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EDITED BY M. N. F. BRIDGHAM

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

Special Time Card in Effect During Elks' Reunion, July 10th to 19th, inclusive.

NOTE: The full capacity of our fleet out of San Pedro Saturday forenoon, July 10th, 1909, has been purchased by the Local Elks and they have also purchased the full capacity of the steamers leaving Avalon at 6:30 p. m. on the same day, and the two trips above referred to are canceled as far as the general public is concerned.

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From Spring to Broadway between Second and Third streets. Best materials and cooking daily from 7 o'clock morning to 1 o'clock night. Munch from noon to close. Hear the tolling of our novel patented Electric Chimes.

Cafe Bristol

The Best People On Earth like the best things to eat and drink. The Cafe Bristol serves only the best, and that in the most appetizing way. Music by Bristol Orchestra.

During Elks' Week at the Famous

Levy's Cafe

There will be

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Shoes Half Price and Less

Over two hundred big display bargain tables are displaying shoes for men, women and children, on sale in many instances for half price and less. Convince yourself and come to the

MAMMOTH SHOE HOUSE,
219 South Broadway.

Society

MRS. ADNA R. CHAFFEE will entertain tomorrow at her Magnolia avenue residence with a tea for her daughters, Mrs. George French Hamilton and Mrs. John Hastings Howard, who are her house guests for the summer.

Mrs. Chaffee presided yesterday over a beautifully appointed luncheon at the Country club, guests being asked to meet Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Howard.

There were covers for Mrs. Charles Chandler, Mrs. Jefferson Paul Herron, Mrs. J. T. Griffith, Mrs. Will Graves, Jr., Mrs. Hugh Stewart, Mrs. Thomas Lee, Mrs. Walter Clark, Mrs. Carroll Allen, Miss Annie Van Nuys, Miss Inez Clark, Miss Mary Lindley, Miss Rose Dickinson, Miss Ann Patton, Miss Lucy Clark, Miss Edith Herron, Miss Mollie Adella Brown, Miss Edith Herron, Miss Lucille Clark and Miss Florence Silent.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Newmark of Beacon street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence, and Sylvian Kaufman, a young business man of San Francisco.

No date has been set for the marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun and little daughter, Miss Lulu and Miss Elizabeth, who have been in the east since March, are passing the summer at their former home in Kentucky.

Miss Anna Patton of the California club will give a luncheon at the California club today in compliment to Miss Edith Herron, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron of Severance street, whose marriage with Lieut. William Hamilton Tooz, U. S. N., is to take place July 21.

Mrs. Lily Gill, Missifer of Denver, whose coming to Los Angeles for a visit of several months has been anticipated by a wide circle of friends, is expected to arrive today, and will be the guest of Mrs. James Emerson Gee at the Warman apartments on West Sixth street.

Among prominent Sacramento people who are in Los Angeles for the Elks' reunion, beside Governor James N. Gillett, are Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Stafford and daughter, Miss May Coffield, Miss Geoffrey Hall and Secretary of State Charles Hall.

One of the important social events in St. Louis last week was the marriage of Miss Blanche Benson of Park avenue and Arthur F. Fack of Kenwood, but on account of the serious illness of the bride's grandmother the wedding was quietly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Fack are touring California and will also visit Seattle and the Yukon exhibition.

Miss Nettie A. Gifford and Blaine Walker were married last evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Gifford of Lake street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker will be at home after August 1 at 957 South Figueroa street.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Snyder are occupying a cottage at Santa Monica for a few days.

Hogee camp, situated in a canyon back of Sierra Madre, was the rendezvous of a party of eighteen from Boyle Heights over the Fourth, guests from other sections raising the total to thirty-five.

The camp was decorated with many flags and lanterns, and colored lights were hung among the trees. The campers assembled in the dining room early in the evening, where they enjoyed an impromptu program, and later gathered around a huge campfire and made the high faro growl walls of the canyon echo and re-echo with patriotic songs. Afterward refreshments were served.

Among Boyle Heights' residents who are at Hogee's camp for the summer are Mrs. J. J. Williams and sons, Mrs. Angel and children and Mrs. Havermale and son Wesley.

AN ILLUSION

WOMAN m????

An open periodical I saw as I passed by. And down the list of contents I idly cast my eye.

I saw the queerest title—whatever could it mean?

"The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine"

I looked again, and gazed at it in utter blank surprise.

Though I had read the words aright, I scarce believe in the dining room.

For surely readers will agree no one has ever seen

The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine.

Of terms a contradiction? Of thoughts "a paradox!"

Experience it stultifies, at common sense it mocks.

As well say two and two make five, or that the sky is green.

As the Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!

I love the periodicals, I read them every day.

I love a lightweight story, or a bit of senseless rhyme.

But I never have discovered—although my eyes are keen—

The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!

Perhaps there is a fountain that will give Perpetual motion may be found; in wells there may be truth.

But credulity has limits; they must tell to some marine.

Of "The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!"

—Carolyn Wells in The Bookman.

AT AUNT'S HOUSE

One time when we's at Aunt's house—
"Way in the country—where
They's lot but woods—an' pigs, an' cows—
An' all's out-doors an' air—
An' orchard-swingin' an' cherry trees—
An' churries in 'em—'em'—
Here, red-head birds steal all they please,
An' tetch 'em if you dare!—
We's, wuzt, one time when we wuz there,
We's out on the porch!

Wits where the cellar-door wuz shut
The table wuz; an' I
Let Aunt set by me an' cut
My vittals up—'em'—
An' churries in 'em—'em'—
'Tuz awful funny—I could see
The red-heads in the churries—
An' bee-hives, where you got to be
So keentful, goin' by—
An' "Company" there an' all—an' we
We's out on the porch!

An' I ist et 'purses an' things
At Ma don't low me to—
An' churries in 'em—'em'—
'Tuz awful funny—don't like wings
'Tuz awful funny—don't like wings
An' all the time the wind blowed there,
An' I could feel it in my hair,
An' I ist smell clover ever where—
An' a "old red-head" here
For my father's face by an' high-chair,
When we's out on the porch!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

For the Picnic Hamper

PICNIC SANDWICHES.—French rolls; six olives; one large green pepper; one tablespoonful capers; one gherkin; white meat of one chicken; one-half cupful tongue; mayonnaise dressing.

Make small opening in the top of each roll and scoop out the crumbs, save the tops. Mix together the chopped olives, pepper, capers, gherkin, chicken neck with the mayonnaise dressing. Fill the cavity and put on the top. The two should be put together at the last moment.

Potato Sandwiches.—Boil 1 potato, salt, pepper, thick cream, yolks of hard-boiled eggs, brown bread, butter. Mash the potatoes, season to taste with salt and pepper; add the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, rubbed through a strainer. Moisten with cream. Put this mixture between slices of brown bread and butter cut into triangles. Garnish with crisp lettuce leaves.

The Nasturtium Sandwich.—In the preparation both the blossoms and leaves are used after they have been soaked in ice water a half hour before use. Butter the bread lightly and then lay on the lower side of each matched piece a medium sized nasturtium leaf and some of the petals. Sprinkle lightly with salt or else put just a suspicion of mayonnaise upon them. If the latter is used it must be just a suggestion, for there must be nothing to rob the sandwich of that aromatic flavor of the nasturtium.

Salmon and Capers Sandwich.—One-half pound of salmon, one cupful of mayonnaise dressing, two tablespoonfuls chopped bread and butter. Free the salmon from the skin and bones, chop, add the capers and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Heat well and spread between thin slices of bread and butter.

Another way of making these sandwiches is to procure a can of the best salmon; chop two or three large cucumbers and mix with the salmon with a lump of butter about the size of a walnut. This forms a sort of paste and may be spread on the thin slices of bread. The pickle removes the oily flavor of the salmon.

Medley Sandwich.—If you have any left over ham and a few sardines mix them together, chopped well, and with this chop a few boiled eggs and mix with a bit of mayonnaise dressing or butter, until it makes a pasty mess which can be spread on bread. It is better than it sounds.

Marmalade Sandwich.—Entire wheat bread is spread with butter and orange marmalade. Remove the crusts and

Musical

The authorities of the Royal opera house in Berlin last week accepted for production a grand opera in three acts entitled "Pola," the libretto of which is by Randolph Hartley and the music by Arthur Nevin. Both the composer and librettist are Americans; the opera is upon an American Indian subject, and the work is the first American composition of its kind that has ever been accepted by a court theater in Europe.

The action takes place at a period long before the arrival of white men in America and the characters are all Indians and personages of Indian mythology. Mr. Hartley has, it is said, followed as closely as possible in the dramatic form the original Indian legends, which were gathered and translated by Walter McClintock, a young American ethnologist who has made a specialty of Indian folk-lore. Mr. Nevin's score is based upon original Indian themes which he himself obtained at first hand from the Indians of the northwest. The work, as an opera, is, however, constructed upon the accepted lines of modern music drama.

The first production of "Pola" at the Berlin opera will occur next season. Harrison Gray Fiske, in the editorial column of the American Mirror, writes of the opera and its authors as follows:

"The acceptance of the Randolph Hartley and Arthur Nevin's grand opera 'Pola' by the Royal Opera House of Berlin marks a very important step forward in regard to the recognition of American art abroad.

"Never before has a serious opera by Americans been accepted by a European court theater.

"That a native librettist and composer have been forced by conditions at home to go abroad for a hearing is a matter over which Americans have no reason to be proud, but since they were obliged to carry their coats to New-Castle, it is gratifying to know that they have won their way to the acceptance by the authorities of the Berlin royal opera, the highest recognition in the world of operatic art.

"This means that the libretto to first pass muster under the readers, the stage director and the director general, and that the music gained the approval of such authorities as Humperdink and the examiners at the Berlin opera.

"There is likely to be little favor shown in such examinations at the Berlin opera house, and the work of the two Americans had to stand comparison with the work of the foremost European librettists and composers of the time.

"Both Mr. Hartley and Mr. Nevin are men of ability, and though comparatively young in years, have served long apprenticeships in their chosen fields.

"The fact of the acceptance of the work by the distinguished authorities of the royal opera almost insures its artistic success, and places the hallmark of artistic efficiency upon the librettist and composer.

"In this case, as in so many other cases, native opportunity was neglected. It is in the hands of the submitted to the authorities of the Metropolitan opera house, New York, and declined.

"When America display and enforce original judgment in such matters."

There was recently organized in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle "centers" of the Americans Music society, at whose head stands that indefatigable champion of American music, the musician-artist, Arthur Farwell. This society has as its aim one of the most important and difficult tasks ever assumed by an organization, namely, the promotion of the American music.

The purpose of the organization is to promote the fulfillment of the plans of this society that lends the greatest zest to its promoters. It is essential to the public at large and to be successful when everyone you meet gladly offers you assistance. But it is not easy to launch a new and untried movement that by its very nature arouses prejudices, opposition and skepticism among the majority of the people you desire to reach.

When a number of years ago, Mr. Farwell began his famous movement of the Washington Press in Newton Center, Mass., a movement that has since become the purpose of giving American composers an opportunity to have their works published—only a very small percentage of those who read or heard about this movement gave it any serious thought and even those who were heart and soul with Mr. Farwell and his work looked upon the new movement more as a beautiful dream than a practical enterprise.

Mr. Farwell's desire to encourage the publication of the works of American composers arose from a set purpose to find a means by which it is possible to establish a distinctly American school of composition. Mr. Farwell, like the Americans, believes it to be possible that there is no reason why an American school of composition may not be as firmly established upon the musical annals of the world as a German, French, Italian, Russian and other national schools of music. Mr. Farwell believes that the Indian, being the only typical native of this conti-



casional change the style of collar worn, and for a day to use one that is not extreme. This relaxes and tones muscles that may have become cramped.

As soon as the collar is taken off at night, or even at noon, the throat should be washed with warm water and soap. Then while it is still relaxed, the proper application the fingers may be dipped into cold cream and rubbed vigorously over the flesh where the collar top, the cold cream motion rotary. Necessarily more work will be required on this part of the throat than at any other portion, save just under the chin, and this is dissolved in the spirits, the honey removed from heat, and as soon as the mixture is cool the spirit added. This may be freely used on the face or hands.

Genuine Recipes for Pot-Pourri

POT-POURRI clubs are a new idea this summer. Gardeners are always keener rivals even than golfers or fishermen, and the amateur rose-grower, whose bushes are, perhaps, not quite up to the standard of local exhibition, has her work cut out for her this month in preparing pot-pourri which will rival that of her friends. Whether the club offers prizes for the best concoction or not, competition could not be keener, and during the latter half of June, when the roses for preserving purposes were most fragrant, there was much tossing of sun-baked petals and mixing of spices, according to old-fashioned recipes. Much of the love of sweet-pot making came from the east. Aromatic spices conveyed by caravans over the desert were brought back by our great-grandfathers when they returned from their travels, and experiments made with pungent oriental perfumes, the scent of which brings out and preserves the delicate odor of the rose leaves.

PRESERVING SPICE FOR SWEET-POT
Ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful; ground cloves, one teaspoonful; attar of roses, three drops; glycerine, nine drops; pure alcohol, one tablespoonful; oil of lavender, six drops; rosemary, six drops; powderedorris root, two ounces. These ingredients should be sifted together and bottled in a jar with a tight-fitting lid, ready for the moment when the petals have ripened and have reached the potting stage. Before that time, however, every good pot-pourri maker is being busy with her roses. A dry day is chosen for harvesting.

QUICKLY MADE POT-POURRI
Among the many forms of pot-pourri which are being revived this season, there are those which are made of an omnium gatharum of sweet smelling herbs and flowers. A famous old recipe is that in which bay salt is used as a preservative. The ingredients, old-fashioned as they are, are to be found in most gardens today, those which are not yet in flower being, of course, added later on.

Three handfuls of orange flowers.
Three handfuls of clove-gilly flowers.
Three handfuls of damask rose leaves.
One handful of dried marjoram.
One handful of lemon thyme.
One handful of rosemary.
One handful of myrtle.
One handful of lavender.
Half a handful of mint.
The rind of a lemon.
Six bay leaves.
A quarter of an ounce of cloves.
As many as possible of these herbs and flowers are first chopped finely all together and thoroughly mixed, and then spread in layers in a jar, with a handful of bay salt between each.

A shelf in the green house should be set aside as a garden stillroom. A couple of large trays to hold the leaves in all which is required in the form of "plant," the fresh picked leaves being sprinkled with salt and gradually shifted backwards until at the end of the week they are moved on to the second tray, and then pot-pourri ginger jar answering the purpose admirably.

A LONGING

Often I wish that I might be
In this divinest weather
Among my father's fields, ah, me!
And he and I together!

Below the mountains, fair and dim
My father's hills are spreading;
I'd rather tread the earth with him
Than dance at any wedding.

O, well, your skylark cleaves the blue,
To bid the sun good morrow!
He's not the honey song I knew
Above an Irish furrow.

O, green and fresh your English sod,
With daisies sprinkled o'er,
But greener far were the fields I trod
That foamed with Irish clover.

And often, often I'm longing still,
In this all golden weather,
For my father's face by an' Irish hill,
And he and I together!

—Pall Mall Budget.

OH FICKLE LOVE

He drew her tightly to his breast,
And whispered words of burning love.
"Ah, with you by my side," he said,
"I would defy the gods above."

"If you were placed by Fate's cruel hand
Far out upon a desert sea,
I would be happy, sweetheart, that you were near.
To know, sweetheart, that you were near."

"I'd drink the love, oh, darling one,
That gushes from your lusturing eyes,
And eat the kisses from your lips,
In place of meat, and bread, and pie."

Even as he spoke a magic hand
Cast o'er their heads a mystic trance,
And woke them from their dream of bliss
Upon Sahara's hot expanse.

And did he starve to death? you ask.
What a very foolish question!
He tripe is prescribed,
And food of Indian don.

—Leo Whitney.

When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and confidential. Write without fear and without cost to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps.

