

DAILY HERALD.

PUBLISHED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.

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

AYERS & LYNCH, -- PUBLISHERS.

[Entered at the postoffice at Los Angeles as second-class matter.]

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS At 20c Per Week, or 80c Per Month.

TERMS BY MAIL, INCLUDING POSTAGE:

Table with 2 columns: Term, Price. Includes Daily Herald, one year \$8.00; Weekly Herald, one year \$2.00; Illustrated Herald, per copy .15.

Office of Publication, 223-225 West Second street. Telephone 150.

Notice to Mail Subscribers.

The "Daily Herald" May be found in San Francisco at the Palace hotel news-stand; in Chicago at the Postoffice news-stand, 103 East Adams street; in Denver at Smith & Sons' news-stand, Fifteenth and Lawrence streets.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1890.

OUR NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

We shall issue a New Year's number of the HERALD of special attractions, and shall print a large extra edition of it. That it will be distributed broadcast through the country the history of previous publications proves. Advertisers would do well to bear this fact in mind, and should seek to be represented in its columns.

THE OLIVE—ITS SUCCESS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The cultivation of the olive will ultimately be one of the greatest sources of revenue in Southern California. The experiments at the old missions first showed the adaptability of our soil to the growth of this classical and scriptural fruit. The old mission grove at San Diego was the most famous olive orchard for years in California. It has since been greatly eclipsed. Mr. Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, has shown what considerable incomes may be realized from the olive. His oil and canned olives have attained a great reputation. It has remained for Los Angeles county to demonstrate what may be done with this tree in a few years. Pomona is a comparatively recent settlement, and yet the olives grown there are of unmatched richness and flavor. Any one who will call at the grocery store of Mr. H. Jevne, and who will examine the Pomona olives to be found there, will admit that they have no superior on the footstool. Soaked in two or three changes of water, they form an article of food at once sweet, nutritious and delicious. The olive, pickled and passed through several changes of water, to relieve it of its salty pickled flavor, is not only a condiment but a food. It is more than that. It possesses all the qualities of cod-liver and castor oil, in a modified shape, and without any of their repulsive characteristics. A handful of these olives, a hunk of bread and a glass of red wine, make one of the most wholesome and enjoyable meals any mortal can enjoy. The oil itself is used in Europe for all imaginable purposes, such as light and heat, and in the culinary line, for everything for which lard and butter can be used in the United States and in the colder countries of Europe. The first quality of olive oil is indescribably better than either lard or butter for all the uses of the cook.

The success of the culture of the olive at Pomona has been something quite out of the common. Handsome incomes are being realized from groves that were, so to speak, only planted the other day. As a source of food this tree cannot be too much commended. It will grow under conditions in which any other tree would die.

Then the longevity of the olive is something to keep in pious remembrance. It is said that on the Mount of Olives today olive trees are growing that were bearing when Christ was crucified. It is worth while to plant a tree which may be bearing when your descendant of the sixtieth generation may desire to have his fish fried in good olive oil. The Rev. C. F. Loop was quite instrumental in introducing the culture of the olive at Pomona. His trees bore at an incredibly early age, and his example was a stimulus to his neighbors.

The olive ought to be more generally cultivated in Los Angeles county, and only the best varieties should be planted. The fruit ought to be raised both for food and oil—the latter, of course, also a food. Hitherto the oil has only been used in the United States for the dressing of salads and as a condiment, the latter in the shape of the execrable queen olives, which are enough to disgust any one with the very name. The imports of the oil into the United States amount to within a fraction of half a million dollars yearly. But this is a mere bagatelle as to the demand that will arise for the products of the tree. Our people are comparatively uneducated as to the uses of this most invaluable of fruits. It is food, heat, light and medicine, all in one, and its years seem almost to be eternal. Where it is consumed largely in a family, meat and butter may be dispensed with, as well as the medicine chest. The American people could be educated in a decade to consume yearly millions of dollars' worth of olive oil and olives.

WE HAVE received a pamphlet from Hon. R. M. Widney, devoted to an explanation of his views on a National Currency, Based on a Constitutional Amendment. This is the second edition of this interesting brochure, which has, by the way, attracted the extended attention of thoughtful people all over the country. We have reviewed Judge Widney's plan before, but we shall take

an early occasion to review it again, and at some length. The frontispiece is graced with this aphorism in Italian, and it is as true as it is sententious: "Either our circulating medium must be increased sufficiently to meet the wants of our growing country, or the business of the country must be killed off until it is within the compass of our present circulation."

PARTIES AND THEIR RECORDS.

Here is the view Senator Frye, of Maine, takes of the matter: "I think there is something, I do not know what on earth it is, that makes a man the moment he becomes a Democrat capable at once of accepting almost any fraud anybody pleases to commit in the matter of voting, if only it inures to his benefit. Go up in the state of Maine, into any back town, find three Democratic selectmen, who are by law to pass on the right of voting, and there is no insane man, nor pauper, nor man not entitled to vote at all for any other reason, whose vote will not be promptly accepted if he votes the Democratic ticket." Now let any Republican not a hide-bound politician or a fool run his mind over his list of friends and acquaintances and settle for himself what figure party politics cut as an average in the matter of character. Let the inquiry extend to political affairs, and decide if the members of any one party are as a broad rule more or less honest than those of another. And when it comes to dishonesty in politics let us who are Democrats remember that Frye is a member of that party, which, just after the war, used to throw out members of congress by the wholesale, in order to do away with the necessity of calling the roll and putting Republicans on record in the nefarious tricks of the party; that Frye is a member of the party that retained Babcock in the cabinet, and glorified him the other day when he died; that Frye belongs to the party under which the infamous whiskey ring controlled a president; that Frye's party is the party of Moses and the other carpet-baggers; that Frye's party is the party that stole one presidential term, and bought the one now passing; that Frye's party is the party of Dorsey, Dudley, Elkins, Huston, who proposed to plot with the president to colonize white states with negro votes; of Davenport, of Dan Burns and so on down to Ben Fehneiman and the Oro Fino club. Frye's party is the party of the men who write "Burn this letter," who get Fort Scott railroad bonds, who tell of how to put purchased votes in blocks of five. Frye's party is the party that time and again have put thieves in power and kept them in power. It is the party of Hubbell and his infamously contributed, and of Foster, the fat friar. And speaking of Frye, he is about the worst and smallest fry of the worst wing of his party. It is Frye and his kind who have brought the Republican party into such bad odor in the nostrils of a disgusted people, and who have driven so much of the best elements of that party out of its ranks. It is Frye and his sort that caused the great political upheaval of last month. The people of both parties are pretty much the same, and are quite to be depended on to preserve their country from ruin at the hands of men like Frye.

The mail brings to this desk the fourteenth biennial report of the state superintendent of public instruction. It reviews exhaustively the school work of California. An examination of the statistics shows that the increase in the number of census children in the state during the past two years is 10,382. The increase in the average number belonging to the public schools, for the same time, is 15,714. The increase in the daily average attendance is 14,362, thus showing that the daily average attendance is increased by 3680 more than the total increase in the census rolls for the same time. During the past two years 381 new school houses have been erected, the total number in the state now being 3121, of which 115 are of brick. The increase in number of teachers is 496. Increase in number of volumes in school libraries, 77,050. The increase in the value of school property is \$3,069,393. The total value of school property in the state is \$13,624,143.

The latest publication designed to attract immigration to the state has been made by the Southern Pacific company. This is a beautifully illustrated little book, called West By South, Half South. It follows with beautifully executed art work and carefully prepared letter press, the line of the great railroad company from Newport News, via New Orleans, El Paso, South California, to San Francisco, Shasta and Portland. Sketches of southern cotton and cane fields, of Old Mexico scenes, of orange groves at Riverside, the Yosemite valley, the mountains and rivers of the coast, all pass in panoramic view in its pages. It will attract attention wherever it goes. A curious feature of the work is that Los Angeles is mentioned only by accident here and there. There is not a view given of this city at any of its interesting points, nor is there much said about us in the letter press. Riverside and San Diego is about as near us as it comes.

UNCLE JERRY RUSK is doing a farmer's work in teaching the effete monarchs and their colonies that we, too, can reciprocate in the business of closing ports. If the American hog is not respected in Europe, why should not Canadian cattle with their diseases be excluded from our country, and why should not English sheep be shut out, too? More power to you, Uncle Jerry! Make it understood that America still lives.

WHAT AN arrant humbug and hypocrite your average Republican politician is! The present congress poses as a Pharisæe more righteous than those that have preceded it. It will not manfully adjourn, according to long-standing cus-

tom, for the holidays, but makes a pretense of working by having a few members assemble from day to day and adjourn to the next. Do these fellows think the country is peopled by fools?

HIS MAJESTY KALAKAUA, king of the Sandwich Islands, arrived in Los Angeles yesterday and was greeted by a large crowd of Angelenos, who desired to see what the dignity that doth hedge round a king amounts to. Our royal visitor was in the best of spirits, and looked as if traveling agreed with him. He left at once for San Diego, where he will sojourn some five days, with a view, as is understood, of looking into some matters connected with a contemplated line of steamers that is to ply between San Diego and Hawaii, and will then return to Los Angeles. We trust his experiences in Southern California may be pleasant.

IT IS announced that a Pan-American conference soon to assemble will adopt a silver dollar that will pass current in all the nations of the new world. We can make silver current money with the merchants on this continent without any tangling alliances in the old world. America is the world, and if we are true to ourselves we can dictate a policy to all outside. Where we lead the others must follow.

POPE LEO is reported to have in hand a great undertaking. It is a letter to the church touching upon socialism in all its phases. The letter is sure to be a well-digested line of thought on this subject, and is likely to do much in the way of bringing about a better understanding between the various classes that make up mankind.

ITALY doffs her hat to the American hog, opens her port to his products, and proclaims him as good as his cousin German. Hurrah for *Italia irridente* and our hog!

AND now the skeleton of "our esteemed," the "Bone," is likely to become a genuine "bone of contention."

ELEPHANT VS. WOLVES.

A Pachyderm's Sagacity Under Very Trying Circumstances.

I had my elephant seven months before I learned his real value. He had been warranted a nery beast, but it often happens that if an elephant is transferred to new scenes he undergoes a change of heart. One afternoon I rode down the route about five miles to a village to procure medicine for a sick man in my party. The route was through forest and thicket and over stretches of open covered with tall grass. Before going I exchanged my rifle for one of the shotguns, knowing that it would be a more effective weapon from the back of an elephant. There had been a murder committed in the village that afternoon, and this and other matters detained me until about an hour before sunset. As I made ready to start back a native hunter said to me: "The Sahib will need sharp eyes and a steady hand. A wolf has just appeared in the village."

I thanked him for his interest and rode away. The wolves of India do not pack in such numbers as elsewhere, seldom more than five or six being found together. We had killed a few along the line and they had shown no fight at all. As Zeb shambled along I thought far less of wolves than of bigger game. I wasn't a mile out of the village when Zeb began to swing his trunk as a sign that he scented danger. As we left the cover of the woods to cross one of the open spaces he trumpeted in excitement and increased his pace. I could see nothing at first to alarm him, but two or three minutes later I caught sight of five large wolves on our trail, and this number increased to twenty almost in a twinkling. We were not yet half way across the open when the pack spread out in a half circle and closed in on us. As soon as they were near enough I opened fire, and a wolf dropped at every report. The living didn't stop, however, and closed in more eagerly than before, and Zeb was now under such motion that I could no longer use the gun. I had scarcely laid it down and picked up a hatchet which was in the howdah by chance, when a wolf sprang fairly from the ground and caught the edge of the box-like arrangement with his forepaws. I used the hatchet to sever his paws, and both dropped inside as he rolled to the ground. Zeb was now speeded along like a runaway horse, and I had all I could do to retain my seat. He used his trunk right and left, and more than once I heard a wolf howl out as he was knocked over. I had no malout, always acting as my own, and Zeb had always been wonderfully obedient to my voice. I had no orders to give him now, however, and only knew in a vague way that he was heading for our camp. He finally reached the far edge of the open, and now I expected to be swept off his back as he ran under the trees. Instead of going into the woods he skirted them to the westward, and after a run of five minutes he reached a small lake of whose presence I had not the slightest knowledge, as it was walled in by thickets. He ran straight into the water, which was about four feet deep, and alive with alligators. It was about an acre in extent, and Zeb waded out about 200 feet from shore before he stopped. The pack followed us, each wolf obliged to swim, and I counted eleven of them. They probably reasoned that we were going straight across.

When the elephant halted I had my shotgun ready to open fire, but there was no need of it. Zeb let the wolves come on, only to their destruction. The first one he got hold of was flung thirty feet high, and the blows of his trunk broke a back whenever it could get a fair blow. I believe he would have cleaned out the whole pack without help, but I killed two, and then aid came from an unexpected quarter. The alligators, disturbed by the row, were quick to catch on to the fact that food was at hand, and they came up by the dozen. Three or four of the wolves made for the shore after a bit, but none reached it. When the last one had been pulled down Zeb waded ashore and headed for the camp, which he reached without further incident. When I came to look him over I found that he had received several severe bites on the trunk, and a sharp stone had severely cut his right hindfoot.

After that night the sight of a wolf instantly aroused his ire, and I saw him in the town of Sundella one day a year later when a native wearing a wolfskin shouder-cap happened to pass near, Zeb at once charged him, and seizing the poor

fellow in his trunk flung him clean over the telegraph wires and into the roof of a bungalow. The man had a leg broken, and, of course, I had to settle the damages. After two days of palaver he named his figures. He wanted a sum equivalent to \$25 in American money, and his friends thought it a fortunate speculation on his part.—[New York Sun.]

REVOLUTION IN DRESS.

Not by the Fashionable Folk, but by New York's Army of Shop Girls.

Great indignation prevailed among the New York shop girls some time ago when a Brooklyn firm made it obligatory upon their employees to wear black dresses at their work, nor would the fair saleswomen of the metropolis be reconciled by the promise made by the firm to present each girl with a gown at the time the regulation went into effect. No, indeed, the New York shop girl didn't ask or want any firm to furnish her a gown. She could buy her own, and she didn't propose to submit to any dictation as to what that gown should be, so long as it was neat and suitable for her work. The store she was employed in wasn't an asylum, the proprietors didn't provide for her, and she didn't intend to wear a uniform, like house of correction children out on a holiday. She didn't calculate to be "bossed" by any storekeeper, either. She earned her money and she earned his. He wore what he chose, and she didn't see why she shouldn't have the same privilege. And there was a great fluttering of feathers, switching of petticoats, and flashing of eyes directly the subject was mentioned.

Ever since that time a gradual modification of dress has been going on among the shop girls, until now the despised color has become the characteristic tint of the shop girl's garb in New York almost as much as in Paris. This is due to a variety of reasons, of which the chief one is the growing intelligence among the girls and not at all to the suggestions of the proprietors. Superintendents of departments and saleswomen in costume rooms invariably wear black gowns, partly because they are expected to in the lattices as colored gowns would frequently be brought in contact with costumes of an inharmonious tint and would also detract from the brilliancy of the gowns on sale by lack of contrast, also because the capable, intelligent women who occupy important places realize that no color is so appropriate for business purposes as black, which is always genteel and ladylike and out of style in a single season, like fashionable shades in brighter hues whose popularity is ephemeral.

The working girls' clubs have played an important part in bringing about the desired reform. The leaders and founders of the clubs are women of means and place, and by sheer force of example in the wearing of simple but neat gowns and bonnets they have done away with the ostentatious and gaudy and coarseness of former days. The training of the girls in interest above and better than the display of finery, the development of womanliness, the hints on dress and its requirements, all carefully and kindly accomplished, have been a powerful leaven in the bringing about of truer instincts in dress.

Again, girls of delicate and refined natures find that they are less subjected to insolence and insult in the protection of a black garb, which appeals to the better nature of men as possibly suggestive of sorrow and loss. And last, and most important of all, a black gown is always a cheap gown in the end, and this consideration is one of moment to a girl who is trying to support herself on \$7 or \$10 a week. The wonder is how they dress at all on the wages they receive, and one's admiration and respect increase for the average shop girl upon reflection on her ways and means and the result she accomplishes.

A walk along Fourteenth street or Twenty-third at 6 at night, or before opening hours in the morning, discovers the typical shop girl of today, a neatly appareled maiden with a snug little hat, a dress suggestive of tailor finish, a style of coiffure the Fifth-avenue belle might do well to accomplish, and a bright, shrewd, intelligent face indicative of ambition and well-defined purpose. If you could persuade her to talk to you, though she is not as approachable as one might suppose, you would find her wonderfully well informed on the topics of the day, with well-defined opinions backed up by well-grounded arguments on those things which appeal to her particular condition of life.—[New York Sun.]

A Fatal Mistake.

Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart disease is the cause of their ailment, and of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary and his new book on "Nervous Diseases" may be had free at R. W. Ellis & Co., who guarantee and recommends Dr. Miles' unique New Health Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

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M. W. BROWN, Druggist, P. O. Station "D," Washington St.

S. H. McCLUNG & Co., Grocers, Olive and Twelfth Sts., cor. Boyle.

JOHN KORBEL, Baker, cor. E. First and State St. HENRY WOLKARD, Druggist, 1952 and 2131 E. E. St.

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W. A. HORN, Druggist, 805 Downey Ave. J. H. HELLMAN, Old World Drug Store, 1028 Downey Ave.

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OPTICIANS AND JEWELERS.

THIS IS NOT OUR WAY.

