

LOS ANGELES; SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1893

LIGHT FOR LUMMINUS.

Another Chapter in the Controversy Over Pizarro.

Was That Adventurer a Philanthropist or Fiend?

A Breezy Reply to a Reply—Mr. Arthur Johnston Writes a Breezy Argument from His Point of View.

I am once more impelled to emerge from my well-earned obscurity and air my sentiments in print, "my grievance and excuse for type" on the occasion being a communication to the Times of September 24, from the pen of Charles Lummis, the luminous writer who lately published in that paper a series of articles entitled The True Story of Pizarro.

Of this production, with a sacrilegious daring which must be abhorrent to all true believers, I presumed to offer a few criticisms; this has resulted in my being blown to atoms by the wrathful breath of the most puissant Lumist, who is now performing a wizard ghost dance over my remains.

Mr. Lummis has no serious objections to any criticism that comes from the city of which I have the honor to be a denizen. His sneering reference to the "classic shades of Santa Ana" may have been conceived in the best taste, but this spirit has been shared by others of the people and press of the City of the Angels, who do not think it possible that anything good can come out of Santa Ana—the same was said of old, it is reported, by the prophet of Palestine. In this, I am glad to be able to testify, the HERALD has ever been an honorable exception.

His communication, dating from Lima, Peru, begins: "A copy of the Los Angeles Herald, which was taken to me in Peru, brings the not surprising evidence that some Arthur Johnston has rushed in where angels fear to tread." Of course! This was precisely what he was looking for. Bless you, it didn't surprise him a bit! He expected all the time that "some Arthur Johnston"—one of the vast horde of miscreants of that name that infest the "classic shades of Santa Ana," I suppose—would do the rushing act.

I ought to be grateful for the delicate method he has chosen for calling me a fool—it is so melodiously stated that it reads almost like a compliment—but his quotation, imperfect as it is, carries with it a deeper meaning than that. It works both ways at once; censure for me, laudation for himself. Let us analyze it and see if it be not so. "Fools"—that's your humble correspondent—"rush in"—that is, I presume to criticize Mr. Lummis' article—"where angels fear to tread"—Ergo, angels fear to criticize Mr. Lummis' article. That's a logical deduction that the "Autocrat" himself could not improve on. Perhaps, though, the angels fear to break through it if they tread on it, for it is very loosely put together.

Mr. Lummis does not scruple to call me ignorant, but here he scruples a ray of hope for a brighter future, for he says, "When I had seen and studied as little as he has, I was equally ignorant." This is kind indeed.

He says I am ignorant and "know nothing of the history of Peru," and science and is now accepted by all scholars, yet he says that I charged him with sensationalism and with being solely responsible for the ideas presented in The Story of Pizarro, and that he "knowingly violated the truth" in doing so.

It seems to me that it is hardly fair to accuse me of violating a truth I did not know. But such little incongruities are not rare with Mr. Lummis.

I never charged Mr. Lummis with having any ideas—never, suppose he stated that he was responsible for the ideas especially referred to, but did suppose that he had run riot with ideas furnished by others—and this was what I called sensationalism. To use a homely expression, he "blat out more than he could hold." He attacked me, indeed, with a basis of truth, but lost his hold when he tried to make it fit every phenomenon he encountered.

In another place Mr. Lummis makes the specific charge that I willfully misrepresented his words. "When and in what way did I do this? Can he point to a single instance where I have not given his words exactly as they are set down? He cannot, and he knows it! The fact is that his words contradict each other and he is the victim of the deadly parallel!"

Mr. Lummis makes a guess at my nativity—so good a guess, that I am tempted to believe that he has not relied upon internal evidence alone, but has been doing a little private detective work to ascertain the truth. There is nothing in my article that could give the clue—you don't hear the h's drop, you know, when the words are in print—to even so acute an observer as Mr. Lummis, unless my weak effort to plead the cause of the oppressed furnished it, and I can scarcely believe that Mr. Lummis holds that to be an exclusive British propensity.

Mr. Lummis kindly remarks, referring to my criticism, "the matter is not without humor." Which raises emotions of exquisite delight in my bosom, and then cruelly dashes my hopes, and the ground by further remarking, "though for that, no thanks to Mr. Johnston's wit." True for you, honey! The humor is all your own, and it is none the less exquisite in that it is unconscious. Note, for instance, the passage wherein Mr. Lummis so highly extols Pizarro for giving his doomed and helpless victim a receipt in full for the plunder he had extorted, just before consigning him to a bloody death; where he gravely states that canon law allowed a man to denude a crowd were "not intended to hurt anybody." This funny reiteration of the word war captain, as applied to Atahualpa or the grim humor with which he figures out, by a mathematical process all his own, the number of the victims slaughtered in the plaza of Caxamarca, and concludes with the dictum that "200 is about the right figure."

ception of Robertson's and Prescott's, and those many years ago. Dissertations on Peru, its ancient civilization, historical and archaeological, I have read a few, and have endeavored in my poor way, and with very limited means, to keep in touch with scientific investigation.

Mr. Lummis seems to think that to the pride and jealousy of England—to which he pays his respects in the usual way—is due the mistaken notion that the Spanish adventurers were not a combination of the dove and the lamb. As he has pointed out a profitable course of study for me, I will do as much for him and recommend him to read the Brevisima Relacion de la Destruccion de las Indias. He will there find a scathing arraignment of the Spaniards for their cruel extermination of the aborigines, by one of their own countrymen, a noble Spaniard who devoted his life to the attempt to succor the victims of their oppression.

To return to matter more worthy of serious consideration: "His three and a half column tirade, meant for my personal head, his only modern science—whose light evidently has not reached him—and his able [sic] satire succeeds only in revealing the fact that he knows nothing of what has been proved by science and is now accepted by all scholars."

In humble reverence for science I will yield to no man. Though never destined to pass the peristyle of its temple, my worship is no less fervid than is that of its devotees who are privileged to enter its shrine, but am not obliged to listen to every self-constituted expounder who believes himself destined to explain its principles.

The twin sciences of anthropology and archeology have done much during the past generation, and as a result, the communities were first built up. His researches have established that all communities, in whatever part of the world, passed, in their evolution to civilization, through the tribal stage, the stage from which the Peruvians had already emerged. The Spaniards first encountered them. This fact Mr. Lummis denied, and still denies, for in this notice we read: "It was purely Indian, of the same complex but uncivilized sort, which belonged to all Indian tribes of the new world, and as a result, today among our own aborigines." That is kind enough to add, but belongs to the primitive grade of study to which Mr. Johnston should betake himself. Perhaps, however, as I have already "betaken myself to the study of the primitive grade of study, from Herbert Spencer to E. H. Reclus, and derived therefrom much pleasure and perhaps some profit, the advice may be redundant.

Now, when Mr. Lummis says that "my tirade hits only modern science," I believe I have been entirely correct. What he is pleased to term "Johnstonian twistings" himself, for he affects to believe that the sole object of my criticism was to show that he knew nothing about the civilization of the Incas. If that had been my object, my article would never have been written. Of that fact every candid reader of my paper must admit. What was the situation? Mr. Lummis had put himself on record as an apologist of Pizarro, popularly believed to have been one of the most blood-thirsty wretches that ever numbered the earth. On this I took issue, and as a preliminary, I gave half a column to an attempt to prove that Mr. Lummis did not know as much about the Incas as he thought he did, and in this attempt I believe I was entirely successful. As an offset to his statements, I gave those of Mr. Markham because he objected to the testimony of "romancers" who had never visited Peru. Mr. Markham had, and his evidence, as far as I was concerned, still believed, and still believed worthy of all credence. He saw what he described, and honestly reported what he saw. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Lummis had never been there when he wrote his series of articles in the Times, he taking the somewhat "romantic" view of his hero's actions first, and visiting the place afterwards.

Mr. Lummis seems to infer, though he nowhere expressly states, that Indian tribal communities are something essentially different from those of other races of mankind. This is not the case, as scientific research has plainly shown. All races in their tribal stage resemble each other—ancient and modern—Semite, Turanian, Dravidian, African or our own Aryan forefathers. As Mr. Lummis remarks, we were not a national morality, they "are tarred with the same stick." Their traditions and ceremonies are so like that they might have been the result of the teachings of the same master mind.

There were, in the days of the early Incas, was an antitype of the Peruvian empire. It was formed by the aggregation of different tribes—the Latins, the Sabines, the Titias and Etruscans, which latter for a time dominated the whole, just as the Incas did in Peru. The resemblance striking, yet who would venture to compare Rome, in the days of Tarquin the Superb, to the "Indian tribes of the new world, as they survive today among our own aborigines."

Our own English ancestors—Mr. Lummis' own people, he will acknowledge—were no more a national morality, they "are tarred with the same stick." Already his visit has produced a result, for in his present paper he admits that there is "wonderful stone work here, but nothing which can be called architecture in our sense, a fine distinction, but one necessary from his standpoint. If Mr. Lummis should ever be fortunate enough to visit Persia, he will see similar "wonderful stone work" there.

But there was no necessity to bring outside evidence to confute Mr. Lummis' statement; they contained within themselves their own refutation. My article was three and a half columns long, as Mr. Lummis states, yet less than that he will acknowledge. The testimony of Mr. Markham, and nearly all the rest of the real object of the article, that of showing that Mr. Lummis' statements contradicted each other, and demonstrating from his own words that Pizarro was the vile monster that he is portrayed through the fiction of a man rising from a thousand holocausts, kindled by the holy fathers of the Inquisition. What has Spain to show today, of all its territory in the new world, to compensate for the blood she has shed in its acquisition? One small island. "All thy conquests, glories, triumphs, poems, shrunk to this little measure." But the name of Las Casas still lives, and the world honors the man who loved mercy better than wealth or power.

Mr. Lummis says he will hereafter reply only to competent critics, which does not include myself. So be it; I have stated nothing but what I believe to be true, "nor set down aught in malice."

I now beg leave to take farewell of Mr. Lummis in the words of the archbishop of Granada to Señor Gil Blas de Santillana: "I wish you all manner of happiness, with a little more discretion." ARTHUR JOHNSTON. Santa Ana, September 27, 1893.

on the plea of heredity, and that Pizarro recognized the plea.

That there was no nation. That there was no nation, and that Atahualpa was the undoubted chief.

Mr. Lummis' unfortunate propensity for contradicting himself has followed him even to the present paper, as witness the following: "In every ruin are the evidences of a people that in this Arcadian society (the Incas) not only was sensuality dominant, but every sort of unnatural crime." And a few lines further on he says that the worst he can conscientiously say of the Incas is that they were princes like the British.

Mr. Lummis coolly ignores the real issues—the character of Pizarro—and confines himself to lecturing me on my ignorance of "the new but accepted conclusions of modern science," and producing such gems as the following: "The personal part of Mr. Johnston's invective is not of concern. His hall pours fast at Pizarro and then at my humble head and then back again, as if uncertain which of us is worthier of the deep damnation of his taking off. So another once started between two bundles of hay, uncertain which to eat. He holds me personally responsible for all Pizarro's crimes, of which he paints many. So far as that goes, I would sooner have to answer for Pizarro's career than for Mr. Johnston's."

He holds me personally responsible for all Pizarro's crimes, of which he paints many. So far as that goes, I would sooner have to answer for Pizarro's career than for Mr. Johnston's. A jackass right out, for fear of hurting my feelings, yet his simile seems to be a little mixed. He says his hail—the "jackass" hail, of course—"pours first at Pizarro, and then at my humble head."

A jackass pouring hail is a new and peculiar specimen in natural history, it seems to me. I did not "paint any of Pizarro's crimes," but was careful to allude to none but those "painted" by Mr. Lummis himself.

His allusion to my "career" is quite touching. As to the "Drama of Ollantay," it may be spurious; it is not at all improbable; such forgeries are constantly being brought to light. I will take Mr. Lummis' word for it, because that it is, and count myself in his debt for the information. But even here he does not score a complete victory. He says that "the language of the Incas is one of those languages characteristic of peoples who had not the remotest conception of either society or politics, as the terms are used in civilization," yet this drama which he calls "Spanish in every fibre" is written in that tongue. If Mr. Lummis' estimate of the language is correct, no words would have been found in it to express sentiments that were "Spanish in every fibre."

To resume: "Mr. Johnston's fine sweep of the hand, demolishing my poor notions about the religion of the ancient Peruvians, is equally humiliating;" "everywhere we dig up the vestiges of their worship, in every ruin, in the indescribably obscene, the hideously disgusting objects, both of religion and art."

My "fine sweep" consisted in the brief remark, that "it is pretty certain that the Sun-god was virtually the only one worshipped," which I still believe to be true; not that they did not have idols, just as many ancient races of the old world did, who nevertheless acknowledged one Supreme God; just as the Hindus do today, and for the matter of that, just as the Spaniards themselves did—with a little difference in name. A modern Russian will pray as earnestly to his "icon" today as ever Peruvian did, in the old days, to his little clay image, yet the Russian would be astonished to be told that he worshipped any but the one true God.

As for obscene images, one need go no further than the sacred temple of Benares, in civilized India, to find specimens that put to shame any that Peru could produce.

The Johnstonian twistings of the affair at Caxamarca, and his able exposition of Indian royalty, needs no serious rejoinder. It certainly does not—for I simply reproduced Mr. Lummis' own words, and the "twistings," if any, were of his own weaving, and myself, and "exposition of Indian royalty" anyone can see who reads; that too was Mr. Lummis' own.

Mr. Lummis' diatribe, summed up and boiled down, amounts to this: That I am a fool. That I am ignorant. That I am dishonest. That I am a jackass—"pouring hail." That I knowingly violate truth. That I am a Briton.

That my article is humorous, but that the wit is not mine. That I have read only one book on Peru. That I do not know what to do when it rains. That my "career" is less enviable than that of Pizarro. That I stand very much in need of salt.

There are convincing arguments, indeed, and I suppose come under the head of "courteous consideration." The only material point at issue between Mr. Lummis and myself—and I believe between him and the great majority of well-informed readers—is the question whether Pizarro is to go down in history as a hero or an atrocious monster. I hold the latter—base born and base liver, with but one manly trait, that of courage, the courage of the tiger that loves to gut itself in blood for blood's sake, letting no feelings of humanity stand in the way of the attainment of his object, the acquisition of wealth to gratify his grovelling tastes—Pizarro's name stands as a monument of how low a man can fall from his high estate.

He was one of many of the same stamp; only the worst. Was there one of the horde of medieval Spanish adventurers that I took into the new world who was actuated by higher motives than the acquisition of gold—their god? Yes, one! Round the head of Bartolomeo de Las Casas shines a glory so bright that the passage of four centuries has not dimmed its light. It has penetrated through the fetid smoke rising from a thousand holocausts, kindled by the holy fathers of the Inquisition. What has Spain to show today, of all its territory in the new world, to compensate for the blood she has shed in its acquisition? One small island. "All thy conquests, glories, triumphs, poems, shrunk to this little measure." But the name of Las Casas still lives, and the world honors the man who loved mercy better than wealth or power.

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ARTHUR JOHNSTON. Santa Ana, September 27, 1893.

INCORPORATIONS.

A Contracting Company and a Gun Club Organized.

The Pasadena Contracting and Building company filed articles of incorporation yesterday. Its objects are to engage in the construction of all classes of buildings, manufacture sash doors and blinds and all descriptions of wood work.

The San Fernando Valley Gun club also filed articles of incorporation. The directors are W. P. Granzer, E. L. Brown, S. R. Masday, L. C. Villegas and Wadsworth Baylor, all of San Fernando.

A POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

WHAT A CLEVERLY LOOKING MAN WITH A CHECK DID.

An Interesting Episode on the East Side. How a Vigilant Officer Thought He Had Cornered a Confidence Man.

It has been many a day since a bold confidence man has led any policeman in Los Angeles such a chase as a police officer went on a few days ago, the particulars of which have been kept very quiet until now.

The officer's beat extends along Downey avenue in East Los Angeles. The sharpers and slick confidence men take to East Los Angeles more readily, because it is a better field, being somewhat out of the way of detectives, and they can escape close scrutiny better there. The officer knows this, and so he keeps both eyes continually peeled for anything, the least bit suspicious. It was this alertness that enabled him to first get on to the work of this particular crook.

His suspicions were first aroused by seeing a well-dressed stranger acting in rather a queer manner in front of the Citizens' bank. It was Saturday afternoon and the bank was closed, a fact which any person having business with the bank would have known. The stranger was rigged up in somewhat of a clerical fashion, a suspicious circumstance, because that is an old trick of the confidence men. He carried in his hand a piece of paper about the size of a check.

The officer's keen foresight and previous experience in such things at once led him to suspect that the man was working the old gag of trying to cash a check issued by some private individual on the plea that the bank was closed. The actions in front of the bank were very odd, and the officer, perceiving a blind, it seems.

The officer resolved to watch the fellow closely and allow him to proceed farther before making the arrest. Sure enough after he had played his part at the bank the man boldly crossed the street and attempted to get a check framed envelope cashed at the drug store opposite. He was refused, and coming out he crossed the street and tried a restaurant almost directly opposite.

The officer slipped quietly into the drug store and from the proprietor learned enough to entirely confirm his suspicions. The confidence man was refused at several places of business in the vicinity before he succeeded in finding any one to cash the check, the others having had their suspicions aroused, and each one finding some plausible excuse for refusing.

The officer meanwhile had kept him well in view without, apparently, creating any suspicion in the crook's mind that he was being watched. Entering the place where the check was cashed he quickly demanded to know the name signed to it, and asked the astonished merchant to keep the paper for evidence, promising at the same time to see that the stolen money was returned to him.

"What," exclaimed the now thoroughly excited merchant, "you don't mean to say I've been swindled by?" "Exactly," broke in the officer. "That is just what I mean to say. That fellow is probably one of the slickest workers on the coast."

"He's the new pastor of the East Los Angeles Baptist church, and his name is George E. Dye—Rev. George E. Dye—just come up from Santa Ana."

"And I'm the biggest fool officer in the state," sadly said the officer as he left the scene. The story as it was told yesterday goes on to relate that the officer has promised to attend Rev. Dye's church some Sunday and be preached to for a long hour as a sort of retaliation.

HORTON WILL PLEAD GUILTY.

But He Will Apply for a Pardon at Once.

S. B. Horton, an employee of the Harper Reynolds Hardware company, was examined yesterday before Justice Austin upon a charge of having stolen a quantity of property of value at \$400, the property of his employer. No defence whatever was offered by the defendant's counsel, Horton having resolved to plead guilty at his trial in the superior court and throw himself on the mercy of the court.

He was held to answer in the superior court under bonds in the sum of \$1500. Horton declares that he will apply for a pardon as soon as he finds himself in the penitentiary. There is some talk of proceeding against the pawnbrokers who received the stolen property, but there is no evidence of their being aware that the goods they bought were not the property of the seller.

THE JAPANESE AND THEIR JAGS.

How the Chrysanthemum Land People Take Toddy.

Their Sake Ija or Wine Shops Bear a Bush Sign.

A Description of a Grand Drinking Bout—To Be Lucky One Must Get Drunk at Least Once a Day.

(Mr. Gervaise Purcell, A. M. I. C. E., F. L. L., who spent many years in the service of the imperial government of Japan, furnishes the following interesting paper on Japanese conviviality, the fourth of a series he is furnishing for the Sunday Herald.)

That "good wine needs no bush," is a proverb that has its origin in the ancient custom peculiar to European vintners, goes without the saying. But that this sign, honored in the use by the inn keepers of the middle ages, should have its counterpart in "far Cathay" is noteworthy and astonishing.

There is no Japanese city or village but boasts of its "sake" or wine shops, and no sake shop without its sign, a great bush suspended over the door. No dram shops there, hatching crime and dissipation by selling stomach destroying chemically made compounds under alluring titles, but rather cellars adorned with various signs and strength in bulk to be carried home and imbued during a period of convivial intercourse with one's friends.



A geisha at her toilet.

"For your Japanese, rich and poor, are remarkable for their social qualities, and love to congregate together to eat, drink and sing, or more often listen to the ever-present geisha with her little drum and saisen. One difference, however, is that the ladies of the family are conspicuous by their absence, and the fair sex being in evidence only in the capacity of waitresses, or koshimoto, singing and dancing geishas, painted, adorned and dressed in a truly wonderful and wondrous manner, the outcome of centuries of study."

A volume might be written on the subject of Japanese clothes, or rather draperies, and an interesting comparison made between these graceful curves created for covering the equally graceful curves of the human body, by the Japanese in Asia and the Greeks of Europe. But I hear my readers say that this sketch was to be devoted to the flowing hair, and that they enter a protest against the wearing of such draperies, however poetic they may be.

Well, "revereous as mountains," and as an expiation for the digression let us enter uninvited and unseen into this illuminated home, hung with fancifully decorated cushions to light the guests from their karamas to the banquet hall, where having arrived they will find themselves in an oblong room made by removing the karakami or paper partitions that divide it in less gaily days into four or five smaller ones. The place is floored with closely woven mats of tataro, scrupulously clean in appearance, as is due to a floor that is all the sitting furniture afforded, and that must not soil the rich silk bakama worn by the Japanese on state and festive occasions.

THE JUSTICE COURT.

Nellie Too Smart For the Officer—McGiverny Sentenced.

Nellie Wilson was fined \$10 yesterday for soliciting. Officer Boone testified that he stopped the woman on the street and asked her where she was going. After some conversation she invited him to her room where he went, afterwards arresting her.

There was no evidence to show that the woman was openly soliciting until she was accosted by Boone. The officer also stated that he "had tried to catch her" the preceding night, but unsuccessfully.

Vincent McGiverny, the tough who assaulted G. Joux two weeks ago at Westlake park and fractured the latter's jaw, appeared for sentence yesterday afternoon. Justice Austin fined him \$75 or 75 days' imprisonment. The money was paid.

Fred Baker, found guilty of soliciting alms, was given 40 days straight and a lecture by Justice Austin yesterday.

THE Y. P. S. C. E.

The Semi-Annual Convention to Be Held on Saturday.

The semi-annual convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will take place on Saturday next, October 7th, at Simpson's tabernacle.

smelled stronger. After this is eaten the sake bottle is lifted out of its bath of warm water and a tiny porcelain cup is filled for and quaffed by each guest, warming and opening his heart and loosening his tongue, till the merry jest flies off like the scintillations of an aurora. It is somewhat high flavored at least in wit.

And now course after course pursue each other through the long evening, varied by dance and song of the geishas occupying the center space. At last the twentieth or thirtieth course is placed

on the floor, and proves to be the last, and all being cleared away, comes the ceremony of the evening. The host, rising, comes, and seating himself opposite the honored guest, he exchanges with him sakawa, each first raising it in a bowl of water brought for the purpose. Then, being filled with the warm liquor, they drink a loving cup, wishing each other many kind things.



After the host comes each of the other participants in the feast and the lion of the evening repeats the ceremony with him. The operations are then 50 or so repetitions, he accombs. He can sleep where he falls, and rising the next morning prepare to pay the ceremonial visit called for by such an entertainment, repeating the time-honored formula: "How gloriously drunk he had the honor to be at his princely entertainer's voluptuous banquet last night."

Amongst the many quaint customs of the Japanese bacchanals, who may be known by the red blotch on his chest put there apparently to match his bibulous nose, is the superstitious one that to be lucky one must be drunk at least once between "early morn and dewy eve." This conceit is confined to the northern provinces, and judging by the religious observance of the good rule few if any uninitiated persons can be found. Never quarrelsome, always merry and good-humored, the sake-nomino 'hito is taken philosophically and evokes neither scorn nor repulsion. It is his way and he enjoys it, chacun a son gun.

It will hardly be necessary to say that sake is made from fermented rice. It is drunk warm and tastes not unlike a mild sherry. To the strong westerner's stomach it is harmless and he could hardly contain enough to induce intoxication, but the vegetarian Japanese is less able to withstand its fumes, and, aided by inhaled tobacco, he quickly shows its effects and as quickly recovers therefrom.

Traditions of Kwate Ken place the discovery of sake to the apes that abound in the mountains of that province. On one of their more daring raids they carried off some good wife's rice mess as it awaited the coming home of the fishing party, hungry from their arduous task. Escaping into the hills, the unwitting guests proceeded to gorge themselves, unconcerned in the branches of a mighty oak; filled to repletion, they dropped the remaining rice into a cup-shaped cranny in the tree and scampered off. During the next day the sun is obscured and the rain descends and thoroughly soaks the rice. Next morning towards evening the storm allows the low rays of the setting orb to penetrate the branches of the forest, and by a happy chance, it so focuses its rays on the secreted rice that fermentation sets in and Sake is born into the world.

We describe the delight of the apes as they discover the marvelous change that has occurred, or how after this reference each new supply of rice was subjected to the same process and eventually was revealed or discovered, and became the possession of the people of this flowery land?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MALE AND FEMALE.

Dr. K. D. Wise was one of the better at "Contest" rooms Monday night. To judge from the disgusted look that came over the doctor's face when the result of the fight was announced, he must have been an admirer of Solly.

Simi Kallisher, as a result of his confinement in the California, telegraphed home the brief message, "am broke," TAMMANY.

SEX IN BRAIN.

The Difference Between the Male and Female.

Sir James Crichton Browne, a physician who has had much experience of the insane, has examined the brains of 1800 subjects. He comes to the conclusion that nature makes palpable differences between male and female brains. First there is a difference in weight, the male being heavier, possibly by one ounce, relative to weight of body; second, while the frontal lobes are equal in the sexes, the parietal are larger in the male and the occipital in the female, who, consequently, has quicker perceptions; third, the female brain is less convoluted in the gray matter and has less surface; fourth, the blood supply is more copious in the anterior lobes in the male and the posterior has a larger supply in the female, and these parts have different activities. The blood of the female is also poorer in corpuscles, there being half a million less in a cubic millimeter.

Sir James fears that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose beauty. He instances the Zoro women of India. They are supreme. The more the mind control the affairs of the home and nation, transmit property and leave man nothing to do. The result is that they are the ugliest women on earth. Sir James, however, is a lunacy doctor.

Dr. W. J. Chester will deliver an address upon "Power for service," and Mrs. M. E. Auer will sing during the evening session.

MATTERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Tammany's Weekly Breezy Budget of News.

The Side Entrance Ordinance and the Restaurateurs.

The Dynamite Explosion on the Water Front—Interest in the Dixon-Smith Contest—Personal Mention.

Special correspondence to the HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29, 1893.

Hardly has the West murder sensation cooled off before another and more diabolical crime, if such a thing were possible, is committed.

The scene of this latest deed of bloodshed is in the neighborhood generally referred to as the water front, the surroundings being of the toughest kind, for the most part consisting of dirty-looking saloons and cheap boarding houses, the habitues of this district are as a rule engaged in sea-faring pursuits, their manners and customs of the roughest kind.

Crime of every sort is of almost daily occurrence, but as long as they do not commit too flagrant an offense the officers of the law are content to leave them alone.

It was in this locality that the dynamite bomb was exploded with such fearful results last Saturday night. The victims were seamen, who, when on shore, were guilty of no more serious offense than that of stopping at Curtin's non-union sailor boarding house, but this act was considered to be serious enough to merit death.

The Democratic board of supervisors have passed an ordinance to do away with the side entrance into saloons, also all rooms and so-called boxes where the ladies may wander when in search of something to quench their thirst. It looks unfair that the opposite sex should be thus discriminated against, but then the great Democratic party hesitates at nothing when performing its functions as a cleanser of morals; witness the actions of our board of supervisors and the Democratic (?) board of Los Angeles police commissioners.

The saloon keepers of this city are just about as likely to obey this new ordinance (if it ever is attempted to be enforced) as the tide is to stop flowing. One of the smartest in quest of beer on a task for his action in the matter, told well-known business man that it was passed to keep the "long hairs" quiet. The restaurant men would be pleased to see the law go into effect as they would then derive all the benefit and the anti-side entrance people would stand just where they did before.

Last Monday evening the pool rooms were crowded to suffocation by those of sporting proclivities who anxiously awaited the news of the Dixon-Smith fight. The crowds kept moving from one pool room to another in quest of beer on a before the fight took place and when the reports from the scene of battle did come it was so quiet during the reading of the dispatches that one could have heard a pin drop. The two pool rooms where no reports of the fight were given were Corbett and Jamison's, their reasons being that these two places have heretofore held back dispatches of getting contests, and as a result the Western Union refused to run their wires into these establishments.

While sympathy was with Smith the betting was on the colored boy with odds of 100 to 55.

Fred Cooper, the well-known theatrical manager, is here in the interest of the Burbank opera house. Mr. Cooper created a mild sensation among his old time friends by appearing among them embazoned with diamonds, and he is less way in which he threw the twenties upon the various bars caused Stockwell to say he knew him when he was poor.

Frank Thompson, formerly leading man at the Park theater, and his wife, the well-known young actress, are engaged at Moroccos, where they are facing a reputation second to none