

"WATCHU' DOIN' WITH YOURSELF?"

How Los Angeles is Amusing Itself with Every Place of Public Amusement, Churches, Schools and Resorts Tight Shut by 'Flu Orders.

BY GRACE KINGSLEY.

Dear, dear! Let's see what's left for us to do for fun during these theaterless and danceless days, when the cunning little "flu" cavorts among us, ever seeking to set up housekeeping in our system!

Aside, of course, from that exciting sport of hunting down the "flu," known as "taking the treatment."

What are you wild picture fans doing to amuse yourselves in these days when our billboards, once all colorful dramatic fantasies of Bill Farnum and Mary Pickford, are now smeared over with praise to corsets and soap? What substitute for a refreshing view of the feminine leg divine is the tired business man finding while the theaters are mere blank holes in the wall? And you Vernon joy-riders—are you remaining at home of an evening playing checkers with the children—or what?

How are the women managing to enjoy themselves, now that there are no women's clubs, and, what with the dance halls and theaters closed, nothing really left to reform? Can't you just imagine old man John Bunyan himself yawning and passing on to the next town?

Deprived of our orgy of vicarious adventure on screen and stage, of the high emotional pitch which makes us heave our chests when Bill Hart saves the heroine from the smoke-pots, or when Theda Bara's

double (a boy!) drags the wounded hero up on the back of her steed and tenderly wipes the "prob' gore from his brow—do we, deprived of these made-to-order and pre-digested emotions, launch ourselves into wild deeds? We do not. We're afraid of the cop on the corner.

KIDS PLAYING WAR.

But anyhow it's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good, and these schoolless days are just one long, joyous picnic for the youngsters, with neighborhoods resounding to high adventure. They're playing war mostly, it seems, with a real neighborhood war breaking out ever and anon because naturally nobody wants to be the Germans. And when they can be persuaded to work at all, the youngsters demand exorbitant pay of mother for jobs done around the house, with threats if she doesn't pay up promptly they'll go out and get the "flu" on her!

Sometimes the youngsters can be lured into playing tennis and croquet in their own backyards, and even into working in the war gardens at home and at school, but as only the useful vegetable gardens at school are being cultivated and but few children are allowed to work at a time, this occupation hasn't much excitement about it.

But romance youth simply must have! Our young lovers should worry that a lot of the park cops have got the "flu!" Instead of holding hands in the back of a dark picture theater the park pepper trees are now the setting for love's young dream. Also these same lovers care naught about the meter that the health department has placed on the joy of you old fellows who want to give a picnic in allowed only ten people at your picnic!

BOOKS ARE POPULAR.

Romance between book covers is coming into its own again, and everybody, young people included, are conspiring to swamp the Public library and all the branch libraries. It is reported that 6000 more books were sent out from the general circulation department of the central library alone, last week, than were given out during the corresponding

trois plays a soft obbligato like "The Flu Germ that Flew Through a Flaw in the Flue," or something appropriate like that.

It's the open season for self-made music, in fact, and at one of the big music stores they told me they were having a great run on phonographs and player pianos, with sales and rental of pianos also good and with the ukulele disorder setting in with unusual severity. But they won't let the music demonstrators at the department stores play on account of gathering crowds or because the little "flu" likes music, or something.

We're all studying the tastes and habits of the little imp, as a matter of fact, and we find he doesn't like salt water at all. So, swimming



ALL OF THE KIDS ARE PLAYING WAR



THE QUESTION OF THE EVENING



week of last year. For the benefit of the "flu"-shy, let it be stated that all books are fumigated as soon as returned.

History hounds are what a lot of us are becoming, it seems, and war experts, judging from the library reports, whence comes word that books on these subjects are being circulated in avalanches, and that out of a huge library of several thousand books on war subjects only thirty or forty volumes are ever to be found on the shelves at one time. From the bookstores comes the report that people are buying magazines in increasing quantities and also—and here's a queer light on human nature—many persons are buying decks of cards with the statement they want them to tell fortunes with! No wonder, either, is it, that in these hazardous days, we should want to find out what's going to happen to us and to ours?

Some people, of course, are having the time of their lives right now—those folks that have more fun gargling and snuffing and telling how they feel when they get up in the morning, and about that queer feeling in their eyelids when they go to bed, than they could have doing anything else in the world.

Other indoor sports are *di rigueur*, from politics to poker, while the Vic-

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at the beaches is much in vogue, with whole families moving to the resorts, giving some of the places almost a midsummer appearance. Of course, anybody who owns any sort of automobile is enjoying it to the utmost, though the auto dealers and renters tell me their business is not at all above normal. Motor drays carry picnic crowds every Sunday to the country, and speaking of pressing all sorts of vehicles into service, they do say that a certain ambulance driver for one of the hospitals took a bunch of nurses for a drive in his professional vehicle the other day!

As to the other outdoor sports, hunting and fishing parties of both men and women are leaving dally for mountains and beaches, so that the listening to fishing and hunting stories threatens to be prolonged far beyond the merciful limit this year. But, of course, there is always golf. The "flu" is a lazy little devil, it seems—doesn't care for golf at all—never wanders more than ten feet from his own fireside, so to speak; so, you're quite safe on the golf links. Also you can smoke, smoking. It seems, being a habit the germ doesn't approve of.

Can it be that the "flu" is really a missionary in disguise, and that it is having a chastening effect upon us?