

# Society, Music, News, Drama

EDITED BY M. F. BRIDGMAN

## Society

**MRS. CURTIS COLYER** and Mrs. F. W. Allender of West Twenty-seventh street will entertain with a party Monday evening at the Belasco, the special guest being Mrs. Martin Levering, who, with Mr. Levering, is visiting Mr. Levering's sister, Mrs. W. R. Davis, of Burlington avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Levering will leave the 1st of August for Washington, D. C., and will tour through the United States before returning to their home in the Philippines, where Mr. Levering is a prominent attorney and has occupied important positions under the United States government.

Those who will be present Monday night are Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Colyer, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Allender and Mr. and Mrs. Levering. After the play the party will proceed to Levy's, where a table will be reserved for them.

Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker opened their home on South Flower street Tuesday night to friends of Miss Mary McPeak, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McPeak, of West Eighteenth street, who is leaving in the near future for Ireland, where she will become the bride of A. W. Jacobs, Jr., a corn merchant and miller of Cork.

Miss McPeak recently tendered her resignation as teacher of Latin at Occidental college, and the reception was given by Miss Alice R. Moore, preceptress and English teacher at Occidental and sister of Mrs. Walker. Guests included members of the faculty of both Occidental college and academy, and the house was decorated with pendants and banners in the college colors, gold and black, and with American and British flags and baskets of red, white and blue flowers. In the dining room green predominated, and the refreshment table had as a centerpiece a bank of greenery in the center of a fern bordered mirror, representing the Emerald Isle. Guests asked to this farewell function for Miss McPeak included:

Dr. and Mrs. John Willis Baer, Prof. and Mrs. W. F. Stevenson, Prof. and Mrs. L. A. Handley, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Cook, Prof. and Mrs. W. A. Fiske, Prof. and Mrs. E. J. Caskey, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Campbell, Prof. and Mrs. Charles B. Moore, Prof. and Mrs. F. G. Miller, Dr. and Mrs. S. Young, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Braden, Mesdames Blanche Wilson, Thompson, Morgan, Charles Clay, the Misses Mabel Ward, Mary Cunningham, Annie K. K. Richards, Ruth West, Alma Cole.

A program is being arranged and refreshments will be served at each of the honored guests will receive several souvenirs, such as large class pennants, souvenir spoons, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Clifford Payson, formerly of Menlo avenue, have gone to San Diego where they will make their home. They will make their home at the Hotel Del Coronado this summer and later will then go to housekeeping.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cuzner have closed their house on Harvard boulevard, and are now camping for several weeks at Creel camp. They have as their guest Miss F. Curran of Hotel Netherlands.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Allender of West Twenty-seventh street will return Saturday from a week's motor trip to San Francisco.

Miss Jessie Jones of Halladay street leaves today for Catalina where she expects to spend the summer. Miss Jones has just returned from Santa Ana with Miss Nora Winter of North Soto street where they have been visiting Miss Aza Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Cornish of Occidental boulevard returned Tuesday from a week end trip to Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connell are contemplating a trip soon to Alaska.

Miss Mona Botsford of Orange street and her guest, Miss Bessie McIntyre, accompanied by Miss Botsford's brother, John, are leaving today by boat for the north and will go directly to Miss McIntyre's ranch home "Whitehall," in St. Helena, where Miss Botsford and her brother will visit for several weeks.

The marriage is announced of Miss Virginia Grose, daughter of Mrs. Adelaide Grose, and J. C. Lowry, both of Los Angeles.

Miss Geraldine Thompson, daughter of Capt. C. H. Thompson of West Twenty-first street, and Henry A. Green, also of Los Angeles, were married at the home of the bride Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Livengood and daughter, Miss Frances, are again in Los Angeles after a sojourn of several years in the north east, and are at home to their friends at the Rangleley apartments on West Third street.

Miss Delia Fahy of Ionia street, sister of Rev. Thomas Fahy, is visiting friends in New York and Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Deering of West Thirty-seventh street have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mabelle, and Alfred M. Kaler, the service to take place at their residence the evening of July 14.

Miss Hazel Clark and James Deering, brother of the bride, will attend the young party of the Kappa Kappa sorority, to which Miss Deering belongs, who will assist and will hold firm chains to form an aide to the altar.

Members of the Kappa Kappa sorority, to which Miss Deering belongs, who will assist and will hold firm chains to form an aide to the altar.

Miss Mary Evans of Colby, Kas., who is visiting Miss La Delpha Durr of Pasadena avenue, will be honored guest this afternoon at a card party given by her hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calvert Foy of South Alvarado street, who have been spending some weeks in Berkeley and at Lake Tahoe, are expected to return this week.

## Pastor and Wife to Observe Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary



REV. AND MRS. J. F. CHAFFEE

## TO GIVE RECEPTION FOR AGED MINISTER

Friends to Honor Baptist Preacher Who Has Had Long and Adventurous Career in Ex-pounding Gospel

PASADENA, July 7.—In celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding, Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Chaffee of 69 Stevenson avenue will be Saturday evening the guests of honor at a reception to be given in Alta Vista, the Altadena home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Goodridge, to which a number of friends of the aged Baptist preacher will be invited.

This aged couple was married July 11, 1849, and has since passed through more vicissitudes than even the old circuit riders of the early days in the west. Dr. Chaffee was born in Middlebury, N. Y., November 5, 1827, and began his ministry in 1848, being accepted on trial by the Rock River, Ill. conference. A year later he married Miss Calista Hopkins of Richfield, N. Y., born April 13, 1825.

In the fall of 1857 Dr. Chaffee went to Minnesota in the grip of pulmonary troubles to which it was feared he would speedily succumb. The outdoor life, however, and the clear air of the northern woods restored him to more than his former strength, and he succeeded during the fifty odd years he was stationed in the state, in building up several churches in strength and prominence.

He was prominently identified with the growth of Hamline college and for half a century served on the board of trustees of that institution. He financed entirely the building of the women's wing and secured the funds for the rebuilding of the main university hall when it was destroyed by fire. Toward these two buildings he personally contributed more than \$6000, besides undertaking all the work of collecting the money and soliciting the subscriptions.

Eight years ago he was placed on the retire list by the heads of the church and came to Pasadena, where he expects to pass the remainder of his life. Talking of his past years, Dr. Chaffee said: "I may say, for people of our age, we are both in good health. We have a pleasant little home, and with economy are able to live comfortably. I've about as much color as a dove, and I've about as much color as a dove." His wife smiled her acquiescence in this idea.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

Dr. Chaffee is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference, and is a member of the American Baptist conference.

## Musical

AT THE regular monthly dinner of the Gamut club last night there was an attendance of over 200 and fifteen new members were present. An informal program of vocal and instrumental music was enjoyed, and Joseph Greenbaum, the artist, exhibited plans for a floral float which is to represent Gamut club activities in the Elks' parade next week.

Harry Girard, one of the new members, announced his belief that the Gamut club is possessed of talent that will warrant the putting on of original production, this fall and offered to direct the staging of the same without expense to the club. The offer was accepted and the Gamuters will be called in the field when the fall season opens with an entertainment that is planned as the first of a series, and which is certain to be one of the social and financial successes of the year.

"The San Francisco center of the American Music society was definitely organized last Wednesday evening when officers were elected for the ensuing six months," says the Pacific Music Review. "The officers elected were: W. J. McCoy, president; Miss Rita Levinson, vice president; Miss Rita Levinson, secretary; J. de P. Teller, treasurer; Elias Hecht, librarian; executive committee, the officers above mentioned and Frederick Zeckler, John G. Howard."

"All those present who left their applications for membership were declared charter members and the list for charter members was declared open until further notice. Among those who enlisted as members last Wednesday were: Beside the names of Miss Rita Levinson, Albert Elkus, Samuel Savannah, Eugene Blanchard, Mollieux Worthington, Alfred Metzger, Miss Alice Gates, and Mrs. Marie Bardellini, and others whose names will appear in the three meetings so far held there were in attendance from fifty to sixty leading musicians and music lovers, and it is expected that the membership of the society is so important that extensive space will be devoted to it next week in this paper."

## THE PERT CHILD

A pert child is an abomination. When parents realize the pertness and disagreeableness in their little ones it is often too late to repair the injury. Nine times out of ten the parents, who so deeply regret the fault, are directly or indirectly responsible for it.

Parents laugh at pertness in the year-old son, but they punish the same son at 5 for the same misdemeanor. Is this just to the child?

Parents say saucy, witty, clever, impertinent things to the child and to one another, and punish the child for repeating the words and tone to a visitor. Is this just to the child?

Many a child is taught to be forward by being forced into public life in a small way. The little girls are taught rhymes and verses. This is considered an accomplishment and neighbors and friends are entertained by the "showing off" of the child. She is belted and praised and fondled. In two or three years these same neighbors are complaining about the forwardness of that "little Jones girl."

The remark reaches the parents' ears, but they have no idea that those "pieces" are directly responsible for the little girl's present lack of modesty.

Children are in this day and age thrust altogether too prominently into the foreground. Let them cling to their mothers' skirts and do not insist upon their answering queries of guests who happen to take a fancy to them.

The mother who permits her little daughter to be kissed and fondled by friends is making a grave mistake, and one for which she may pay dearly. Some mothers actually insist upon their little ones kissing the men, who, innocently enough, "make up" to the children. This objection to promiscuous kissing is not based upon the germ theory.

For a little girl to be taught to kiss Tom, Dick and Harry leads directly and surely to similar familiarity in young womanhood. Let the mothers who have not thought of this spend a moment upon it now.

The child must be kept modest and retiring if it is to be a pleasure to friends and a solace to parents. A little of the child's "smartness," so desired by parents, is well sacrificed on the altar of mere bashfulness, which parents are accustomed to deplore.

## DAILY THOUGHT

A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—  
And life as dry as desert sand,  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.  
—Stimpson A. Brooke.

## THE MAKING OF A WOMAN

According to a Hindu legend this is the proper origin of woman: Twashtri, the god of Vulcan of the Hindu mythology, created the world, but on his commencing to create woman he discovered that for man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed Twashtri and caused him to fall into a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows: He took the roundness of the moon. The undulating curve of the serpent. The graceful twist of the creeping plant. The light shivering of the grass-blade and the slenderness of the willow. The velvet of the flowers. The lightness of the feather. The gentle gaze of the doe. The frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam. The tears of the cloud. The inconsistency of the wind. The timidity of the hare. The vanity of the peacock. The hardness of the diamond. The cruelty of the tiger. The chill of the snow. The cackling of the parrot. The cooling of the turtle dove. All these mixed together and formed a woman.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SMILE. We're walking the Highway of Life. We're frosted and flustered with worry and strife. Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load. And rest by the inn of the turn of the road. Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

## FOR THE WOMAN CAMPER

The woman who contemplates camping out this summer will find a few suggestions as to outfit not amiss. First comes the personal outfit and the embryo camper should remember that elaborate bolsters are not to be taken in camp. A sweater, underwear that need not be ironed, a soft hat and pockets, are among the necessities of existence. The dress should be of some non-irritating material, which soil, and should have plenty of pockets. Needless to say that a camping woman must not give much thought to the accessories of her outfit—cold creams and the like. She would better bend her energies to the selection of a small but complete outfit of kitchen cooking utensils and a good stock of dry groceries. Special tins and frying pans are made for these purposes—tins that fit one into the other, and pans that hold covered coffee pots with special spouts, and so on. These details will be simple enough for the feminine mind. A woman will be less likely to remember to take a good supply of these articles when she is in a true nature-lover, a magnifying glass should also be included. Such useful articles as needles, thread and buttons are generally forgotten. It is useless to take postage stamps, pen and ink. Limit your correspondence to postal cards, and use only a pencil. Make it a point to ask for them. And let us serve you with ice, too. Our product is pure, delivery prompt and satisfactory, and full weight—don't forget that. Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company, Home 10053, Sunset Main 8151.

You can then make a fire in an emergency and eventually retrace your steps to camp. A bit of soft solder for mending the cooking utensils is useful and occupies little space. A roll of wire, a piece of netting, and a bit of floor-covering to keep out the damp. Add also a few squares of oilcloth to cover the dishes, and so on, that his candles must not be forgotten; and if you can have a tent stove for days when the wood outside refuses to burn, you are indeed well provided for.

Do not camp close to a stream. It is enticing, one must admit, the glorious prospect of sitting upon the bank of the river and spreading one's lunch upon the soft turf. But drawbacks will soon present themselves in such a location. Not only the ground, but also the wood for fires, is in such affairs, and hills will send down to you gentle but unwelcome rivulets, and you will find it impossible to regulate even your private household.

Therefore pitch your tent high and dry, at the top, rather than the bottom, of a slope. There the dead timber lying about you, or will become a danger when a rainstorm. Get as near running water as you can, although this is not so important a consideration as the first named. It is easier to find a run of water than wood sufficient for even one fire.

If you have put pockets into your tent before leaving home you can easily find out if you are dry. At this juncture, while the fire is blazing and the kettle singing, Nails driven into the poles will hold many things. The cooking utensils may be hung on the tent, and the tin and other dishes may be neatly arranged on logs, covered on rainy days with black oilcloth. Inside the tent you may make impromptu shelves by driving into the ground four short stakes, two at each end of your tent.

Bind crosspieces at both ends of the stakes with twine and lay even sapling across for shelves. Longer poles, with nails driven in, serve nicely for clothes trees. You may add two other clothes sticks a good distance apart at the other side of the tent, laying across them a long pole. Over this you can throw a great many garments. If you have brought a floor cloth, it is now the time to use it. Lay it down after the fashion of the shelves inside, is best placed under the awning in front of the tent which the double fly provides. Seats may be placed both sides of the table. A lantern hangs from the center pole.

An excellent way to heat camp on rainy days or chilly nights is to put a number of stones in your stove, and when they are very hot, place them in a large kettle. Turn the kettle upside down in the corner of the tent, and you will soon be rewarded by a gentle warmth. Refresh as often as you like with stones fresh from the fire.

There is one caution which everyone who camps should heed, and that is to keep everything neat and in order both in and around the camp. A disorderly dirty camp is too uncomfortable for words. Hang your cooking things where they belong after using, bury or burn all garbage, and never throw things away into the nearby bushes or the lake.

THE MAKING OF A WOMAN. According to a Hindu legend this is the proper origin of woman: Twashtri, the god of Vulcan of the Hindu mythology, created the world, but on his commencing to create woman he discovered that for man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed Twashtri and caused him to fall into a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows: He took the roundness of the moon. The undulating curve of the serpent. The graceful twist of the creeping plant. The light shivering of the grass-blade and the slenderness of the willow. The velvet of the flowers. The lightness of the feather. The gentle gaze of the doe. The frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam. The tears of the cloud. The inconsistency of the wind. The timidity of the hare. The vanity of the peacock. The hardness of the diamond. The cruelty of the tiger. The chill of the snow. The cackling of the parrot. The cooling of the turtle dove. All these mixed together and formed a woman.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SMILE. We're walking the Highway of Life. We're frosted and flustered with worry and strife. Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load. And rest by the inn of the turn of the road. Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile." Forget all griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the moon till it changes to night. Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light; Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

## WALL STREET GIRL WORKERS

Stowed away with some of Wall street's large banks and brokerage firms is a number of capable young women engaged in an occupation entirely new to women. We refer to that position in which they are acting as stenographers, typewriters, and in the weighty volumes of statistics, legal decisions, financial and commercial reports, she acts as a press clipping bureau of one, going over all the daily papers, trade journals, weekly and monthly periodicals, and clipping out of value to the library. This work requires not only an unusual degree of accuracy, but a memory trained to hundreds of details. The position is one that brings a woman face to face with the commercial problems that are every day making history.

Such a woman's work in no way detracts from the bank librarian's womanliness—that threadbare objection to such radical departures for womanhood, in the opinion of Miss Florence Spencer, who judges from several years of experience and observation. "I picture such a woman," she explains, "as simply radiating nervous energy, severe in dress, doing away with all the feminine frumpiness that I love, and meeting men in a good fellow kind of way. Her admiration for the sex along accepted lines.

"We, I have found that type of woman who is a great help to her work. We go together; we have some outside interests and many that are bounded by the boundaries of the street. "But, on the other hand, I have found a type of woman whose work is even more important and who is the type I mention. This second woman is small and quiet, kind of mouse-like in her ways, looking up in a sort of frightened, shy manner if anyone speaks to her suddenly, and scurrying away just as fast as she can from observation. Yet the woman I have in mind is the type of the statistical records of a very important brokerage firm. She is a recognized authority and her services according to the statement of one of the financial magnates at his head, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

"Women in other business parts of New York are just themselves, and they are as varied in type as are the women whose lives are bounded by domestic rules or those who are common to society women, and two extremes I have mentioned have between them a whole lot of interesting personalities, so different that to say that a woman is like a business professional woman has no more real definition to it than to say that she looks a domestic or social woman.

The same advance along the right lines is noticeable in the dress of the Wall street woman. It used to be that wearing futilities to business for fear she would look the part or adopted an aggressive masculine cut to her clothes for fear she wouldn't. Now it is a matter of femininity of costume too well to deprive herself of them when she can well afford to wear the best of the kind. It is connected by refusing conversational reserve—I don't mean in protecting the interests of the housewife, but in the things that are in a more general sense. The business woman of New York always seems to be on her guard, even when she is with her best friend. But this quality, if a masculine one, is far from being a deplorable one."

## FLOWERS; A GAME

The company divides itself into equal sides, and each side must lay a row of flowers, through which the pins are run. The sides retire to their own "homes," and one side privately chooses a flower, then crosses over to the other side and gives the initial letter of that flower. The children on the second side must try and guess the name of the flower, and when they have done so they catch as many as they can of the opposite side before they reach their "home."

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

Those caught must go over to the other side, and the game goes on until one side has won all the children. The sides take it in turns to give the name of the flower.

# Staub's

BROADWAY CORNER 3RD.

## Vacation Shoes