



PAOLO WULMAN, BASSO IN "MIG NON," LAMBARDI GRAND OPERA COMPANY

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

It was the day before Christmas and the family was at luncheon. "I'm going to take the children over to Aunt Kate's this afternoon," remarked Mrs. Seaver as she poured the tea. "I shall leave them there while I go downtown to do some shopping, and will meet you at the office at 4:30." "Fine," answered Mr. Seaver, helping himself to an additional slice of cold meat. "I'll give you some money before I go out. I am going to see that every one in this house has a Merry Christmas this year, regardless of cost." It was the middle of the same afternoon when a man hurriedly entered the Seaver home, letting himself in with a latch key. He laid a small package on the table, flung hat and raincoat on a chair and immediately began a systematic search of the house, being careful to replace everything just as he found it. After a half-hour's hurried and exciting work he emerged from out a clothes press, dusty and sadly mussed, but with a heavenly look of satisfaction on his smirched face. "At last I have thee," he gloated, tightly grasping a small rectangular package. "At last, after an hour's search! Now I will proceed to perpetrate my heinous purpose!" he said. "It was necessary for me to do this, much as my honest nature shrinks at

the task. But tomorrow's happiness and a Merry Christmas in my household depend upon it!" With trembling fingers he hurriedly undid the package, revealing another small rectangular box. He pried open the lid with a table knife and emptied the contents in the kitchen stove. Then he refilled the box carefully from the package he had previously laid on the table, returned the original wrapping very neatly, and secreted it exactly as it was before. The man then departed as hurriedly as he came. It was half after ten on Christmas morning. Amid the merry laughter of the children Mrs. Seaver called: "John, how do you like the cigars I gave you this Christmas?" "My dear," truthfully answered her husband, "the cigars which you gave me this morning are the very kind I enjoy most. I just could smoke them forever." And it was a Merry Christmas for all the Seaver home.—D. C. Shafer in the Bohemian.

COFFEE COUPON

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MRS. CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

COUNTESS A REFORMER

A GREAT French writer has said the only way to cure the ills of humanity was by the application of the scientific methods of modern surgery. The social malady should first be uncovered, analyzed and traced to its cause if it is to be eradicated. Of the small number of people in the world who accept that theory none has more courageously upheld it than Mrs. Dorothy Johns, formerly Countess Poniatowski, lecturer on economics. When Mrs. Johns with six other women and thirty men went to jail last June for defending the right of free speech she had no thought of using her experiences as lecture material. The horrors of those two weeks' enforced association with the degraded, diseased and vicious women outcasts

stirred her so profoundly that she came out determined to expose to the world the appalling conditions of the jail, with the accompanying official corruption they revealed, which she claims is only one of the evil products of a faulty social system. With those who wonder how she, a refined and cultivated woman, who has experienced a brilliant social career, can concern herself with such an unpleasant subject, Mrs. Johns has very little patience. "I wish people were a little less stupid," she says. As a platform speaker Mrs. Johns is very effective. She is logical and quick-witted and her delivery shows a mastery of the orator's arts. Her voice is musical and capable of expressing every shade of thought and emotion. Withal she has beauty and charm. At present Mrs. Johns is on a lecture tour in northern California.



RESIDENCE OF H. X. GOETZ, THIRD STREET, SANTA MONICA



The beach at Ocean Park, with the Hotel Decatur and the Ocean Park bath house to the left. At anchor in the distance the battleships Minnesota, Missouri, Maine and Ohio of the second division of the Atlantic fleet may be seen. The picture shows one of the immense crowds which assemble daily during the summer months to enjoy the fine bathing facilities which the beach affords. During the visit of the Atlantic fleet, when the whole sixteen battleships assembled at this point preparatory to sailing for the north, the people that lined the shore were numbered into the hundred thousands. The immense fleet had no difficulty whatever in performing some of the most intricate maneuvers in the deep waters of the Crescent bay.