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 Mr. Beaver as she poured the tea. "I shall have them there while I go downtown to do some shopping and will meet you at the office at 4:30."

"Fine," answered Mr. Beaver, helping himself to an additional slice of cold meat. "I'll give you some money for the children Mrs. Seaver called: "John, how do you like the cigars I bought you this morning are the very kind I enjoy most. I just could smoke them today." He laid a small package on the table, returned the original wrapping and a Merry Christmas in my house," he declared 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 carefully replaced everything just as he found it. After a half-hour's hurried search! Now I will proceed to perpetrate my heinous purpose!" he said. "At last I have thee," he gloated, "At last, after an hour's search! Now I will proceed to perpetrate my heinous pur-pose!"

"It was the middle of the same afternoon when a man hurriedly entered the Seaver home.—D. C. Shafer In the joining postoffice, 715 S. Grand ave."

"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 allows a mystique of the speaker's art. Her voice is musical and capable of expressing every shade of thought and emotion. Withal she has dignity and charm. At present Mrs. Johns is on a lecture tour in northern California.

"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.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

It was half after ten on Christmas morning. Amid the merry laughter of the family was at luncheon and a Merry Christmas for all the Beaver home.—D. C. Shafer in the Bohemian.

**COFFEE COUPON**

This coupon is good for one pound American Blend Coffee—guaranteed the finest—on presentation to American Pure Food Co., ad joining postoffice, 71 S. Grand ave.

The beach at Ocean Park, with the Hotel Dutcbar and the Ocean Park bath house to the left. At anchor in the distance the battleships Mississippi, 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 were nearly always overpowered into the hundreds thousands. The immense fleet had no difficulty whatever in performing some of the most intricate maneuvers in the deep waters of the Crescent bay.

**MRS. CLOUDESLEY JOHNS**

COUNTRESS 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 Pontzatsuki, lecturer on economics. When Mrs. Johns with six other women and thirty men went to jail last June for defrauding 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 allows a mystique of the speaker's art. Her voice is musical and capable of expressing every shade of thought and emotion. Withal she has dignity and charm. At present Mrs. Johns is on a lecture tour in northern California.