

DAILY HERALD.

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.

JOSEPH D. LYNCH. JAMES J. AYERS. AYERS & LYNCH, PUBLISHERS.

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Democratic State Ticket.

(Election, Tuesday, November 4, 1890.)

- FOR GOVERNOR, EDWARD B. FOND, San Francisco. FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, R. F. DEL VALLE, Los Angeles. FOR SECRETARY OF STATE, W. C. HENDERICKS, Incumbent. FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL, WALKER A. GRAVES, San Francisco. FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL, R. C. BOONE, Humboldt. FOR CHIEF JUSTICE, JOHN P. DENN, Incumbent. FOR TREASURER, ADAM HEROLD, Incumbent. FOR CHIEF JUSTICE, JOHN A. STANLEY, Alameda. FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES, GEORGE H. SMITH, Los Angeles, JAMES V. COFFEY, San Francisco, F. J. HATCH, (short term), San Jose. CLERK OF SUPREME COURT, J. D. SPENCER, Incumbent. SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, H. CLAY HALL, San Mateo.

District Nominations.

- FOR CONGRESSMAN FROM SIXTH DISTRICT, W. J. CURTIS, San Bernardino. RAILROAD COMMISSIONER—THIRD DISTRICT, LEONARD A. RCHER, Santa Clara. BOARD OF EQUALIZATION—FOURTH DISTRICT, JOHN T. GAFFEY, Los Angeles.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

PROSPERITY AHEAD.

Next week two or three carloads of the choicest products of this section will leave here to go to Chicago and take their place in the permanent exhibit in the Bialto building. It is to be hoped that the name has been rightly chosen and that this exhibit is to be a permanent one in what has been called the garden city of the continent. The products of our soil will compel the concession from all lips that this is the garden spot of all the world, where such fruits, vegetables and wines grow and are made.

For nearly a year an itinerant display of our products has been making a visitation of the eastern cities, and a million people have seen what grows in California. The eyes of these people have been enlightened as to the productiveness of our soils, and the profits of horticulture in these parts.

Two years from now the great fair is to be opened in Chicago, and California has reserved a small patch of ten acres on which to set up such a display of the resources of this great state as will attract attention and amaze the minds of all beholders.

It is needless to comment on the results to flow from these influences. The effect will be to educate in the most perfect manner, through the eye, by means of object lessons, millions of people with a full understanding of what we have here, and in the existing reasons why this is the only place on the American continent for a man to live in. The effect will be to draw here such a flood of immigration as none of us, not the most sanguine man in the semitropics, can form an adequate conception of. The effect will be to double and redouble our population, to create a crying demand for every acre of even indifferent land in this section, to build up new industries, to enhance the value of every foot of real property in city, town and country, to make this the most densely populated, the most prosperous and the most wealthy bit of territory in the big round world.

DAN BURNS is really the man who manufactured Markham into a Republican candidate for governor. Into his hands were placed the sixty-four votes of Los Angeles to trade off as he pleased for votes for Markham. Markham, when nominated, placed the conduct of his campaign into Dan's hands, and he is now high chief muck-a-muck and major domo for the tall Pasadenaan. Dan is a shrewd, sharp, unscrupulous politician. As secretary of state he stole a whole pot full of money belonging to the state, and when hauled into court got out of it by pleading the baby act. He is a very fit man to manage a Republican campaign; but as he brags that he is now getting \$1,000 a day from his Mexican mine, if he had any decency in him he would pay back into the treasury the money that he stole from the state.

HON. STEPHEN M. WHITE was president of the senate during the last legislature, and therefore knows whereof he speaks when he talks about the way senators voted on important fiscal measures. He declares that every Republican senator voted aye on every appropriation bill which passed that body during the session. There were eighteen Republicans to twenty-one Democrats. The question is pertinent whether, if the Republicans had had three more senators, these would have won over the eighteen bad men to the gospel of this campaign as

preached now from every Republican stump. But what is the g. o. p. going to do with its sixteen hold-overs? These senators are hit in the centre every time the Legislature is denounced for its extravagant appropriations. Waterman, who is really responsible for permitting bad legislation to mature into law, is set adrift by the party that placed him where he could do the most harm. But this is a piece of cowardly strategy which everybody sees through. It will not work, and leaves the Republican organization doubly responsible for the waste of the people's money.

RATTLING THE REPUBLICAN BONES.

The reception which Mayor Pond has received in Los Angeles is one of which any man should feel proud, and yet that distinguished gentleman has received no more than is due to one who has fulfilled high public trusts with a fidelity and a conscientious regard to duty which is the exception amongst public men today. Having administered the affairs of the great city of San Francisco with an ability and an integrity which has drawn upon him the eyes of the whole state, his party has naturally called him to a higher and a more distinguished field of usefulness. Nominated to the office of chief magistrate of the State, he finds in the warm and enthusiastic welcome of the people everywhere the reward for his faithfulness. He is honored not only by the members of his own party, but citizens without distinction of party delight to pay him the tribute of respect. He is tried and true, and these merits are the passports to every honest heart.

Mayor Pond will leave this city realizing that he has troops of staunch friends here, and that, however preponderating may be the national political majority of the party to which he is opposed, he will receive the highest vote that could possibly be cast for any Democrat in this section. Indeed, we are convinced that there is no man in the state who could bring to his ticket the strength which Mayor Pond will bring to the ticket upon which he is running. It has been claimed by our Republican friends that they will carry Markham over the Tehachepi with from five to eight thousand majority. That claim is now badly punctured. If they go beyond Mojave with twenty-five hundred votes to spare they are content themselves lucky. The fact is, Colonel Markham is losing ground in his own section. For some reason, which we shall not now attempt to explain, that gentleman fails to wear. There is an artificiality about him which the people are quick to perceive. His magnetism is on the surface. It has no depth. It is like the thin veneering to a grand piece of furniture. It hides the common wood beneath, but soon disappears with friction.

On the other hand, Mayor Pond grows on one. He is the real stuff through and through. He is not polished up for the occasion, but stands out as clear-cut and well defined today as yesterday. He pretends to be nothing but what he is—a plain, blunt, honest business man, who applies the same principles and devotes the same energy to the business of the people as he applied to his own business. He believes that the rules that govern the conduct of a man's private business should be applied to the conduct of public business, and it is simply in conscientiously carrying out these rules that he has met with the same success as a public official which he has met as a private citizen.

The people have not been slow to see these points, and they have consequently come to yield him a confidence which is not evanescent or subject to capricious change, but which is firm and lasting. The men who are not tenacious about party—that large class of men who vote independent of party—and in this state they hold the balance of power—will all be attracted to Mr. Pond. Solid worth is the magnet which acts as their loadstone, and the Mayor of San Francisco's record settles the matter with them. The good impression which he has made in Los Angeles will add to the popularity which his public acts had already achieved for him before he came here, and these will send him out of our county as near a majority candidate as that relative strength of the two parties will permit.

The splendid demonstration of the Democracy on Wednesday night has thrown consternation into the ranks of the Republican mossbacks. They thought they had a walk-over, but they now admit they have a hard and a difficult fight before them to even hold their own. This is their stronghold—their Gibraltar. But strongholds are not always impregnable, and the safety of which they were so confident a while ago, is not now so assured a safety as they believed it to be a few days since. There will be rare straightening of lines from this time on. The weakening ones will have to be stiffened up, the wavering to be infused with fresh courage. This is the work our Republican friends have in hand. In the meantime they may rest assured that the Democrats will not be idle. They will lose no point gained for the want of well-directed, intelligent and energetic action.

The quality of modesty is not strained with the Republican evening paper. It declares that the average Republican possesses a higher development, a broader political culture and a loftier patriotism than the average Democrat. We are glad to know it. It is not the first time in history that the Pharisee has materialized and flourished outside of Palestine.

The Annuals Have Come.

A large consignment of the Annual Illustrated Herald has arrived. Parties desiring it can be supplied in quantities to suit at the Herald business office. Send it to your eastern friends. It will be more valued than a letter. Its wide circulation will materially benefit this section. There are forty-eight pages of information about Southern California, and fifty fine illustrations.

SLOW WORK, MAKING A PLAY.

Months, Sometimes Years, Required to Produce a Modern Drama.

From the New York World. Bronson Howard, whose Shenandoah has brought him over \$40,000 in royalties, would have to turn out a play a week to meet the demands that come to him from play-seekers everywhere, but he gave Shenandoah into the hands of its managers complete last September, and has done nothing since. Last April he made a contract for a new play, which will not be ready for two years. Mr. Howard is now in the south of France, dreaming or studying a motive for the drama.

Next to Bronson Howard the most successful American dramatists are David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille. They are satisfied to produce one play a year. The new play which they have in hand, and which is booked for production at Proctor's Twenty-third street theater some time in October, has had its final revision at attention since January 1st, and at the present time only three acts of the piece are approaching completion.

Mr. De Mille owns a farm at Echo Lake, New Jersey, fifty-five miles from New York, among the Blue mountains. A roomy, two-story Dutch farm house stands in the middle of its 150 acres. The dramatists work in a study on the first floor, down a few steps from the level of the parlor. It is a large room, filled with book shelves, soft carpets and tasteful hangings. Two tables covered with papers and the paraphernalia of writing are in the middle of the den and a chair is beside each. At these tables the dramatists write.

"This," said Mr. De Mille to a visitor, "is my table and that is Mr. Belasco's. In this we spend about five hours a day, four or five days in the week. We come in here at 10 o'clock every morning, no matter what the programme may be, and unless we get into a snarl with our characters we sit at our tables and work until 12:30; then we have a slight luncheon and resume work until 4 o'clock, when we take a horseback ride of seven to ten miles. We do a great deal of talking at our work. We discuss lines and situations and sometimes for a month we may not put pen to paper or write a single word. Sometimes Mr. Belasco dictates and I write; then I dictate and he writes. We have no other division of our work. We work together on everything, and there is really no part of the work which belongs, strictly speaking, to one person.

"We begin our plays by getting the central idea or big scene first. We think and plot and plan for weeks until we get it. When we have it, we start to build our story. This again takes a long time, and all the while we are doing no writing, simply making notes and discussing incidents and situations. In The Wife, we started with the scene between John Rutherford and his wife. I can more easily explain the method of our work by describing the way we are working on our new play. Towards the end of last December we signed a contract with Mr. Charles Frohman to write a play suitable for the stock company which he has organized. He did not tell us what he wanted, and we didn't say that we had anything to offer; the fact is, we had nothing. We began work early in January, by making a trip south for three weeks. During this trip we talked of the promised play, and tried to hit upon an idea. We returned to Echo Lake without anything that was available. For three months thereafter we made daily visits to our den, and walked and rode and discussed different stories. Not until April did we reach a point where we knew what we were going to do. Then we had our big scene—the nucleus of our drama. Now came the planning of the story itself. This took us two months longer, so that we were not ready to do much writing for the first six months. Now we have three acts in Mr. Frohman's hands, and are at work on the last, which will be ready by September 1st.

"When writing our scenes we act out every line we put down. We arrange the furniture of the room as if it were a stage. If the scene requires the handling of portieres by actor or actress, we go through the movements and every detail of the action is written out for the player's guidance. Sometimes I act and sometimes Mr. Belasco acts. We criticize each other mercilessly. As unanimity of opinion is necessary before we use our material, whatever is condemned by either is thrown out.

"Sometimes we get to a place where we cannot make our characters talk; then we put on our hats and take up our canes and go out for a walk. We know our positions, and we know we are trying to make them do something unnatural, and during our tramp we do our best to get them out of the snarl. Once on the present play we were up a stump, so to speak, for three weeks; we went into the den at 10 every morning and talked over the situation, only to wind up by going out for a walk or ride. On these excursions we carry a note book and pencil and jot down every idea or suggestion that comes to us. Sometimes we write a whole scene on horseback, letting the animal walk as we write. When Belasco gets around he will act on horseback! "After four o'clock we put our work aside, and unless when in the dining room with my family, we hardly ever revert to it. Every day when we finish writing we read what we have done to Mrs. De Mille, who freely criticizes what she thinks wrong or weak, and she often offers suggestions which we adopt. She has been the censor of all our plays, and has seen them grow day by day."

REAL SPECIALIST.

Are Performing Marvelous Services for Mankind.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star. In pursuing the inquiry as to what course a young man which adopt to gain a vocation that will yield a competence and give him an opportunity to be useful, the following words of a successful merchant appeal to all with force: "Aim at a specialty. Most people succeed, not by doing many things well, but by doing some one thing better than others."

"If you receive a fortune," was once said to a great author, "for a piece of work that it hardly takes you a dozen days to do."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it has cost me a dozen years of special training to be able to do this work in a dozen days, and I receive a fortune because no one else has this special training and can do the work so perfectly."

did it all, from tanning the leather to the final sale of the finished shoe. But the shoes that were then made were not as good as those of today, nor were they as cheap. If we were compelled to return to those customs a great many would have to go barefoot.

This tendency to specialize has long been prominent in the legal profession and has in twenty-five years developed largely in the medical. The men who are achieving the greatest success today in the latter calling are with few exceptions specialists. Of course there are many general practitioners who are earning a handsome living, but the men with the largest incomes are to be found in the ranks of eminent specialists. Many young men whose family connections or aptitudes and desires dispose to adopt the medical profession are on the one hand deterred from entering upon such a pursuit on account of the overcrowded condition of the ranks, and on the other hand they are attracted by the success of many practicing specialists, and their apparent pecuniary rewards, to follow their inclinations and branch out into some specialty when they have obtained their general medical education.

Twenty-five years ago specialists were regarded as quacks, and the regular practitioners have been very slow to accord to them a professional standing. "Now everything is changed," says Dr. McKenzie, the famous English throat specialist: "specialism has taken its place among recognized institutions. The press of competition is so fierce in the present overcrowded state of the medical profession that unless a man has some peculiar or decided advantage over the general run of his fellows he stands no chance of coming to the front. Something more is wanted now-a-days for success in the higher walks of medicine than mere general ability. Supreme talent will, of course, ultimately find its level, unless held down by accident or misfortune, but for the average clever man there is little prospect of brilliant success unless he has the power of doing some particular thing better than anyone else, or at any rate pre-eminently well."

A STRIKE FAILURE.

Work on the Spokane Exposition Building Goes Bravely On.

SPOKANE FALLS, Sept. 18.—The carpenters strike on the exposition building here is a failure. Bankers, merchants, professional men and capitalists gathered at the building this morning by the score. All day long squads of non-union men were brought up from private buildings, and during the afternoon 150 carpenters were at work and quite as many citizens were laying shingles and flooring. Nearly every banker in town responded to the call, and when night came the superintendent declared that more work and better results had been accomplished than upon any previous day.

Mind Reader Johnston.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—Paul Alexander Johnston, the mind reader, performed this afternoon a feat which to all appearances disproves the theory that a man possesses only five senses, and also the belief that mind-reading is really a species of muscle reading. In the presence of a large audience at the Wellington hotel, Johnston was blindfolded, his ears and nostrils stuffed with cotton, and a lighted cigar placed in his mouth to destroy for the time being his hearing, sight, smell and taste, and thick gloves placed on his hands. He then requested the proprietor of the hotel to stand behind him and think of the combination of his safe. This was done, and without contact with the gentleman, the mind reader turned correctly to the numbers and opened the safe.

A Bursted Dam.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 18.—A dam at the outlet of a reservoir known as the Bonestell pond, six miles north of Polstenkill, gave way this morning. The water rushed down the narrow valley, tearing up trees and carrying everything in its course. Six bridges were swept away. All the buildings on the line of the stream were washed away. Three saw mills were destroyed. In the villages of Barberville and Polstenkill the streets were flooded.

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9-19-21

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