

Take A Step With Me!

From The Big Musical Comedy Success

"The Laughing Husband"

Words by HARRY B. SMITH

Music by JEROME D. KERN

Allegro moderato

You see her ev-ry-where, Pe-tite and de-bo-naire, She's
A cer-tain mar-ried dame, I will not give her name, Is
on-ly sev-en-teen or so, Her style is real-ly comme il faut. She
young-er than her hus-band is, Her tastes are live-li-er than his. As
seems to know just what to show, And just how far to go, She haunts the cab-a-
danc-ing makes her fig-ure trim, She darts-es, not with go! One night she felt quite
rets, And all the gay ca-fés, For she has caught the danc-ing craze, And
gay, Took in a cab-a-ret, She found the danc-ing such good fun, That

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she has such en-tranc-ing ways, But if you ask if you may call, You
as the clock was strik-ing one, In wine her sor-rows she had drowned, She
have no chance at all! For if a chap gets gay! She'll laugh at him and say,
still was whirl-ing round! A stal-wart man in blue, Touched her and said "Hey, you"
REFRAIN Moderato
"Take a step with me, An-y kind, I don't mind, If you
"Take a step with me, Come a-long, You're in wrong! Take a
want to dance, I will take a chance! Slide, dip! I won't trip, Are you there?
ride with me, In my pri-vate car! I've a place for you, when you're there,
There you are! Take a step with me, but not a step too far!
There you are! Take a step with me, you're gone a step too far!"

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MARKET GARDENER

The sunshine of a June morning fell warmly upon the white walls and gray roof of a small cottage set in a market garden, and upon the figure of a young woman snipping off quantities of crisp, green parsley. Now and then she called to a small boy on the back stoop trying into bunches of marketable size radishes, carrots and onions.

"I want you to bunch the parsley when you've finished, Tommy," she directed once. "I have an order of roses and sweet peas to cut for Besler."

When her basket was filled she went into the flower garden, which commanded a view of the road leading to town. She rarely looked that way when she was busy in her garden, but this morning for moments her glance travelled down the long, winding road, resting with a definite sadness on a house of colonial architecture standing out conspicuously among its less assuming neighbors.

Three years before it had been her home, and the little cottage with its market garden had been rented or allowed to lie idle either condition being of little moment to the Torringtons, mother and daughter. With a swiftness which was crushing ill advised investments of her mother's swept their beautiful home out of their hands, cut short her education and made of her a helpless, hopeless girl.

She decided she would utilize the cottage with its market garden, which was untenanted just then.

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And she made good in the three years. She had her dreams, one in particular making the world seem very bright—that of enlarging her market garden some day until she was equipped to complete with truck farmers who sold to city markets, thereby enabling her in a distant future to buy back the old home for mother. It was only a girl's dream, but it had edged many a dark cloud with a cheering radiance, and now it was shattered utterly.

She learned that morning that the trust company into whose hands their home had passed had disposed of it for a summer residence—she supposed to a friend of the Dudleys, who, until their long sojourn abroad had had constant week-end parties. Her informant had told her also that the Dudleys had returned and were having one of their old-time gatherings now.

She and Nan Dudley had been at college together. In the old town the Torringtons were of much more importance than the Dudleys, the Torrington home vastly superior to the Dudley. She wondered if there had ever been a time when she had not seized the opportunity to impress that fact upon college mates in Nan's presence.

She stole one glance at the old home as they drove by. She found shutters down, windows open, other signs of a house being put in order for occupancy, and she found she could not risk a second glance; some thing seemed choking her. She heard Tommy jabbering beside her as from a great distance. She was unconscious of what he said until he pointed excitedly to a car pulling into Main street ahead of them.

"Gee! Miss Margaret, ain't it a peach? There ain't nothin' like it in this town. And look at the swell guys in it. Gee! they're stoppin' at Besler's!"

She knew every one of them; Nan fresh and charming as the morning Betty Hilton, the rich New Yorker; Nell Montford, the Virginian with ancestors, and Jean Douglas, the girl who always ridiculed Margaret's fondness for dwelling on the "greatness of the Torringtons." A brief glance at the man following them in one of the many she had met, and she did not give him a second thought.

It seemed the irony of fate that she should see them this morning when she was feeling downhearted and so horribly out of it; but she need not meet them! They could turn into a side street and wait.

"Tommy," she began. She paused a coward of her, was it? And she was a Torrington, who had boasted to those very girls of the bravery of the Torringtons. Her blue and white gingham figure straightened, Tommy," she repeated, "drive up to Bes-

ler's right in behind that motor!"

"And we will see the swells? Gee! But, Miss Margaret," suddenly all his boy heart shone in his eyes. "They ain't in it with you. You're so pretty, Miss Margaret!"

The earnest boyish compliment soothed. For the first time that morning she smiled.

She paused just inside the door. The girls and the man, their backs toward her, were examining roses. She heard Mesler say: "If you can wait a few minutes I'll have some freshly cut ones. They should be here—." He saw her. "Oh, here you are, Miss Torrington!"

The girls and the man wheeled about simultaneously.

Margaret's head went up a trifle higher. "Here are your roses. Mr. Besler," she said coolly, "and—"

She got no further. A young figure had grasped her. Between beajlike hugs Nan exclaimed: "Margaret Torrington, you brave thing! I heard only this morning the perfectly wonderful work you are doing, and I just think you're—the—biggest—girl—I ever knew!"

"They were all around her in a moment. It was like a reunion after the holidays, and then Nan said, "You've heard me speak of my cousin, Tom Dudley, Margaret. Do you know he has bought your old—that is, Harrington house?"

Margaret looked at him curiously. He had very honest, likeable eyes, which inspired confidence. "Oh," she smiled, "you're the one who has bought my old home?"

"Yes," Tom Dudley answered, and wanted to tell her then and there that, looking into her brave eyes, he felt like a criminal. "There are many things I want to ask you about it."

In the days and weeks which followed Margaret began to ask herself if the visit to Torrington house ever would be made. She could not understand. Tom Dudley. There was scarcely a day in which he did not call upon the market garden. Many of her orders were delivered in his 1914 model, but he never mentioned the old home, and preparations for occupancy seemed at a standstill. She had about decided he regretted his purchase, when he asked:

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her one day in August to go over the place with him.

It was a lengthy visit. Flowers ready for delivery, which they had left in his car, were in imminent danger of becoming wilted when they finally appeared on the wide front porch. Tom was saying:

"And you really want things left just as they are until we return from our trip?"

"Yes," she answered. "You see, Tom, while we are away, it will seem so much more like home for the little mother just as it is."

When Johnny Goes to Grandpa's "Look out!" the old hen cries. "Johnny's here!" Keep in the tall grass, mind your eyes, Beware of stones shot out of slings, Be ready with your legs and wings, Look out for clubs and clods and things. Be very sure the coast is clear Before your venture to appear— Johnny's here!"

The cat gasps as she hides away: "Johnny's here!" Come, kittens, crawl in while you may, "Johnny's here!" The dog creeps 'neath the woodshed floor, His tail curls downward that he wore in such lofty style before; The peacock, filled with sudden fear, Shrieks out: "It's time to disappear— Johnny's here!"

Sentry on the Job.

A story which Lord Minto used to delight in telling was of an experience he had while he was Viceroy of India. One morning in Simla he wanted to speak to the commander-in-chief of the Indian army before the latter started work for the day, so he set off unattended to pay an early call. When he arrived at the commander-in-chief's official residence he found his way barred by a sentry, who apparently did not recognize the visitor.

Lord Minto explained that he wanted to see the commander-in-chief, but the sentry declined to allow him to pass.

"But I am the viceroy," protested his lordship.

The sentry looked at him with a pitying smile.

"Ah," he said, thoughtfully, "we gets all sorts 'ere. Last week we 'ad a cove what kidded 'imself 'e was a Queen Victoria's grandfather. We had to put 'im in a straitwaistcoat, so you'd better push on." —Tit-Bits.

Youth tries to grab at the pleasure in sight. Thus it misses some of the best.

Experience comes high, but you needn't tell the world what it cost. Time never hangs heavy on the off something gets his goat.

SELL BREWERY PRODUCTS.

More Extended Field for Canada in England.

Ottawa, June 29.—That Canada could export to Great Britain a large amount of brewery and distillery products is the statement made this week in a report to the Trade and Commerce department by J. E. Roy, Canadian trade commissioner at Birmingham.

Mr. Roy states that English brewers and distillers do an extensive import business of which the Dominion should secure a larger amount. Of £25,248,725 worth of wheat and barley imported by Great Britain last year, Canada supplied only £124,227. Canadian oats, however, are being exported more freely and whereas but £4,000 worth was purchased in 1909, £704,000 is the present figure. Since 1909, £172,000 represents the increase in the value of the hops imported from the Dominion while \$174,122 worth of barley was imported last year as compared with \$89,824 in 1909. Canadian wheat, wheat-meal and flour are gaining on that exported by Germany, France and the United States since whereas the 1909 imports were but £1,138,454 from Canada they have increased to £2,216,977 while the exports of the other countries mentioned showed a decline.

Mr. Roy also states that there are practically unlimited opportunities for extending the sales of Canadian fruit and reports that there has been a great improvement in the manner in which the product is packed.

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