



There are 250 Roman Catholic orphan asylums in this country.

The man who is afraid to look his faults squarely in the face will never get rid of them.

Service to our fellow men should be made not a substitute for piety, but an expression of it.—Joshua Strong.

Within two months three eminent British subjects—Rev. Charles Barry, Rev. F. B. Meyer and General Booth—have led devotions in congress.

A liberal congress of religions will be held under the auspices of the woman's board of managers of the transmississippi exposition at Omaha.

Mr. Edward McColgan, who died recently in Baltimore in the 87th year of his age, had been pastor of St. Peter's church of that city for fifty-seven years.

The Catholic churches of New York city have 728,380 parishioners and over 400,000 Sunday school children. The value of the church property is \$100,000,000.

The Protestant Episcopal church congress, which was postponed on account of the epidemic of yellow fever last fall, will be held at New Orleans April 16.

St. George's church, Preston, England, has had only two vicars in 100 years—Rev. Robert Harris, who was vicar from 1738 till 1832, and Rev. C. H. Wood, who still retains the position.

You can help your fellow men. You must help your fellow men. The only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.—Phillips Brooks.

The Boys' brigade of Great Britain numbers 711 companies, with 297 officers and 33,133 boys. In the United States there are 620 companies, with 26,500 boys. In Canada there are 120 companies and 5000 boys.

Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, D.D., will complete his twenty-seventh year of service as pastor of the Union church in New York in April. Next to Dr. Storrs, Dr. Virgin has been longest in service in the Congregational churches of New York.

The Tenth Legion, which is a revival of systematic time giving, and the Quiet Hour, which calls for setting apart on each day a certain time for personal and private communion with God, are evidences of the growth of spiritual life in the Christian Endeavor society.

Dr. Charles L. Thompson has announced his acceptance of the position of secretary of the board of home missions of the Presbyterian church, and states that he expects to devote his entire time to the lifting of the debt and then to the organization of the work of the board on the best methods, whether on the general or synodical plan.

There is not in a country like ours much active opposition to the church as an institution, says the New York Independent. "There is more war upon certain divisions of it by other divisions than by so-called infidels or atheists. The worst things said of Protestantism are said by Roman Catholics; the worst attacks made upon Catholicism are made by Protestants.

A ministers' union, in which all the Protestant sects except Episcopalians have united, has been organized in San Francisco. The objects of the organization are information, inspiration and fellowship. The meetings are held in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian association building, with an average attendance of 400. Rev. M. C. Harris, Methodist, is president, and Rev. E. Lyman Hood, Congregationalist, secretary.

The New York presbytery has received letters from Presbyterians all over the country protesting against statements made in Professor McGiffert's new book, "The History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age," and urging the presbytery to take action in the matter. It is reported that there may be another heresy trial, the subject matter being Dr. McGiffert's historical account of the origin of the Lord's supper. Dr. McGiffert is professor in the Union Theological seminary.

"The Outlook considers that the denominations are not competitive organizations, but rather co-operative. If this is the case, why not belong to more than one? Indeed, why belong to one more than another? The only reason that journal can make out for belonging to any denomination at all is that a person can in this way best promote Christian interests. But why belong to any denomination at all? asks the Living Church (P. E.) of Chicago. "The answer depends entirely upon what Christian interests are defined to be. Since it does not appear that the salvation of one's own soul has any relation to membership in a particular denomination, and since he may not belong to the misty phantom now called by many of these religious teachers 'the church,' it is in his own way. It is undeniable that an increasing multitude is adopting this latter alternative."

"Time was, and not very long ago, when in Methodist churches, without exception, annual revival services were held as regularly as the winter term. They were the old-fashioned, arousing kind," says the New York Christian Intelligencer (Ref.), "and it was common to receive large numbers on probation, the list being greatly reduced, however, at the expiration of the probationary term, when the faithful were admitted to full membership. Now, with a change of views and conditions, the custom has changed until in this respect there is little if any difference between the Methodist church and other churches. A Methodist pastor of this city expressed the sentiment that most pastors will heartily endorse in the following: 'Better a few persons turned from darkness to light, and wrought into genial and ever-hopeful associations within the church, than a great company called forth by some skillful emotional manipulator to stand for a while, for their purpose indeed, but incapable of being assimilated into the life of the church, because of a want of any real, vital connection with the membership of the church.' Mere emotional excitement can never take the place of education and nurture in religion."

CHICAGO JUDGE NOT TRICKED
A Woman Tries to Arouse Sympathy With a Baby Not Her Own
Chicago.—Had Mamie Reynolds' husband befriended her in Judge Waterman's court this morning she might have escaped the penitentiary. She came before the court to receive sentence for larceny. On her arm was a laughing, crowing baby, and on this child she depended for the sympathy of the judge. The woman wept hysterically, clutched the baby close to her, and cried: "What will become of my poor little child?"
"I think you have brought this child here

to create sympathy. I do not believe you are its mother," said the judge sternly. "Oh, your honor, it is my child, and I cannot leave it here," replied the woman. "Are you very sure it is not your sister's baby?" asked Judge Waterman. "Oh, I am positive, your honor." The husband, who had been silent since he asked for a Bridewell sentence, stood up. "Your honor," he said, "this is not my child. It does not belong to her, but to her sister."

The infant was ordered placed in St. Vincent's orphan asylum, and the woman was sentenced to a term in Joliet.

LAIID ON THE TABLE

A Snap Resolution Buried by the Democratic City Central Committee

Chairman Telfair Creighton, called the Democratic city central committee to order at 8:15 last night, at the Southern California Music hall. Forty-four votes, representing by committee men actually present or by proxies, were counted. A few suggestions from J. H. Melville, secretary of the committee, were read. He had the impression that vacancies in the wards should be filled and additional committee men appointed in a number of precincts changed by the board of supervisors.

Mr. Neuhart moved that the chairman of each ward be directed to call a convention of his committee, to elect new members to fill places opened by changes in the precincts. After considerable talk, the motion was lost. It was easy to see that considerable distrust exists because of the indistinctness of the wording of the call. It stated merely that wording of importance would be transacted. George W. Reizer said he had not come to all vacancies. He wanted to know why he was there. It then transpired that the business consisted "more particularly to carry out party pledges, especially the party resolution."

A resolution, such as there had been before an attempt to rush through a committee meeting, presented by a little number of the managers, as a suggestion to be made by concealing tales for the San Francisco Call, was then sprung on the meeting, and the cat was out of the bag. The "resolutions" were intended to be denunciatory of the course of The Herald. The reader, who claimed the privilege of the floor on a proxy from Martin Marsh, presented the resolution in the name of Frank Rees and attempted to make a speech in support of it.

A number of representative Democrats, among whom were Messrs. Reizer, Dockweller, Neuhart, Collins and Druggold, spoke forcibly and to the point against any action tending to endorse such an unwise document. All this "resolving business" they stigmatized as utterly unwarranted, and placed themselves on record as ready to vote the resolution down.

Mr. Reizer moved, and it was carried by all present, that the motion of Mr. Rees be laid on the table.

After the adjournment of the meeting the aforesaid nonentity, who had been thus far from the scene, forgot himself as to address a few personal remarks to one of the committeemen, who thereupon proceeded to punch his face, which he did with neatness and dispatch, and the incident closed.

LAGUNA SALOON ROBBED

A Mysterious Story Telephoned to the Police

The report of a bold hold-up of a bar-keeper by two unknown men was received at the police station last night at 10 o'clock by telephone. The source of the information is unknown even to the police, as they were unable to ascertain who their informant was. His story of the robbery was that Frank Escallier, who owns the Laguna saloon, about six miles southeast of the city, had been assaulted by two men who entered the saloon and called for a drink. When the saloon keeper turned to get the glasses one of the men struck him with a piece of rubber hose which had been filled with shot or sand. Escallier dropped to the floor and the two men dragged him from behind the bar and tied him to the railing at the edge of the counter. They then searched the cash drawer, securing about \$30. They also searched Escallier's person and got \$25. At his attempt to object the robbers again assaulted him with their imprudent clubs, beating him into insensibility and leaving him tied to the bar. He was discovered soon afterward by another man, who went into the place to get a drink, and was released. He was covered with blood and was unable to give an accurate description of the two men who had assaulted him.

The matter was at once reported to the police of this city, but the man who telephoned did not give his identity. The sheriff's office was notified, and Deputy Sheriff Woodward and Clement went to the scene. At 3 o'clock this morning they had not returned.

SUDDEN DEATH

An Unknown Man Expires in the Mechanics' Saloon

An unknown man, whose age, judging from his appearance, was about 30 years, died very suddenly at 1:30 o'clock last night in the rear of the Mechanics' saloon, 213 East First street. The cause of his death is not positively known, but the coroner, who was called, believed it to have been caused by acute alcoholism. The stranger had been looting about the place for several hours, taking frequent drinks. He complained of being sick, and two men took him to a porch in the rear of the place. There he became unconscious and fell to the floor. He was aroused and the people, when he again became unconscious. This time those who were attending him were unable to arouse him, and Dr. Smith was summoned from his room in the Russ house. When he arrived the man was dead. Those about him stated that soon after the messenger had been sent for the physician the man ceased to breathe and died without speaking. There was nothing on his person which he could be identified. The remains were removed to Krogelz & Broese's undertaking establishment, where the inquest will be held tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock.

Evening Party

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Varco and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anthony entertained a number of their friends on Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Varco, 1321 Lovelace avenue. The rooms were tastefully decorated; light refreshments were served. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Neddig, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Brainard Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. John Spiers, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Max Wassman, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Rowell, Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. E. Aull, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Plummer, Miss S. Ella Rossen, Cora J. Wolf, Elizabeth Davis and Miss Junker.

Slipped From a Car

Mrs. Estella Covert, who resides at 729 North Hill street, was severely injured while alighting from a "hilly" car at Second and Spring streets yesterday afternoon. She slipped as she stepped from the car and fell to the ground, sustaining a severe cut on the back of her head. She was removed to the office of Dr. Cate, in the Burdick block, where her wounds were dressed, after which she was removed to her home.

Pedestrians on Brooklyn Bridge

During November there was a daily average of 134,124 persons crossed the Brooklyn bridge.

RATTLER ON HIS BREAST

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE OF AN EXPLORER

Professor Rich Has an Experience in a Sierra Camp That Quite Shatters His Nerves

Professor Charles Rich, the botanist, had a thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake one day last week, which shatters his coolness and presence of mind that saved him from death. Professor Rich and Dr. Tynan, the "bugologist," were up in the higher altitudes of the Sierras in search of rare specimens, and were camped at a place called Moore creek. They had a small tent with them, which they had pitched near a stream of water that was fed by a spring high up on the side of the mountain.

Friday evening of last week the professor and his companion, who were completely worn out with their day's tramp in search of rare flowers and bugs, retired to their tent, rolled themselves up in their blankets and were soon in dreamland. Just as daylight was breaking the professor was awakened by a rattling sound, which he at first thought was a soft and clammy substance crawling over his face and down on to his chest, and, on raising his head a little, to his horror he discovered that a monster rattlesnake had crawled about a foot, and ready at the least movement to strike.

Cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore of the professor's body, while his muscles became as rigid as bars of iron, and his eyes became fixed with a stony glare as he gazed at the head of the monster, which was about six or seven inches from his face and swinging from one side to the other with the regularity of a pendulum. The professor was becoming unbearable, but well he knew that the least move that he made meant death in the most horrible form.

How long he remained in this terrible position he does not know, but it seemed ages, when suddenly he felt his muscles relax, his vision grew clearer, and his heart became dark and in a few seconds he was oblivious to everything around him. The doctor was quietly sleeping a few feet away, unconsciously snoring in his companion. When he awoke the sun was brightly streaming into the tent, and as he rolled over in his blankets toward his companion he saw the monster rattlesnake at the sight presented to his view. His companion was stretched at full length upon the ground, with his eyes closed and his face as white as a piece of marble, while coiled upon his breast was a huge rattlesnake, apparently asleep.

He quietly seized a shotgun that was standing near the entrance of the tent, raised it to his shoulder and was about to fire, when he realized if he did he would probably injure his companion. Just at this moment his companion moved a little, when the snake gave a rattle and raised his head. The doctor, seeing his chance, fired and at the report of the gun his companion gave a yell and jumped to his feet, throwing the reptile some three or four feet away from him in its death struggle. The doctor's aim was true, for the reptile's head was blown off.

On being measured it was found to be four feet nine and one-half inches in length and had seven rattles and a button. The professor's nerves were so shattered by his terrible experience that he was hardly able to walk, and the following day, in company with his companion, he returned to the village where he had been recuperating under the doctor's care. —Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle.

FRUGALITY AT THE VATICAN

The Pope's Economical Instincts Are Increasing With Age

Rome.—The saintly Leo grows the more accentuated his natural frugality becomes. According to some who know the pontiff intimately, this trait has now become a developed into miserliness. When walking in the Vatican gardens one day some years ago, the pope, seeing men picking oranges and lemons, asked what he was to do with the fruit. His attendants informed him that, in accordance with a traditional custom, all the fruit grown in the gardens was distributed among the cardinals, and the high prelates of the curia. The pope seemed surprised and not well satisfied with the explanation. The following day he issued an order that, unless special directions to the contrary were given, the fruit was to be sold. Since then, apart from presents to some of the convents under the protection of his holiness, the fruit has been sold to the public in the market bought in the piazza of the Compo di Fiori, at the foot of the statue of Giordano Bruno, the philosopher monk, who was burned by order of the inquisition, which was erected by the Italian democracy as a challenge, not to say threat, to the papacy. The cardinals now buy their fruit.

The strictest economy is practiced by Leo XIII with regard to his own table. This, however, is a small matter, for his tastes are simple and his table simply is obtained from cows and goats kept in the vatican gardens, and his wine is the product of a vineyard he planted. The latter has, however, been sold for some abundance that there is a surplusage for sale. Moreover, the pope receives frequent presents of the best French wines. His expenditures are simple and his table is the daily account is a very odd document, and is very carefully scrutinized by the pontiff.

"How different from the gay days of Pius IX!" sigh the old retainers. One anecdote will be sufficient to illustrate the difference. Cardinal Antonelli, secretary of state, one day looked over the accounts and found to his great surprise that for the meals of Pius IX alone twenty-five sacks of coal were consumed in one month. "It is wicked waste!" he exclaimed to the pope's cook, "and I am sure you have scratched fifteen out of the account. Pius IX, however, soon let it be understood that his cuisine left something to be desired, and complained to his cupbearer, Count Philippini. The latter forthwith went to the kitchen to make observations. "But," protested the cook, "how can I serve a good dinner if a man without salt?" Informed of what had passed, the pontiff ordered the cook his twenty-five sacks monthly, and in speaking of the incident to Cardinal Antonelli said reproachfully, "You wish to economize, but the result is that I have nothing to eat. The pope is made to be exploited. Everyone steals about me. Why begin with the coal needed for my dinner?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Impossible Heroine

That husky French peasant girl, whose insanity made her Mrs. E. Anthony of her time, fits herself badly to the requirements of modern drama. Besides that, the modern drama of Frances Aymar, or Jeanne Darc, of Jeanne Darc, whoever you may please to call her. Between the two stools of a bad play and an unattractive character, Fanny Davenport falls very prone indeed. The lady who wrote the play is evidently suffering from a complication of the ideas which afflict playwrights. The rhyming couplets of Shakespeare, which the best commentators number among his worst defects, evidently struck her fancy as essential to a play which is Shakespearean insofar as it, like some of his, touches on an episode of history. She has perhaps heard some member of the theatrical trust say that a play to be a success must have a "love interest," so she makes three of her male characters desperately in love with the love with pronounced new woman in history. One of these invents bodily in the form of a

jester who could not have drawn a week's salary in the gloomiest or stupidest court in Europe in the darkest days of the dark ages. A jester was not always funny, nor always a fool, but he had to do something in the amusing or the satirical line to earn his salt. This Clichet of Frances Aymar Matthews wears the cap and bells for some reason more patent to the playwright than it is to the audience, or than it could possibly have been to the court of Charles VIII. Of course it would not do to have Joan, Charles VIII and Clichet talking the English of today, and the author's attempts to get them to talk in the absolute rest of some of the most remarkable pieces of sentence-building heard since that lamentable mix-up at the tower of Babel. The lines of "Joan" sound as though the English of Shakespeare and the English of Vassar college had tried to pass each other on the same track.—Life.

Honest Dramatic Criticism

A writer in a recent issue of the London "Sketch" says: The new departure of the Critic newspaper in purchasing seats at theaters for its dramatic critic seems to be copied not immediately, but not apparently voluntarily, by the Saturday Review, the critic of which journal, George Bernard Shaw, has been, within about a fortnight, refused seats for first-night performances at not less than two theaters. Mr. Shaw was not invited by Sir Henry Irving to "Peter the Great," and he was not invited by Arthur Chicheley to see "Trelawny of the Wells." This seems to me to be an incredible blunder on the part of the managers of the Lyceum and Court theaters. Bernard Shaw possesses by far the keenest intellect at present devoted to dramatic criticism; his absolute honesty to the managers of the Lyceum and Court theaters. Bernard Shaw possesses by far the keenest intellect at present devoted to dramatic criticism; his absolute honesty to the managers of the Lyceum and Court theaters. Bernard Shaw possesses by far the keenest intellect at present devoted to dramatic criticism; his absolute honesty to the managers of the Lyceum and Court theaters.

Minister Locked in, the Bride Out

Arrangements were made on Sunday morning by the Rev. Henry Lehrs, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran church, Jersey City, to marry H. Hartman and Miss Annie Steiner, both of West Hoboken, in his church at the close of the services. When the services were over the minister went to the vestry to wait the coming of the bride party. The absent-minded sexton, after arranging the cushions and pews, locked the church, making the minister a prisoner. The couple who were to be married arrived at 12 o'clock, and finding the church locked, were about to go away, when they saw the minister crawl out of the vestry in the rear of the church. He explained matters to them, and getting the key from the parsonage, opened the door and performed the ceremony without further mishap.—New York Herald.

Judith Berolde's Reappearance

Judith Berolde, after a lengthy retirement, is to return to the stage this spring, appearing as a star under the management of Frank L. Perley. The play in which Miss Berolde will appear is entitled "Colonel Anne," and was written by Mrs. E. G. Sutherland. It is a romantic Scottish drama. The period of the play, 1750, affords opportunity for elaborate scenery and costume, which will be utilized fully. It is the present intention of Manager Perley that Miss Berolde should make her first appearance in the spring at a Boston theater. The English rights to "Colonel Anne" were purchased, twenty-four hours after the arrival of the manuscript in England, by Winifred Emery, who will star in it next season.

Pensions

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Representative Barlow has secured a pension for Mrs. Bridget Hanlon, widow of a child of the late Los Angeles, with over \$1000 back pay. California pensions: Original—Wm. A. Corbett, Coronado, 88; Guadalupe Berryessa, Alviso, 86; Charles S. Womanssee, Grass Valley, 80. Additional—Michael J. Brynes, Mendocino, 86 to 812. Mexican war widow—Mary E. Cherry, Squaw Valley, 88.

Experiment With a Sleeper

Professor Mosso, the Italian physiologist, constructed a couch so arranged that it could be accurately balanced in the middle when the slightest change of weight would make either end incline. A man was laid upon it, balanced in a horizontal position, as he went to sleep his head rose and his feet sank. As he awoke the opposite occurred, proving that the blood left the head in one condition and returned to it in the other.

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Heads of Families

No man can reasonably expect to make his family happy unless he enjoys good health. Neither can he hope to be successful in any undertaking unless he is physically able to compete with other men in the race for wealth or a competency. Many men are apparently well, but have warnings which demand immediate attention; symptoms which cry aloud, as it were, for medical aid. The English and German Expert Specialists have a special department for curing all diseases and weakness of men. They have a book published exclusively for men, which is given free to all who apply in person or by letter. It contains a vast amount of valuable information, and should be in the hands of every man who wants to know all about himself. Sent sealed and free by mail.

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