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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco will find The Herald on sale daily at the news stands in the Palace and St. Francis hotels, and for sale at Cooper & Co., 846 Market; at News Co., S. P. Ferry, and on the streets by Wheatley.

Now it seems that women of New York's so-called "smart set" have taken up the fad of having visiting cards for their pet dogs. Perhaps that is to distinguish the pets from the bipedal puppies that follow at their heels.

Here is further evidence of the aptitude of women for politics. A Denver woman has testified that she assisted "in making dozens of fraudulent registration sheets." No doubt her skill acquired in making the domestic kind "came in handy."

San Francisco reports that "the Kosmos Steamship company is to enter the freight business between this city and Panama." Where is the boasted enterprise of San Francisco if it allows a foreign steamship company to take Pacific coastwise business right from under the city's nose?

In Pittsburg the religious folk are putting up scriptural quotations in hotels and railway stations especially to catch the eyes of travelers. Heretofore travelers have used scriptural quotations of their own quite freely when they had the misfortune to be in Pittsburg.

The report of the Philippine commission to the secretary of war has this to say of the Moros of our Philippine annex: "From time immemorial the Moros have practiced polygamy and have been accustomed to make raids upon other non-Christian tribes to replenish their stock of slaves."

The good local news is announced that Los Angeles at last is to have an auditorium worthy of the city. The lack of such a structure has been not only discreditable to the city's enterprise, but has also been a hindrance in the choice of the city as a point for holding many conventions of national scope.

The railway magnates are bringing full pressure to bear on the representatives in congress upon whom they hold liens. There is a hot fight ahead between the president and the magnates on the rate issue, and the people of all parties, as distinguished from the comparatively few railway stockholders, stand firmly on the president's side.

Yesterday The Herald announced the sale of a sixty-foot front lot on Spring street, between Fifth and Sixth, for \$150,000. That is at the rate of \$2500 a front foot. Now hear the reminiscent wail "I could have bought that lot a few years ago for" so and so. And yet "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

The southwestern railways, as intimated some time ago by The Herald, are discriminating in freight rates against the marketing of California oranges. This flagrant injustice will help to stimulate congressional zeal in favor of the practical control of rates through the operation of the interstate commerce commission.

The report for December of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals makes a fine showing of work for the month. It is well to remember the distinction between this society and the Humane society. The work of the former is confined entirely to the lower animals and that of the latter to children.

The strike season of 1905 opens with the center of attraction at St. Petersburg and the coal mining districts of Germany a close second. But Philadelphia announces a probable strike of trainmen of the Pennsylvania railway system, and the United States is not likely to lose its striking prestige.

The Michigan legislature calls upon the state's members of congress to stand by the president in the railway rate matter. It is declared that "a number of Michigan men in the fruit belt have been driven out of business by discriminating railway rates." It might be well for the California legislature to follow the Michigan lead.

A Los Angeles state senator has introduced a bill, which is said to have the approval of Governor Pardee, providing for the taxation of every corporation in the state \$10 a year. It is claimed that such a measure would have the double effect of increasing the state's revenue and of diminishing the number of non-operative corporations.

There are not many left of the pioneers of Los Angeles who came across the plains in "prairie schooners." There are a few, however, as was shown Saturday night at the banquet given by City Treasurer Workman in memory of his arrival here fifty years ago. Not many years hence they will all be numbered with those who are "gone but not forgotten."

A court in staid old Massachusetts has decided that the taking of four drinks of whisky a day, when coupled with a propensity for playing poker, is valid ground for divorce. The necessity for cutting down to three drinks a day is likely to increase each allowance proportionately, three four-finger drinks being equal to four three-fingers.

Dr. Chadwick's admiration for his wife is accounted for by her remarkable versatility of financial talent. A government official engaged in the case says: "Mrs. Chadwick handled diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, emeralds and garnets almost literally by the peck." Probably she would have handled them by the bushel if her muscle had been equal to her genius.

Representatives of certain enterprising communities up north will be in Los Angeles during the remainder of the winter season with the object of inducing tourists to visit their respective home localities. Any suggestion that Los Angeles looks with jealousy on such efforts is a mistake. Whatever is beneficial to one county in the state is necessarily beneficial to all.

THE PERIL OF RUSSIA

The disasters that Russia has encountered in far away Manchuria are overshadowed now by the grave menace to the very foundation of the empire. From the effort at expansion in the east the government is turning to the vital question of self-preservation.

The fate of the Romanoff dynasty appears to be in imminent peril. The line seems to be drawn between the government and the people, with the army as a questionable factor. If the army proves to be loyal in the ordeal upon which Russia is entering the dynasty will be maintained probably, but at the cost of great sacrifice of life.

The situation in Russia today recalls vividly the situation in France at the threshold of the terrible revolution which began in 1789. The civilized world may hope, however, that the parallel will stop short of such scenes as brought the king and queen of France to the guillotine and that plunged the whole country into anarchy.

Russia has seen perilous times in its history, but since the end of the Mongolian occupation conditions have never been so ripe as at the present time for a great sweep of revolution. In the thirteenth century the Mongols, partly from the present territory of the Chinese empire, overran Russia and held it in subjection more than two hundred years. Since that era Russia has been the theater of revolutions several times.

The Romanoff dynasty, represented by the present emperor, claims to date from the fourth century, but there is no authentic account of it until after the Mongol occupation. For five hundred years at least the Romanoff family has furnished the monarchs of Russia. It was not until the reign of Peter the Great, however, two hundred years ago, that Russia began to solidify and develop as a great European power.

The emergent question that now confronts the czar and his advisors is whether the war with Japan shall be abandoned, as demanded by the people generally, and whether the autocracy shall be displaced by constitutional government. There is reason to believe that if the czar yields now to the popular demand he will save his crown, accepting the powers incident to a limited monarchy instead of those of an absolute monarchy. Organization of the government on the plan adopted by Germany would be satisfactory to the Russian people, no doubt, as they seem to have a very warm personal regard for Nicholas II.

If actual revolution of a general character is in store for Russia the year 1905 may witness the most awful scenes of blood in the annals of modern times. The population of Russia is now about 140,000,000. It would be not only a terrible national tragedy, but as a consequence of it the civilization of the world would suffer a great setback.

A BLOW AT HOME RULE

Whether intentionally or otherwise, the bill recently introduced at Sacramento to impose a state license upon the liquor dealers throughout California may prove to be a very serious flanking movement destined to put to rout the anti-saloon forces so ably commanded by Gen. E. R. Chapman and his energetic lieutenants. It may prove to be a movement which, if successful, may make every city, county and township in the state a wide-open city, county or township. Unless the bill can be so drawn as to insure the absolute preservation of the right now possessed by each local political unit to determine for itself whether it will prohibit the sale of liquor or not, the proposition to impose a state license tax will be found loaded with dire consequences for those who believe that each local community should determine for itself whether or not saloons shall flourish within its borders.

The constitution of this state provides that "any county, city, town or township may make and enforce within its limits all such local, police, sanitary and other regulations AS ARE NOT IN CONFLICT WITH GENERAL LAWS."

Under this power to make and enforce police regulations any county, city, town or township may, if it choose, prohibit saloons within its territorial limits, provided, however, that such prohibition is "not in conflict with the general laws" of the state.

If the state should pass a state license law for purposes of regulation, then no city, county, town or township could prohibit the sale of liquor within its borders for the reason that a state license for regulation would be conclusive evidence that regulation, not prohibition, was the state's policy in dealing with this vexed question. This policy would be firmly imbedded in a general law of the state, and no city, county, town or township would be permitted to exercise its police powers in conflict with such general law.

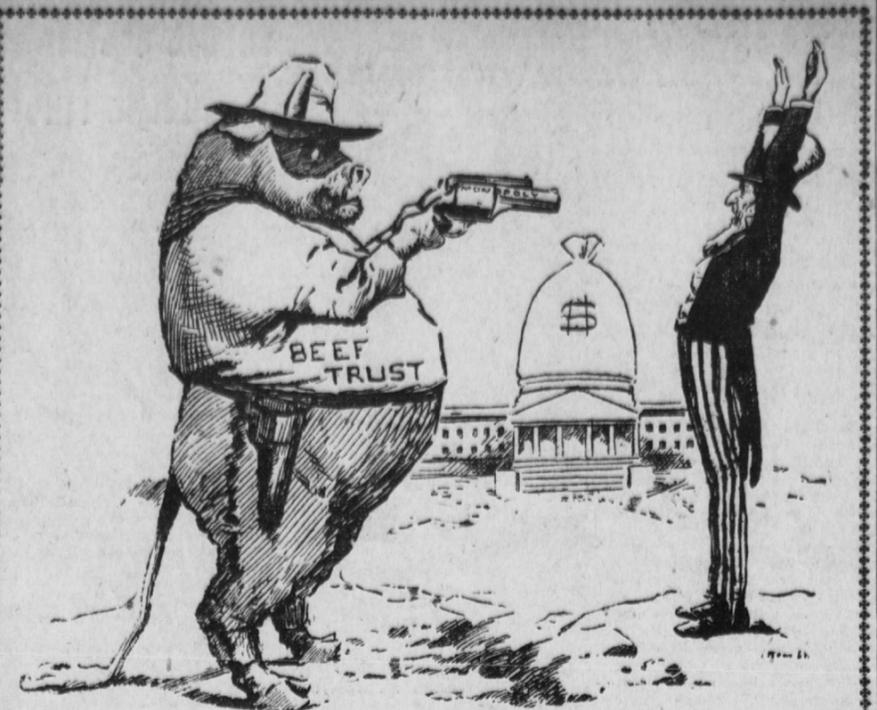
Should the legislature pass a state license law for purposes of revenue only and not for regulation, such a revenue law would be conclusive evidence that the policy of the state was that the saloons throughout California should constitute, in part, the source of revenue with which to defray the necessary expenses of the state. This policy would be imbedded in a general law of the state. No county, city, town or township could make or enforce any police regulations in conflict with that general law.

It needs no reasoning to show that a prohibitory ordinance operative in any county, or part of a county, or in any city, town or township would necessarily conflict with a state license law for revenue. For if one city or county could pass a prohibitory ordinance all cities and counties throughout the length and breadth of the state could pass similar prohibitory ordinances. And if all the cities and counties of the state should pass prohibitory ordinances what would become of this particular source of revenue with which to defray the necessary expenses of the state? It would be wiped out, of course. And the mere fact that the city councils and county boards of supervisors could thus destroy a source of revenue which the state legislature had especially designated and prescribed would necessarily stamp the city or county prohibitory ordinance as a regulation "in conflict with a general law."

The conclusion is therefore inevitable that if a state license law be passed by the legislature at Sacramento, whether for purposes of regulation or revenue, all the cities, counties, towns and townships throughout California will be shorn of their power to prohibit the liquor traffic within their borders.

The proposed legislation is loaded. It should be killed, not scotched.

The Herald is not an advocate of prohibitory legislation, but does believe in the time-honored Democratic doctrine that each local community, whether it be a county, city, town or township, should have the right to determine for itself the policy which should prevail within its borders respecting the liquor traffic, and we are opposed to any legislation which is antagonistic to this long cherished doctrine of home rule. Strike out the enacting clause of this proposed license law, Mr. Legislator! Or at least see to it that the bill, if it becomes a law, shall carefully preserve the right of each county, city and town to prohibit the liquor traffic within its borders if a majority of its electors choose to do so.



UNCLE SAM—I AM GETTING JUST A LITTLE BIT TIRED OF THIS GAME.—New York Herald.

BITS OF WASHINGTON NEWS

Minor Scenes and Incidents Sketched at the Capital

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14.—The new issue of the congressional directory contains condensed autobiographies of various cabinet officers.

The sketch prepared by Paul Morton, secretary of the navy, has greater brevity and modesty than any of the others. It covers less than a dozen lines, as follows: "Paul Morton of Chicago, Ill., secretary of the navy, was born in Detroit, Mich., May 2, 1837. Attended common school until he was 16 years old; then entered railroad office, continued in the railroad business with the exception of six years (from 1890 to 1896, when he was engaged in the coal and iron business) until appointed secretary of the navy; assumed the duties of that office July 1, 1904."

Postmaster General Robert J. Wynne states that he is 53 years old. At an early age he learned telegraphy in Philadelphia and eventually became chief operator of the Pacific and Atlantic telegraph company. Many years ago he removed to Washington and entered upon newspaper work and became correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette. In 1891 Mr. Wynne was appointed private secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster of Ohio. Secretary Hitchcock was explaining some phases of the Oregon land frauds to the president and the cabinet and he became quite eloquent in describing the honesty of one man who has been conspicuously identified with the investigation.

"It seems to me," said Secretary Morton, "that so honest a man ought to be elected to the highest office within the gift of the people of Oregon."

"He's too honest to be elected to office," retorted Secretary Hitchcock.

Whereupon the members of the cabinet laughed uproariously. The secretary of the interior did not appreciate the manner in which the statement was received or acknowledge the hilarity of his associates until he glanced in the direction of the president, who was regarding him with a fixed look full of meaning.

Congressman Cannon was not always so powerful in Washington as he has been of late years. He tells with glee of a visit he once paid to the postoffice department when blunt Frank Hutton was postmaster general. He took with him a constituent who wanted to be postmaster of his village. Cannon was bitterly opposed to him, but did not want to turn him down openly. When he reached the department Cannon left the would-be postmaster outside the screen door and went in to see Hutton. He told Hutton he intended to bring the man in and ask for the place for him, but begged Hutton to refuse it. "Where's the man?" asked Hutton. "Just outside the door," Cannon replied. "In that case," replied Hutton, raising his voice so he could be heard a city block, "I want you to know I have lying enough to do here without lying for you. Bring him in." Cannon brought him in and Hutton blandly appointed him.

Secretary Hay is anxious to secure from congress money to pay for copying and preserving certain old manuscripts in the state department that have an important bearing on the early history of the government. In the last two years an overhauling of the archives has been under way, under the direction of the Carnegie institution, the idea being to supply a practical guide for the use of students of history and government. This search brought out the fact that a vast amount of valuable manuscript correspondence is in the files of the state department and is now unavailable because of its poor condition.

Secretary Hay states that an examination of the papers involved shows that from 1789 to 1840 there are about 25,000,000 words—twenty-five volumes of the size of the Encyclopedia Britannica. A very large portion of the unprinted papers are of great interest. Hardly anything of consequence appears to have been published from 1789 to 1794. There is considerable material relating to subjects of such importance as the treaty of 1765 with Spain, the Louisiana purchase, the diplomatic antecedents of the war of 1812, the treaty of Ghent, the Monroe doctrine, the recognition of the South American republics, and the relationship with Texas prior to

HEALTH AND EXERCISE

Beneficial Result of Youthful Activity

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The sudden death in New York of William Blake, once widely known as both an advocate and a practical exponent of systematic muscular exercise, can hardly be cited as proof that athletic fetes necessarily shorten life. Mr. Blake was 61 when he died, and although this is by no means a great age, the accounts represent him as having been in excellent health until recently, and as having shown no signs of that premature breaking down which sometimes occurs in the case of men who have thoroughly developed their physical powers at an early age.

It is also true that in this instance it is virtually impossible to produce proof that athletics made his life longer than it would otherwise have been. There are plenty of men who habitually take little exercise, yet who live and retain their mental faculties substantially unimpaired, beyond the age of three score. But there are exceptions to all rules, and there can be small doubt, that other things being equal, the man who uses his lungs, his arms and his legs vigorously in early manhood has a better chance of continuous strength and usefulness than otherwise. Possibly this is one of the reasons why so many of the successful men of affairs in big cities have come from country districts where their constitutions have been fortified by farm life and work.

There is, however, a distinct difference between the feats which are credited to Blake in lifting heavy weights and taking long distance walks at a high speed and the regimen which is probably best suited to a vast majority of people. A good many young fellows, in college and out of it, have injured themselves by indulging in athletics to excess, without having or heading the advice of competent instructors. Rational moderation in this respect is needed. Yet when all is said, the influence which Blake and others of the same type have wielded in inspiring the belief that muscles were meant to be used, and that health ordinarily depends largely on using them, has unquestionably done much to improve the physical stamina of multitudes of American young men.

The Ben Greet Plays

[Editor Herald]—A great mistake was made when the management of the Ben Greet Players announced a reduction in price of seats of from 25 per cent to 33 1/2 per cent to all the "clubs" of our city. These "clubs" consist mostly of the wealthiest classes in our midst, and they could easily have afforded to pay the regular prices.

The reduction should have been general. Prices of \$1.00 for the front and seventy-five cents for the rear of the ground floor, fifty cents and twenty-five cents for the balcony and twenty-five cents for the gallery would have doubtless filled, or nearly filled the Temple auditorium, for there are thousands of people in our city who cannot afford to belong to "clubs" or pay large sums for amusements. They would have appreciated and enjoyed the excellent performances of the Ben Greet Players.

The educational value of such plays to a community cannot be estimated, and it is regrettable that such a blunder was made. A BUSINESS MAN.

Spanish Names of City Streets

233 HUMBOLDT ST., LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 20.—[Editor Herald]—In an article in this morning's Herald concerning the changing of the name of Buena Vista street, it is stated that the name means beautiful view. That is not quite correct; it means good view. And by the way, since people generally will persist in mispronouncing the name, I for one am emphatically in favor of changing the name of the street to North Broadway—or anything else. Even the street car conductors (who should be instructed in such matters) pronounce the name Bew-na-Via-ta. The correct pronunciation is Bway-na-Vees-ta. It is sincerely to be hoped that the news-

papers will some day take it upon themselves to instruct their readers in the pronunciation of Spanish names of streets in this city. It would be a good work. B. F. HARWOOD.

SMILES

Foreign Visitor (in the year 2050)—You don't seem to have any family trees in this country.

Native American—No, our ancestors destroyed the last of our forests more than a hundred years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

He—How did you find your friend whom you had not seen for two years? She—Oh, she had the same hat, the same dress and the same husband.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Mason—What did you give Isabel for a wedding present? Mrs. Jason—A chafing dish. You see, my husband is her husband's physician.—Brooklyn Life.

Diogenes was asked why he had ceased his quest for an honest man and lingered all day in his home-like tub. "What is the use?" he returned pessimistically. "Thomas W. Lawson won't be born for more than a thousand years yet." With that he blew out his lantern.—Puck.

Passing through the country a tramp stopped at a farmhouse and said: "It is needless to ask you the question, madam. You know what I want." "Yes," replied the lady, "I know what you want badly, but I've only one bar of soap in the house and the servant is using it. Come again some other time."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that there is some talk of having callisthenics in our Sunday school." "My goodness!" exclaimed her hostess, "I hope it ain't true. Our children caught the chicken pox there, and it seems to me that's enough, at least for one winter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I came near finding out Miss Passay's age the other day." "Did you, really?" "Yes, I asked her when she was born and she told me—"

"What?" "And she told me 'On a Sunday morning at 6 o'clock.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"Yes, I saw Dumley yesterday just after his fight with Bliffer." "How did he look?" "He couldn't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"And to think," she sobbed as she sewed a patch on her boy's trousers, "that I who was once a child prodigy have had to come to this!" But she was merely paying the penalty which the child prodigy is always compelled to suffer for growing up.—Chicago-Record-Herald.

A lady entered a bus that was already full, but a man arose and offered her his seat. She sat down and glanced around.

"I beg your pardon," said the man. "I did not speak," she answered with a frown.

"I'm sorry," was the reply; "I thought you said 'thank you.'"—Birmingham (England) Post.

"Isn't the climate rather bad in your part of the country?" "Yes," answered the Central American. "But it doesn't make any difference. We are so busy with revolutions that nobody has time to notice the climate."

Jones—Brown is a great man for fads. He has now taken up the profit-sharing plan with his wife. Simus—What! Alimony?—Exchange.

"I'm going to paralyze that waiter, said Cholly. Walter, bring me a plate of frenzied pork." "Yes, sir."

The waiter was gone fifteen minutes. When he returned he brought a few cakes of sausage floating in a sea of tabasco sauce. "I can't warrant it to be pork, sir," he said, "but it's frenzied, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

GOOD ONES

Practiced on Strangers "Jacomb-Hood, the artist," said an English editor, "was sent to Delhi by a syndicate of newspapers to make illustrations of the durbar last year. After his return he often recounted an experience he had in a barber shop, as illustrating the native character.

"The artist was shaved in the shop rather badly. The operator cut him twice, once on the chin and once on the cheek. To the last cut Jacomb-Hood had to apply a plaster. He said to the operator as he did so: "It's too bad of you to have cut me twice. You'll lose all your regular customers at this rate." "Not at all, sir," said the operator. "I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet. I only shave strangers."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Test of Palmistry

She dropped her hand with an indescribable gesture of bewilderment. "John, oh, John!" she gasped. "Why have you never told me?" "Told you what?" asked the startled lover.

"That you were going to be a rich man." "I didn't know it myself; how do you make it out?"

"Why, your life line is very red. It starts between the thumb and index finger, runs around the Mount of Venus, with a deep branch line running straight to the Mount of Plenty. You are way off, Gerty. That was a diagram I was drawing to show the boys how Port Arthur fell. That red splash is where Captain Dragemoutsky lost a leg."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

A Family Martyr

"How did you come to name that child 'Ananas'?" "Well," answered Mammy Brown, "in dese yere times, folks dat is alius tellin' de exact truth is mighty l'ible to have mo' trouble dan money. We done name de fus' chile George Washington aftuh de man dat couldn't tell a lie, an' we reckoned we'd better do sumpin' to hol' down de average in de fam'ly."—Washington Star.

Spirit Willing—Flesh Weak

A dinner was given recently in Philadelphia to Lawrence Townsend, the American minister to Belgium. Mr. Townsend talked at this dinner about his experiences abroad. Among other things he said: "In Belgium, as a rule, when English is spoken to you, it is excellent English. Now and then, though, you come upon some very curious mistakes.

"I attended a musicale one day at an English woman's apartment. An admirable amateur on the violin was the guest of honor. The man played and played, for the encores were persistent, till finally he got a little tired. He wished to say politely to his hostess that he was too weary to play any longer, and the words he used were these: "Madam, der ghost iss ready, but der meat iss feeble."—New York Tribune.

Wanted the Best Lamb

John W. Gates in the breathing times in his fight on the Gould system delights to tell a story of a German butcher in New York. "There was a pretty young woman who one of my markets came at," runs the legend, "who a leg uv lambs for her dinner would buy. She had no married being long yet, and was greens about marketing, py grachus. "Vat kind uv legs uv lambs you will have?" mine glerk he asks her, bolite as possible.

"It is company ve will have the dinner for," she says, "and my husband to get the best says." "My mans the very best he has shows, and tells her how fine and tender they be, alretty the finest of the market, he says.

"It was a joke then she says by my mans, and a good joke it was, too, for she says, quiet like, 'Vas dot a Persian lam's leg?' Und she was mad when my mans he smile and say, 'Dis ain't no furrer's ma'am,' for she blush and say real loud, 'If I was new by the marketing business alretty, I know dot Persian lamb vos the most expensive, und it was the very best my husbands he wants.'"—New York Times.

Made Him Careful

A schoolmaster, after giving one of his pupils a caning for speaking ungrammatically, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, at the same time promising to repeat the punishment if he spoke in him ungrammatically. The youngster, being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow-pupil: "A common substantive, of masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, who sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."—Boston Herald.

Valuable Relic

Beckoning him into his private room the street car magnate opened an inner drawer in his safe and showed his visitor a piece of blackened leather elaborately bordered with gold and having a sparkling diamond imbedded in the center. "What is that?" asked the visitor. "That, sir," replied the magnate, "is what's left of a strap that was in constant service in one of our cars for fourteen years. According to a close estimate my income from that strap during that time was \$5000."

Reverently locking the relic in the safe again, he proceeded to tell his visitor why it was impossible, in the great condition of things, to comply with the unreasonable demand of the public for more and better cars.—Chicago Tribune.