millions from
across the seas poured into the country almost
indiscriminately, in days gone by, and hundreds of
thousands with a wholly perverted idea of the man-
ing of the word liberty. Canada suffers in perhaps
a lesser degree from the same disease. And we may
reprove ourselves for regarding too lightly the insti-
tutions and the ideals which alone make nations
distinctive. In the cry for more people this con-
tinent will do well to think deeply of the things
which, after all, are worth while. A nation's great-
ness is far from being wholly dependent on mere
numbers.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MARRIAGE.
(Edmonton Journal.)

We are accustomed to both rhapsodies and cyni-
cisms with regard to marriage. We ought to pay
little attention to either. Common sense should tell
us that the truth lies somewhere between. As an
institution the world cannot very well get along
without it, but there is a great variation in what it
brings to individuals.

No wiser saying on the subject has been given
to the world than one that appears in the last
volume, recently issued, of the biography of Benja-
min Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. Writing of
Queen Victoria on the subject of the approaching
marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of
Lorne, he expressed the view that what was about
to happen seemed to him "as wise as it is romantic."

"There is no greater risk, perhaps, than matri-
mony," added the veteran statesman, "but there
is nothing happier than a happy marriage."

This leaves nothing further to be said on the
topic.

TRIBUTE TO A WOMAN.
(Halifax Echo.)

Mrs. Ralph Smith of Vancouver was the first
woman to be elected to any legislature in Canada.
On the death of her husband, Hon. Ralph Smith, one
of the strong men among British Columbia Liberals,
she was elected to his seat and sat in the House for
the balance of her husband's term. Now she has
received the remarkable tribute of re-election at the
head of the Liberal ticket, and nearly 4,000 ahead
of the second candidate. Mrs. Smith has done fine
service as a pioneer woman member and a forward
looking Liberal, and her splendid victory will be
hailed with satisfaction throughout the Dominion.

REJECTING IMMIGRANTS.
(Ottawa Journal.)

The immigrants from European countries who
are flocking uninvited to Canadian ports are seeking
escape from the hardships of their home lands.
They come thinking they will find comfort and
plenty in this country. But under present conditions
they are mistaken in this, unless they come with
the means to tide themselves over a period of
reaction from general prosperity and industrial
activity. Without such means they would be little
better off in this country than in their own, and
while it seems a hardship to refuse them the refuge
they seek, the Canadian immigration authorities
would not be greatly benefiting them by relaying the
regulations in their behalf. And should they manage
to get along here by finding employment under
existing conditions, it must be at the expense of our
own workers. There is now not employment enough
for native Canadians.

Canada would like to help these people, but
our first duty is to ourselves. The immigration de-
partment states that it is now discouraging immigra-
tion from the British Isles because of the situation in
Canada. It is British immigrants that Canada wants,
for they will make better citizens than alien
people from Central and Southern Europe. Human-
itarianism does not demand that when we are telling
her own kinsmen to stay away we should permit
peniless Bulgarians and Armenians who must
become charges on the community to enter.

WHO ARE PATRIOTS?
(Winnipeg Tribune.)

The patriot is a cowardly man, whether in
high or low position, who works honestly in whatever
place they find themselves in life.
Canada is the greatest field in the world today
for honest toilers.

Whether prices be high or low there is oppor-
tunity in this rich, virgin land for every man to earn
a living.
Russia set the world the vicious example of slack-
ing. That nation was rotten from top to bottom.
Today millions of its slacking people are on the
verge of starvation.

The one road to success and comfort is honest
work. Honest workers always constitute a safe and
sane democracy.

SHOULD OVERLOOK COLOR.
(Montreal Gazette.)

On the Pacific coast there is a discussion going
on as to the propriety of allowing Chinese young
women to take nurses' training courses at the
hospitals. It might be thought that in any service
connected with the art of healing and the relief of
human suffering, the great idea of helping the sick
would overshadow the prejudices of race or color.
Medicine goes deeper than the skin, and its practi-
tioners and aids might overlook a tinge of yellow,
or even of black, in a worthy helper.

MOOSE HUNTING LORE.
(Quebec Telegraph.)

Several opinions upon the smaller kill of moose
than usual this year in Maine, and upon moose in
general, have recently appeared in the columns of
the Sun and New York Herald, both editorially and
from correspondents. One of the latter, replying to
an editorial remark, writes much that is sensible
on the subject, though he will find many to dissent
from his opinion that the great chance of getting
the moose stands a far better chance of getting
away with his life when the hunter calls than when
he still-hunts. In the course of his letter he says
he is, however, one passage that contains a little
bit of possibly unconscious humor for the moose
hunter. The writer gives as one of the reasons why
the kill of moose is so small, "the woods have
been so noisy that it has been practically impossi-
ble to creep up on big game." As a matter of fact,
it is practically impossible to creep moose unless the
woods are noisy, hence the misnomer, still-hunting.

The hearing of deer, and especially of moose, is
very sensitive, and unless there is a wind blowing
that will deaden sounds, besides taking the scent
to leeward, it is next to impossible, even in deep
snow, to get near moose. In fact, to my mind this
taking advantage of a noisy day to creep up to
game, usually quite off his guard at this post-mating
time, and shooting it down, often without the
best knowing what hit it, is a trifle hard to justify
from an ethical standpoint.

Certainly the man—and he is numerous—who
avers that calling, at a season when the moose is
most suspicious and on its guard, is less sportsman-
like, is probably lacking in experience. Given the
same expert hunter, and the moose stands a far
better chance to get away with his life when the
hunter calls than when he still-hunts.

As for perfect sportsmanship, let us not prate
too much about it until we teach the best moose to
use a repeating rifle on the hunter. And what chance
has a partridge or quail when a good dog tells the
sportsman just where the bird is, and pretty nearly
when it is going to get up?

rounded by pictures instructive and formative
in the schoolroom, a generation of children
would grow up that would treat the "colored
supplement" or the yellow movie as so much
garbage and send them after the dinosaur. But
good books they would cherish, promote and
read.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CANADA?

ANSWERS OF SATURDAY'S QUESTIONS.

1—Champlain founded the Rouen Fur Trading Company in 1614.

2—The Cobequid Mountains are in Nova Scotia, along the north shore of the Minas basin.

3—Mount Peakweather is the most elevated peak in British Columbia.

4—Brantford is in Ontario, on the Grand River. Its chief industry is the manufacture of farm implements.

5—The largest storage dam in the world is the Goutin, at the head of the St. Maurice River, Quebec. It has a capacity double to that of Agouan, Egypt.

6—The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was opened for through traffic in August, 1914.

7—Lord Elgin was the governor who finally acknowledged the principle of responsible government in Canada, when he changed his executive in 1848 to represent the majority of the assembly.

8—Montreal is situated on an island of that name.

9—Ten states of the American Union border on Canada—Maine, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Minnesota, Idaho and Wisconsin.

10—Capt. George Vancouver came to the west coast to investigate the destruction of the British colony at Nootka by the Spaniards.

TODAY'S QUESTIONS.

1—What are the five border cities of Ontario?

2—Where is Nelson?

3—Where are grapes grown in Canada?

4—How many rural delivery routes are in operation in Canada?

5—How many canals are on the lake system between Montreal and Lake Superior?

6—Who was George Baise?

7—Where are the Memphremagog and Montserrat Lakes?

8—What island is called "the grave-yard of the Atlantic"?

9—What are the harbors of Nova Scotia on Northumberland Strait?

10—What were the two rebel leaders in Lower Canada in the rebellion of 1837?

Poetry and Jest

THE FIRST DEATH.

[Benjamin B. C. Low.]
I could wish the world were, as lately,
around
In still, creaking mail—
Perfect proof to storm, triple brass all
around.

Bareheaded and pale:
It were better, trees are truest in time
And the fight best fought when stark
branches climb
On a northeast gale.

This wide May morning, where the
cloudless air
And white petals are flushed with pink
as though
The bosom were bare
Of a maid who trembled with love and
sighs:
It is all too sweet for my untamed eyes:
It is all too fair.

It is all too fashioned out of young
men's dreams.
Such as tear them through
A whole forest of brambles, with soft
gleams.

And then turn untrue:
And then prove to be faithless to those
they led.
Who befriended them and followed, and
found and bled.
And conquered—some few.

I remembered how, when flowers first
came,
I would reach a hand
In hot haste to be plucking their white
flame;
Laid bare a whole land
With my forays, thinking thus I should
get
What they were; always failed it, and
yet
Did not understand.

But oh, now I know. This wide morn-
ing place,
And wind-tempered sky;
I would hold aloof, with averted face
And hid them pass by:
It will chance, I trust, I shall hear this
thing.
As is needed; but not, not while the
spring
Is asking me why.

THE PICKER.

Whenever the hop-picking season
comes round we are reminded, says a
writer in the Toronto Mail and Empire,
of the convict "that Capt. Spencer,
senior prison missionary of the Church
Army, once visited his cell. "Well,"
my man, said the captain, "and what
do you do when you are out of prison?"
"Well," said the convict in a philo-
sophical manner, "in spring I pick
peas, in summer I pick fruit, in autumn
I pick hops, in winter I pick pockets."

"And what happens then," asked the
missionary. "Then," continued the
convict, "I come in 'ere and pick
oakum."

"UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE."
[Alice Packard Palmer, in New York Times.]

What would you do if now upon your
breast
Should rest
A little boy, gaunt but precious form,
Still warm
With blood of yours?

What would you do if now upon your
cheek
Were pressed pale, mumbling lips that
could not speak
Though fibre joined with fibre in a
For food?
Could such necessities
Unheeded be?

What would you do if now upon your
feet
Fell plaintive, moanings, groanings—
could you bear
Your starving child in anguish, prone
Upon the barren ground—to find a
stone?

If you had gone before,
No more.
To guard life of your life, no more enfold
The thing, God-given, you had learned
to hold
Most dear,
If, from behind the veil, you could peer
through?

What will you do, when now, upon your
heart,
Is laid the burden of a million dollars,
Is laid the burden of the human crisis?
Ere dies with in us the ennobling spark,
We hear a voice, a still, small voice—
From height, from depth, the Master's
magic plea.
Reverberates: "Ye've done it unto Me."

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.
[After Charles Swinburne.]
All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring,
All the sweet sounds together,
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Willow water's winsome word,
Wind in warm weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearts are its claim, he does
Knows not well the sweetest one

Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter,
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest heart,
When the soul of delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never touch such notes as told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

CHECKMATE.
[American Legion Weekly.]
Mrs. Sims—What are you doing with
that string tied around your finger?

Mr. Sims—You put it there to make
me remember to mail a letter for you.
Mrs. Sims—Well, did you do it?
Mr. Sims—No, my dear, you forgot
to give it to me.

THE GLOW-WORM.
[A. P. H. in Punch.]
The little glow-worm sits and glows
As brilliant as the stars.
But you are wrong if you suppose
That he will light cigars.

In fact, he seems to be exempt
From Nature's general plan!
He never makes the least attempt
To be of use to Man.

To be of use that it requires
A scientific brain.
To understand his tiny fires
Then you are wrong again.

The meaning of his shininess
Is fairly clear to me:
It is intended to impress
The future Mrs. G.

No doubt you think it is his nose
Which glows and He is yonder.
Well, it is not; the part that glows
Is on the abdomen.

And very likely that explains
Why all the millions
Buy such expensive shiny chains
To hang about on theirs.

The editor who reads these lines

Complete January List Now on Sale

Columbia Records

Song Hits

Whispering For Every Boy Who's on the Level . . . Frank Crumit and William Davidson . . . A-3323 . . . \$1.00
There's a Girl Who's on the Square . . . Crescent Trio . . . A-3323 . . . \$1.00
All She'd Say Was Unh-Hum . . . Van and Schenck . . . A-3319 . . . \$1.00
In Napoli . . . Van and Schenck . . . A-3319 . . . \$1.00
Palestena . . . Frank Crumit . . . A-3324 . . . \$1.00
I Wish That I'd Been Born in Borneo . . . Frank Crumit . . . A-3324 . . . \$1.00
The Broadway Blues . . . Nora Bayes . . . A-3311 . . . \$1.00
Singin' the Blues . . . Nora Bayes . . . A-3311 . . . \$1.00
Kentucky . . . Benny Davis . . . A-3320 . . . \$1.00
I'm Coming Back to Dixie and You . . . Frank Crumit . . . A-3320 . . . \$1.00
I'll Still Remember When You Forget . . . Henry Burr . . . A-3318 . . . \$1.00
When You're Gone I Won't Forget . . . Shannon Four . . . A-3318 . . . \$1.00
Out Where the West Begins . . . Charles Harrison . . . A-3315 . . . \$1.00
When the Shadows Softly Come and Go . . . Charles Harrison . . . A-3315 . . . \$1.00

Dance Music

Avalon—Fox-Trot . . . Art Hickman's Orchestra . . . A-3322 . . . \$1.00
The Japanese Sandman—Fox-Trot . . . Art Hickman's Orchestra . . . A-3322 . . . \$1.00
I Love You Sunday—Fox-Trot . . . Ted Lewis' Jazz Band . . . A-3306 . . . \$1.00
The Hula Blues—Fox-Trot . . . Ted Lewis' Jazz Band . . . A-3306 . . . \$1.00
Get Up—Fox-Trot . . . Paul Biese's College Inn Orchestra . . . A-3307 . . . \$1.00
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