Sharp Street Launches 2 New Music Groups

The board of management of the Sharp Street Community House has announced the inauguration of two new music groups, in addition to the glee club and vocal class already in progress as clubs of the house.

The new classes are: a course in ear training, which will include solfeggi and rudiments of theory of music, and a course for choristers, embracing rudiments of theory, principles of appreciation and history of music, practical hymnology and conducting.

The schedule is as follows:

Ear training and community glee club, Monday, 8 to 10 p.m.; vocal class and women's glee club, Wednesday, 1 to 2 p.m.; class for choristers and community glee club, Thursday, 8 to 10 p.m.

The classes are now open for registration, there being no fees connected with any of the groups. The work is conducted by Mrs. Adah K. Jenkins.

AMERICAN STORES CO.

To You and Yours

A Happy Prosperous New Year

Fancy Turkeys lb 29c
Delicious, tender—the Pick of the Flock.

Poultry Seasoning pkg 10c | Sage-Thyme-Marjoram pkg 5c

Fancy Stewing Chickens lb 19c
2½-lb average.

Fancy Roasting Chickens lb 29c

Long Island Ducklings lb 21c

Three Corner Roast lb 18c | Lean Boiling Beef . . . lb 10c
Select Rib Roast . . . lb 21c | Standard Oysters . . . pt 17c
Ground Beef . . . 2 lbs 25c | Select Oysters . . . pt 25c

Lean Smoked Hams lb 17c

Tender Chuck Roast lb 13c

Share In Our Big Pre-Inventory Sale!

Cheese Reg. 20c Rich Creamy lb 17c

Noodles ASCO Broad or Fine 8-oz pkgs 15c

Reg. 8c Gold Seal Macaroni or Spaghetti 3 pkgs 17c

Flako Pie Crust . . pkg 10c | Prim Rice . . 2 pkgs 15c
Pot Pie Bows . . 2 lbs 23c | ASCO Best Rice . . pkg 10c
Coarse Barley . . . lb 7c | Green Split Peas . 2 lbs 23c

Reg. 9c Campbell's Tomato Soup 2 cans 15c

The Life of the Meal—Delightfully Refreshing
Mother's Joy Coffee lb tin 27c
The Finest South American Coffee—Ground to order.

ASCO Coffee lb 23c
A table delight in thousands of homes.

Victor Coffee lb 19c
An all Brazilian blend—chosen by thousands.

Acme Coffee lb 31c
Arabian Mocha, Java and South American Coffees.

Maxwell House Coffee . . . lb tin 33c

Wesson Oil . . . . . pt can 25c | qt can 49c
Rumford Baking Powder . . . . . can 9c, 17c, 32c
Phillips Delicious Spaghetti . . . . . 3 cans 20c
Phillips Delicious Vegetable Soup . . . 4 cans 25c

ASCO Sauer Kraut 3 cans 25c

Manning's Hominy 2 big lb 17c

ASCO Sugar Peas . . . . . No. 2 can 17c
Farmdale Tender Peas . . . . . No. 2 can 15c
ASCO Finest Tomatoes . . . . . No. 2 can 12c
ASCO Corn (all varieties) . . . . . 2 No. 2 cans 29c

U. S. A. Refined Granulated Sugar 10 lb paper bag 45c

10-pound cotton bag 50c
Because of NRA regulations this price is effective in Baltimore, Towson, Essex, Dundalk, Catonsville and Ellicott City.

Glenwood Jelly . . . . . 11-oz tumbler 10c
Hom-de-lite Jellies . . . . . 12-oz tumbler 15c
ASCO Peanut Butter . . . . . pt jar 17c
Glenwood Apple Butter . . . . . 32-oz jar 18c
N. B. C. Ritz Crackers . . . . . pkg 18c

Regular ASCO Pancake or Buckwheat Flour 2 pkgs 15c

King Table Syrup . . . . . can 14c
ASCO Table Golden Syrup . . . . . can 11c
Vermont Maid Maple Syrup . . . . . jug 21c
Golden Crown Syrup . . . . . can 14c
Aunt Jemima Buckwheat . . . . . pkg 14c
Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour . . . . 2 pkgs 25c

Grape-Nuts pkg 17c

Lowella Sweet Cream Butter 2 lb cartons 69c

Gold Seal Quality Eggs doz 37c

Richland 2 lbs 67c | Selected . . doz 27c

Brillo . . . . . 3 pkgs 25c | ASCO Bluing . . . . . bot 5c
P & G Soap . . . 4 cakes 15c | LaFrance Powder . pkg 9c

SOS Magic Scouring Pads . . 2 pkgs 25c

Clorox 2 pint bots 25c | Mar-Mor Dog Food 3 No. 1 cans 20c

Finest Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

U. S. No. 1 Maine Potatoes 15 lb peck 17c

Stayman Winesap Apples . . . . . 3 lbs 15c
Large Florida Grapefruit . . . . . each 5c
Green Southern Cabbage . . . . . 2 lbs 9c
Crisp White Celery . . . . . bunch 10c
Fancy California Carrots . . . . 2 bunches 13c
U. S. No. 1 Yellow Onions . . . . . 3 lbs 10c

Juicy Florida Oranges doz 17c

Shop Where Quality Counts and Your Money Goes Furthest

These Prices Effective Until Monday Closing in Our Stores and Meat Markets in Baltimore and Vicinity.

Observations and Reflections

By CLARENCE MITCHELL

Melancholy Holiday

Brutality to an animal
Is cruelty to mankind-
It is only the difference
In the victim—Lamartine.

My house boasts of two little sisters. Each of them is grave and poised—the other is a rollicking bit of humanity, romping in the sunshine of a carefree tomboy existence, but both of them were sad on Christmas Day.

Two years ago they received a small, perforated box in a bundle of presents, and when they opened the box they discovered a dog.

Being a genial mixture of Scotch collie and German shepherd, he won their hearts with his first tail-wag, and was promptly named Clause.

Clause grew into a tawny bunch of muscle and bark. He became the faithful hound of his mistresses, and seemed to love them with all of his gallant heart.

The day before Christmas the two youngsters made plans for a celebration of the second anniversary of his arrival, but those plans never materialized because Clause is dead.

Some person, perhaps not liking his bark, or perhaps not caring for his show of teeth at intruders, or perhaps for no reason other than a superabundant share of human qualities, poisoned him.

The vehicle of the dosage was a sausage, and the dog died in half an hour.

The little girls who owned him are puzzled. They cannot understand why anyone would be vile enough to poison a dog. They loved him, and with the logic of children, they thought all other people in the world did too.

They do not know, as I know, that humans do not need provocation to be loathesome in their conduct. They cannot understand, as I can, why a creature loved by little ones would be the object of a murderous plot. They also did not understand, as I do, why the dog was trusting enough to eat the deadly morsel flung from the hand of a stranger.

They will get another dog, but I trust that they will never have such another illustrated lesson in man's shortcomings.

* * *

What Fax Found

With so much bad news coming from the South on many occasions, when one receives information of a hopeful nature it is very refreshing.

Mark O. Fax, instructor of music at Paine College, in Augusta, Ga., came home for the holidays Sunday and brought this report with him:

"In Augusta there is an institution which, because of the work it does along interracial lines, deserves wider recognition.

"This institution is known as the Bethlehem House, and is one of two such centers under the guidance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The other center is at Nashville, Tenn.

"Before the holiday the Bethlehem House presented a Christmas pageant in which the theme of world peace had been sounded.

"The significance of the pageant lay in the fact that it afforded the colored and white persons an opportunity to meet on common ground, and, surprisingly enough, the gymnasium in which the pageant was given had a capacity crowd.

"The house owes the success of its program to the efforts of two Southern white women who head it. These women are supposed to carry on the work related to recreational programs for colored people, but they are also zealous in their interracial work.

"I believe that their attitude cannot fairly be called conventional, according to the Southern standard of conventionality, because they actually believe in putting a title before one's name.

"Although their program is carried on in a restricted area of the city, its influence emanates through the medium of news releases and radio broadcasts.

"Greater than this, however, its influence is spread by the young men and women who come under its guidance and return to their homes to propagate its teachings."

This narration by Mr. Fax is interesting to me, because I imagine that the Bethlehem House must have been a veritable oasis in a desert of prejudice for him.

He told me of one or two unpleasant occurrences in Augusta that probably pricked his pride. One of these experiences was gained when Mr. Fax refused to make a purchase at a store because the clerk called him John Henry.

He is rather upset because there is not more resentment shown when white people fail to accord colored persons the proper respect.

I suppose that a few more Faxes and several Bethlehem Houses may change the attitude of white natives of Augusta, but it should be remembered that Baltimore is also in need of the very kind of institution that the music instructor had to go all the way to Georgia to find.

* * *

Tuberculosis Talk

I noticed that last week's AFRO carried the story of an address given at the City-Wide Young People's Forum in Philadelphia by Dr. Charles A. Lewis, one of the Quaker City's physicians.

What struck me about the article was the doctor's reported statement that colored people are more susceptible to tuberculosis because their skins are black and they have flat noses.

The doctor may have reached his conclusion after serious study, but even a passing knowledge of elementary physics seems to contute his suggestion, and his statement that he had no figures with which to prove his theory sounds a little shaky.

It is unfortunate for the humble lay members of society that almost everything or some principle is advanced by people of professional worldwide recognition, because it is true, but rather because it is new.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Because New Year's Day falls on Tuesday of next week, the Five-Star AFRO-AMERICAN will not be published. The AFRO offices will be closed all day.

Widow Who Lost Dead Mate's Insurance to Flimflammers Will Get Her Dough Back

Woman Faces Five Year Prison Term in Flim Flam Game

A suspended sentence of five years hangs over the head of Mrs. Hannah Connor, of New York, after Judge Robert F. Stanton found her guilty in the criminal court Thursday of obtaining $265 from Mrs. Sophia Bullock, a widow, in an alleged flimflam game in November.

According to testimony given, Mrs. Bullock was in a department store on November 16, when two women approached with a pocketbook that they had apparently found.

A promise was made to divide the money with Mrs. Bullock, if she put up $265 as evidence of good faith, since the wallet in question was supposed to contain $2,100.

Women Vanish

Both women eluded Mrs. Bullock, however, before any division could be made. When they left Mrs. Bullock, her $265 also departed.

Police apprehended Mrs. Connor in New York and she was returned for trial.

If she pays the court costs, extradition charges, and reimburses Mrs. Bullock's $265, the sentence will be deferred, the judge ruled.

The money she lost was collected from an insurance company following the death of her husband, according to Mrs. Bullock.

According to police authorities, Mrs. Connor is one of the few reputed women flimflam operatives in this country who are still operating. Strict laws and heavy terms have driven many well-known to police out of the racket. The woman's alleged accomplice has not been apprehended.

MRS. SOPHIA BULLOCK

a widow whose husband's insurance money was lost to flim-flammers, will get her money back on Jan. 4. Hannah Connor will go to jail for five years, Judge Stanton ruled.

Man Spreading Xmas Cheer Locked Up Twice in 4 Days

The busiest man during the Christmas holidays was Joseph Stepney, whose name appeared twice on the police dockets within four days because of his activity.

Stepney was arrested at the corner of Laurens and Schroeder Streets on Saturday night when officers saw him carrying a suspicious-looking bag. The bag was said by police to have contained two gallons of boiling liquor.

Upon the plea of Roy S. Bond, attorney, Stepney was not turned over to Federal agents, but was arraigned on a charge of disturbing the peace, and was fined $1 and costs.

Things looked swell for Stepney after this narrow escape, so he left the Northwestern District station together to avoid contact with both excess and inquisitive patrolmen.

Wednesday, however, he was arrested in the Southern District—this time with five gallons in his possession, according to the arresting officers. He did not fare so lightly this time, for instead of a police court trial he was turned over to the Federal authorities for a hearing.

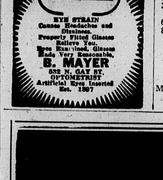
Fails at Suicide; Man Is Arrested

It is a crime to attempt to commit suicide and fail.

This is what James Smith, 1048 Argyle Avenue, learned when he allegedly drank a solution of poison in his home in a reputed suicide try Christmas day.

Excitement reigned at the home when it was discovered that Smith, while allegedly under the influence of intoxicants, swallowed the potion. Bernard Parker, brother of the man, and Mrs. Mary Smith, his aunt, told police that he had not long been released from the Crownsville asylum.

The man was treated at Provident and later carried to the Northwestern police station, where he was charged with disturbing the peace.



Reported Arrested

ISAAC NUTTER,

Atlantic City politician, who was reported arrested at his home in Pleasantville, N.J., Friday, on an alleged bad check charge.

AME Ministers Back Lynching Protest Move

PHILADELPHIA.— By formal resolution adopted at the Annual Meeting of this city endorsed the N.A.A.C.P.'s nation-wide program of protest against lynching, recently made by its president, presiding bishop, the Rt. Rev. William H. Heard, to aid in the promotion of the fight.

Orchard Street M. E. Church

Orchard St., near Druid Hill Ave.
11:00 A.M.—Sermon by Pastor.
7:30 P.M.—Church School.
3:30 P.M.—Union Revival at St. Paul M. E. Church.
6:00 P.M.—Epworth League.
8:00 P.M.—Sermon by the Rev. Charles A. Johnson, pastor, of Green Spring and Luther-ville, when the choir and congregation will accompany him.

MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 31ST
REV. J. J. BARNES, Pastor.

YOU ARE INVITED TO SEE AND DRIVE THE NEW FORD V-8 FOR 1935

C. H. REEVES & CO. INC.
1313 CATHEDRAL ST.
VERnon 2640

Sunday Programs

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL

GAINES, Calhoun and Laurens Streets: The pastor, the Rev. G. W. Brown, will preach at the 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. services. Union watch-night services will be held New Year's eve with Coppin AME Church.

* * *

BAPTIST

FIRST MOUNT OLIVE, Mount Street between Laurens and Lorman: "The Daily Rate for Every Date" will be the subject of the sermon by the pastor, the Rev. William C. Hudnell, at 11 a.m. A program will be presented by the Missionary Society at 3:30 p.m. A guest speaker will preach the sermon at the evening service.

* * *

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

ST. MATTHEW, Twenty-third Street near Greenmount Avenue: The Rev. C. H. Matthews, pastor, will preach at the morning and evening services. Watch-night services will be held New Year's eve.

JOHN WESLEY, Sharp and Montgomery Streets: The sermon at the morning service will be preached by the pastor, the Rev. William H. Dease. At 8 p.m. a cantata entitled "The Babe in the Manger," will be repeated. On New Year's eve at 10 p.m. memorial services will be held for the ceased members of the church, and at 11 p.m. the pastor will preach from the subject, "What Not to Carry into 1935."

* * *

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

MOUNT OLIVET CHRISTIAN, Division Street near Laurens: "Set Your House in Order" will be the theme of the pastor's sermon at 11 a.m. The pastor, the Rev. C. B. Wittfield, will preach again at 8 p.m.

* * *

HOLY TEMPLE

FREELAND MEMORIAL, 1411 N. Mount Street: The Rev. Mrs. J. M. Branch, pastor, will preach at 11 a.m. At the evening service, the Rev. Thomas Walker will be the speaker.

* * *

PRESBYTERIAN

GRACE, Druid Hill and Dolphin Streets: College and University Day will be observed, with Dean Jerome H. Haywood, of Morgan College, as the speaker.

* * *

APOSTOLIC FAITH

FIRST, Monument and Eden Streets: Revival services will begin the first of the year, and will continue for an indefinite time. The Elder Moses Simms, evangelist, of New York, will conduct the services.

* * *

FALLS ROAD

The Rev. M. H. Dorsey, pastor, will preach at the 11 a.m. service in the Falls Road A.M.E. Church, Sunday.

The A.C.E. League will meet at 6:30 p.m., and a sacred concert under the direction of George Brown, will be given at 8 p.m.

Incorporated 1847
Eutaw Savings Bank
SIX MONTHS INTEREST TO DECEMBER 31, 1934
At the Rate of 3% Per Annum
will be ready for entry JANUARY 5, 1935
Regular interest for the year 1935 has been fixed at two and one-half per cent. per annum.
EDWARD L. ROBINSON, President.

Good Old THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN MEDICINE
"Hasn't Failed in 68 Years"
Madam Bessie L. Ferrell
REGISTERED LICENSED MID-WIFE
1530 W. Lexington Street BALTIMORE, MD.

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1430 Pennsylvania Ave. Lafayette 0472

HAVE YOUR CHEST X-RAYED
Fluoroscopic examination of your chest will reveal the slightest disease condition of your lungs. This can be done at a very low cost. Coughs which do not clear up quickly demand immediate attention.
Dr. Wm. H. Cargill, 611 N. Caroline St., has the most modern and up-to-date offices in the city CONSISTING OF 12 ROOMS.
Competent Technician in Attendance
OFFICE HOURS: 9-11 A. M.—3-4 P. M.—7-9 P. M.
DR. WM. H. CARGILL
611 N. Caroline St. Phone, Wolfe 3917

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Coal
Convenient Payments Weekly or Monthly
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Telephone Us Today—MAD. 0529.
No. 2 Double Screened H. V. Egg $7.75
E. S. BRADY & CO.
Telephone: Mad. 0529
Monroe and Laurens Sts. Baltimore, Md.

Auto Accidents Mar Yuletide For Many Here

The hand of fate reached out to reduce the Yule cheer for many reports of the Accident Bureau revealed this week.

While visiting the city, Napoleon Gupton, 222 N. Connecticut Avenue, Atlantic City, and James Wright, also of the shore resort, were injured when the car in which they were riding collide with the automobile of Louis Cohen, 540 N. Central Avenue, at North and Mount Royal Avenues, Sunday. Both men received hospital treatment.

Two Women Hurt

Two women, Mrs. Hannah Millar, 67, of 2850 Madison Avenue, and Mrs. Annette Miller, 30, of the same address, were hurt when the car in which they were riding on Christmas Day figured in a collision at Bloom and Division Streets.

The car operated by Leslie Thomas, 221 Gilmor Street, collided with that of Frank Beard, white, of 1621 W. Wolfe Street. The victims were treated at Provident Hospital.

William Johnson, 1211 Laurens Street, suffered probable internal injuries when he allegedly walked into the automobile of William Easton, 706 Berry Street, in front of 2119 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Seven-year-old Albert Simmons, 568 St. Mary Street, was injured when he was struck by the automobile of Edward Wilson, 42, of 730 George Street. The child was playing with a number of other children when the accident occurred.

Roger Clark, 26, of 1541 Myrtle Avenue, and Lester Johnson, 918 N. Fremont Avenue, were injured when they collided with the coal truck operated by John Curtis, 1831 Druid Hill Avenue, at Calhoun and Presstman Streets.

Johnson, who was treated at Franklin Square Hospital, suffered a possible fracture of the skull.

AFROS NEWSBOYS
Christmas Feast
Monday, Dec. 31, 1934
AFRO Bldg., 10 A.M.
Get Copy of Program.

COLDS—FEVER CHILDREN'S ILLS RELIEVED QUICKLY

THEY WHO DANCE

Jimmy Johnson Called Her Sugar Dumpling Until He Learned Her Real Identity

By HARRY WINSTON

Involuntarily, James Johnson raised his eyes from his wife's last letter. There was a smile on his handsome brown face, and a far-away look in his yellow-gray eyes. A look of longing. A look that bespoke adoration. For James really did adore his lovely young wife.

However that may be, and it probably was anyone's fault, but it just happened that the architect who had drawn the plans for the Arcade Hotel had declared that in order to have outside light in all the rooms it was necessary to have a small court between two angles. And James—surely it was not his fault that the window directly opposite his was open—well, though married to a very sweet woman, James Johnson was a man.

See Lady Across the Way

At first he saw nothing except his wife as he remembered her, and as he imagined her to be while writing that very interesting letter. He gradually, very gradually, it dawned upon him that there was a young lady at the opposite window—directly in his line of vision.

She was young, and, at that distance, beautiful to behold. Moreover, it gradually dawned upon him that she wasn't exactly clad to entertain visitors. In fact, she wore only the sheerest of underthings, and, as James finally discovered, she was religiously going through which seemed to be an old ritual of sun-worship, but which he knew to be her daily doxen.

Her graceful arms described arcs, as she bent and swayed, seemingly entirely unconscious of her audience.

With full realization that he was staring at a lovely young girl who had no idea that her privacy was being invaded, James flushed guiltily and moved away from the window—as far away as he could get.

However, he could not close his mind's eye to the beauties he had seen. Wrenching out his wife's letter, he read further: "And now they will be here this week."

He laid the letter down gently, with a very smile on his lips. He had volunteered to make the Chicago trip for his boss—just to avoid his mother-in-law and his wife's detestable cousin. He knew her type—tall, angular, forever trying to look cute.

His wife adored her—which was cause enough for James to hate her. James was even jealous of his wife's friends, male and female, and this one bore the ridiculous name of Charity. "Charity," he snorted. "That is something that should begin at home. It is a pain in the neck if you ask me. And I've gotta be heading back there tomorrow to pick the thorns in my side? Huh, I'm telling the rock-eyed world!"

Rereads Wife's Letter

He picked up the letter again and searched through its page until he found: "I . . . I miss you so, Jimmy darling. . . . I'll be counting the hours until you get here. Your idolizing wife, Doris."

He rose from his seat slowly and strolled back to the window absent-mindedly. He felt relieved when he discovered that the beauty had ceased her rhythmic, eye-filling and disturbing convolutions. But even as he sighed deeply, she reappeared in a gaudy dressing gown. "Huh," he snorted bellicosely, "it's my window and I gotta right to catch a breath of air. These damned rooms are stifling."

And so they both filled their lungs with the crisp lake air, that seductive Chicago air that, when untainted by odors from the stockyards, makes one think of magnolias, moonlight and pretty trees turned up to yours with eager, parted lips.

Jimmie loved his wife—but he did not pretend to be a saint. The alluring creature across the court caught his eye and smiled faintly. And James was nothing if not polite. It would have been rude to ignore that friendly smile.

What was a smile, anyway? James had a nice smile, and it came natural for him to smile. No one could say that James Johnson was grumpy or morose. He believed that a smile a day kept old Time at bay.

After that, the girl glanced way and studiously avoided his presence at the opposite window. So James turned back into his lonely bedroom. Then he studied himself in a mirror and changed his necktie to a more becoming one.

His reflection pleased him and he began to whistle. There was the old jaunty set of his head, the carefree air of suppressed gayety that the girls always found irresistible in the days gone by. James played the role of a gay Lothario. Indeed, Doris, his wife, had not gone but a day herself before he nabbed him.

Self-consciously he preened himself a little—for all the world likes a smart young rooster airing himself in the warm April sunlight. As a matter of fact, James did not look the forty years that he really was. Nature had been exceedingly kind to him.

Meet In Dining Room

Night had slipped down upon the Windy City, and James, after his toilet was better, marched downstairs slowly.

The dining-room was filled with cut chatter, music and gay, feminine voices. James ordered lavishly. He would have preferred Doris's cooking, but Doris was in Philly. It seemed a million miles away. James was feeling lonesome, and this one bore the ridiculous name of Charity.

His wife adored her—which was cause enough for James to hate her. James was even jealous of his wife's friends, male and female, and this one bore the ridiculous name of Charity. "Charity," he snorted. "That is something that should begin at home. It is a pain in the neck if you ask me. And I've gotta be heading back there tomorrow to pick the thorns in my side? Huh, I'm telling the rock-eyed world!"

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"Here she is; sweetheart. I want you to meet my cousin, Charity—I told you about her."

Philly. It seemed a million miles away. James was feeling lonesome, and this one bore the ridiculous name of Charity.

It wasn't until he was half-way through his meal that he caught the eye of his attractive neighbor. She was seated alone, just a few tables away, and there was a faint glimmer in her eyes that showed James that she had recognized him.

Again James's politeness surged to the fore. He smiled and nodded. She smiled back—and it was by no means a faint smile. She was even more lovely than James had imagined. Her hair was a soft brown, cut rather close to her shapely head, and set in deep waves over her small ears. James always had had a weakness for soft brown hair, even though Doris's was black. He could not identify the color of her eyes, but they were large and dreamy and had long, sweeping lashes. James had always admired large dreamy eyes, even though Doris's were neither large nor dreamy. Doris's eyes were sharp, and she usually saw everything that happened in her vicinity.

Likes Coffee-Colored Complexion

The stranger was slightly darker than Doris, but James was one of those fellows who could appreciate the beauty in a coffee-colored complexion. He had been steady company with a coffee-colored girl once who really knew her vegetables. The very thought of the way that girl—he could not recall her name—had loved him always left a sort of hollow feeling around his stomach. But Doris was remiss in her loving, but what can living doesn't find a certain pleasure in recalling his old conquests?

James were dancing in a square in the center of the room. Women, seductive women, drifting by in their wake left an alluring trail of fragrance in their wake that swirled around him and made sitting there alone a poignant desolation. He wished that Doris were there. His feet were positively aching for action. He snatched his eyes from the dancers and found the alluring stranger's eyes upon him.

Suddenly James rose to his feet and marched over to her table.

"I wonder if you would mind if I asked you to dance with me?" he smiled—that smile that women had ever found irresistible. It was his best point—that smile.

A small-boy smile, wistful touched with a grin. There was nothing that even the most exacting girl could call that smile immoral, nothing that could give a wise-cracking girl an opportunity for a smart come-back. When James used that smile on a girl, she usually smiled back, and the fate unknown simply glanced up and cooed:

"I'd just love to dance."

And how she could dance. Doris was the only girl he knew who could dance more divinely.

James should have been racked on the pangs of a guilty conscience, but he wasn't. After all, he had been scrupulously faithful to Doris for a whole year. He was crazy about Doris, too, but this was Chicago—and Doris was in Philly. Just in Philly. Just a dance wouldn't hurt anyone. Doris probably would not care—even if he told her about it. He could even hear himself telling her:

"I was so lonely, darling. There was something about her that reminded me of you. I shut my eyes and made believe that it was you."

The girl glanced up at him from beneath those long, silky lashes that gave her black eyes an oblique look, an. James wondered if there wasn't an Oriental somewhere in her family tree.

Just Plain Johnson

"I don't believe you have mentioned your name," she spoke softly, but her voice was delightfully husky. James liked husky voices in women. If she spoke softly, but her voice was delightfully husky, James liked husky voices in women. If she spoke softly, but her voice was delightfully husky.