

# MEMBERS OF BAR GIVE BANQUET

## LAWYERS TELL STORIES OF FORMER DAYS

### Justice Van Dyke Gives Interesting History of Making of California's Constitution—Mr. Finlayson Has Fun With Judges

Two hundred disciples of Blackstone gathered around the banquet board of the Bristol cafe last night in celebration of the tenth semi-annual meeting of the Los Angeles Bar association.

The occasion was one of great moment for Los Angeles attorneys, because of the fact that all the justices of the supreme and appellate courts were guests of honor and a greater number of the bar turned out at the gathering than ever before.

The program of the evening was opened with an address by Hon. James H. Gibson, president of the association. He gave a short address, telling of the history of the association, and then introduced Hon. Walter Van Dyke, supreme justice.

Justice Van Dyke took for his subject "The Making of the Constitution." He read a carefully prepared paper giving in detail the history of this memorable convention when the state constitutions, which changed California from a frontier wilderness to one of the foremost states in the Union, was read and accepted.

"The Attitude of the Bench to the Bar" was the subject treated by Hon. Frank G. Finlayson.

"I have been selected," said Mr. Finlayson, "to act as a David of old and await the modern Goliath of the bench squarely in the forehead."

"I have had many experiences in which I thought that the decisions of the bench were unjust, but in nearly every one I have found that the bench concealed a lesson for my own good."

**Tells of Wasted Oratory**  
"I will speak particularly of the actions of judges of the supreme bench. I suppose all attorneys present have learned that there is no use attempting to argue a case before a supreme court, but for the satisfaction of the client this is often necessary."

"A client will come into your office like a flustered hen with one chick and desire that the case be argued with a burst of oratory before the supreme court. You know this will do no good, but the client is paying the money, so you have to argue."

"You go to the supreme court and start the argument. The study of human character as displayed by the most fortunate justice who are compelled to listen to that argument is enlightening."

"Some justices I have known will sit like a statue of patience, looking upon the prostration of grief and retain that expression throughout the argument. Others will sit back in their chairs and close their eyes. This is very gratifying to the attorney, as he may believe that the justice has closed his eyes in order to better concentrate his mind, when in reality he may be taking a little private snooze."

"There is at present a member of the supreme bench who has a most ungrateful style of hearing an argument. Throughout the burst of eloquence he will look squarely at the speaker as though he were wrapped in his every word, and before the attorney has uttered the last word the justice will call the next case in the same tone of voice as a barber would shout 'next.'"

**Tells of Frontier Lawyer**  
"But of all things most to be desired in a court room decorum is first of all. The court room presided over by a dutiful, upright judge, such as all Los Angeles judges are, should be the very temple of justice and should be treated accordingly."

Hon. Thomas Fitch, the pioneer attorney of the frontier and the most beloved man of the west, was then introduced.

Judge Fitch's address was on "The Frontier Lawyer," and it teemed with the scores of funny things which have happened in the courts of the border.

"The frontier attorney is rapidly passing away," said Mr. Fitch. "He is the greatest attorney of the country, but he is going with all the other marks of advancing civilization."

"To begin with, however, all attorneys are honest. There are in the east attorneys of all sorts—civil, real estate, corporation, patent and criminal. By the last I do not mean that the attorney is a criminal, but I simply wish to explain that he acts for persons who have litigation with the state regarding differences in opinion which they hold which are contrary to the belief regarding property and lease of life held by a majority of his fellow beings."

"The frontier attorney may have aspirations for a room in a big city of office building. He may have a room and a telephone and a typewriter, but his heart will go back to his frontier home and back he will go to his country courts and country laws."

**WOULD HAVE EATEN THEM**  
At a political meeting during the recent presidential election a young speaker, discoursing upon the Civil War, patriotism and everything in general but politics, told the following story:

"One day, my friends," he began, "as the Union prisoners in Libby prison sat around the question arose whether they believed, despite their sufferings, the war should go on or not. To decide it they took a vote. Each man was given two beans, a black one and a white one, the white bean to represent the affirmative and the black one the negative. A hat was procured and the balloting began. And would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen," dramatically shouted the young speaker, throwing his arms wildly in the air, "when that ballot was counted not a black bean was found in the hat!"

After the applause had subsided an old Grand Army man arose and, turning to the speaker, said: "My friend, that was a pretty good story you just told. Of course, you were too young to be there, but I was, and I want to tell you," here the old soldier straightened up, "that if we had those beans there that you speak of we wouldn't have wasted any time voting, but would have eaten every darn one of them as soon as we could get them into our hands."

**The Trained Dog**  
The Summer Boy—if I should try to kiss you, do you think your dog would bite me?  
The Summer Girl (absently)—He's never bitten any of the other friends.

FRANK G. FINLAYSON



Judge Walter Bordwell, a Prominent Member of the Bar Association

## MYSTERIOUS STREET FIGHT MAY COST LIFE

### TWO MEN SEVERELY HURT; ONE MAY DIE

Francisco Florez and Jose Lopez Are Found Wandering Along Buena Vista Street, Covered With Blood and in a Semi-Conscious Condition

Mysterious developments of a street fight that may result in the death of Francisco Florez baffled the police detectives last evening.

Early in the evening residents living near 639 Buena Vista street noticed Florez and Lopez on their way home. Both were under the influence of liquor, according to appearances, but on closer inspection it was seen that both men were covered with blood. Seeing that one of the Mexicans was evidently in a precarious condition the neighbors called the police and two officers were detailed on the case.

Upon entering the room the officers found Florez in a semi-conscious condition. The police say that Florez and Lopez were both in a semi-conscious condition and probably due to the influence of liquor combined with their injuries. Neither of the men could explain anything about the fight.

The police also hold the theory that Lopez was trying to conceal information and is feigning drunkenness. Florez could talk a little when aroused from his stupor, but his mind was so befogged that he was unable to communicate clearly any material evidence that would give a clue to what the affair was.

It was learned from a Mexican living near Lopez and Florez that an attempt was made on Florez' life some time ago while he was asleep in his room.

**Louisiana Hospitality**

From Lippincott's Magazine.  
A group of drummers were trading yarns on the subject of hospitality, when one, a little Virginian with a humorous eye and a delightful drawl, took up his parable thus:

"I was down in Louisiana last month travelin' cross country with S. J. Carey (the same being Stonewall Jackson C., at your service), when we kinder got lost in a mighty lonesome sort of road just about dark. We rode along a right good piece after sundown and when we saw a light ahead I tell you it looked first rate. We drove up to the light, findin' 'twas a house, and when I holered like a lost calf the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard, and then said, 'Wal, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.' So we unhitched, went in and found 'twas only a two-room shanty and just swarmin' with children. He had six, 4 to 11 years old, and as there didn't seem to be but one bed, me an' Stoney was wonderin' what in thunder would become of us."

"They gave us supper, good hog and hominy, the best they had, and then the old woman put the two youngest kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took those out, laid them over in the corner, put the next two to bed—and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor the old folks went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted to, and, bein' powerful tired out, we did."

"Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we were lying over in the corner with the kids, and the old man and the old woman had the bed."

"I suppose," said the fair customer, "you guarantee these corsets?" "Certainly, madam," replied the absent-minded clerk, who had formerly traveled for a boiler foundry. "We warrant them to stand a pressure of 700 pounds."—Chicago News.

# WILLIAM WINTER REPEATS LECTURE

## AGAIN SCORES PLAYS OF "GHOSTS" TYPE

### Venerable Critic Speaks on "The Theater and the Public"—Says There Are Few Great Actors Now

William Winter, the venerable dramatic critic of New York and an author and poet of note in the country, last evening delivered an address on "The Theater and the Public" at the New Symphony hall, Blanchard building. The lecture was given last week before the members of the Friday Morning club and has been delivered in many cities throughout the country so that the views expressed in it have been freely quoted and generally understood.

Mr. Winter has long been one of the bitterest enemies the theatrical syndicate has had and he is unsparing in his denunciation of their methods. The critic has also taken up the cudgel against the plays of Henrik Ibsen, G. B. Shaw and others of their kind who have presented plays based upon the relation of the sexes.

He also scored the public for indulging in the taste of such drama and presented as an instance the crowds who recently went in Los Angeles to witness a production of "Ghosts." He disapproved most violently of the newspapers in general which he said did not tell the truth for fear of the withdrawal of advertising.

Mr. Winter presented an interesting history of the famous players of the past and gave brief descriptions of many of the more prominent. Among the actors of today there are only a few who in his opinion are worthy of mention.

He seized this occasion to pay a very affecting tribute to his old friend, Sir Henry Irving. His words brought tears to the eyes of many and the speaker himself was visibly moved. A round of applause showed the sympathy of the audience.

Mr. Winter presented a striking picture on the platform. His spiritual face with the white hair and mustache and his black evening dress were framed by the small stage and lent dramatic intensity to his address.

**Intentions**  
There is no French law against suicide, but those who have attempted recently to drown themselves in the Seine and have failed to be arrested and punished on the authority of an old law which forbids throwing bodies into the river. One such arrest was made recently. The prisoner pleaded not guilty.

"You admit that you cast yourself into the river. That is illegal."

"The law," said the prisoner, "provides for the punishment of those who cast dead, not living, bodies into the river; else every man who went swimming in the Seine would be a criminal."

"But," said the judge, "you intended to be dead. You had wickedly planned to make of yourself an offensive corpse and with that most loathsome thing to corrupt the waters of the Seine. I fine you a thousand francs."

"Very well," remarked the prisoner. "Take it from the sum which was confiscated from my pockets by the police at the time of my arrest."

"There was no money in your pockets," said the judge.

"True," said the prisoner, "but I had intended that on that date there should be a million francs there."—Judge.

**Are Americans Unpopular Abroad?**  
According to Sydney Brooks, who writes "About Paris" in the current Harper's Weekly, the traveling American makes today about the same kind of impression upon foreigners that he used to. If Mr. Brooks' observations are correct, our fellow country people succeed in making themselves particularly obnoxious to Europeans. An Englishman stopping in Paris is quoted as saying that he makes it a rule never to put up at a hotel frequented by Americans, and the problem of their presence abroad is believed by Mr. Brooks to be becoming very serious. It is said to be an axiom with a European that whenever you find Americans flocking to a particular hotel you may also be sure of finding there had service and an atmosphere of provincialism and incivility. Mr. Brooks is bound to say that "the loud-voiced and loud-checked Englishman of tradition is becoming rapidly supplanted by the romping American girl and the cigar-chewing American man of fact. It is of no use assuring Parisians that they come, they must come, from Oskosh. Paris has never heard of Oskosh."

**"Objectionable Language"**  
"So it was on the 12th of May," said the lawyer, cross examining the witness, "that Mr. Davidson dismissed you from his employ?"

"That was the date on which I left the service of the head of the establishment," corrected the solemn young man who was particular about the way in which you looked at a thing.

"Oh, then I understand that you resigned," said the lawyer, interested.

"Now state the reason you had for leaving the services of your employer."

"Mr. Davidson used language in my hearing," said the witness, nervously, "which made it impossible for me to maintain my connections with him."

"Ah, he used language!" cried the lawyer, while the jury and spectators showed signs of deep interest. "Now repeat Mr. Davidson's remarks exactly as you heard them. And, remember, young man, you are under oath."

"Well, if you must know," reluctantly answered the young man who had severed his connections, "he called me into his private office and said, 'Here's your week's pay, now get out lively!'"—New York Times.

**What He Did to "Hamlet"**  
A group of actors at the Players' club were once engaged in a discussion as to the utility and impartiality of certain professional critics of the drama, when the late Maurice Barrymore referred to a certain Denver journalist, who was widely known for his dramatic criticisms. "Hayward," said Mr. Barrymore, "was certainly one of the ablest of them. He wrote most learnedly, with the keenest analysis of every phase of the actor's art, and, above all, with no little wit. I am just reminded of what was, perhaps, the briefest dramatic criticism ever penned. It will probably outlive everything else Hayward did. It ran about as follows:

"George C. Mlin, the preacher-actor, played "Hamlet" at the Taylor Grand opera house last night. He played it till 12 o'clock."—Harper's Weekly.

**A Fair Deal**

A southern congressman tells a story of an old negro in Alabama, who, in his bargaining, is always afraid that he may get "the wrong side of it." On one occasion, it appears, this aged darky went after a calf that he had pastured all

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Butchers' coats, some of white drill, others of blue chambray, and still others of natural colored khaki; good assortment of sizes; Jacoby's price was \$1.00 and \$1.50; only about forty, so come early. Choice, today, 50c.

**Men's \$2.00 Dusters 75c**  
Men's long dusters, both mohair and linen; these are from the Jacoby stock and are worth regularly from \$1.50 to \$2.00; there's a fair assortment of sizes. Choice, today, while they last, 75c.

**\$3.50 Bike Pants \$1.00**  
Men's bicycle pants, corduroy, cassimeres and tweeds; all colors and nearly all sizes; Jacoby's prices ranged up to \$3.50. These make good garments for horseback riding. Choice, today, while they last, \$1.00 a pair.

**\$5.00 Rain Coats \$1.85**  
Men's mackintosh coats with military capes; these are regular \$5.00 garments, but there's not many of them, so you'll have to hurry; your size may be here. Men's clothing department, second floor. Choice, today, \$1.85.

**Jacoby's \$2.00 Hats 95c**  
In Wanted Styles  
Men's fur felt hats, both stiff and soft styles; staple shapes; black and colors; plenty of sizes; Jacoby Bros.' regular \$2.00 lines. Choice, today, 95c.

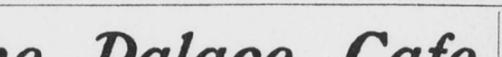
**\$3.00 Rain Coats \$1.95**  
Men's trousseurs of corduroy, cassimeres, fancy worsteds and chevots; all that is left of Jacoby Bros.' \$3.00 lines; there are still a good range of sizes. Choice, today, the pair, \$1.95.

**\$1.00 Felt Hats 37 1/2c**  
Men's felt hats of various shapes, styles and colors; crushers, cowboys' and staple shapes; lines from the Jacoby Bros.' stock, priced by them up to \$1.00. Today, while they last, choice, 37 1/2c.

**\$4.00 Lined Ulsters \$2.00**  
Men's duck ulsters; full length; blanket lined; these are also from the Jacoby stock; just such garments as are commonly sold at \$3.50 and \$4.00; not many of them, so come early before your size is sold. Choice, today, \$2.00.

**\$3.50 Trousers \$2.23**  
Men's trousseurs of imported corduroy, fancy worsteds, tweeds, chevots or cassimeres; good colors and neat patterns; Jacoby Bros.' \$3.50 lines; splendid styles. Today, in the men's clothing department, the pair, \$2.23.

**\$1.50 Trousers \$1.00**  
Men's trousseurs from the Jacoby Bros.' stock; chevots, cassimeres and tweeds; these are regular \$1.50 trousseurs and there's a fair assortment of sizes; neat colors and good patterns. Today, the pair, \$1.00.



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