

LOS ANGELES DAILY HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY. FRANK G. FINLAYSON... President. ROBT. M. YOST... General Manager. OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES. Founded Oct. 2, 1873. Thirty-second Year. Chamber of Commerce Building. TELEPHONES—Sunset, Press 11, Home, The Herald. OFFICIAL PAPER OF LOS ANGELES. The only Democratic newspaper in Southern California receiving the full Associated Press reports. NEWS SERVICE—Member of the Associated Press, receiving its full report, averaging 35,000 words a day. EASTERN AGENTS—Smith & Thompson, Potter building, New York Tribune building, Chicago. RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, WITH SUNDAY MAGAZINE: Daily, by carrier, per month... \$1.00. Daily, by mail, three months... \$2.50. Daily, by mail, six months... \$4.50. Daily, by mail, one year... \$8.00. Sunday Herald, by mail, one year... \$3.00. Weekly Herald, by mail, one year... \$2.00. Entered at Postoffice, Los Angeles, as Second-class Matter. 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., 548 Market; at News Co., S. P. Ferry, and on the streets by Wheatley.

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

How lucky the Jews are! They get two New Years every twelve months.

The club women have organized for their fall campaign. Time for Lummis and the council to "duck."

The graft bacillus seems in a fair way to make Milwaukee as infamous as the brew of Gambrinus has made it famous.

A country editor in Sausalito, Cal., is worth half a million dollars. Needless to say, it came by inheritance, however.

It is pleasing as well as startling news, that two auto victims may recover. Let us hope it means both health and heavy damages.

Nevertheless, it is hardly likely that the government will give Lo the "square deal" for which Senator Flint pleads. Lo can't vote.

The announcement is that "the battleship Mississippi takes water." Isn't that rather unusual both for Mississippi and for a United States battleship?

Another old plainsman pal of the president gets a good office. These chaps seem as numerous as are the last survivor of the light brigade, or of Napoleon's old guard.

All Paris is sitting up and taking notice since young Hyde announced that he would expatriate himself. That Cambon dinner seems to have been a good advertisement after all.

Of course, bury all wires all over the city. That will come in time. Naturally, those downtown will go underground first. And the job of putting them there cannot begin too soon.

President Roosevelt has returned to Washington with reinvigorated pluck and muscle, ready, like the enthusiast at Donnybrook fair, to invite some one to "tread on his coat tail."

The German beet sugar producers are reported as making another effort to form a sugar trust. There appears to be a Yankee knock about trust making that Germans are unable to grasp.

The secretary of the Illinois state board of health has advised President Roosevelt to abandon his proposed visit to New Orleans next month because of the yellow fever danger. It seems to be sensible advice.

Mrs. "Potted" Palmer of Chicago grew too gay with King Edward and no longer basks in the royal smile. She should have taken warning from the Jersey Lily's experience; nothing is so capricious as a monarch's favor.

The good Dr. S. J. Carroll says the only fit place where saloons should be licensed is "in the depths of hell." Undoubtedly, doctor, those parched-throated denizens there thoroughly agree with you; they need 'em, badly.

Look for the weight mark on every package of butter you buy, such marking being necessary under a law passed by the last legislature. If the mark is not there the seller has violated the law, and if it is there weigh the package and see that you get all you pay for.

A professor in the agricultural department of the state university says that by a proper system of feeding the average hen can be made to lay 240 eggs a year. It is said the present egg laying record is 219 in a year. But would not that lead to a hen strike for the eight-hour system?

President Butler of Columbia university declares that "the situation which confronts Americans today is due to lack of moral principle." Now, a good many of his fellow New Yorkers of the upper crust will want to know what that means. Moral principle differs from principal and interest.

Secretary Hitchcock of the department of the interior says: "I really believe that Mr. McCall thought he was doing right when he gave the funds of the New York Life company to maintain the party." If the secretary has the hard-boiled sense that a man in his position ought to have he believes nothing of the kind.

Senator Platt says, on his return eastward from the Pacific coast: "I have seen a great vision of this wonderful West and I know more about the United States than I ever did before." It would be well for other eastern members of congress to experience such personal "visions" in order to talk and vote intelligently on matters pertaining to the great west.

The proposition to erect a public library building in Central park received what may prove to be a fatal blow by a decision rendered yesterday in the superior court. The decision is to the effect that as the park was dedicated by the city for park purposes the library proposition is "inconsistent with the declared uses and purposes for which the land is held." The question now will be carried to the district court of appeals, as announced by the city attorney. It will be a serious setback to the hope of a public library structure for Los Angeles if the decision in question be sustained by the appellate court.

DENVER'S CONNIPPION FITS

The fact that Los Angeles is soon to have ample water for its every use, and the further fact that the government irrigation service, foreseeing the colossal city soon to grow here, is providing water for ample country to support it, are giving the state of Colorado a sort of mental hydrophobia. By a process of reasoning as specious as it is sneaking, the rocky commonwealth declares that all the water of every stream originating in its desert hills belongs to it, no matter through what other states the streams may flow.

The immediate cause of its connippion fits, as enunciated editorially by the Denver News, is the United States plan to use Gore canyon—now sought to be pre-empted by a railroad—as a reservoir for the surplus waters, these then via the Colorado river to be turned to irrigating purposes in Southern California and Nevada. The project has the approval of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce, of the United States government and of the irrigation service. But a Denver railroad wants Gore canyon, and is fighting it.

It would seem in common reason, even if the laws did not so proclaim, which they do, that everyone along a river had a right to his proportion of its flow. This Colorado denies. It asserts that rivers originating in its borders belong to Colorado alone. This hoggyish spirit it attempted to enforce as regards the Arkansas river in Kansas, and the United States supreme court is now about to decide against it. Evidently foreseeing defeat there, it spreads out its covetous hands and, as the News asserts, "Colorado claims to be entitled to the advantages of its geographical situation at the headwaters of most of the important streams of the western part of the United States." And further, it declares that they "cannot be impounded for the benefit of deserts near Los Angeles or elsewhere outside the state."

Los Angeles, so far as the city is concerned, needs no Colorado water; its own supply, purer, better, nearer, is absolutely assured. The country between here and the Colorado river may need further irrigation; if so, the United States will furnish what is required, and Colorado need have no mad-dog spasms about it; Colorado will not be consulted.

The fact is that Denver, placed in a rock ribbed, barren and impossible region, has reached the limit of its inflated growth. Los Angeles, the center of earth's choicest garden of Eden, has only begun. Denver is jealous—vide this, from the same editorial:

"Our esteemed and enterprising friends in the coast city may have a grievance against Providence for placing the Rocky mountains and the water supply at such a distance from them, but if they have they had better pass a resolution criticising the decrees of Heaven and let it go at that."

Los Angeles will not criticise Providence, but rather render thanks that the Rockies and such hoggyishness as they seem to breed are many hundreds of miles farther away than is the water supply which excites Denver's vain frothings.

THE "MRS. WIGGS" BANK

Interesting indeed is the announcement that comes from Kentucky; thrilling and awe-inspiring; inclined to shake old theories and upset old notions: One woman, out of one book, has made so much money that she is about to start a bank with her surplus funds. The capital will be a quarter of a million dollars, and she will furnish practically all of it.

Shades o' Grub street, but the rewards of literature are far different these days as is the literature itself—though in inverse ratio. A profit of \$250,000 from one book—what would some of our old friends of the golden age of English letters have said to such a return? Take Goldsmith, for instance, with his patched clothes and his starvation wages—did his "Vicar" fetch him a fraction of such ducats? And Milton, in a debtor's prison—what got he for "Paradise Lost"? Dr. Johnson himself—his ponderous tomes brought only a pittance. Addison, Shelley, Bobbie Burns, the gentle Keats, the pitiful Chatterton; Sir Walter Scott, writing against time and bankruptcy. Bunyan—the chronicle runs apace, and covers nigh the whole range of names that stand enshrined in every anthology—did all of them together ever place \$250,000 to their combined credit in any bank?

But, mayhap it be argued, part of this came from the stage—for this inconsequential book was forthwith turned into a play, of course. Well, admit it, and cite that case of a Chicago youth whose royalties appall him by their immensity—did the greatest of all the world's dramatists do as well? Nay, Will Shakespeare of old went hungry to his role. Kit Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the rest, were poverty stricken wretches and usually too poor to possess more than enough to live on.

It took the twentieth century to bring literature to its financial reward. True, fame hath for centuries enshrined each mentioned name on her immortal tablets—but one cannot live on fame—especially posthumous fame.

Probably Alice Hegan Rice will be forgot in a decade and "Mrs. Wiggs" will be a curiosity on old book stalls. But the corporation that the combination founders will go on rolling up wealth, and she will be enabled to laugh at notoriety and to scoff at remembrances. "The First National bank of the Cabbage Patch" will be paying regular dividends and Mrs. Rice will be reaping her rewards here in golden shekels, instead of mouldering in an unknown grave some centuries hence while an idolatrous nation proclaims her great.

Do "litterator" pay? Was "Mrs. Wiggs" worth while? Yes—\$250,000 worth.

In the election to the board of education of Henry Frank and W. C. Patterson, Los Angeles secures the services of two most excellent men. Mr. Frank being a leading merchant and Mr. Patterson a conservative banker, they will add to the business acumen and strength of an already fine board and do much for education and the schools.

"Nothing we have ever done has advertised us so much as has the Owens river water deal," says Dr. H. G. Bayless, just back from Europe, in The Herald yesterday. Right you are, doctor. And to think there were some few persons here misled into knocking it!

It has taken the mysterious murder of a woman to convert the conservative English from their old style secret compartment railway carriages to the American fashion of corridor trains. But the old bandboxes are likely now to be relegated to the scrap heap.

Hard luck it is that the present day burglar plays in. Not only are his hauls light but even the women drive him away with well aimed shots. And when all women are able to emulate the one who tried this method last week, the burglar's trade will be over.

Tips not being allowed in New York, a Denver Croesus, desiring to do the right thing by his waiter and maid at a hotel there, is taking them to Europe with him. For the common herd, isn't the remedy a little worse than the evil in this case?

Chicago's firemen are forbidden to smoke. Supposed to get all they need fighting flames, eh? And, perhaps, the rest when they die.

MONEY PAVES WAY TO STAGE GLORY

OVERCOMES DEFICIENCY IN ABILITY

Jane Oaker Talks of Necessity for Financial Backing to Attain Success Before the Footlights

"With all due respect to stage managers and to stage ideals as well, I am ready to assert most positively and from personal observation, that a big bank account is of the greatest importance in pushing a girl forward in a dramatic career. "It is in one way a short cut to fame, if fame is to be one's portion. I don't mean to say that a million, or even ten millions, can put the soul of a Clara who has only the soul of an heiress, abruptly refused to a modest genius, unless she could borrow the necessary fine plumage. "I remember hearing that when Margaret Anglin, in a somewhat shabby black frock, applied for the privilege of walking in a society production at the rate of one dollar a performance, she was curtly advised to 'go back home and keep house.' "Genius Minus Money—Alas! "The genius was there, but alas, here lacked those fine trappings to be procured only by vulgar lucre. Poor Miss Anglin had a long and weary road to travel before her genius won recognition. "An 'extra' is not a big role, but it is the one opportunity of the society girl to gain a footing upon the stage. Then, all things equal, that is to say, if she has intelligence, common sense, industry and ambition, she will, whatever wealth she may have at her disposal of infinite advantage. "It can buy her the best coaching, the finest methods of exploiting herself. Self-advertisement is almost a part of the profession nowadays; it won't be ignored. "It gives her the best managers. It may be, and why should it not be so, that a society girl and a rich girl may prove of sufficient talent to guarantee the experiment of starring. In that case she is in a position to purchase a play suited to her temperament and talent. "Why, then, should wealth be despised? I have seen many a pretty girl grow haggard and unattractive through sheer anxiety and lack of proper nourishment, and that while she was looking for a position when it was of vital importance to appear at her best. There is a cruel irony in the blows of poverty. To the poor girl who has nothing, her one chance will be taken away; to the rich girl who has much, much will be given because of her plenty. "Society on the Stage "Nevertheless, I think the stage-struck society girl is misunderstood. I know I am one of a representative type—the college girl, who, having acquired much or too little knowledge, pride, and ambition, and lacking the standards of the social whirl, frivolous as it may appear it is a slavery that binds one body and soul. I and my type live in a condition of rebellion. We seek for some escape. We are beset by a fever of unrest, and our education unfits the serious-minded girl for society; sooner or later it will pall upon her. "I am afraid I was greatly spoiled by my parents. My mother never questioned her children's wishes. She is a bit of a Bohemian by nature, who had through a sense of duty lived a life of extraordinary self-repression. I imagine that in his secret heart he was delighted to see me a little unlike other girls of my set. I was always deep in some new 'ism' or 'osophy.' He never encouraged me, he never opposed me. "Always Stage Struck "From my early girlhood I was 'stage struck,' and although I never breathed my intentions to a living soul I determined that somehow, someday, I would go upon the stage. I had inherited my father's gift for self-repression. "After leaving school I began first the study of elocution, then I took lessons in dramatic art. My resolution was ripening, but I still kept silent. "I obtained permission from my father to spend the winter in New York with friends. I entered a school of drama and devoted the entire time to study. One day, when my visit was about drawing to a close, I entered the office of a manager and applied for a position. I told my story frankly. I confessed I had decided to take up the career without the knowledge of my parents—that which she was wealthy I might, in view of my opposition, be forced to support myself by what I could earn in the most modest roles, for once the step was taken I was determined not to draw back. "Her First Engagement "To my amazement, the manager made me an offer at once. That evening, in fear and trembling, I broke this news to my father. I expected to be repudiated forever. It was a terrible alternative, but I felt that my life was my own, to work out as best I could—even my father had not the right to doom me to soul annihilation. In a few days my father's answer came. I wept



Jane Oaker

with the wonder and joy of it. Then, for the first time, I knew my father: It was wonderful how we missed each other all those years! "He expressed his exquisite joy on what he called my 'emancipation from the frivolous.' He urged me in the strongest terms to work seriously and steadily at my chosen career. He told me to prove myself worthy, and that his fortune was at my disposal. All he dreaded was a 'frivolous failure.' To closing, he promised that on the day I should be selected to fill the position of leading woman, through my own merits, he would settle a certain large sum of money upon me. "To make a long story short, this wonderful father of mine was as delighted with my resolution as at the success of some big business venture. It was a curious revelation of human nature. "As a matter of fact, two years later my dear father came on expressly to New York to assist at my debut as 'leading lady,' and at the close of the performance he placed the check he had promised in my hand, saying, with tears in his eyes, 'Jane, I am happy and proud.' "I don't think any girl could have had a sweeter success. I wonder, at times, whether the stage will ever give me anything more beautiful than that moment, when I stood in the scenes with my father's arm around me. I wonder if the sunshine of a future, quite different, but which would not have been possible without this experience. But, even while I dream, I work very hard, and no one guesses that some day I may open the door and walk far, far away."

MOTOR ATTAINS HIGH SPEED Makes Sixty-Three Miles an Hour at Official Test on Union Pacific Special to The Herald. OMAHA, Oct. 1.—Motor car No. 2 received its official test by the Union Pacific railroad today, making a trip of sixty-two miles, during the course of which it reached a maximum speed of 63.2 miles an hour. The car was driven by its designer, W. B. McKeen, superintendent of motive power of the Union Pacific road, and carried railroad officials and several other persons, including Vice President Mohler, United States Millard, Edward Rosewater, proprietor of the Omaha Bee, and F. A. Nash, of the Omaha & Council Bluffs street railway. This car is the first to be built for practical purposes, the first one being in the way of an experiment. Since the success of the gasoline motor car has been assured, the Union Pacific officials have been flooded with inquiries from other roads throughout the country, many of them seeking to place orders for the cars. Today's trip was from Omaha to Valley, Neb., and return, and was successful from every standpoint. A speed of fifty miles an hour was easily maintained, and for three miles it exceeded sixty-three miles. The car is fifty-five feet long, and is constructed to carry fifty persons. A large number of other cars are in course of construction and they will be so arranged as to provide for baggage and mail. The branches of the entire system will be equipped with the cars as fast as they can be built. This is being done under instructions of Vice President Mohler, whose suggestions are said to have been largely responsible for the building of the cars.

ELECTIONS IN SWEDEN

Result Shows Large Majority Against Adoption of Proportional Representation By Associated Press. STOCKHOLM, Oct. 1.—Elections for the members for the second chamber of the Riksdag, which were held during September, have just been concluded. The question of the dissolution of the union of Norway and Sweden exercised little influence during the campaign, the predominant factors being the extension of the franchise and the adoption of proportional representation. The result shows a decided majority against the latter system, indicating that there will be another deadlock in the Riksdag as first chamber stands committed to the proportional system. The members of the Left have a small majority in the new chamber. The Socialists hold fourteen seats, having gained several. In some German towns children are allowed to travel free on the local tramway which is marked on the doors of the vehicle.

October 2 in the World's History

- 331 B. C.—Darius, king of Persia, defeated by Alexander at Arbela, losing 80,000 men. This defeat of Darius decided the fate of Persia.
1394—Richard II, having made a truce with France, landed in Ireland with a large force.
1710—The conquest of Port Royal completed by the British and colonial forces under Col. Nicholson.
1711—Memorable fire in Boston.
1746—The French East India squadron destroyed at Madras by a hurricane.
1780—John Andre, a British officer, hanged at Tappan, N. Y., as a spy, while Arnold made his escape to the British headquarters where he received £10,000 and a commission in the army as a reward for his treachery.
1780—A violent hurricane in the West Indies, which devastated the island of Jamaica.
1874—The engagement of the then Col. Frederick Dent Grant and Ida Marie Honoré announced in Chicago.
1894—Little Rock, Ark., struck by a cyclone, killing four persons, injuring thirty-four and destroying \$1,000,000 worth of property.

The... Metrostyle In Pianola and Pianola Piano Piano Music is Founded on Three Elements: HARMONY, MELODY and RHYTHM The Harmony and Melody of a composition are indelibly written in the composer's score, or, in the case of the Pianola, cut in the perforations of the music roll. But TEMPO has never been fully indicated in written music because no system of recording its infinite lights, shades and feelings has ever been devised. In the perfection of the METROSTYLE the problem of Tempo has been solved for the Pianola, and, because of this solution, the perforated Metrostyle Roll of a great composition is a better record than the composer's own score. Read What the Great Artists and Teachers of Europe Say of it "I consider your Pianola with the Metrostyle an invention of the greatest importance to musical art." JOSEPH JOACHIM. "I have heard the Metrostyle Pianola and consider it most admirable and interesting." EDWARD GRIEG. "The Metrostyle places the Pianola beyond all competitors." JOSEPH HOFMANN. "I consider the Metrostyle indispensable to the Pianola, and indicated my interpretations of several compositions with great interest." I. J. PADEREWSKI. YOU can play a Beethoven "Sonata," a Liszt "Rhapsodie," a Chopin "Waltz," if you but have in your home a Metrostyle Pianola or Pianola Piano (which is an upright with the Metrostyle Pianola built inside). We would like to play for you and have you play, yourself. We invite you to our Pianola Department. Easy terms of payment can be arranged. We are Agents in Los Angeles for the TALK-O-PHONE and VICTOR TALKING MACHINES Southern California Music Co. 332-334 S. Broadway, Los Angeles San Diego Riverside San Bernardino

Pi-lines and Pick-ups Could He? "Take back your tainted gold! With scorn I hurl it in your face! None of it shall contaminate Me, in this year of grace!" Boldly, our Teddy, for the right, Th' insurance grafters scores; The money that they paid to elect Him, now, he fiercely roars Shall be returned, Oh, Teddy's wise! His course is very clear; That money's done its work—would he Have roared as loud last year? The year 1905 will possess fifty-three Sundays. This won't happen again for 110 years. But will 1905 be any other one-fifty-third better than any other old year, in consequence? "Old Ironsides" is going to rack and ruin. Needs another poem, perhaps. Plums—Why does he always look down in the mouth? Prunes—Cause he's a dentist, probably. A wine trust has been formed, to put up prices. Physically impossible; the more wine goes down, the more it goes up, anyhow. Now, ain't John D. the wigged old man! The other name for Cornelius N. Bliss is ignorance, in these life insurance days. Miss Poppy—Has she riches in her own name? Miss Magnolia—Yes, a fortune; she's Miss Marigold. Pittsburg, Pa., is to be made smokeless. Who's the Burbank? They ought to rename South Dakota and call it Leisure; so many who marry in haste repent here. Digging for the Panama canal has begun, from Uncle Sam's pocket, at the rate of \$60,000 per month. Miss Orange—Did you take in all the hops while in St. Louis? Miss Lemon—No, but from dad's chronic condition I think that was his sole ambition. Miss Peach—Every man has a double, they say. Mr. Plige—How about Harry Lehr? Miss Peach—Find him at the Zoo. The Kaiser has contributed largely to the Italian earthquake fund. Maybe he thought some of his utterances caused it. Gasoline is up 1 cent a gallon. Well, autists can afford it. The Honest Boy "What pictures fine your sister has," Said he to little brother— (She was detained awhile upstairs In private talk with mother.) "They're excellent, and rarely done." The youngster swelled up, prouder. "Tell me, does sister paint?" "No, thir; The only utheth powder!" —W. H. C.

At the Women's Club "I wonder how old Valentine really is?" "She owns up to 26." "I should like to see her birth certificate." "Between ourselves, it was burned up during the Civil War."—Les Annales. His Happiest Hour He—Do you remember the night I asked you to marry me? She—Yes, dear. "For a whole hour we sat there, and not a word did you speak. Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life!"—Echo de Paris.

Dean Says We are now showing all the new ideas in purses, pocket books, chatelaines and hand bags. Styles are changing, and you don't want to be seen carrying the wrong kind. See Dean about it He is now at 214 South Spring Street Only one store—formerly Sain & Son Home, Ex. 841. Main 841

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