

NEWS NOTES.

Weather Bureau. Report of observations taken at Los Angeles, January 15, 1933. Time. Bar. Ther. W. H. M. W. d. Val.

Forecast for Southern California: Fair weather; stationary temperature, northwesterly winds.

The Herald defeated the Mail Carriers yesterday by a score of 8 to 4. This is the third straight game for the Herald.

Marie Ybarra, a girl aged 14 years, died at El Tor, Santa Ana county, last Saturday, from the effects of injuries received by the accidental overturning of a coal oil lamp.

Lost—On Sunday afternoon from a buggy, a black India shawl, in the southwestern portion of the city. The finder will kindly leave at 248 South Spring street and receive liberal reward.

Saturday afternoon the young Tufts-Lyons defeated the Young Alamedas on the university grounds by the score of 5 to 3. Strohm caught excellent for the Young Tufts-Lyons, having no passed balls.

George Lightfoot, who for 10 years was a well-known and respected citizen of South Pasadena, and residing for two years in the city, died on Saturday last, after a short illness, and was interred at Evergreen cemetery yesterday afternoon.

Six men were arrested yesterday by Officers Leverich and Farmer on Alameda, near Seventh street. Sunday is the washday with a number of such characters who assemble in that vicinity.

Harry E. Reeves, M. B., will lecture on vocal music, its advantages and disadvantages, illustrated by vocal selections by himself, at Simpson M. E. church, Tuesday, 8 p. m., January 17th. Admission, 25 cents.

Oysters 50 cents a dozen, and a reduction in prices of all California wines by the bottle, ice cream and salads for parties. Hollenbeck hotel cafe.

PERSONAL.

M. J. Winstock of New York is in the city. Park Terrell of Cleveland, O., is in the city.

J. P. Kyle of Columbus, Ga., is at the Hollenbeck. John E. Clarke of Geneva, N. Y., is registered at the Hollenbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fenor of Tucson, Ariz., are stopping in the city and are at the Hollenbeck.

Arrivals at the Hotel Figueroa for the week ending Saturday: Mrs. J. A. Crump, Beatrice, Neb.; Frank A. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.; H. P. McGuire, Portland, Ore.; Matt Byrnes and family, Eatontown, N. J.

J. O. Cappella, county treasurer of Jackson county (Kansas City) Mo., who visited Los Angeles and vicinity a short time since, arrived home a few days ago. In letters to friends in this city he says he is perfectly charmed with Los Angeles.

Mrs. E. T. McGinnis, accompanied by her son, E. H. McGinnis, left for San Francisco last week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. W. Roach. Mrs. McGinnis will remain in the Golden Gate city about a month. Her trip is one of pleasure.

A NERVOUS WOMAN.

She Finds a Man Under Her Bed and Proceeds to Pump Lead Into Him. About 11 o'clock Thursday morning a sneak thief entered the home of Oscar P. Taylor, on Seventh street, between B and C, says the San Bernardino Courier, and secreted himself in the bedroom of Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, who was alone in the house, had occasion to go to her bedroom and espied the rascal underneath the bed. She gave no outcry or gave no sign of having seen him, but quietly left the room to determine what was best to be done, as there was no help near, and being a brave little woman she determined to fight it out herself, and having secured a small rifle she made a raid upon the villain who had taken up his quarters in her room. As she was entering the room the second time the man was just emerging from beneath the bed. Mrs. Taylor opened fire upon him, shooting him in the neck, tearing away a piece of flesh. The wound bled profusely. As soon as she fired she shut the door and the man made his escape through the window. Mrs. Taylor heard him getting out, and went out of the back door of the house and saw the fellow running in the neck, tearing away a piece of flesh. She then shot him in the back, as he threw up his hands as soon as the shot was fired.

Whether the sounder contemplated anything more serious than robbery is not known, but it is to be regretted that Mrs. Taylor was not provided with a larger gun, and thus been able to give the fellow what he deserved.

Good to Send East. The 24-page New Year's HERALD is the best paper to send to your eastern friends. A full description of every county in Southern California is given. Also statistics of climate, cost of land, products, etc. Price, 5 cents per copy in wrappers. For sale by news dealers or at the HERALD office.

Good to Send East. Pasadena Office of the HERALD, No. 16 West Colorado street. Advertisements and subscription receive.

ST. NICHOLAS, half block from terminus of the Los Angeles, Pasadena and Glendale railway. Rates \$5 to \$7 per week. Miss I. McLaughlin, proprietor.

MORGAN'S LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE, rear of post-office. Safe and 4000 lbs. turnouts at reasonable prices. Telephone 96.

C. GARRIBALDI, dealer in wines, liquors, cigars and tobacco, also canned goods. East Colorado street, corner Chestnut street.

COOK & EKOZA, general blacksmithing, No. 15 Union street.

G. S. MAYHEW, real estate broker, 204 1/2 West Colorado street. Loans and investments. L. O. NICHOLS, real estate broker, 204 1/2 West Colorado street. Loans and investments. L. O. NICHOLS, real estate broker, 204 1/2 West Colorado street. Loans and investments.

THE PAINTER HOTEL, Fair Oaks and Washington; first-class family hotel. LOS ANGELES HOTEL, corner Colorado street and Delaney avenue; transient, \$1 and \$1.50 per day. First-class. P. Klein, proprietor. KEGHOFF-CUZNER Mill and Lumber Co., corner Broadway and Kansas street.

Heng Lee's Holiday Goods. Chinese and Japanese curios; silk cross patterns; ladies' embroidered silk handkerchiefs, 20 for 25 cents. Also ladies' undergarments, underwear and general furnishing goods. An extensive line of new holiday goods at very low prices. Please call and inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere. No. 505 North Main street, near Plaza.

Use German Family soap. Langstader's, 314 West Second. Tel. 722

MEMORANDA.

Contemplating building the coming spring on our nursery lots, corner Fourth and Los Angeles streets, rear of Westminster hotel, a removal of our nursery is rendered unavoidable. We wish, therefore, to close out our large and varied assortment of choice evergreen and other ornamental plants, and will sell all kinds of nursery stock at a great reduction after this notice. No reasonable offer refused. Please call and examine our stock. Germain Fruit company's nursery.

Catalina island, a summer resort in winter. Ocean all around makes the climate many degrees warmer than on the main land. Never a frost. Bathing same as in summer. Avalon house open the year round. Fish right out of the water specialty. Address Mrs. S. A. Wheeler, Avalon.

D. A. Z. Valla, who recently arrived from Europe, has opened his office in the new McDonald block on Main street. During his visit in Europe it was spent in the hospitals of Paris and Berlin. Having acquired knowledge of five printing languages, the doctor begins practice in this city with the brightest prospects.

Saturday night, January 14th, at 9 o'clock, Mr. William J. Thomas breathed his last at the family residence, 316 Winston street. The funeral will take place this morning at 10 o'clock. See notice in another column. Interment in Odd Fellows' cemetery, on Boyle Heights.

A chance to see the world's fair at home. Lecture on World's Fair and Columbus, with beautiful colored stereoscopic views, by Columbian Stereoscopic company of Chicago at Y. M. C. A. hall, Wednesday evening, January 15th.

The canvass for Corran's Los Angeles City Directory for the year 1933 has commenced; the book will be printed and published as in 1891; the compilation will be under the immediate supervision of W. H. L. Corran. Office, 103 South Broadway.

If you want a nice 40 acre fruit ranch with plenty of water, 18 miles from Los Angeles—price, \$60 per acre; \$1400 cash, balance on time—address P. O. box 323, Station C.

At McDonald's closing out sale, men's caulk shoes at \$2.50. Every line of shoes in the house is likewise selling at cost.

Excursions to Catalina until further notice, every Saturday night of Wilmington Transportation company, 130 West Second street. Good hotels on the island.

Illich's restaurant, 145 and 147 North Main street. Everything new and first-class. Private apartments. Fresh fish, oysters and game daily. Open all night.

The Windermere, on Ocean avenue, Santa Monica, is a pleasant winter resort, beautifully situated overlooking the Pacific ocean.

Dr. K. D. Wise, office 142 1/2 North Main street. Office hours from 8 to 10 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. Telephone 346.

Dr. C. Edgar Smith, rupture, female, rectal diseases, Seventh and Main streets. Telephone 1031.

Latest sheet music publications my specialty. Fitzgerald, the music dealer, Spring and Franklin.

Dr. Joseph Kurts and Dr. Carl Kartz, physicians and surgeons, have removed their offices to 147 South Main street.

Try our Sonoma Zinfandel wine at 50 cents per gallon. T. Vache & Co., cor. Commercial and Alameda sts. Tel. 309.

Dr. Tudor, dentist, removed to Hotel Ramona, Third and Spring sts. Crown and bridge work.

Campbell's curio store for Christmas presents.

R. G. Cunningham, dentist, rooms 1 and 2, 110 1/2 North Main street.

Dr. Hollingsworth, reopened dental office, 138 1/2 South Spring street.

Inquire with A. C. Golsh, 147 South Broadway.

Dr. Lindley, 331 1/2 South Spring street. See Schumacher photo ad. This page.

TOURISTS AT SEA.

A Trip to Catalina from the Redondo Hotel. The tug Pelican was placed at the disposal of the guests of the Redondo hotel, Saturday last, and quite a party took advantage of the opportunity to pay a visit to Catalina island, stopping an hour at Avalon. They returned late in the evening, somewhat sunburned and fatigued, but declaring that they had greatly enjoyed their "sea voyage."

The Redondo is famous for the variety of experiences which it furnishes for the entertainment of its guests, giving them excursions by both land and water while the in-door attractions are not surpassed by those of any similar establishment in the state. Parties in search of a pleasant place for a winter residence, where in the comforts can be united to social diversions and where first-class hotel accommodations are given at the lowest possible cost, are advised to try the Redondo. Take the Santa Fe branch to Redondo or the Redondo railway, either of which roads will land you at the doors of the popular hotel in 45 minutes from Los Angeles.

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NOTED IN THE LOCAL ROOM.

Incidents Which Make Newspaper Men Weary.

Episodes Which All Occurred in One Evening in One Office.

The Various Characteristics Which People Display When They Enter a Newspaper Office.

A newspaper man of the city recently took notes of the occurrences in the local room one evening from about 7 o'clock until 1 in the morning. A few of the incidents, all of them being too numerous to mention here, were as follows. The names and subjects are of course disguised, but the incidents are of real occurrence and in the main are faithfully outlined. The interlocutors are always the city editor, De Jones. He is discovered at his desk surrounded by several copies of copy, from which he extracts libel suits, errors of spelling, grammar and bad taste, writes heads, wrestles with the foreman and oversees the movements of the reporter, while the following incidents occur:

Enter woman richly dressed, inky fingers, nervous, evidently sorry she has come—"City editor? Yes, I have a little poem I'd like you to print. I wish I would like to have you print. My sister's little boy, Freddie, died yesterday, and I just wrote a few lines,—yes, I'll leave it, but I think I had better read it to you first; my handwriting is indistinct; I wouldn't want any mistake. (Reads) Little Freddie, my little boy, who I love so, he died yesterday. We cannot see him but we can love. He's left all his playthings here behind. But he's with the angels, so does not mind. (De Jones meanwhile surreptitiously writes a note to the church editor, "go out in the hallway and swear till the gods are deaf.") Woman gets confused, then gets mad, stops reading, bounces out with: "Stop my paper tomorrow," and De Jones attacks a second pile of copy after complimenting the church editor.

Five minutes later—Enter tall sad-faced gentleman, eyes red, high lip tremulous, voice uncertain with a suspicion of a sob occasionally—"Pardon me, Mr. De Jones, I was told to see you. Can I speak with you privately? Thank you. It's about my—my son. Who is he?" Charley Goybove (De Jones recollected the story the police report had handed in) said he had a hard time on his heart against the attacks on his feelings he knows is coming. "You know about it, I presume. Yes, Charley took the money; he—he is the guilty; I cannot deny that, but I have succeeded in arranging the matter; he went home and he'll be all right. I have paid back the money. I took all I have in the world, and his old mother and I have to begin life over again; but I don't want to trouble you with my affliction any more than to ask you not to print his story in the morning. Give my poor boy a chance, please, and he will never give you any more trouble. The shame of it will be more than his poor old mother can stand. I'm 73 years old, and Charley's mother is 70; he's always been a good boy. You won't deprive him of every chance to save himself, will you? Don't print his story, for God's sake, give my poor boy a chance. Have you got a son?" (De Jones has not, and is very glad he hasn't from what he knows of many men's sons.) If you had, you would not be so cruel as to publish to the world my boy's shame and his mother's pain. He'll be all right, and so will I. De Jones tries to explain to him the necessity for showing no favors, for never suppressing any news, but his arguments don't come as fast as the old gentleman's tears. De Jones then explains he has no right to "kill" a story without consent of the chief, who in front office explains the matter to the chief, who says: "What, the father there crying; well, its poor newspaper business, but guess you can tell him the story won't go; if you don't be any more in talking to me. De Jones goes back. Old gentleman jumps up, feet, catches De Jones by the neck, and throws arm around De Jones' neck and weeps more. De Jones shifts old man's head so his tears won't make his shirt collar limp and feels like a blooming idiot. After this he says to De Jones: "I'll give you a good story, but then resolutely tears it up, signs and puts a barrel of copy on the hook in the next 10 minutes).

Enter Mr. Savvy His Business—"Hallo, De Jones! You're looking worried. Yes, just got in. What have I got this time? Why, Mr. Billian Buesell in La Sigall, engagement opens Monday at the opera house. Here's some stuff about her. Know you're busy now. Ta, ta! What I lunch with you? Well, will! Will I lunch with you? Well, I'll be there."

Right on his heels comes Mr. R. Savvy How—"Hallo, De Jones. How are you? I'm here with the greatest show ever in the situation. I've got six copies in Kansas City last week. House can't hold 'em. Why, say, it's the biggest winner you ever saw. Come out and have a drink? Too busy? Oh, rats. You newspaper fellows never work any. Say, give me a good send off in the morning. Why, my boy, we have the greatest company ever on the road. Why, we have two carloads of scenery, and carry 58 people. We open Thursday. Why—um—um—(he keeps on talking while De Jones works away as if he was alone. No Savvy How at last realizes the situation.) "Say, I'm talking to you, De Jones; you know it? Well, you don't act as if you did. Don't believe you've heard a word I've said for the past 15 minutes. Well, as I was saying,—he commences again, but De Jones tells him that if he don't get right out his company won't get a line—and he goes).

De Jones just get well into a most important piece of copy, has corrected the spelling of the names of half a dozen people mentioned in it, and is trying to think whether the reporter meant to write the name of L. F. Thomson or S. E. Thompson when the door slams viciously, the odor of a bad cigar fills the room, and a would-be bad man, holding a copy of the paper in his hands, looms up beside the desk and says: "Say, young feller, you got to fix this, d'yer see? If yer don't there's goin' to be trouble. See? Yer've got me in yer bloom'n' paper arrested yesterday for swiping a watch. Now the blanky blank fellow lost the watch can't prove I took it, see? Now

you've got to retract that, see? Was I arrested? Sure. Wasn't I charged stealing a watch? Certes, but don't tell you they never can't prove it? Now you put a piece in, putting me right; d'yer understand? If yer don't, me and yer will have trouble right here, now. See? We'll d'yer say? Get out of here damned quick? Wot! D'yer mean to insult me?"

De Jones—"Well, I've hardly got time now to insult you properly and completely as it ought to be done; but if you'll be kind enough to shut your ugly face for about two minutes, I'll give you the most artistic insult you ever received; and if you make the slightest objection I'll blow off the top of your disreputable head. Now git." And he goes.

A short time elapses when the door opens and O'Jaglets tumbles in the room. He had been the police reporter but too many treats had got away with his sobriety and he had "fallen down" in the way now of "knocking down." "Shay, D'zhonson, lem me \$2. M' hungry, y'wont? Well, make it \$3. Only \$3. Awful hungry, ole fel. No? Well, zhen? Only four bits? Two bits? Dime zhen? Say, De Jzhones, didn't think you were so blamed mean? Blowing down zheek? Shay, hole on. Whooping din' zhemme lone. Don't shov feller out this way. I'm goin' don you seee fash'n can. Yesh I'll hurry. Make it nickel won shier, jes one beer. All right, don get excited. I'm goin' right way," and he went.

"Mr. De Jones? Yes? Allow me," and the next corner, a tall man, clad in rusty broadcloth and long hair and bearing evidence of a lack of use of water and soap, deposits a card on the table reading "Prof. Knowall Foolam." "Of course, Mr. De Jones, you know who I am. I am the wonder of the century; there is no mystery in hypnotism, occultism, spiritualism and all the other problems of the day but what I have mastered. Here is a short interview with myself I have prepared, nice and neat, and I'll be glad to read it to you. Here's a ticket to my lecture. Come around and hear it, won't you? Don't cut anything out of that interview; it's fine stuff," and he goes.

Mr. Smooth Voice then softly enters with a mysterious smile on his face. He is an irresistible entity, and his mania for telling what he does not know to reporters. "Say, De Jones, I've got something racy for you this time; something that will turn the town upside down. You know Mrs. (he whispers a well known woman's name); well, she and her Colonel (here another whisper conceals the name) were caught riding in a hack Thursday night by her husband. He punched the colonel on the nose and slapped his wife's face, and if the hackman hadn't jumped between them he'd have killed her. Here's the hackman's number; he'll give you the whole story; but don't you ever mention my name about it. Why not? Why my dear De Jones, Col. — is one of the best friends I have in the world, and Mr. —'s name is on my note in the First National; he thinks I'm a good fellow, and I'm one of the closest friends my wife has. What do I talk about them for then? Why, to give you a story. Thought you'd like a good beat like that, and here you seem to be mad about it. That's that, sir? Think I am a low down mean scoundrel, and Mr. De Jones, I want you to understand, sir, that I don't tolerate any such—what—the story is a lie, is it? You don't believe it, eh? Oh! Indeed! Perhaps you are rather sweet on Mrs. — yourself—what's that? You'll throw me out here? Let me go, then, do it! By Jove, I'll have a mind to can you here! Let go of me, De Jones. Oh, come now, I didn't mean anything. Confess it's a lie? Well, I heard something about somebody or other, and I thought you would like a good story, and perhaps I did exaggerate a little. I've explained, and it's very rude (outside of door), "Say, De Jones, I'll never give you another story like that, and please don't mention my having been here."

And so they go. There's the fellow who has to get a column free write up in return; there's the scoundrel who thinks he can tip a newspaper man as he would a Pullman porter and buy what he wants said or unsaid; there's the exchange fiend, whose slight of hand enables him to get out of the pile of newspapers which the porter has just brought from the postoffice the very ones which De Jones wants—this fellow never fails; there's the man who insists on talking politics, and the man who wants an office, and similar bores without number.

But there is a pleasant credit side to the account. There are warm friends who drop in to say a pleasant word or do a favor; there are others who bring in valuable news or give a desirable pointer; there are cheery, breezy fellows who come in for a minute, brace up a tired reporter by a good joke or a good story, and all of these things are just what De Jones and men like him.

Gossipers abroad say that Sarah Bernhardt's reckless son, Maurice, has squandered all of his own fortune and not a little of Sarah's money at basarats, and as his independent little wife refuses to support him any longer, they have quarreled and separated. Then business has not been exactly successful of late with the great actress. Several of her ventures have not been rich in results. Finally they have relinquished her Cleopatra, and represent the divine as mildly dancing and singing Tarara boom-de-ay, and Sarah doesn't like it a bit. One can fancy the choice but translatable variety of French profanity with which the great tragedienne discusses this succession of misfortunes.

Nature's Sure Ally. If nature did not struggle against disease, even in worst constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malarial or fatal termination. While nature thus struggles for us, least worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer. Moreover, that is sanctioned by professional endorsement and has nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malarial constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

Wall paper. 237 S. Spring. Samples sent.

A SUMMER'S DAY IN WINTER.

Scenes at Westlake Park on a January Afternoon.

The Crowd and Some of the Characters Which Compose It.

Features of a Typical Sunday Afternoon Gathering at the People's Favorite Playground.

About 2 o'clock on Sundays you begin to notice a crowd about the Hollenbeck corner. They are awaiting an electric car to carry them out to the open-air concert at Westlake park. They fly up the steep Second-street grade, perfectly black with their swarms of humanity; and from the other parts of the city there are just as many who patronize the cable cars that run out Seventh street. Arriving at the little park you find landscape gardening in perfection, with the health of Good Hope side-by-side with the box thorn of Tasmania, the arancaria of Norfolk island, the golden wattle of Australia and the hibiscus of Hawaii. About the park is a cordon of carriages and buggies more than a mile in length, their occupants being chiefly of the fair sex. The hour has arrived and the band is in the stand already. Following is the programme of the day:

March, Spring, Meyer, Medley, Black Berger, Bayer, Waltz, Visions of Paradise, Bennett, Polpouri, Hugesons, Meyerbeer, Danze, Meusnana, Ridenque, March, Cambal, Grover, Overture, Zampa, Herold, Selection, Robert Le Diabolo, Meyerbeer, 800 Amazon, Loewdorn.

There are a score of children playing about near the band stand, as the music strikes up the familiar strains of Dancin' in the Barn or Roll 'Em Up Higher. You hear the thin, piping treble voices mingling with the "blare" of the brass. There are no staid, middle-aged ladies, accompanied by their beaux, and between the pieces they stroll away for a talk and a walk upon the circular promenade around the lake. The vehicles are all handsome turnouts, drawn by horses in whose veins flows the aristocratic life-current of such patrician sires as Grimston, Echo, Sultan, and Rutherford. Let us halt by the lake and watch the passing show.

There goes a young belle from Santa Ana, who, they say, in no particular hurry to get married. She has 180 acres in her own right and an offer of \$200,000 would be refused, because the land is in high cultivation. Behind her and her escort are two women draped in quiet robes of gray. The older of the two is a messalina, for the writer has known her 20 years and not in Los Angeles. There was an army officer dishonorably discharged on her account, although she is well up into the forties, she is still battling her hook for fresh gudgeons. Well, as long as such women exist, there will always be fools to run after them. There was never yet a supply, except in obedience to a demand.

It is a young belle from Figueroa street with cheeks like new-born roses and an eye as blue as the far-off sea. That young insurance clerk thinks he is going to get her, but he is mistaken. There is a young fellow up at Berkeley who will have something to say about it. Behind her come two stately young girls, in whose dark eyes and heavy coiling hair you easily can detect the Spanish blood not very far off. One of them has been married and was recently divorced from a worthless scamp as ever saw this town. Next to them comes a comely, middle-aged matron, although she is well up into the forties, she is still battling her hook for fresh gudgeons. Well, as long as such women exist, there will always be fools to run after them. There was never yet a supply, except in obedience to a demand.

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The hand strikes up the brilliant overture to Zampa as we stroll westward and watch the great sun dipping into the glowing waves, while the blue vault overhead is flecked with a vista of gray clouds, and the water is dark but here on a winter's day. A few are putting on their overcoats, while others, who have left their behind, are buttoning their cutaways up to the neck. Already the sun has faded from the crests of the Sierra Madre, leaving their icy summits coldly pure in the light of the evening day.

The medley from Robert the Devil strikes up, but the crowd has become wonderfully thinned out in the past 20 minutes. There is a mob about the cable cars, and the electric as well, and the young man who has the cornet begins to fear that he won't have anybody there to hear, much less applaud him. The fiery sunset has turned to a dim gloaming. Long, triangular phalanxes of wild fowl are hovering on strong wings through the rosy sunset air, as if pleased to see the sun, though shot from a mortar. Twilight steals on apace, and hailing a well lighted house and a smoking hot dinner, the reporter says farewell to the daylight and hies him swiftly home.

THE GOSPEL UNION. Reports Showing the Work That Has Been Done.

The first anniversary meeting of the Pacific Gospel union was held at Gospel Union hall, No. 431 South Spring street, on last Friday evening. A crowded house testified to the place the mission holds in the hearts of the Christian people of Los Angeles, the only regret felt by any being the enforced absence through illness of the superintendent, Maj. George A. Hilton.

Rev. O. B. Read, his assistant, conducted the service. Mr. A. W. Hare led the song service, which was a pleasing feature of the evening, at the conclusion of which Mrs. J. B. Brown and Mr. Hare sang a duet very effectively. The report of the superintendent for the past year showed a vast amount of good accomplished. The attendance upon the meetings held by the union has been aggregated 77,203. These meetings have resulted in 501 known conversions. The attendance of the Sunday morning breakfast has been 4671. Lodgings have been furnished free to those in need during seven months to 1291 persons, and 1071 meals have been supplied at the restaurants by the union to persons who were hungry and unable to buy a meal. Physicians, nurses and medicine have been supplied to 191 persons.

The union also conducts an employment bureau where, during the past year, 360 have been supplied with work. The attendance upon the Sunday morning breakfast averaged about 135. A new feature of the work recently undertaken has been the appointment of several Bible women, whose mission it is to visit the homes of the poor and destitute and carry them the message of the gospel. A brief report was read by Miss Carver, giving a glimpse of the work accomplished by them during the past few months.

Following the report Mr. Hare sang a solo. Rev. Dr. Read, Rev. Dr. Stradley and Rev. Mr. Crabbe read short addresses expressing their sympathy with and appreciation of the work of the union, after which Mrs. Brown sang a solo very sweetly.

The assistant superintendent made an address giving a few instances regarding the work of the union for the year, and in closing expressed the thanks of the superintendent, board of directors and the many who had been materially aided by the union, to the Christian people of Los Angeles and vicinity for their sympathy and cooperation in the work. After a hymn the audience was dismissed.

LAUGHING LILLIAN. CHARMING MISS BURCKHARDT ALMOST ASPHYXIATED.

She Was Found Unconscious in Her Room at the Nadeau with the Gas Turned On—Medical Aid Revives Her.

Miss Lillian Burckhardt, who is said to be the wife of Charles Dickson, the comedian, had a narrow escape from death by asphyxiation at the Nadeau hotel on Saturday night. Miss Burckhardt plays the part of Miss Mollie Somers, the laughing young woman in Ince, and is by long odds the most capable of the women of the company. The audience at the opera house on Saturday evening noted her absence, as her role was filled by an understudy, but none of them understood that she was filling the leading part in a solitary programme of what just missed being a tragedy.

As Miss Burckhardt failed to turn up on time at the theater, two members of the company returned to the hotel, and with the watchman visited her rooms, which are Nos. 14 and 15, with a bath between the two. She was not in the front room nor in the bath, but on entering the bedroom she was found on the bed in an unconscious condition. The windows were all closed, and in some manner or other one of the gas jets had become turned fully on, letting the gas fill the room. Her friends immediately sent the watchman away, with instructions to stay nothing about the matter, and summoned a physician, who fortunately came in time and restored her to consciousness.

Last evening it was said by theatrical people here that Miss Burckhardt has not been pleased with the attentions her husband has been showing to Miss Mand Haslam, the charming leading lady of the company, and that this had something to do with the occurrence, but as the principals could not be seen, having left the city, no corroboration could be obtained.

Falling Hair. Produces baldness. It is cheaper to buy a bottle of skookum root hair grower than a wig; besides, wearing your own hair is more convenient. All druggists.

Good to Send East. The 24-page New Year's HERALD is the best paper to send to your eastern friends. A full description of every county in Southern California is given. Also statistics of climate, cost of land, products, etc. Price, 5 cents per copy in wrappers. For sale by news dealers or at the HERALD office.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union Telegraph office, corner of Court and Main streets, January 15, 1933. McCann, A. A. Nickerson, G. W. Ellis, James J. Barry, W. S. Brassfield, J. C. Brown, 2, Charles A. Pfaff, Miss Annie L. Sutherland, Judge Luttag, Oscar A. Tupper.

PRETTY FACES TO ALL WHO USE LA FRECKLA.

Homely Faces Softened Into Great Beauty by La Freckla.

OLD FACES Made young again by LA FRECKLA.

Reports Showing the Work That Has Been Done.

The first anniversary meeting of the Pacific Gospel union was held at Gospel Union hall, No. 431 South Spring street, on last Friday evening. A crowded house testified to the place the mission holds in the hearts of the Christian people of Los Angeles, the only regret felt by any being the enforced absence through illness of the superintendent, Maj. George A. Hilton.

Rev. O. B. Read, his assistant, conducted the service. Mr. A. W. Hare led the song service, which was a pleasing feature of the evening, at the conclusion of which Mrs. J. B. Brown and Mr. Hare sang a duet very effectively.

The report of the superintendent for the past year showed a vast amount of good accomplished. The attendance upon the meetings held by the union has been aggregated 77,203. These meetings have resulted in 501 known conversions. The attendance of the Sunday morning breakfast has been 4671. Lodgings have been furnished free to those in need during seven months to 1291 persons, and 1071 meals have been supplied at the restaurants by the union to persons who were hungry and unable to buy a meal.

Physicians, nurses and medicine have been supplied to 191 persons.

The union also conducts an employment bureau where, during the past year, 360 have been supplied with work. The attendance upon the Sunday morning breakfast averaged about 135. A new feature of the work recently undertaken has been the appointment of several Bible women, whose mission it is to visit the homes of the poor and destitute and carry them the message of the gospel. A brief report was read by Miss Carver, giving a glimpse of the work accomplished by them during the past few months.

Following the report Mr. Hare sang a solo. Rev. Dr. Read, Rev. Dr. Stradley and Rev. Mr. Crabbe read short addresses expressing their sympathy with and appreciation of the work of the union, after which Mrs. Brown