



**FLOWERS**

Remain First Choice

BOWED ha ever so low, he could not have made his gift of flowers more fragrant or fresh or enchanting or welcome than your bouquet from Torrance Flower Shop in this year 1930.

Gentlemen!

We Urge

Early Orders

We Telegraph Flowers All Over the World

**Torrance Flower Shop**

1331 El Prado

Phone 100-R

**WATCH FOR**

Further details of the city's "Gay Nineties" Christmas Party. These will be announced in the December 4 edition of the Torrance Herald and Lomita News.

You'll Be Surprised!



**A Christmas Party in the GAY Nineties**

**T**HE CHRISTMAS party of the '90s—it was always a home festival, of course, for who would dream of separating himself from family circles on this greatest family day of all the year?

The holidays, then as now, had their round of gaieties, their parties for the college folk, their parties for the children, their frolics at the church and in the Sunday school, their teas and their various other festivities; but the family that could not stir up a lively entertainment by itself and for itself for Christmas Eve, was indeed socially impoverished.

Homes were large and roomy in those days. The more lavish and elegant houses had ball rooms on their upper floor, but everywhere on Christmas Eve every room of every home, mansion to cottage, was ablaze with light in every room, even the unused parlors thrown open for the family gatherings that began when, at an early hour in the evening, the

**To the Jingle of Bells**

Some of them would come by train in the daytime—guests whose arrival caused particular excitement by virtue of the distance, perhaps all of fifty or a hundred miles, which they had traveled. Some of them would drive up to the door with flourish of jingling sleigh bells and a flash of horse and cutter. The farmer brother would bring his family into town in the great bob sled in which he hauled wood in the daytime, and others would "walk over", the little youngsters bundled up on their wooden sleds and drawn over the packed snow on the wooden sidewalks to the very door of a hospitable home such as Aunt Martha's.

There were various reasons why

swing the attention of all to the tree.

**Santa and His "Stowies"**

A band of little "stowies" was commanded by Santa, and gifts began to come down from the tree, to appear from hidden nooks beneath its branches or behind them, and girls and boys rushed from one to the other of the gay company as names were found on the packages and a child darted to deliver them to their owners. Everybody had a generous pile of things by the time the last candle had flickered down into its tin socket and all the lights were extinguished on the tree for safety, and everybody had a tartlet bar of candy, a red apple and an orange.

Jokes flew round and fun ran high in the holiday spirit of the evening rampant everywhere. Somebody suggested a song, and this time, and everybody flocked around the piano where Cousin Mamie, home for the holidays from college, coyly played a few of the skittish songs of the times—"Daisy Bell," and "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning," and the like, then, everybody singing with great gusto, there followed the favorites from the Family Song Album—"O Susanna," "Old Black Joe," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "Swanee River," "The Ball," "White Wings," "Two Little Girls in Blue," and many others. Finally the music struck into a gay quadrille, and everybody took partners for a square dance.

**"Swing Your Partners!"**

Back and forth the partners wove, in and out and round and round, circling, swinging, shuffling, tripping and diving in and out, while Uncle Will called the figures, "swing your partners," "everybody waltz," and all the rest of it. Fun waxed higher and higher and the Virginia reel was in order, with its long line of partners bowing, swirling, meeting, parting, marching and stepping to the gay music, until everybody had laughed and daped until they were quite out of breath and a halt was called while handkerchiefs fanned hot faces or wiped perspiring brows.

Somebody then discovered that the children were wearied of that sort of entertainment, and sug-

gested games in which they might participate. Cousin Mamie whiffs back on the piano stool and dashes into a lively match as chairs are set back to back in a long row for "Going to Jerusalem," and round and round march the girls and boys, intent on flipping down into a seat when the music suddenly stops, and when one matcher was always left chairless and out of the game. Then followed "Spin the Plates," with the tin plate spun in the middle of the group of players while names of fruits or vegetables were called and in the ensuing scramble two players fought again for a chair, and then someone wanted "Blind Man's Buff." Half a dozen or more of these games followed in succession. By that time the evening was well spent, and whiffs of the odor of coffee began to come from the regions rear.

**And, Oh What "Eats!"**

Everybody was ordered to find a seat, and with the flutter scarcely died down in came the hostess and her helpers with great piles of plates, each plate with its folded triangle of paper napkin, and steaming dish after dish came by, and stopped for each to help himself—platters of cold meat, dishes of "scaloped" potatoes, pans of baked beans, pressed glass bowls of cabbage salad, jars of pickles, dishes of celery, platters high with thick sandwiches of meat and cheese, plates of hot biscuits, dishes of yellow cheese, platters of sugared doughnuts, and then, oh, treat of winter treats, saucers piled high with home made ice cream, yellow with cream and smooth of texture as the best of custards, and custard frozen it was indeed, the mixture boiled and then consigned to the freezer. Mountains of layer cake and slices of fruit cake and pound cakes, cubes of sponge cake, and dozens of gaily-decorated cup cakes went round with this. Coffee flowed freely, and so did milk for the youngsters, ready to drop to sleep with sheer exhaustion at this stage of the game, but prodded awake by fond parents with an eye to their fitness for the home journey, until the feast was over, everybody stuffed to excess capacity and conscious that the hour was late—actually midnight, and parting time was at hand.

**And a Pleasant Time—**

So the sleepy, and sleeping youngsters were crammed into their wraps, horses were hitched again in the barn and sleighs brought round to the door, sleds were manned with small passengers and every father and nearly every mother had a sleeping child across the shoulder. Loud and enthusiastic were the expressions of pleasure in the evening's merriment, many were the "Merry Christmases" exchanged, for the mystic hour of midnight was indeed arrived, and Uncle Will and Aunt Martha closed the wide door slowly on the last of the gay company, took a last look around at the garlands of green and the shorn spruce in the parlor corner, shut the blinds, wound the clocks and made their way sleepily upstairs to bed.

**RIPPLE'S—Where the Christmas Spirit Abounds**



**GIFT FURNITURE**

Old Fashioned Hospitality Expressed in Modern Modes

**YES**, we've made progress since the gay Nineties. What cumbersome pieces, what uncomfortable Furniture! Today every section of our store offers Gift Furniture of refinement, of comfort and of pleasing taste.

**Cedar Chests**  
Walnut veneered Chests of genuine Tennessee Red Cedar. Some of plain designs, others with handsome carvings.  
**\$16.50 to \$32.50**

**Lamps and Lamp Shades**  
Standards in candle effects with flood light, and Shades of parchment and silk, exquisitely designed and beautifully colored.  
**\$5 to \$22.50**

**Occasional Tables**  
Octagonal tables of finest walnut as well as other popular shapes. Every home has room for one, and these are unusual values.  
**\$4 to \$16.50**

**Smoking Stands and Cabinets**  
A truly wonderful assortment. Some small one as low as  
**\$1.50**  
Other Cabinets and Smoker-book stand combinations up to \$22.50

**Monterey Desks**  
These are beautifully designed after famous Spanish masterpieces. Made of solid hardwood.  
**\$27.50**  
Other Desks as Low as \$9.50

**Occasional Chairs**  
What home has enough chairs? There is always need for one more, especially if it is attractively designed in Ripple's Christmas display.  
**\$5 to \$59.50**

**Ripple Furniture Co.**

1220-1222 El Prado

Torrance

**PAXMAN'S—Pioneer Hardware Store in Torrance**



**The GOLD LETTERED MUSTACHE CUP and the MAJOLICA CUSPIDOR**

**THOSE** were the expected gifts in the old days. Dad had to have his mustache cup to keep his "Chester Conklin" from straining the coffee and Mother just had to have a majolica cuspidor for every room and men were true marksmen in those days. Or maybe you bought a condiment castor or a set of Delft dishes. To get the fullest appreciation of what has been achieved in a modern way in the art of pottery, ceramics and glassware designing see this elaborate display of beautiful gift suggestions.

- BREAKFAST SETS**
- DINNER SETS**
- SERVICE PLATES**
- COLORED GLASSWARE**
- GLASS TABLEWARE**
- SALAD PLATES**

**PAXMAN'S CASH STORE**  
Hardware Household Goods  
1225 El Prado Torrance Phone 251



**Long and Tedious**  
Those Tasks of Yore  
**Tansey Beauty Shop**  
Frances Tansey  
Next Door to Earl's Cafe  
1623 Cabrillo Phone 580

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