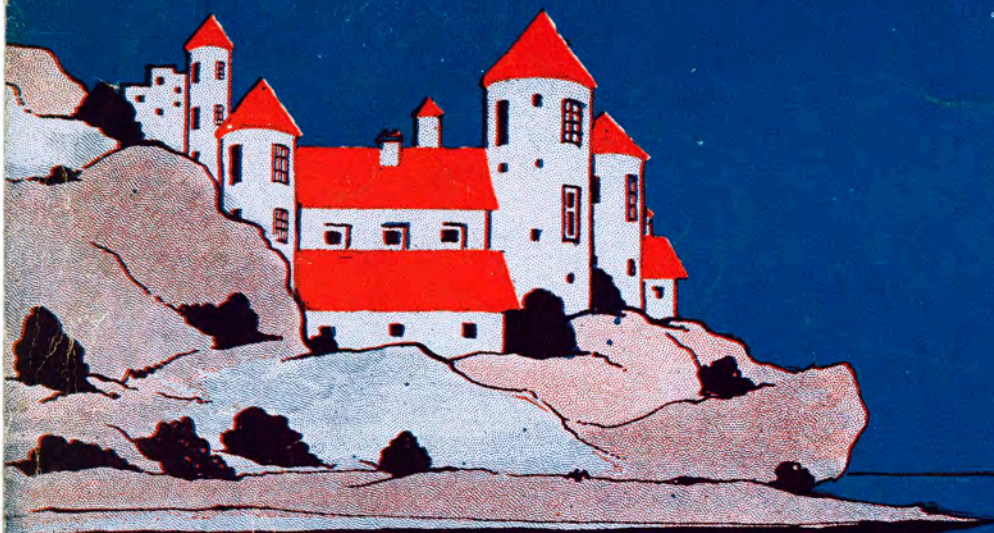


SILVER BAY



DOLLY CONNOLLY

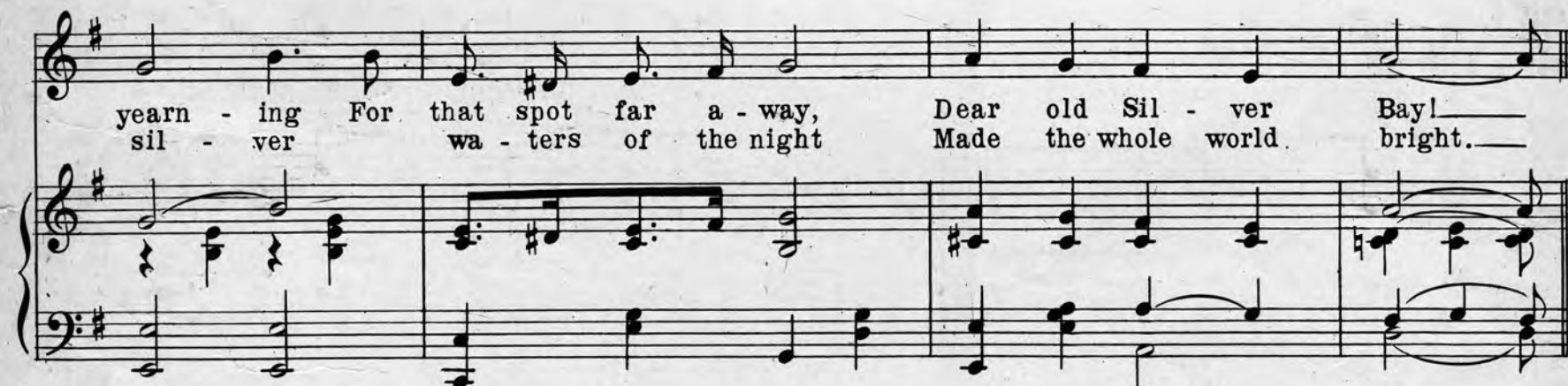
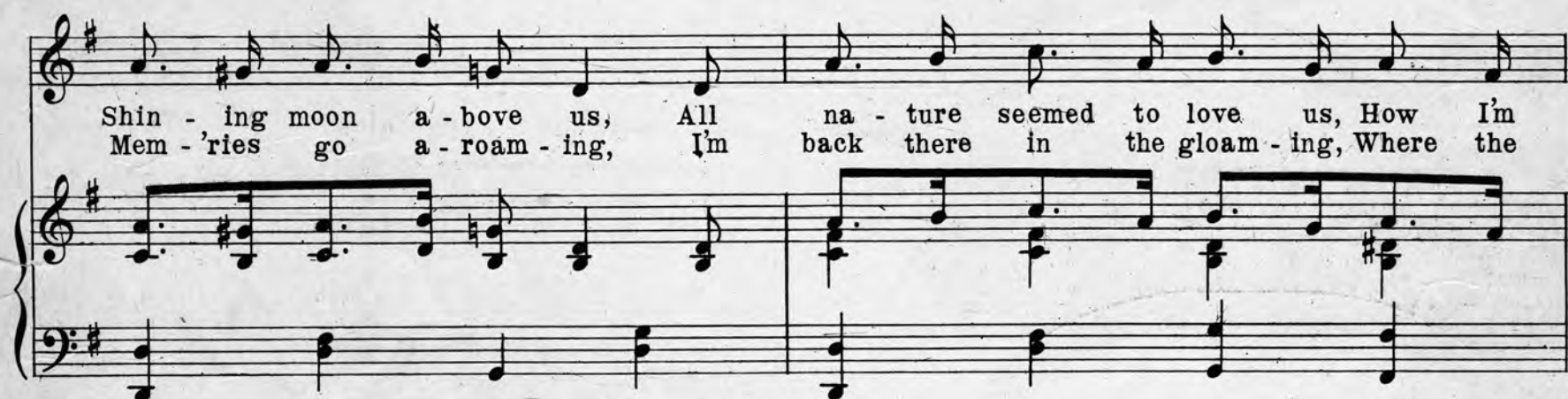
Words & Music
by
PERCY WENRICH

POPULAR
LEO. FEIST INC.  EDITION
NEW YORK
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Silver Bay

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PERCY WENRICH

Moderato



CHORUS



This composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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Male Quartette . 10¢



love a - way, that night in June; We hummed a song, As we sailed mer - ri -

ly a-long, All the world seemed to me to be in tune. You re -

mem - ber how I pined, I could not leave you be - hind, When

I gazed in - to your eyes of grey, I can't for - get, when we met, how I

lost my heart, In the moon - light on Sil - ver Bay. I lost my Bay.

NELL BRINKLEY'S Tribute to HOWARD JOHNSON, GRANT CLARKE and FRED FISCHER'S Sensational New Ballad "You May Hold a Million Girlies in Your Arms"

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL • • America's Greatest Evening Newspaper • • THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916

"You May Hold a Million Girlies in Your Arms" Nell Brinkley's Idea of the Season's Latest Song Hit

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STOP a minute—even if you are on your way in topper and sparkling evening shoes to the house of the girl you love the best—stop a minute while I tell you—you might have time to stop and buy a copy to try to-night—stop and listen. See—on a plain string you can crowd pearl after pearl—each like the other; and do you value one more than 'tother one? In the tiny platinum setting you find room for just one gem—and don't you treasure its glimmer and glow—because it's alone and rare?
A man's arms are wide and can circle many a girl at a time—that is, if you DO that—but the little cage under the thin button of his vest is only a wee sliver of a thing, no bigger than to hold just one girl's face.

So the ONE GIRL'S face goes there. The face "that launched a thousand ships," the only face that can bring pain and wild happiness all at the same time; the face that has no double and does not fade. And they're singing about it on the stage and off, all over the land, now.

*WHEN the shadows fall, some one I recall, loved her so—long ago;
Love's a funny game, we are all the same, you'll find where-ever you go;
An old sweetheart is always new, it's strange how she lingers with you.*
CHORUS.
You may hold a million girlies in your arms,
But there's only room for one down in your heart;

You can always meet quite a few, who look mighty good to you,
But there's only one can give your love a start;
Every day brings a new love, but the old love will never depart,
You may hold a million girlies in your arms,
But there's only room for one down in your heart.

Take a bit of time, sir—even if I must hold your dress suit coat-tails—to buy and take to her a copy of this song. If you parted melancholy, it will make your peace with her, and if all's serene, why then 'twill be a good fashion of telling her that she is the girl down in your heart! And you can deny the rest and say, 'tis only in the song.
—NELL BRINKLEY.

Animals That Wield Lightning *Their Marriage Life*

Helen Is Ill and
Warren

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