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NANCY BROWN

BY CLIFTON CRAWFORD

An instantaneous hit. The hit of the two great Broadway successes, "Sally in Our Alley" and "The Wild Rose." If this piece is not obtainable at your dealer send 25 cents in stamps direct to the publishers.



ON A PAYNIGHT EVENING

WORDS BY JOHN W. WEST

MUSIC BY BRUNO SCHILINSKI

Not since our enormous success of some years ago, "The Side-walks of New York," have we had a song somewhat similar to the "Side-walks that we are counting on and backing as heavily as we are "On a Pay-night Evening." It has the true ring of a popular waltz song and we are going to make another "In the Good Old Summer Time" out of it. If this piece is not obtainable at your dealer send 25 cents in stamps direct to the publishers.









In the good old summer time:

## THE FURNITURE MAN

#### BY BREEN & GEARY

A first class comic song. One that never fails to create a laugh. No one should be without a copy. If this piece is not obtainable at your dealer send 25 cents in stamps direct to the publishers.

### EXTRA VERSES TO "IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME"

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, That's when a Wilson high-ball Is certainly divine; With a bran-new suit and swell straw hat I tell you a man feels fine. Ut when it rains his name is mud— In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, You go out to the race-track With a bet on something fine; You bet on a horse that's ten to one, You play him with your last dime. He generally comes in about quarter-past eight— In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, When hubby he hears of the price of coal He keeps swearing all the time; But wife looks at him sweetly With a smile that will not rhyme, And says, "You can't play ping-pong, John, "In the good old summer time."

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, The sun affects some people In a manner not divine; A man got sun struck yesterday, And he was a brother of mine. The son it weighed about nine pounds— Pretty good for the summer time.

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, You see young couples holding hands In the bright moonshine.

They should give Central (Local) Park some other name;

Central (Local) Orchard would do very fine: For there's so many pairs found under the trees In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, The way that my wife and I get along Is certainly divine.

Not once have we ever quarreled in our house, Or had a fight of any kind;

We went out in the yard where there was more room. In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, The way they've raised the price of coal I don't like it at all, for mine; A stop should be quickly put to them Before the snow hegins flyin', Or half of us will ireeze to death Before the next summer time.

In the good old summer time, In the good old summer time, When a woman goes out shopping She goes all the way down the line; She tries to cross the busy streets, And thinks she's doing fine, And a trolley car hits her an awful rap, In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, You see a dog bark and cry, And with froth hanging from his mouth Snap at you as you pass by. If he breaks into a dry-goods store, Why, that's a very good sign That what he wants is muslin, In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, With my girl I'd sit in the hall, And she would always claim a kiss Whenever a star would fall. For a while I did enjoy myself And thought it all very fine Till she began ringing in lightning bugs, In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, My children bother me This morning when I went to work I knew I was the father of three. When I came back this evening I discovered that I had nine. They'd been eating green apples, and all doubled up, In the good old summer time. In the good old summer time, Since I've grown to be a man, I go down to the seashore for a swim, And for to work up a tan; When a boy I'd run way from home to swim And think it just divine; And mother would see that I'd get well tanned, In the good old summer time.

In the good old summer time, With George I would go riding, And we'd have a jolly time. Now, George he only had one arm, And that's a very good sign That I had to do all the driving In the good old summer time.

# TWO SUPERB SONGS FOR THE HOME. . TRY THEM ON THE PIANO.

## She's Sleeping By The Silv'ry Rio Grande.



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## You Give Me Your Love And I'll Give You Mine.





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THE SAME OLD CROWD



FOR SALE WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD