

LOS ANGELES DAILY HERALD

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THE HERALD'S CITY CIRCULATION

The Herald's circulation in the city of Los Angeles is larger than that of the Examiner or the Express and second only to that of the Times.

Population of Los Angeles 201,249

Today the young idea learns how to shoot again.

New York Life policy holders threaten a recall on McCall.

Isn't it the irony of fate that school has to begin on circus day?

Really, William Waldorf Astor's antics almost justify him to rank as the Harry Lehr of London.

In view of France's call for the United States to help her chastize Venezuela, watch little Castro swell up like a puffed pup.

London doggies are to wear sealskins. London poor are starving in the streets. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!"

As to the man who makes diamonds from sugar, probably his creations will be in great demand for engagement tokens. So sweet, y' know.

According to Capt. Bob Cook, Paris and New Haven are the only places worth living in. One can understand this as to Paris, but why New Haven?

Phrenologists have found bumps on Ruby Casselman's head. But they aren't a fraction to the bumps she put on those whom she so artistically "touched."

What modernites we are! A Chinese newspaper is just celebrating its 1400th birthday. The Chinese have forgotten things that we have not yet learned.

It's bad enough to have to start to school on circus day, but when one has to be vaccinated and go with a swelled-up arm isn't that rather "rubbing it in"?

With \$200,000 worth of real estate offered free for a north end city hall, the way south enders can secure the plum is to raise the ante. Get together, brethren.

An attempt on the life of Wu Ting Fang would have been much more serious cause for mourning in the United States before he started that despicable boycott than it is now.

Evidently Cleveland Democrats believe Lincoln Steffens' assertion that Tom Johnson is the best mayor in the United States. Also that they can't get too much of a good thing.

That Detroit engineer who predicts dire disaster to Imperial valley by floods must judge Southern California rainfall conditions by those in his own weepy city. "It is to laugh."

And now they suspect the Equitable of running a saloon! Funny that strange side partners life insurance has had of late, when it is remembered that hard drinkers cannot be insured.

The Japanese having been horn-swoggled out of half of Sakhalin, now propose to get it anyhow by killing off the few Russians on it. The Japanese are more successful in getting most things that way than by diplomacy, it seems.

The Christian Endeavorers never set about a more worthy endeavor than to bring their annual convention to Los Angeles. As next door to Paradise, why not give their members a foretaste of the delights to come and thus inspire in them renewed hope and courage?

The announcement that Spain is sending three cruisers against Morocco makes pertinent the inquiry, in view of her last naval expedition against a foreign power: Where did she get the three cruisers or the sailors to man 'em? We thought her navy was either with McGinty or in the United States service.

Barring a few voters shot and stoned in Havana, wholesale charges of police interference, a cannonading at Placetas and the necessity of barricading the various political headquarters to keep mobs from wrecking them, the election in Cuba Saturday "passed off quietly." Sounds real American, doesn't it?

A defeated congressional candidate (Democrat) in New York city very impertinently asks President McCall (Democrat) how much of the candidate's premiums paid the New York Life company were expended by McCall (Democrat) to defeat a fellow Democrat and policy holder. How very disagreeable a defeated candidate can be!

The rain promised Saturday did not materialize and yesterday was not again, but with a gratifying absence of mugginess. The present brand of weather suits Los Angeles very well. Mr. Prognosticator, and we're quite willing to have "some more of the same" for the time being. It's about the best on earth, anyhow, so why try to improve it?

If, as the police declare, certain fake messenger companies are merely blinds for petty thieves and grafters, it is high time such gangs were extirpated. The messenger is called in many trying emergencies and often is entrusted with serious affairs and considerable sums. He should be beyond question as to honesty and conduct. Such fake concerns hurt the reliable companies and should be squelched without mercy. If no way exists to do it, invent one at once.

MR. BRYAN'S ENTOURAGE

The departure from this country of William Jennings Bryan for a pleasure tour of the world serves naturally to suggest something of the next presidential campaign, in which Mr. Bryan will cut a large figure, if he lives to return and maintains his present hold upon the popularity of his party friends.

It is manifest that the Bryan of today is not the impulsive, unthinking and radical Bryan of 1896. He is not even the Bryan of 1900 in many of his declarations of principles. There is no doubt of his sincerity at all points, but his radicalism of 1896 has given place to a conservative, moderate and more dispassionate view of national affairs. His utterances during the last year give no indication that the same Bryan is talking. He has developed mentally. He has discovered that even the opposition may have some ground for existence and argument, and that great fundamental questions can hardly be threshed out by invective and emotionalism.

There are possibilities that Mr. Bryan may be the standard bearer of Democracy in the next campaign. The contest is a long way off, but there are signs that the western radicalism is becoming conservative—perhaps under the argument of prosperity—and the eastern conservatism is being quickened by the tremendous defeat of 1904. Coming closer and closer together, as both factions appear, what more natural than the nomination of Mr. Bryan as an evidence of restored harmony and perfect reunion?

In the meantime every well-wisher of Democracy and of good citizenship will watch the tour of Mr. Bryan around the world with a degree of personal as well as national interest, and assuredly every man who loves his country will not hesitate to extend to Mr. Bryan the hope that he will have a pleasant journey and a safe return to the blessed land the sun ever shone upon.

It is proper to announce that the Black Hand society is not a negro organization, despite the name. It is one of our undesirable European acquisitions which came in with our liberal importations of the scum of Italy.

NORWAY, THE SANE

It is now established that the dissolution of the pact between Norway and Sweden is final, and that Norway is once more a free and independent country, instead of an unwilling tail to the Swedish kite. True, there is talk of a formal vote by the citizens to confirm the action of the storting, but no one can doubt its result. The Swedish riksdag still resolves now and then and the good King Oscar delivers himself of sundry edicts, oaths and promulgations, but doubtless only to relieve the slight to his dignity. To all intents and purposes the divorce decree is issued.

It is now Norway's duty to organize a permanent government. Hope has been strong that a republic would be the result. This seems doubtful. The ruling powers are looking about for some suitable scion of royalty whom they may crown as king of Norway, and the choice has pretty well narrowed down to available men. A descendant of King Oscar would have been chosen had the latter not interfered.

But Norway is not hurrying. She is showing in this act the same excellent discretion, dignity and caution that have characterized her entire course since she dissolved the union. Sanity, quietude, care, have marked her progress, and nothing inflammatory in action or discussion has marred her record. Of course, both sides made a bluff about the mobilization of armed forces, and King Oscar fumed and swore a little, but these manifestations were to have been expected and really were called for; the stage could hardly have been cleared without them. But otherwise Norway, and one may well add Sweden, showed only courtesy, temperance and patience, though resolute throughout.

And one can only look for the same course in the work yet to be done. Doubtless the re-establishment of the monarchy is wiser, in view of all the circumstances, than would be the institution of a republic. Powerful autocracies environ the released state, and they have no desire to see a new republic as a new neighbor, especially one evolved by a peaceful revolution. The Kaiser and the czar have thrown the mailed glove into the scale and undoubtedly have swayed the balance. But Norway accepts the situation gracefully, and again shows her sanity and wisdom in so doing.

Norway craves recognition by other powers and ought to have it, but has not been exigent in seeking it and will likely wait till her status is more fully established. This is the wiser course and the more dignified. The new country has achieved a great victory in withdrawing from the Swedish coalition without excitement, bitterness or warfare, and its management of affairs since then has attracted the applause of the world. It is entitled to a foremost place among the conservative, dignified and sane family of nations.

It is announced that Gen. Zerpitsky, the Russian "hero of Mukden," has returned to Russia. The announcement is important in establishing that there was a Russian hero at Mukden—a fact hitherto unchronicled.

THE CROP OF POPULAR SONGS

The information is vouchsafed us that the song crop of 1905-6 will be particularly large and luxuriant. Publications devoted to such matters announce an enormous output of the so-called "popular" variety, and their titles are shouted forth in type whose boldness is the very reverse of artistic—quite in keeping with the productions themselves. This being the "season" for songs—inasmuch as the aim of their writers is to have them boomed by the vaudevillians now just starting out—perhaps it be worth while to give pause and consider what manner of manufacture this is that is thus so loudly shouted abroad.

The songs of the summer have been "Tammany" and "Neath the Old Apple Tree." They are painful ditties at best, but for lack of better they have had a considerable measure of use. Among the songs announced for early output love seems to be a strong feature. A Chicago house emits "Because I Want Someone to Love Me" and "I Love You Better Than I Ever Loved Before," both sufficiently mawkish to entrance the softish swain, no doubt. Boston, surprisingly, runs to "coon" songs, its delights being "Keep You Eye on You Baby" and "Under the Banana Tree." New York calls attention to a very miscellaneous collection—"Because He Loves His Mother," "On a Moonlight Winter Night," "Love Me," "In Old Ireland," "Come Home, Soldier Boy," "Gravy," "Carolina Dinah," "Pictures from the Days Gone By" and scores more of similar import.

We are called a music-loving people, we Americans. We pay thousands every year to hear foreign songbirds warble in our theaters and foreign virtuosos play in our halls. We give our good money freely, just to listen, be charmed and be educated. We hear the best music the world produces, rendered by the finest interpreters alive.

Then we go out and manufacture such rot as these effusions, and whistle and sing and play these concoctions of inanities.

Who was it said "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws"? He wasn't speaking of American songs, however.

TRILBY'S REVIVAL IS DUE TO MERIT

WILTON LACKAYE DISCUSSES ITS SUCCESS

Asserts That Du Maurier Insinuated Into Popular Favor by Writing Intensely Interesting and Human Story

Wilton Lackaye, who is to appear here at a special matinee this week in his famous characterization of Svengali, declares that the revival of "Trilby" is a criticism of the present playwright, and in most cases a criticism to his disadvantage. Replying to a question whether he did not think there is more cleverness, or at least more superficial cleverness, in the plays of today, Mr. Lackaye said:

"The revival is a criticism of the present playwright."
"To his advantage or disadvantage?" he was asked.
"In most cases to his disadvantage, I should say," replied Mr. Lackaye.
"But don't you think there is more cleverness, or at least more superficial cleverness, in the plays of today?"
"Yes, that is true; but that's just the trouble—it's wholly superficial cleverness. The modern so-called society play is all prattle and no story. It's built on air"—(no, he didn't say hot air)—"and decorated with smart sayings. It's clever, yes; but what is it all about?"

Teacup and Saucer Plays

"I believe that people are sick and tired of the teacup and saucer play that tinkles with epigrams. Even the epigram loses its sparkle in time."
"A good play, an enduring play, must have something more than epigrams. It must have something happen. When something does happen, we are apt to call it melodrama; but, call it what you please, the play in which something happens is the play the public wants."

"Theater-goers have been fed on sugar and wafers so long that they want something more substantial. Playwrights are beginning to recognize this. 'See what happens at a performance of 'Trilby.' The most marked enthusiasm follows the closing scene of the third act. And what is the scene but, frank melodrama? The audience doesn't stop to ask what it is. It doesn't care. It accepts it without question."

'Trilby's' Survival

"This is one reason why 'Trilby' has survived these ten years. It tells something. It has a story. I was surprised in reading the novel again to find it as fascinating as it was ten years ago. Du Maurier not only wrote an intensely interesting and human story, with marvelously drawn characters, but his discursive passages are real gems of essays. It's easy to understand why 'Trilby' was more than one of the six best-selling books."

While Mr. Lackaye looks forward with confidence to the day of more solid dramatic food, he has little faith in the originality of the chefs.

"The playwright," said he, "sits on the fence and watches the procession go by. If something that strikes his fancy comes along he pounces upon it, dresses it up in other clothing and puts it on parade."
"The manager, too, is on the lookout to commercialize any idea that is making money for some other fellow. Thus it is that a successful 'Old Kentucky' is sure to be followed by a New Virginia and a Middle-aged Massachusetts. The idea's the thing."

Short on Ideas

"The trouble with the play market today is that it's short on ideas. Most of our playwrights have written themselves out. We all have at least one play in us—one story—but not all of us can write it. Some playwrights make no pretense of being original. Charge Paul Potter with originality and he will indignantly deny it. I complimented him once on a scene that seemed to be strikingly original.

"Not at all, my boy," he said, "I copied that from old Epictetus." "Who the deuce was Epictetus?" I asked.

"One of the minor Greek poets," he whispered.
"It's always 'Epictetus,' only every play-writer is not as honest as Potter. The only thing an author can do when he uses an old idea is to get on the safe side of the criticism by disarming his public beforehand. Potter did this cleverly in 'Trilby.'"

"As originally written the episode in which Little Billee's mother comes to Trilby and pleads with her not to marry the boy would have been the cue for the critics and public to cry: 'It's 'Camille' over again, with a mother in place of a father.' Potter foresaw this and what did he do? He disarmed the critics and the public by dragging in the skeleton, by telling them that Trilby was killed over 'Camille' at the Odeon, and by having Taffy say when Trilby promises she will give up her lover that Billee must marry her—that while that sort of sacrifice is all well enough in a play, in real life a man who gives his word must keep it. Here is where the playwright gives you the laugh and chuckles, 'I saw it first.' He's got you on the hip."

Svengali in 1905

It was with considerable fear and trembling that Mr. Lackaye brought Svengali into the light of 1905.
"It was an altogether different proposition from playing the part ten years ago," he said, "at that time the average person had hardly a bowing acquaintance with hypnotism, while now it is so commonly recognized that the

ACTOR SAYS "TRILBY'S" REVIVAL IS BECAUSE OF MERIT



Wilton Lackaye

farmer's wife who runs away with the livery stable keeper explains her conduct when brought back to Manistee by saying: 'He hypnotized me.'

"It has been turned to even more humorous uses by the vaudeville performer, who has been getting laughs these ten years or so by putting on weird whisks, clawing the air and shrieking: 'It is my wish!'"
"My greatest fear on my opening night was that the audience might take a humorous view of the character. One laugh would have floored me. I should have been down and out. In the old days Svengali was taken so seriously that I frequently found myself embarrassed and humiliated in consequence. A number of people imagined I was a monster off as well as on the stage."

"Once, when a well-meaning but impulsive friend dragged me across a restaurant to introduce me to a lady, she turned her head and said she didn't care to meet me. If all the absurd stories told of me had been true I would have made a promising understudy for the Evil One."
"Did you notice any effect from the constant playing of the role?"
"Yes, it finally got on my nerves. I became cranky, nervous, irritable. A part like Svengali would give one the 'jams' if he kept at it long enough. I was glad to get out of it."

LOOK DOWN ON PARENTS

Jane Addams Says Children of Immigrants Consider Father and Mother Inferior

Special to The Herald.
CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—"As soon as the child of foreign parentage attends the public school, in this country long enough to obtain a ready knowledge of the English branches, he begins to feel himself better and above his parents."

This is the belief of Miss Jane Addams, member of the board of education, who is the first on the list of well known speakers to address normal school pupils on practical subjects in the course of the present school year. In her talk today she pointed particularly to the peculiar condition which she says exists among the foreign classes.

"The foreign children generally attend the public school until about 14 years old and then enter the business field," said Miss Addams, whose subject was "The home life of the child in the congested districts." "At this age they are able to earn more money than their parents, and they become independent and feel themselves above their parents."

"In their few years in the public schools they have obtained a better knowledge of English than their parents can ever hope to obtain. The school room in which they have studied possesses a better appearance than their home, and under such an influence they obtain a feeling they are better than their father and mother, who plod along with a slight knowledge of American ways and affairs."

Miss Addams did not tell of a condition which she pointed out as having a baneful side without pointing to means by which the evil could be corrected. "Americanize the foreign parents as well as the pupil of foreign parents," said Miss Addams. "Get hold of them and have them attend public meetings in public halls, listen to lectures on America and their native land as well, in their mother tongue if necessary. You will find such a movement will place the foreign parents in a rank alongside of their child who has had a few years' advantage of the public schools."

Miss Addams spoke to the pupils in the large study room, and her talk lasted an hour. On each Friday throughout the school year a well known Chicagoan will talk to the pupils.

A bulletin issued by the United States geological survey states that the production of salt in the United States during 1904 was 23,000,000 barrels (of 280 pounds), valued at \$6,021,222, as compared with 18,988,089 barrels, valued at \$5,286,988, in 1903.

Pi-lines and Pick-ups

Same Old Story

A pretty girl,
A sandy beach;
Two heads'neath one umbrella;
Waves lapping low,
"I love you so!"
Smack! smack! and all is well—ah!
They're back in town,
In swagger gown,
She shops, and he waits on her;
Uplifts her nose;
"Now what d'ye s'pose?"
She goes, and he's a goner!

A poet writes to the Whitsett (Ga.) Courier: "I've made enough out of my poetry the past year to buy a new hat and have a hair cut." Lucky dog.

A Missouri boy read an essay on "The Trials of Married Life" in school last week which was so true to life that people are wondering whether it was his mother or his father who wrote it.

Women are so inconsiderate! Now, who'd expect members of the W. C. T. U. to wear corkscrew curls?

Miss Orange—He said he read his answer in my face.
Miss Lemon—Yes, between the lines, huh!

Probably Thomas C. Platt wishes that Mae Wood marry, also.

A St. Louis man wants \$4500 damages from an autoist for a broken leg. He should be willing to pay a premium for coming out alive.

Some 15,000 men in Jersey City swore to refrain from swearing. See the joke?

Strange, but De Pheuw's silence gets lots more space than his talk ever did.

Faint heart never won—a breach of promise suit.

Plums—Is your aunt on your mother's side?
Prunes—No; nearly always she's on papa's.

It is averred that 12,000,000 Frankfurters were consumed at Coney Island this summer. No wonder there's a shortage of dogs in New York.

But suppose Castro should boycott us? It's too good to be true.

An Elegy of School

The school bell tolls the knell of opening day,
The boys and girls wind up the grass grown walk,
The teacher weary plods her onward way

T' resume her round of lecture, work and talk,
Some to the higher classes go, and some
Have failed to pass, and stay just where they were

The circus band is heard in gladsome hum,
But boys and girls not let that deter,
Perhaps some Milton, all as yet un-sung,
Some Cromwell, of his land's blood innocent;

Some Shakespeare, back of curtains not unprung,
Are in that throng on school and learning bent!

The early riser hast'ning to his books,
The sluggard, seeking pa and ma to fool,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths today lead only to the school!

—W. H. C.

SIMPLE LIFE STUDENT IS TRAVELER-LECTURER

PREFERS TO LIVE AMONG PEOPLE CLOSE TO NATURE

Newton H. Chittenden, Who Has Spent Half a Century Among Indians, Spaniards and Mexicans in the West, Tells of His Experiences

"I have spent two-thirds of my life among the Indians in out of the way places in the great west," said Newton H. Chittenden in the chamber of commerce Saturday while chatting with Acting Secretary Gurley and a Herald representative.

And Mr. Chittenden looked the part. He has the appearance of having lived on borrowed time for at least five years, but he is still a vigorous man. Clothed in the garb of a woodsman and his gray hair and whiskers growing down to his shoulders and breast, he presented a patriarchal appearance.

"Yes," said Mr. Chittenden, "I have traveled all over the west in my time, making explorations and gathering curios from among the Indians, Spaniards and Mexicans. I follow this life every summer and in the winter season I lecture in the schools and colleges of the west and middle west."

"My legal home is at Santa Barbara, but for years I have roamed about, living the simple life in the mountains, valleys and deserts, mingling and abiding with people close to nature."

"It was my pleasure a few years ago to present to the Los Angeles chamber of commerce the historical wooden arreta up there on the balcony floor in the chamber. I paid \$160 for the old carreta at the Atlanta exposition in 1895. It was brought to Atlanta from Mexico by traders who tried to sell, but no one would buy it. I had seen similar crude vehicles on my travels through the south and west, and at a glance I was convinced that it was a genuine article. No one knows how old it is, but that it has seen rough service is beyond question."

"At the close of the Atlanta fair I took the old carreta to Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis and Seattle, where it was placed on exhibition and attracted universal attention. Later I brought it to Port Los Angeles and thence to Re-lands and back to Los Angeles on its own wheels, and gave it to the chamber of commerce. Here the old carreta will remain for an indefinite period, an object of great interest to the thousands of tourists from all parts of the country who visit Southern California."

Mr. Chittenden has written many stories of his travels for newspaper and magazines and now has manuscript ready for a story of his life of adventure and research among the ruins of the west for publication in book form.

THESE LIVE AGENTS SELL THE HERALD IN THE CITY.

- HOTEL VAN NUYS BROADWAY news stand, 410 South Broadway.
- HOTEL NATICK news stand, 110 West First.
- HOTEL HOLLENBECK news stand, Second and Spring.
- B. F. GARDNER, 305 South Spring.
- HOTEL ANGELUS news stand, corner Fourth and Spring.
- HOTEL WESTMINSTER news stand, corner Fourth and Main.
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- R. A. ROBY, 513 South Spring.
- RAMONA BOOK COMPANY, 207 West Fifth.
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- E. JOPE, 529 West Seventh.
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- A. S. RAIPPH, 117 Commercial.
- W. L. SHOCKLEY, 151 North Main.
- MAX ROTH CIGAR CO., 100 South Main.
- J. B. ALLEN, 1946 East First.
- LADD & STORY, 2138 East First.
- C. TATE, 2500 East Fourth.
- SU PHELPS, 1728 East Seventh.
- A. METZGER, 319 East Ninth.
- MR. CUTBUSH, corner East First and Utah.
- F. DEHMLOW, 2302 West Pico.
- NORFOLK STOVE CO., 2068 West Pico.
- A. ELMSHEAD, 2020 South Main.
- H. STRICKLIN, 2053 Santa Fe avenue.
- H. C. ABLE, 524 East Fifth.
- A. M. DUFF, Twenty-first street and Maple avenue.
- J. K. DUKE, 2029 Central avenue.
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- T. J. HOUSE, 2001 East Main.
- J. VALDEZ, 1226 East Main.

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