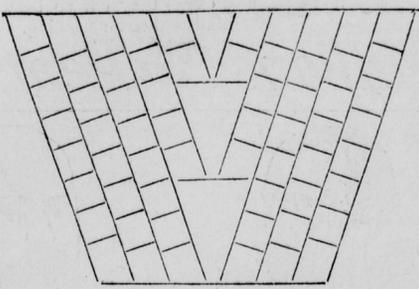


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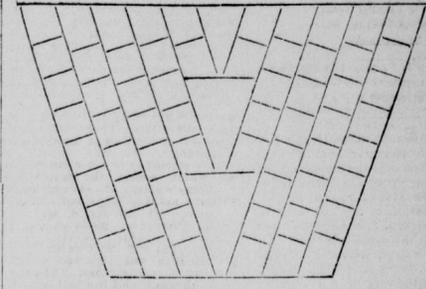
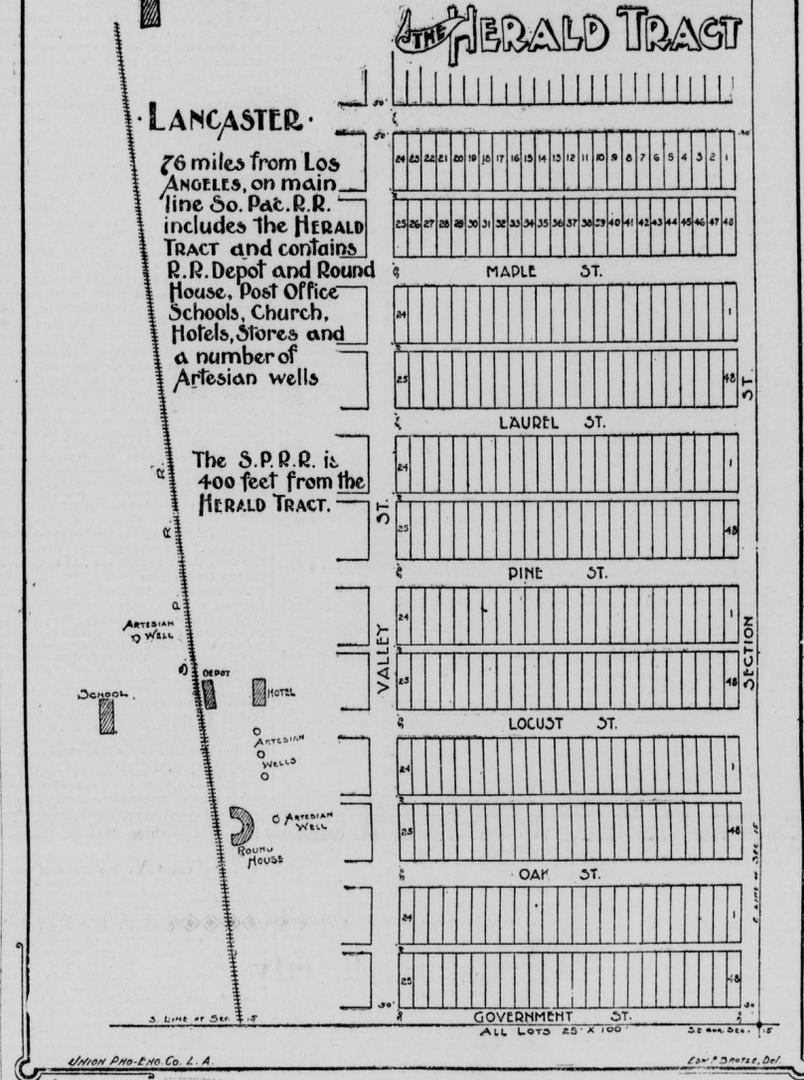
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Plats are on file in this office, showing where this town is located.

Ask any citizen of Antelope Valley if he does not consider Lancaster has the brightest prospects of any town in Southern California. Plats are on file in this office showing where the town is located

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 LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.



A Word About the Land

As every one knows, Lancaster is a comparatively new town, located in the center of Antelope Valley, along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 75 miles north of Los Angeles, in Los Angeles county. It is new for the reason that up until a few years ago water was supposed to exist only in the mountains, and that it would require large sums to bring water upon the land for irrigation purposes. But this theory has been exploded during the past few months by striking artesian water at a depth of only 132 feet. These wells are now to be found everywhere, pouring up the clearest of pure water, and vegetation of all descriptions is springing into sight. Activity is apparent in all directions. New settlements are being made throughout the valley, and in a few years more the entire region of which Lancaster is the center, will be the most populous and thriving part of Los Angeles county. Where the town is situated, and where THE HERALD lots are laid out, the land is level as a floor. They are easily worth from \$50 to \$100. The town of Lancaster is a thriving town of 250 or 300 inhabitants, and will, within a few years, grow into a place of much prominence. The surrounding country is receiving an influx of settlers who will open homes and improve the land in the best possible manner. The character of the products grown in this region indicates most clearly that a very large population can and will be sustained in Antelope Valley, with Lancaster as its center. Mail subscribers can have the same opportunity as those who live in the city. The price of THE HERALD is as follows:

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SHE ATE HER FATHER'S BODY

The Ghastly Cannibal Crime of Anna Jungnitsch

A SAXONY PEASANT MONSTER

Her Case Now Being Studied by Lombroso

One of the Most Extraordinary Cases of Human Depravity on Record—The Details of a Revolting Crime

European criminologists have learned of a most extraordinary case of human depravity, the details of which will surpass in horror anything ever recorded in the annals of cannibalism. At Langwasterdorf, a village belonging to the possessions of the Prince of Schoenburg-Waldenburg, in the kingdom of Saxony, a young peasant woman, who lived in a cottage with her father, a robust old man of 70, killed her parent and cut up the body after the manner the carcasses of pigs are treated. Her name is Anna Jungnitsch, and she is now in custody. Her trial will be attended by the eminent criminologist, Lombroso, and other experts.

One of the remarkable features of the case was the finding in Anna's room of a German translation of Swift's notorious treatise on unhappy Ireland, styled "A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of the Poor From Being a Burden to Their Parents and for Making Them Beneficial to the Public."

In this infamous essay, printed in pamphlet form in 1729, and since then quoted in thousands of volumes as the last effort of Swift's "genius and despair," the author in all earnestness advocates "that of the hundred and twenty thousand

and children born annually to Irish beggars, twenty thousand may be preserved for breed, and that the remaining hundred thousand may at a year old be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune throughout the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last months, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table."

Swift explains "how many dishes a child will make at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone; he tells of the uses of the fore and hind quarters, which will be very good boiled on the fourth day," etc., etc.

The copy of this treatise, found in the murderer's room, hidden behind a book of selected readings; its pages showed many finger marks, and those passages relating to the butchery were underlined with colored pencil. It appears, therefore, that Anna was incited to the terrible crime by reading one of the classics, a fact that singularly contradicts the notion that all evil information is permeated by penny-dreadfuls.

Anna Jungnitsch, as the investigation has proved, murdered her father during the night from Monday to Tuesday in their cottage, which they alone inhabited. On Tuesday and Wednesday she was seen to carry an extraordinary number of pails of water into the house; but, as she was known to be a very cleanly woman, that attracted but passing attention. When old man Jungnitsch had not been seen for some days, inquiries were made of the daughter, who said he had gone away to a near-by village and she did not know when he would return.

On Friday, for some unexplained reason, it was rumored that Anna had killed her father, and witnesses came forward to inform the police that on Monday afternoon she had threatened him for destroying some of her plants in the garden. When the officers came to search the cottage they found the place scrupulously clean. Apparently all the rooms had been freshly scrubbed. The old man's bag of tools was in its place—an ax, a saw and several hammers. They, too, were scrupulously clean.

The officers found Anna engaged in sausage making. She appeared unconcerned, offering the men some of the tasty-looking sausages that were finished. They refused, because policemen cannot partake of refreshments or food in the house of a suspected person.

Langwasterdorf is a very small place; there is no butcher in the village, the inhabitants buying their meat either in

the next town or procuring it by killing some of their own live stock. The report that Anna was making sausages and that the meat vat in her cottage seemed to be well filled with pickled pork, therefore created talk. The woman had not been to the town of late, and the Jungnitsches did not keep pigs. Where did the meat she had hospitably exhibited to the officers come from? The city judge had all the butchers of the town interviewed. None of them had sold meat to the Jungnitsches for months. The judge then caused the woman's arrest. She was not taken to the station, however, but placed

under guard in a room in her own cottage, the judge hoping that he might be mistaken in his awful surmise. He personally led another searching party through the house. They found a blood-stained shirt and socks behind the rafters of the roof. These articles, it was evident, had belonged to the old man.

The judge, placing the ghastly proofs before him on a table, sent for the suspected woman, who, catching sight of them, had a maniacal fit and began to ones to assault the persons who were guarding her. She is an undersized woman, very thin, almost emaciated

looking. She has been in ill health for many years, yet she fought with the prowess of a professional rowdy. When she was finally subdued and placed in a straight-jacket she made the astonishing statement: "I have killed father and he made excellent eating."

During the fracas a number of villagers had collected before the house, and one by one they had penetrated into the impromptu court room. When they heard Anna's statement they could hardly be restrained from assaulting the woman. The judge cleared the room and began a judicial examination.

It appeared that the 18-year-old daughter killed her father before midnight Monday with an ax.

"Did he not offer any resistance?" asked the judge.

"How could he?" grinned the woman. "I waited until he was asleep."

She removed the body from the bed to the kitchen, which has a stone floor, and put the blood in a vessel, "for making black pudding." Anna had frequently aided her father in cutting up pigs, and the knowledge thus gained she employed in carving the unhappy old man's body. The terms she used in describing the act were those employed by pork butchers. "I cut the chine (backbone) with the saw; also the head, but did not open the head," she explained, in a business-like way.

"Then I cut off the legs, which I desired to salt and cure, and removed the heart, kidney and liver. The liver I ate boiled with turnips on Tuesday, and it was as good as kirmess" (feast). "The inner fat, what there was of it, (this is a disgusting tone of voice) I have melted down for lard. The rest I cut in pieces and it is now in the vat, packed in layers with salt and spices."

"On Tuesday I baked three loaves of bread, boiled a lot of sage and minced finely some of the fat and lean meat from the loins and arms, not forgetting pepper, salt and allspice. Those sausages are beautiful, the finest I have ever tasted."

The judge had heard enough. He ordered that the woman be loaded with chains, according to the German police regulations affecting murderers, and taken to prison in town. One more question he put to her, however. "Why did you cut up your father's body after killing him? Was it to hide the evidence of your crime?"

"Well," said the woman with a grin, "if you had allowed me a few weeks' time, your worship would have searched in vain for proof, would you have not? I had also read in a book that human flesh makes good eating, and I meant to have all these good things."



The Fiancee: "But can we afford such a house, dearest? They say one's rent should only be a fourth of one's income."
 "But this is a good deal less than one-fourth of your father's income."

A renewed search of the premises proved that Anna had spoken the terrible truth. It seems that she scalded the body after the murder, and after collecting the blood in a vessel. The blood had been used for pudding. The top of the vat was found to be covered with salt, and under it were discovered layers of the flesh in a sauce of salt and spices. Seven sausages made of the father's flesh were also found; Anna had eaten at least twenty pounds of her father's flesh.

A Blue and White Boudoir
 A delightful scheme for a Dutch bedroom in blue and white is to be seen in an art decoration shop. The wall paper is of deep blue, with inch-wide stripes of white about a foot apart. The frieze is twelve inches deep and has a wide silhouette of Dutch ships with sails set and water curling about the upturned bows; round, quaint flowers apparently standing up on the end of their stems. The cornice is covered with art crepe of white, figured with high blue, the one being table is white, painted with blue in queer, small flowers, probably indigenous to Holland—certainly not common in New Amsterdam. The table in white is loaded with white and blue ornaments, a Delft tea service and a dainty cover of white linen, embroidered in dark blue for the corners. The desk has white writing materials in blue and white china, richly adorned with the old Delft flowers and griffins, and a suggestion as to stationery is given in the sheets of white paper and sticks of blue sealing wax lying carelessly on the blue and white blotter. The piece de resistance of this pretty little room is the bookcase of white wood, made to hold light volumes or bric-a-brac, and with cupboard doors of leaded glass and squares of Dutch ships and dikes and bits of quaint scenery.

Of course with such a room the ancestral silver candlestick, the fat silver tapers and the old blue china which came over in the winged tubs with your burgo-master ancestors will be most acceptable. —Chicago Interior Ocean.

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