

## THE WOMEN'S PAGE

### Scenes on Champs Elysees

The Champs Elysees is gay enough this spring. The bursting buds and waking flowers of this most famous of the avenues of Paris are opening to a new season, a season of peace. Its birds sing louder. Each morning the grass is a little greener. Spring flowers start in colorful rows, pink, violet, and gold, like spritely ladies of the ballet awaiting their cue to scamper into a dance. Upon the greensward, countless children play. They are happy children—not like the children of yesterday, whose smiles were dulled by the specter of war. They are glad, and the spring has come to France.

With them is a woman, an American, in the uniform of the Red Cross. She is directing their games, and if we are any judge of their gyrations there seems to be a decidedly American air about their play. Isn't that group over there playing "Drop the handkerchief?" The small, blue-eyed girl with the 'kerchief in her hand is going about the circle chanting the French equivalent for "A-tiskit, a-tasket, a green and yellow basket," and how they squeal with delight and jump up and down when she finally drops the handkerchief and the race begins. What breathless laughter! What a chorus of exclamatory French, as if all the birds in the world were twittering at once!

Under that blossoming tree there are four girls "jumping rope," turning "double dutch." The little one with the red hair has missed, and "takes an end" under protest. Here are some more like pixies in a sandpile. These are younger

children, under school age; and there is another Red Cross instructor with them, showing them how to build a castle.

And there are races that foster the spirit of competition and fair play. These are always exciting events, and are watched with keen interest by the bystanders.

This is another field in which the Red Cross has assumed its responsibilities in behalf of the world's children. The French children have taken up the American games with delight, and interested persons in France are now clamoring for the establishment of free municipal playgrounds, patterned after the American system.—*Red Cross Magazine.*

### The Stork Recently Brought

To Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Price, 9½ lb. girl, March 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McCall, 9½ lb. girl, March 27.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dave Swagerty, 7½ lb. boy, March 29.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Austin, 10½ lb. boy, March 31.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Williamson, 7½ lb. girl, April 1.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McIntyre, 7½ lb. boy, April 1.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Graham, 8 lb. girl, April 2.

To Mr. and Mrs. Covington, 7 lb. boy, April 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Daniels, 9½ lb. boy, April 18.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. Russell, 7 lb. boy, April 20.



BOBBIE

Ready to Make War on the Chickens

BOBBIE WAKE (in great excitement) Mother, Mrs. Rainey's keeping chickens now, an' I'm going to make war on 'em. MRS. WAKE: Well, why, Bobbie? BOBBIE: 'Cause our garden, you know—we got to make it safe for the worms!

### Coggins—Robinson

On a certain April day, there appeared on the Club-House Bulletin Board a notice (the work of some jealous swain) to the effect that Mr. Roach Robinson was to be married the next afternoon.

Of course we were all aware that "In the spring a young man's fancy" etc.; but the H. C. of L. has been swayed to by so many that most of the readers

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