Temperamental Freddy

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

By James Frederick Topping

It was a spring day—one of those days when long-haired geeks can write odes to the cow-path—the kind of a day a person should be at leisure to sit and listen to the birds sing, and let the mind wander to a higher plane than that of persuading an aged rag carpet to do duty another year and still hide its discrepancies under the bed and behind the door.

At least this is what Mrs. McJimsey thought as, with hammer in hand, her mouth bristling with carpet tacks, she drove home the last tack. Standing erect, she viewed the much worn floor covering, with its faded confetti pattern, with a dubious shake of the head. It certainly looked fierce. But had to do. She turned and deposited tacks and hammer on the window sill. And then it was that the wonderful spring sun streamed in at the open sash and waved her faded locks, while a breeze full of promise fanned her hot face and filled her nostrils.

Mrs. McJimsey heaved a huge sigh.

Despite her two-score years and beef trust proportions, there still lay dormant in her generous bulk a spark of romance which the spring fragrance fanned into life and caused her spirit to soar to heights as sentimental as an ingenue in a ten-twent'-thirt' melodrama.

Her favorite literature was partly to blame for this. For years she had gathered up the discarded literature of all the chorus girls who frequented her theatrical boarding house, yellow-backed and ardent, and these she pored through and enjoyed as much as in the days when she weighed but a hundred and ten, and was third from the end of the front row.

But the sigh which racked her bosom now was not altogether a literary production.

Mrs. McJimsey had a past. A past which made the yellowest dime effusion in her assemblage of highly colored fiction read like the sequel to the Book of Job—a past that Dame Nature's green scenery and orchestra, with its million tiny pipes and fiddles, were now dragging forth and acting over again in Mrs. McJimsey's mental theatre.

But the performance was rudely interrupted. The door opening squeakily, deposited Mrs. McJimsey solidly back on terra firma. Turning on the intruder, she beheld the unromantic figure of the paperhanger.

"I wanta fit a little pice of cloth," said the necessary spring evil; "there's a hole in the plaster in t'other room."

"Uh-huh—I know," replied Mrs. McJimsey. "I knocked that in there when I was takin' the bed down. But hain't this a swell day, though?"

The decorator scratched his head.

"Oh, I don't know," he objected.

"It's too warm for this time of the year. Fine day to ketch a nice cold though, and then suffer with it durin' the nasty weather that's bound to come."

But this pessimism was lost on Mrs. McJimsey.

"It was just such a day. Funny how spring weather 'll always make you think of your first husband."

"I dunno," said the taciturn paste-dauber. "I never had one!"

But Mrs. McJimsey's gaze was directed out of the window, and her receiving coils were tuned to receive more musical wave lengths than those of the voice of a mere mortal.

"Freddy his name was," she continued. "Freddy Bell Hawkins. I don't know what the bell was for, but I guess his mother could see from the first that he was goin' to need one. He was one of those handsome, tempermental little fellers—one of the kind that fond mammas raise up and inflict on the world, and then innocently forget to pray the Lord to send along a doting simp of a woman to wait on their offspring the balance of their days."

The paperhanger was working by the day, so he sat down flat on the floor, his back pillowed comfortably against the doorjamb. He had come in search of a piece of cloth, but he had no objections to waiting until it was masticated.

"I was just a fool girl then," resumed Mrs. McJimsey, sinking down on a rolled-up mattress. "Didn't weigh more'n a hundred pounds. You wouldn't think to look at me that I was ever the top-mounter with a circus act—now would you? But I was. I was the youngest member of the 'La Reur' family—a family troupe composed of a dago and his wife, a feller named Cohn and me.

"I had broke into the show business when I'd ought to have been at home learnin' to concoct an Irish stew for a kid, I was pretty well experienced. I'd been with every kind of barn-stormin' troupe, from a one-man band to band and orchestra outfit, and I'd been stranded so many times that my career looked like the frayed end of a rope.

"I was just a fool girl then," reality for about the nineteenth time when La Reur—which was the name the dago took when he got hold of a bargain lot of paper—come along with his 'family' proposition, I was surprised to find that there was still another theatrical vehicle that I hadn't been dumped out of yet, so I immediately signed a greasy contract and stuck my feet under the family table. That added ham and eggs to the cdoriferous bill of fare of gefilltefish and spaghetti.

"We started in rehearsin', and by the end of the week I was as full of black-and-blue marks as the dago's wife was full of garlic; but I'd learned the trick of tumblin' from three shoulders high without landin on my collarbone, so the acrobatic family took the road.

"It was a fair act, and them acts go, and we managed to exist that winter on pop-vaudeville. Then when spring rolled around and the wick burned out of the kerosene circuit, we signed up with Pat Dixon's dog and pony show. The second week out with the circus we hit the town of Hawkinsville, Mister, I guess they named that town "Hawkins' just for the same reason that they call a coop hen. Everyman and woman in the place was programmed Hawkins.

"And the first member of the noble family that I met was this Freddy Bell!"

Here Mrs. McJimsey registered another gob of audible lament.

The paperhanger shifted his position a trifle to find a soft spot in the flooring, and nodded sleepily.

"It was a case of love at first sight, mister," gushed Mrs. Jimsey. "There was me a walkin' through the woods in my high-heeled slippers and little gobs of grease-paint stickin' to my eyelashes, and there was Freddy Bell sittin' on a rock beside a little stream, with his auburn hair combed back in one of these here soulful pompadores and a soft-colored shirt showin' a soft blue tie. He wasn't writin' poetry. He was shakin' dice in the palm of his hand and flippin' 'em out on the gravel but to me he looked like one of these here seraphim you read about in the hymn-book! I told you I was a simp, didn't I ,mister?

"Funny how you'll fall for somebody the first time you set your eyes on 'em that way, ain't it? There was me, a circus girl with muscles in my arms as big and hard as cabbages, that had seen every kind of a man that the Lord made and the devil inherited, and was wise to 'em all, gettin palpitant over a little, slender-legged feller with cigaret stains on his fingers, and no callouses on his hands or his conscience, either. Well, Freddy looked at me as far as he could see me through them woods, and I come out into a plowed field, steppin' high, high, as though somebody had left me a million dollars! And neither one of us had spoke a word: Love's a funny thing, mister.

"Even then I might'a got out of town and kind of wore off the infection; but after the afternoon performance, when I'm out prowlin' round the back streets of Hawkinsville, huntin' for a place to get some washin' done, who do I meet but this Freddy Bell—drivin' along slow in a brand new red-wheeled buggy! He pulled up to the cinder path where I was and smiled at me. "Wanna ride? says he. And I climbed in.

"Yes, sir—knowin' that it was against all the rules—circuses are awful strict, mister—and that I would probably draw a fine, and maybe get my face slapped by the dago's wife I climbed in. And Freddy Bell gave the mare a slap, and we whirled out into the country with the wheel a flashin' and my heart goin like the bass drum when the elephant act is on. Now, with any other fellow, I'd 'a-been sittin' on the edge of the seat, ready to draw a hatpin the first time he tried to get fresh. I'd learned to take pretty good care of myself. But with this Freddy I just set back and listened to his chatter.

"It seemed he was a temperamental child and that nobody understood him. He certainly was a classy lad to have been raised in that rube town that was a regular incubator for chinspinach, seersuckers, and copper-toed boots! I wondered a little where he'd picked up the style—then! It seemed seemed his father was the perpetual sheriff of the country, and owned the only livery stable in town. Bein' a hard-handed old skate with a poetry in his soul, he kept his only son in jail dishin' out gruel for the prisoners when he wasn't followin' the ponies in the livery stable. And all this made Freddy's sensitive spirit revolt. He wanted to get away—out into the world where his talents and his looks would be appreciated!

"That's the line of talk he gave me for seven miles—while the new buggy crawled through the spring mud and the wind blew in my face, smellin' like it does, mister! When we finally got back to town the ticket wagon was lit up and the cook tent down, and Freddy Bell and me was engaged to be married!

"Well, I went through that performance, from the soubrette dance I had to do with the one clown to the great pyramid act of the La Reur family, with my head in the clouds. I didn't need no red on my cheeks—they were flamin' with joy. And there was visions before my eyes that shut out the sight of the muddy rubes spittin' tobacco juice down between the blue—visions of a little cottage with a rose bush over the door, and all the other things fool girls dream about.

"I was sick to death of the Yid-and-Wop La Reur combination, anyway. And I was tired of being bumped around the country, too; so when the show was over I gave Freddy the glad smile, as though he was my deliverer from every earthly woe. You see, we went to a J. P. right after the performance and got married. But the seedy old fee-grabber hadn't hardly interned the dollar Freddy gave him in his jeans before all my rosy dreams met a chilly finish.

"Freddy informed me, very gentle and very firm, that I had better stick to the circus a while longer. You see, his father, as he explained, was a brutal and violent old party who would be likely to do 'most anything short of murder to the person who was guilty of lurin' away his only son! He figured that the old man wouldn't find out for a day or two where we were, and that that he would't be apt to look for his precious, misunderstood offspring in the low-brow neighborhood of a 90-foot top, and that we would be comparatively safe. Also, it would give him, Freddy, time to adjust his financial affairs and get in shape to play angel to a continuous matrimonial show.

"All these arguments hit me like a cold shower bath on the day after Christmas, but I was in love with Freddy; and when he rolled them tempermental eyes at me, I gave in without a word, and we went back to the lot where I introduced my husband into the bosom of the La Reur family, and we all rode out over the dark muddy roads to the next town, which was 19 miles go and bad goin'

"Well, from then on, mister my life was one long day of promise! Freddy invented the promises, and I swallowed 'em! Every town we hit, he was always bristlin' with ambition, and goin' to get on the inside of a good thing that would make him financially. He had more schemes than there were fleas in the dago's trunk, and most of 'em called for a small outlay of capital. I gave him most of my pay, and dug down in the grouch bag that every wise actor saves against the evil day when the show goes busted; but still he hung around the show and turned up regular at meal time, until old Pat Dixon begun to growl and sling insultin' remarks about excess baggage around where I was.

"One day I gently hinted to Freddy that he might try a little shoulder-holdin' with the La Reur family, or offer to sell tickets in the kid show; but he gave me a grieved and wondern look, and asked me if I didn't realize that his inhuman old father would discover him immediately if he was thrust into prominence, and that our dream of love would be put a sudden and painful end to—and where would our cottage be then? A sneakin' notion had already seeped into my head that the cottage didn't sem to be loomin' any nearer, so far as I could see; but I choked it down, and gave Freddy another five-spot to launch a finincial enterprise which was goin' to give him his long delayed start in the world.

"They was stackin' the seats when Freddy came back that night. He had made a raise of a new suit, very loud and tempermental, so much so that old Pat made a remark about firin' the band and sellin' the calliope for junk, and he strutted around, flashin' this mail-order front and steppin' gingerly through the sawdust, until I could see the red showin' in some of the roughnecks' eyes, and knew that I'd better collect my family and remove it from the lot before there was an outrage committed upon this tender young person.

"I dragged Freddy back to the hotel and timidly suggested to him that the bottom was out of my shoes, and that my old wool skirts was slightly passe now that the hot days had come, but he only gave me that slow smile and said that I was always lovely to him, no matter what I wore. Women has always fell for that bunk, mister, and I guess they always will; so I swallowed my grievances, and even gave him another dollar when he insisted that he must go and meet a party who was going to put him next to a big financial deal.

"I went to bed and slept sound. When you have worked two shows, tumblin' and dancin' besides ridin fourteen miles in a seat wagon and makin a parade, you don't need no soothin' sirup to make you sleep, mister! I was hummin' a little lullaby into my pillow, everything forgot except that the call was for four o'clock as the next town was quite a ways off, when somebody split my dreams in two, hammerin' on the door.

"I slid out and opened it without stoppin' to light the lamp, and there was that fellow Cohn, who worked in the La Reur family with me. He was standin' squared off, as though he expected something to hit him, and his little greasy face was twisted and mean, and his nose fairly quivered, he was so mad.

"'Where's that scenery of yours?' he snaps at me, hateful like.

"'What do you want?' I snaps back at him. 'Get away from my room, or I'll tell Dixon!"

"But he only bristles back at me and flashes a slip of paper. 'Where's your husband?' he says. 'This check is phony! He better make it good or I'll get him,' he says. I was scared to death, but I didn't let Cohn see it. 'He's not here,' I told him. If you want him, go find him!' And I shut the door in his face and crawled back into bed, shaking like I had a fit. I didn't have any idea what the fracas was all about, so when Freddy came in lookin' sort of rumpled and blear-eyed, about three A. M., I asked him about it. But he only twisted his mouth around with a nasty grin he'd been displayin' lately, and said it was a shame that a person of his temperament was forced to associate with such low-brow scum as Cohn and old Pat Dixon; but of course, seeing it was for my sake, he could manage to overlook it, although it pained his sensitive nature. He growled about having to get up at four, too, claiming it was injuring his health not to get his proper rest, never thinkin' about me havin' to do five turns every show, not countin' the parade.

"Mister, I must have been a lot meeker than I am now, for I never said a word, but listened to Freddy's complaints until the clerk banged on the door, and we had to dress and drag down to the lot in the cold fog and dark. We rode on an extra seat in a seat wagon, and at the bad hills everybody was supposed to get off and walk to rest the horses. But Freddy wouldn't walk. He always stuck to his seat, payin' no attention to the driver's insultin' remarks about carryin' statuary and set pieces, though I was ashamed, and slid down and footed it through the mud.

"Goin' up one hill, I found myself walkin' aling side Cohn, and the way he cut his eye around at me, I knew he was still mad. When a man is mean he's poison, so I decided I'd better try to square things for fear something unpleasant might happen to Freddy Bell. So I looks at him real friendly, and asks him, 'How much is that check wrote for, Cohn!'

"He gives me a mean look and says it's for enough to put that little cutey of mine where no dust wont mar his appearance if he don't cover it might quick! I asked him how he happened to have it and he give me a pityin' look, like he thought I was an awful fool, and says that Freddy paid it to him on a debt, but that it had been protested, and it wasn't squared there would be nineteen kinds of trouble!

"Finally he let me see the check and I discovered that it was signed 'R. M. Hawkins,' which is Freddy's father! Even then I didn't see any light, mister! I only dug down in my poor, emaciated grouch bag and fished out twelve dollars and sixty cents to square it with Cohn, and folded up the check with forty cents I had left.

"That day it rained.

"Now, a rainy day never stops work for circus people. It only makes work harder and cuts the money short, and naturally everybody gets a grouch and snarls at everybody else. Before the top was up and the seats laid out, old Pat Dixon was nappin' around like a famished crocodile, and all the roughnecks was scuttlin' around like scared rats. We made a parade in the drizzle with two cages closed, and the dago's wife ridin' a white mare with a slicker on and droppin' garlicky cuss words every twenty feet, and then we come back to find the cook-tent ropes sagged in the mud and the canvas hanging down on the stove so they was no dinner ready, and the cook was swearin' blue blazes. By the time they got it tightened up it was time to make up, so we had to work a matinee to 16 passes and three muddy farmers on an empty stomach.

"I was feelin' bum, anyway, on account of bein' kept awake all night and having no dinner; and every time I would do a back fall over Cohn's shoulders, he would give me that nasty, one-sided grin of his, until I was so edgy I wanted to scream. Then suddenly, as I was standing on my hands on top of the family pyramid, who should I see sauntering into the reserve but old R. M. Hawkins, Freddy's father!

"I gave one gasp and forgot where I was, and about that time the La Reur family turned three double flips to the ground, leavin' the ham-and-egg member suspended in the air. I come down with a thud. My leg doubled under me with a crunch, and red-hot pains shot clear to the top of my head. I thought I was all broke up, but when they pulled me up out of the sawdust, they decided that it was only my ankle that was twisted. But I couldn't step on it, so they hauled me over to the hotel in a January wagon, and the dago had to finish his act with no top-mounter.

Nobody come near me all that afternoon except a chambermaid, who rubbed some liniment on me and told me about her husband that had left her when she was only sixteen years old. Freddy Bell never showed up. It got darker and darker, and the rain run down the window-panes so sorrowful that it set me to sheddin' tears in the pillow. My ankle hurt somethin' fierce, and my heart was hurtin', too. Nobody brought me any supper, and I was just getting tuned up for a beautiful long weep when the door flew open and in came Freddy. It was pitch-dark, but I could tell it was him by the cigarette smoke and hair tonic smell when he got inside the door, as I was feelin' mighty abused and ready for a big tantrum, but he didn't pay no attention to me.

"'Get your clothes packed—quick!' he snaps at me. 'We're going to leave on this train!' I stopped snuffin' quick and set up in bed. 'What?' I said, mad all over. 'What's the matter with you?' I says. 'Here I've been layin' for half a day with a broken ankle, and you never pay no attention to me! I can't pack! I can't even step!'

"He backed off a little when he saw that I was mad and began some of his soft talk. He had been workin' on a big deal, he explained, and now he had got his chance. We were going to a city far away where nobody did know us, and there we would build that cottage and live happy ever after. That's the kind of talk he handed me, mister—me sittin' up in bed in the dark, with my nose and eyes all swelled up and my foot feelin' like it had been run over by the Brooklyn trolley! And I fell for it! Ain't women fools, mister?

"Well, I crawled out and hopped around on one foot, getting my clothes into the grips, and we went down to the station. Freddy carryin the bags and kind of draggin' me along, groanin' at every step. There wasn't no cabs in the burg, and the way we went, slippin' through back streets and alleys—to get there quicker, Freddy said—we wouldn't have met any if there had been thousands. The train was late and we stood under a leaky shed, waiting, Freddy fumin' like I was to blame for the railroad runnin' behind their schedule. When it come in, he threw me on like I was a sack of mail, and we left the town and old Pat Dixon and the La Reur family behind.

"We had gone about fifty miles, I guess, when I remembered about seein' Freddy's father in the show, and I told him about it. He clouded up like thunder, and muttered something about the old Shylock hanging on to a dime until it turned green, but he didn't explain why we were leavin' so sudden, or what this wonderful chance was he had turned up.

"Then we got off in a big town with electric lights and Freddy put me in a cab and took me to a little old hotel, where they gave us a little back room so narrow we had to park the furniture to get the door open. My ankle was swelled up like an elephant's foot by this time, and was thumpin' like seven roughnecks driving stakes at once. I managed to get into bed, and lay there full of misery and wonderin' what was going to happen to us.

"It was nearly midnight, but Freddy went out and left, saying that he had to meet a man. I was so worn out I dropped asleep, and along about daylight somebody woke me poundin' on the door. I turned over and yelled to em to come in, thinkin' it might be Freddy, but it wasn't. It was three big, rough-lookin' men, and with them was old R. M. Hawkins!

"They filed into the room, looking sort of foolish, when they found out Freddy wasn't there. Old R. M. didn't say anything, but one of the big men, who hadn't shaved in a week, explained to me that they had a warrant for Freddy for passing forged notes and checks on his relations back in Hawkinsville, but that his father, old R. M., had generously offered to to make the shortage good if Freddy would come back home and go to work in the livery stable. It seemed that Freddy had spent most of his life shootin' craps with stable-hands and that was the way he'd been employin' his time since we'd been married, drawin' on me when he lost, and when my pile run out he'd took to touchin' up his family tree for the balance.

"Well, from the way old R. M. looked at me, I could see he didn't include any martial incumbrances in his forgivin' offer, so I never said a word; only told 'em that I didn't know where Freddy was. Down in my heart there was a foolish idea that, no matter what he might have done, they couldn't tear Freddy Bell away from me. That shows you how much of a fool I was!

For Freddy never come back! Old R. M. and his officers searched the town for him, but they never found him either. I guess Freddy had seen 'em first. Old R. M. loosened up and threw a 10-dollar bill on my bed when he left, and I left town as soon as I could walk and went with another medicine show. But I never saw my temperamental husband again! A long time after that, when I'd most forgot him, there came a notice from a lawyer, sayin' the marriage had been annulled on account of Freddy being under age. That was all.

"But when the wind blows like it does today, mister, and you can smell the ground sort of moist and growing like, it all comes back to me again. I can see them fool visions I used to see—cottages with roses over the doors, and little, yellow-haired children swingin' on the gates—and me a fat, lonesome old woman, with nothin' runnin' around the house but the circumference! It's fierce, mister! It's certainly fierce!"

Mrs. McJimsey heaved a sigh that shook her from her three chins to her swollen feet.

The paperhanger rose up slowly and and stiffly, rubbing his eyes. He had been asleep.

"What about the little piece of cloth?" he inquired.

The great beauty about aviation is that you don't have to take any man's

Hero Dog Saved Two in Alaska

Seattle, Wash.—How "Teddy" saved the lives of Adam Lipke, wireless operator of McGrath, and his wife in a perilous journey over the snows of Rainy Pass, Alaska, is being told here by the two pioneers on their way to New York to arrange for a "mush" across Bering Sea into Siberia.

The dog hero took the lead in a team that was to pull the Lipkes 389 miles from Seward to a new wireless station inland. Lipke steered the team over a sheer mountain pass where snow was 30 feet deep and a blizzard raging. Far up the mountain side Teddy turned, sprang at Lipke, barking and snarling. Whirling he dashed down the mountain side dragging Mrs. Lipke, tied to the sled, and the team, and leaving Lipke to follow the best he could.

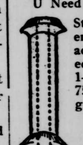
"We're off the trail and Teddy knows it," Lipke told his wife. "Let him take the lead and get us out of here if he can.

And Teddy did. After hours of floundering along the Rhone River they came to one of the government monuments that mark the trail. Lipke and his wife threw their arms about the dog hero and cried affectionately into his shaggy fur.

The Lipkes are taking Teddy with them to New York and when they start on their new gold prospecting tour into Siberia, Teddy will go along. They will be joined at Nome by "Russian John," hunter and trapper, and plan to travel 800 miles in from the Siberian coast.

Investigate the science of advertising

U Need This Household Necessity



Stoy's Handy Capper and Spreader. Caps all size bottles without adjustments. Nickled and polished. Made to last. Price $1.50 with 1-2 gross caps; hardwood mallet 75c extra; extra caps 35c per gross; Parcel post 10c extra.

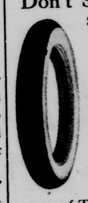
DIRECTIONS for USING

Place cap on bottle, hold capper on the same, and using wooden mallet or hammer, give one or two strokes when cap is on. To use old caps, strike slightly with spreader end of capper, corrugations up

Manufactured By

A. F. STOY, 1828 Frankford Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Phone, Kens. 2594

Don't Sell Your Old Tires



Send Them To Us By Parcels Post. We May Save Them for You By Expert

Re-treading, Double-treading or Vulcanizing

If beyond repair, we will take them in trade for any size tire you want.

Slightly used or repaired Tires all sizes: from $3.00 up

We carry a full line of Double Lock-Stitched Puncture proof Tires. Made by experts in our own shop. DRY CURE RETREADING OUR SPECIALITY.

Agents Wanted. Write for further information.

All Work Guaranteed

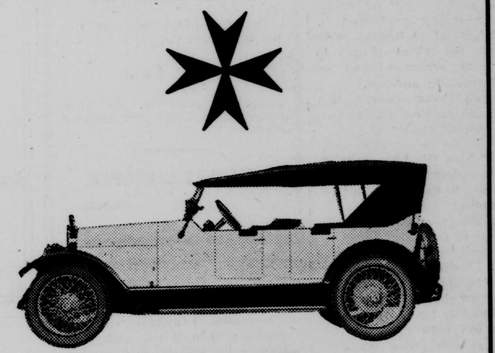
BELL TIRE & REPAIR CO.
2455 Oakdale St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

$3 a Week Pays for 1920
CLEVELAND

Light weight Motorcycle, ready for immediate delivery, numerous improvements, 75 miles on one gal. gas. Call and see the Machine and let us demonstrate, or write for full information.

Distributors for Philadelphia and State of New Jersey.

Haverford Cycle Co.
The House of Real Bargains
503 Market St., Philadelphia



Templar

The Superfine Small Car

The Rakish "Sportette"

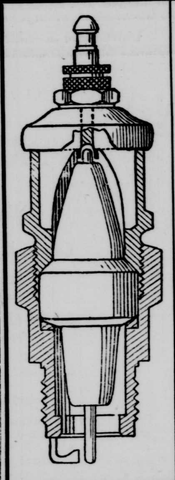
The design of the Templar "Sportette" is infused with originality, and has the mark of distinction engraved in every handsome line.

It's low-hung, graceful and daring: the summary of motoring style; with club chair over-upholstery in smooth black leather full aluminum body bronze, windshield set at a rakish angle.

Five Passenger Touring $2685 Four Passenger Sportette $2685
Two Passenger Touring Roadster $2685 Five Passenger Sedan $3585
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Davenport Motor Co.
DISTRIBUTER
723 North Broad St.
Service Station: 1718--22 Wood St.

ASK FOR THE
"KANT-BREAK"
World's Greatest Spark Plug



COMPARED TO OTHERS, IT'S LIKE THE MAZDA LAMP TO THE TALLOW CANDLE

Entirely protected with an armor of steel. No more broken porcelains. VITRI-SILLA top and cup. Can't short circuit. Telescope intensifier or current transformer, in air-tight vacuum chamber, produces perfect combustion; more power; less gas; stops missing, skipping, and jumping; makes starting easy; increases mileage 15 to 30 percent.

The "KANT-BREAK" fires in oil and gives pep to cars with leaking cylinders.

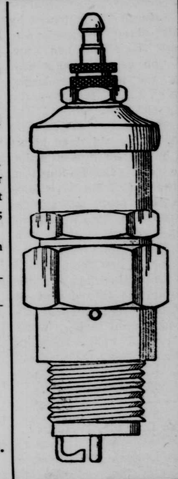
The "KANT-BREAK" is being adopted by the leading concerns throughout the country, and is the world's greatest spark plug.

It is indestructible and should last as long as the motor. Sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price, $1.50.

Dealers and Salesmen Wanted

Mail Orders Filled Promptly.
Make Money Orders Payable to—

LYONS AUTO SUPPLY CO.
(Pennsylvania Distributors)
218 North 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Bell Phone, Locust 616



©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0192.jpg