

LOS ANGELES DAILY HERALD BY THE HERALD COMPANY. FRANK G. FINLAYSON President ROBT. M. YOST General Manager

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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco will find The Herald on sale at the news stands in the Palace and St. Francis hotels, and for sale by Cooper & Co., 546 Market.

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.

Population of Los Angeles 201,249

Scotty will not pose as an actor. He has poses enough now.

Let the czar take courage; Kaiser Wilhelm and his mustache are on the way.

United States corn crop for 1905, 2,707,993,000 bushels. How many drinks is that?

Conditions on the Panama railroad are better, 'tis said. But what about the canal?

Mayor McAleer voices his hopes of Hearst's success in New York. "Birds of a feather," eh?

The sort of stage Scotty would adorn is one drawn across a desert by a team of husky mules.

The cotton growers should "sit" the boll weevil on Secretary Wilson if they want to get even with him.

The only wonder is that Kaiser Bill didn't butt into Russia's row long ago. His self-restraint is amazing.

If New York can stand Scotty on the stage ten weeks, what must one think of dramatics in Gotham, anyhow?

Just after Salt Lake repudiated the Mormons in election came an earthquake. Well, it was enough to cause one.

Hard coal prices in the east are due for a sharp advance just as winter arrives. John Mitchell threatens another miners' strike.

Chauncey "de Peach" is to go before the insurance investigation committee this week. We will now learn what's wrong with the peach crop.

However, it was inopportune to take Prince Louis to West Point just when our embryo officers were wallowed at football by a gang of Indians.

Those Missouri municipal officers who came to see Los Angeles were shown, all right. Everyone promises to move here when his term of office is over.

The corn crop this year figures out thirty-four bushels for every man, woman and child in the United States. Will you have yours as corn pone or bug juice?

Young girls who crave adventure and don masculine garb in search of it should learn that that isn't the "shape" in which excitement should be discovered.

Mayor Schmitz is coming here on a vacation. That's right; after vice-ridden Frisco, Los Angeles affords a delightful change, and rest consists in contrasts, y'know.

Perhaps those ballot boxes found in the East river, New York, contained the ballots of the fish. Hearst's claims are so fishy that the explanation seems plausible.

Prize fighters of ordinary ilk, when they kill their fellows, are tried for manslaughter. In the navy they are court-martialed. Watch the pugs rush to get into the navy.

Tying youths to railroad tracks that trains may run over them is the newest form of college hazing. Tying hazers to the loose end of a noosed rope is an admirable cure for such propensities.

NO RICE, NO OLD SHOES

Once more has sentiment given way before commercialism, and practicality has suppressed inconvenient if time-hallowed tradition. And this is the way of it:

There was a swell wedding in St. Louis and right merry was it, withal. The bride was bonnie, as all brides be, and the groom, a "young Lochinvar come out of the west," was all that a Laura Jean Libbey would have desired.

It was also intended, as has been the custom of old, to have followed them a choice collection of antique footwear, as well as copious supplies of rice. Duly collected were the discarded shoes, and the rations of Japan's army were provided in sundry paper sacks, and when bride and groom proceeded to St. Louis' great union station, thither also went hordes of good friends to "give 'em a sendoff."

Right there is where custom parted before modern business, in the person of one Jerry Cookley, station master. Time may have been when Jerry had the music of marriage bells in his soul, but the clang of the locomotive bells long ere this put them to flight. Hence, with eminently practical forethought, when he saw the hunted and haunted wedded couple chase hurriedly into the huge building and noted the throng of followers, Jerry acted.

The great gates rang after the married ones and right in the faces of their pursuers. The choice collection of old shoes and rice was outside.

"Not for me!" said Jerry. "This is a station, not a habitat for stray footwear nor a refuge for rice. We don't clean up any such mess. The ones who are going away are in; you who are not going skeddo. It's 23 for you; take your shoes and go!"

And outside the gates was wailing and gnashing of teeth, but the couple smiled and went their way unshod and unriced.

And furthermore, Jerry has announced that no rice throwing cold-shoe tossing goes there any more. The custom will hereafter be honored only in the breach in the St. Louis station while it is in Cookley's care.

'Tis a sad world, my brothers, and a cold one—especially when an arbitrary station master may step in and protect a timid married couple from the anciently permitted persecution of their "friends"!

THE NATION'S REAL FRONT DOOR

According to the government statisticians at Washington the trade of the Orient amounts to three billion dollars per annum. And that commerce is said to be small compared with the trade of the world and to what it will be when the Orient shall have been properly exploited and developed.

But how does the United States stand when it comes to supplying this vast trade—the United States, at whose very door it lies? The United States has only about eight per cent of the commerce of the orient. Europe sells six times as much there as we do!

Isn't that a fact to ponder on? Yet there is a reason for it, and the very gratifying assertion that the trade with Europe for 1903 (the last year for which estimates have been made) increased only \$45,000,000 as compared with 1900, while that of the United States increased \$49,000,000, proves the reason.

We have been conducting our Orient trade as if it were a backdoor transaction. In other words we have deemed the Atlantic seaboard the front door of our nation and have relegated the great western coast to the barnyard status. We have been struggling for the rather petty exchanges with Europe, fighting tariffs, discriminations and exasperating receipts, when our real opportunities have been allowed to slumber. We have been dealing with the fishmonger and the greengrocer up the Atlantic alley, instead of with the tremendous wholesalers across the avenue of the Pacific.

It is time that the United States changed front—and the United States is learning this, too. The vast gain in the three years quoted shows that we are awaking to our situation. In 1904 we took from the Orient \$190,000,000 in imports. For these we had to send them good money, instead of absorbing them in the balance of trade. We allowed other nations to sell them products that we raised; products that we sold those other nations ourselves. If they could then resell them to the Orient and cover two profits, why cannot we cut rates and capture the trade?

We can—but not through the Atlantic backdoor; we must sell direct, not through European peddlers. We have 12,500 nautical miles of Pacific frontdoor, and our Panama canal will alone give even our rear door a short cut to China and Japan. We will then have direct water communication with the producing regions of the United States through the ports of Seattle, the Puget sound regions, San Francisco and Los Angeles—the nearest of all—and from thence we can ship directly to the far east.

It is time the Pacific coast woke up to its real importance. It is no longer the frontier, the jumping off place. To the west lies the east; the short way thence is from the western coast. Let that coast but assert itself and the frontdoor of the nation will no longer be in its rear yard, looking backward, it will be where it belongs—facing the great undeveloped, eager and arousing Orient.

Let this be said for the gang of youths who stole autos and disabled them: They put just that many autos beyond the reach of speed maniacs. And any process that curbs the speed maniac is not wholly evil.

Chief Auble promises Los Angeles the best police force in the United States and defies the politicians to interfere with his plans. Bravo! But they "broke" Hammel, and can Auble be a successful Ajax and defy the lightning?

THEY ARE ALL COMING

Mayor Neff of Kansas City is reported as saying prior to his departure from this city last Saturday: "We will be with you again before many months." Major Woodson, a Kansas City alderman, declared: "I will remove to this earthly paradise just as soon as I can retire from business in Missouri."

Why, of course. So say they all. A steady stream of easterners is now pouring into Los Angeles for permanent homes and permanent settlement. Weary with the unequal battle against snow and sleet and tornadoes and extreme heat and cold, thousands upon thousands have started for Los Angeles; thousands are arriving daily and many more are only waiting the opportunity to come.

The future of Los Angeles as an enormous and magnificent metropolis is assured beyond question. Here, on the edge of the sea, in sight of the snow-capped mountains and in the midst of tropical fruits and flowers, is springing into life one of the great cities of the world.

For the proper reception of our eastern friends and kinsmen, let us "build for the immediate future—and build big."

Cheers for Jeff Davis in Kentucky caused three murders and three others were badly wounded. Is the war over in Kentucky? Or were the cheers for the governor of Arkansas and thus properly resented?

Larue Calmes has been put on the chain-gang for deserting his wife and children. That's the very place for him. Lest he feel lonely put some more of his sort along with him. There are plenty of them, more's the pity.

RESULT OF REFORM WAVE

It is a rule in the medical profession that a sore to be healed must be kept open and cleansed. The secret-hidden cancer is fatal unless brought to the surface; once seen and diagnosed, steps may then be taken toward its cure.

In the field of morals very much the same rule holds good. Forms of wickedness, practiced in secret, may eat out the heart of a community and yet leave the surface comparatively fair. Until they break out into festering sores their presence is unsuspected; once brought to the surface remedies may be applied.

The present wave of investigation, whereby the rottenness permeating certain great corporations, and in a measure shown to be distributed through public business in general, has served just this purpose. The rotten conditions are not of the present moment; they date back for years. They have permeated the world of business, contaminated great, much respected and highly honored concerns and fastened their canker on men considered above reproach. Yet until recently these conditions were all under the surface, hidden, glossed over and unknown.

Revelations of these affairs have shocked and shaken the business world. An unsuspecting public has stood back astounded at the investigation's reports. "Can these things have been?" they ask in amazement. Yet these things were and had been for years; the very features that are most condemned are in some instances dated back more than a decade. But until they came to the surface who suspected them?

Therefore we ought to find in this expose of the moral turpitude of the world cause for congratulation. The canker that has been eating away at the heart of commercial honesty and integrity, that has been undermining confidence and violating trust, is laid bare in all its hideous features. Concealed, we knew only that something was wrong; we could not diagnose the disease. Now we know our troubles; they are placed before us in the glaring light of day. Now we can—if we will—apply the remedies.

So it is that these moral earthquakes have been of vast good to the communities in general. When the atmosphere is cleared once more we ought to have a better understanding of what business honesty is, and how to maintain it.

FOR WOMEN

Styles for Boys For the first time in many years there are no grotesque fancies for little boys. The "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the "Jackie Tars" and the "Crowboys" are no longer seen. Parents nowadays seem to recognize the equity that a lad has in his own personal apparel, and therefore more commonsense is displayed in buying clothes for him. The New York boy of today is a little man, writes a correspondent from Gotham. True, he wears knickerbockers, but he does not wear curls or a red sash. He has an overcoat or a red jacket, and he always wears stockings. No crazy designs of caps are perched on his head, and altogether he looks like a budding little gentleman of dignity.

Lighting Parlors Parlors should be fitted entirely with side lights, because they give more light to a room than candelabra. The bulbs should be placed at either side of a mantel or in the center of the wall. These lights should be placed on the sides of a door that is most nearly opposite and at another door leading into the dining room, hall or library. If the parlor is finished in empire, the brackets would be appropriate in gilt metal, decorated with laurel wreaths, etc.

Menu Cards Dolls have been popular of late as menu holders, with charmingly painted cardboard faces and elaborate paper dresses. The most delicate paper work is shown in rose and lily petals which seem to be the garden flower picked to pieces. Shell menu cards also turn out to be a surprise in that instead of being cleverly constructed cardboard they turn out to be real and beautifully polished shells with mother of pearl lining, upon which details concerning the different courses are written.

Cleaning Paint Work Kitchen paints will soon acquire a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room. The use of soap only increases the dirt. The best plan is to boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with this bran water, and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy. A woman who notices her spotless kitchen will welcome this idea.

The Use of Chiffon A popular fancy of the moment is to cover an old silk dress with two shades of chiffon. A gray glace silk shantung to rose pink that was covered first with rose pink chiffon and then with a thin quality of pale gray. The triumph of a little home dressmaker. The best plan is to be real and finish with silver galloon and the water is finished with a girde of pale rose silk.

New Style Corsets The latest novelty in corsets is made of eyelet embroidery, and is intended for wear beneath lace and lingerie blouses. It is supplied by its inventors with a short slip bodice of the same material, this merely extending over the bust. Another novelty is a corset made in the waist and below it, scarcely any above, and is dedicated entirely to the use of the tea gown. To the tea gown also may be allotted the special advantage of a corset made of tricot, entirely elastic and lightly boned. Many of the varieties of elastic stays are made all into one or in strips of elastic.

HERALD'S PATTERNS

Different patterns every day. Up-to-date styles. Special Notice—These patterns can be delivered by mail within three days after the order is received by The Herald.

FANCY ETON FOR LADIES. Pattern No. 2782. All Scaas Allowed.



The Eton modes are taking on many new forms and the latest of these natty little jackets is tucked and shows a vest. Black velvet gives a smart touch to the one in the accompanying cut, which was reproduced in gray voile. The revers and belt are optional features.

HERALD, LOS ANGELES. Pattern Department. Name Address No. 2782. Size Present this coupon.

A paper pattern of this garment can be obtained by filling in above order and directing it to Herald's pattern department. It will be sent post paid, within three days, on receipt of price.

November 13 in World's History

- 1002—Massacre of the Danes throughout England, by order of King Ethelred. Neither age nor sex was spared. 1499—Vincent Yanes Pinzon sailed from Palos, Spain, for America with four caravels, and was the first Spaniard who ventured to cross the equatorial line. 1503—Francisco Almeida, the first Portuguese viceroy of India, having surrendered his office to Albuquerque, sailed from Cochim for Portugal. 1549—Pope Paul III. died, and was succeeded by Cardinal de Monte, who took the name of Julius III. 1553—Arabella Stuart Gray at Guildhall. 1620—The Plymouth colonists disembarked on Cape Cod, and proceeded to make discovery of the country and search for a convenient place of settlement. 1805—Bonaparte entered Vienna; the commencement of a favorite plan of his to dictate peace to the conquered monarchs of Europe in their own capitals. 1832—A French army of 75,000 men entered Belgium and marched for Antwerp to assist in establishing the independence of the country. 1903—The Venezuela Arbitration tribunal at The Hague adjourned since die, the arguments having been concluded.

LEADER MAKES STRONG PLEA FOR PERSUASION

FRANCIS MURPHY DELIVERS AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS Temperance Advocate Follows His Well Known Line of Argument. Asks Abstainers to Use Influence With Their Friends

The Francis Murphy meeting at Blanchard hall last night resulted in twenty people signing the pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicants and to exert themselves to persuade others to abstain. The meeting was attended by an audience numbering about 800. There were many women present.

Short addresses were made by John G. Holbrough, a local business man; Rev. Charles Douglas of New York, and Frank G. Finlayson. The address by Francis Murphy, on the subject "Daily Bread," was particularly interesting. He spoke in his usual clear, straightforward manner, and held the attention of his audience.

The address was a heart to heart talk and a plea for persuasion instead of force. He spoke from the theory that business and money-making is an essential in the daily life of everyone and that harmony in the relations of capital and labor is a necessity.

He made a plea to those who were already abstainers to persuade others to do likewise. He contended that it is better for a father or parent to accomplish by love what cannot be accomplished by force. In his closing remarks he alluded to the drink habit and the saloon as an evil that cannot be driven or forced out of a community by a vote. The manner of getting rid of it, he said, is to stop buying liquor and to persuade others to stop.

Rev. Douglas in his address said that he found that California had no Sunday closing law and that he had found saloons in Los Angeles open on Sunday. He blamed the people for the condition. During the meeting led by J. W. Eccleston, many of the audience went to the platform and shook hands with Mr. Murphy.

TRAIN TOSSES HIM HIGH

Thrown Twenty Feet in the Air and Badly Hurt, but Still Survives

Special to The Herald. TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 12.—Antonio Bonoma, aged 35 years and a resident of Tullytown, Pa., was struck by an express train on the Pennsylvania railroad this afternoon, and was tossed twenty feet in the air.

Trainmen picked up the unconscious victim and conveyed him to Clinton street station, whence he was taken to St. Francis hospital. He was a blooded man when he reached the hospital, and the doctors wondered how the man managed to hang on to life in such a condition.

His scalp was torn in several places, his collarbone broken, he had a compound fracture of the left leg, the flesh on the calf of his right leg was almost torn away, and he was otherwise badly battered.

The condition of the man, was such that five doctors lent their aid in treating his injuries. Bonoma was walking along the railroad when a freight train appeared. He stepped from the track directly in front of a fast express train, and was caught full force by the cow catcher and tossed into the air.

The railroad men expected to find the man dead when they picked him up. He is still at the hospital, after being there many hours.

SETS GIRLS BLUSHING

Physician Compels Pupils to Display Vaccination Scars for Inspection

Special to The Herald. POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 12.—Controversy prevailed at the Garfield, Jackson Street grammar school, buildings the other day when Dr. W. H. Robinson, vaccine physician of the Pottsville board of health, compelled the pupils to display for inspection their arms and other parts of their bodies where they were supposed to have vaccination marks.

Some of the girl pupils were greatly embarrassed when called upon to exhibit the proof required. The health authorities are taking precautions against the spread of small-pox in this county again this winter, it having prevailed in Schuylkill for several winter seasons.

Several hundred pupils will be sent home as the result of this inspection, because of defective vaccination, some of the pupils having been inoculated six times without it. The law will prevent their return until they show evidences of good, healthy vaccination.

TOO BIG A HOODOO

Messenger 13 Broke Rule 13 and 13 Boys Went Out on Strike

Special to The Herald. PITTSBURGH, Nov. 12.—Messenger Boy No. 13, employed by the Postal Telegraph company of this city, broke rule No. 13 of the company's orders yesterday, was fired on the spot, and in consequence thirteen other messenger boys went on a strike.

Rule No. 13 prohibits the use of cigarettes in the boys' quarters. Ralph Lightner, otherwise Messenger No. 13, was caught red-handed yesterday. Everything was against him, and he was told that his services were no longer required.

Then the thirteen went out in sympathy. When a count was made and it was found how the unlucky number figured in the affair, there was a mad scramble for cover. All of the boys were finally taken back with the exception of Lightner.

"Gee, we couldn't win de strike wit no such handicap as dat," was the comment they made.

Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

To Fitz, Fighter When Fitz, the speckled, dons the mits And leaps into the ring once more, Watch all the small fry skip the ropes, And hike out thro' the nearest door!

When Fitz, the Cornishman, again Puts up his dukes and says: "Come on!" The "champs" who now so loudly talk, Will seek the land of rosy dawn!

Yes, Fitz, a grandpa you may be, But you're right there in your day; Here's hoping you will get a fight, And luck may go with you today!

"Hell Roarin'" Gen. Jake Smith is going back to Europe because he can't find any one over here to loaf with. He might wait until there'll be a lot of life insurance officials loafing pretty soon, glad of company.

But New York didn't do as the Jerome-ans did—not by a large majority. Pine—How do you know he wears open work shoes? Plum—He got cold feet so easily in our last poker game.

Because Kid McCoy has married again that's no sign his fighting is over. It may have only begun. A football player in a railroad wreck was given \$125 for a broken nose. In a game he'd have got a lemon to suck. Such is life.

Knit I watched her knit. The needles flew Backwards and forth, and thro' and thro' The skein, my heart was carried by Her crimson thread. Ah, she was huy, And looked me down; the selfsame hue Was in her face, so sweet, so true!

So sat together we, and I Who faild would win, I dared not try, And as I sat (and wouldn't you?) I watched her knit.

But, bolder now, a question true I put her—task so rapid grew I feared 'twould finish by-and-by. And then she'd stop—and where would I be left? But come, my answer run: The day! And since she spoke me true, I watch her—nit!

—W. H. C.

GARNERED PLEASANTRIES

He—How long will our honeymoon last love? She—How much money have you got there?—Yonkers Statesman.

The woman—No! But I can be a sister to you. The Man—All right. Call your sister down and I'll propose to her at once.—Cleveland Leader.

The three Fates had just met in conclave. "Yes," they proudly boasted, "we are the original sewing circle." Declaring a bit of gossip was too killing for anything. Atopos cut off a thread.—New York Sun.

"I want to make sure of providing for my family," said the conscientious man. "Would you advise me to take out an insurance policy?" "No," answered the cold-blooded person. "Be a director in the company."—Washington Star.

New Clerk—I think I understand the business pretty well now. Employer—Yes? Keep it up for five years. Perhaps you'll understand it then as well as you think you do now.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What sort of people are these who are continually seeking divorce?" asked the reformer with an agonized groan. "Married people, principally," responded the cheerful idiot with a poor old grin.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The moment the nurse turned her back the rich baby ran over and kissed the poor baby frantically. "It's such a relief to get hold of somebody who isn't sterilized," he exclaimed in baby talk, for he spoke no English. "I understand," said the nurse, "the poor baby, indulgently.—Brooklyn Life.

"Now, then," thundered the temperance orator, "what causes most of the crime in this world? Drink! And what causes drink?" "Thirst!" cried a voice in the rear of the hall.—Philadelphia Press.

"Another thing, colonel," said the interviewer. "I'd like to have you tell our readers how you got your start in life." "Fell downstairs at the age of six months," replied the colonel.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No, Harold," said the fair, proud girl. "I can never be yours. Never!" he cried in anguished tones. His mood changed. "Oh, very well," he sneered. "There are others." "Yes, Harold, I know there are," she said. "And I accepted one of them this afternoon."—Minneapolis Journal.

PREACHER SELLS STAMPS

Postoffice in a Connecticut Village Removed to the Parsonage

Special to The Herald. WINSTED, Conn., Nov. 12.—The Rev. Samuel E. Taft, clergyman, of Bakersville, New Hartford, has been appointed assistant postmaster at that place, and the postoffice has been removed to the parsonage.

Mrs. Howard Ward, postmistress at Montville, in the Berkshire hills, has received permission to remove the postoffice from the village store to her house. The villagers there recently advertised for a "first or second-hand postmaster." No one wanted the place, so the government said the postmistress could remove the stamp shop to her parlor.

To Whiten Laces Occasionally laces look yellow after the washing and to take out this undesirable discoloration I rub them all over with white soap putting through the blue water, and lay them flat on a white china plate in the sun. In most cases I have found that this treatment bleaches successfully. If it does not the first time I repeat it until they are whitened.

SAYS SACRED IMAGE IS IN SOULS OF MEN

TELLS HOW SIN DESTROYS LIKENESS Rt. Rev. Mgr. Harnett, V. G., Dwells on the Value of Beautifying the Spirit—Preaches an Eloquent Sermon at St. Vibiana's

"In St. Peter's church at Rome there is a statue of Michael Angelo, called the 'Pieta,' representing the mother of God supporting the dead body of the son of God. It is questionable whether there is a superior piece of sculpture. Suppose some man should enter with hammer in hand and destroy it. Would not a howl go up against him? He would likely be torn to pieces by the mob and the whole world of art would lament the destruction of a masterpiece. Suppose some one were to enter the Louvre at Paris and destroy the 'Immaculate Conception,' by Murillo? After all, what is a 'Pieta' by Michael Angelo, or an 'Immaculate Conception' by a Murillo but a statue and a painting by men. But when it is the question of the soul of man you have the work of the Lord God, which is like a statue carved by God himself, and woe to the man who destroys the image of God in his soul," said Rt. Rev. Mgr. Harnett, V. G., yesterday morning at the cathedral of St. Vibiana in an eloquent sermon on "The Image of God in Man's Soul." The monsignor dwelt at length upon the value of beautifying the image. He said in part:

"You know there are points of resemblance between all the members of the human family. As there are points of resemblance between human creatures, so are there points of resemblance between God and the soul. God is a spirit, so is the soul; God will never die and so will the soul not die.

"There are many things of which we boast—parentage, wealth, fame and a thousand things, and take pride in them. But there is nothing we should take more pride in than the image of God in our souls.

"How is the splendor to be maintained in the soul. Sin tends to destroy the image of God in the soul, and to the man who destroys the image of God in his soul. There is no man on earth that can destroy this image in your soul. It is yours and you are the one to be held responsible.

"If we could but reflect we would not act as we do. Do we think we shall escape? Man sinned; Adam fell, and God cast him out of paradise and said from dust he came and to dust he should return. The Israelites of old rebelled against Moses, who was leading them out of the wilderness. God sent the destroyers and there fell three and twenty thousand in one day. Can we escape if we destroy the image of God in our souls?

"God gave us a model in Jesus Christ and even the divine attributes serve as a model. Can we not imitate the mercy of God in being merciful to others, and the justice of God by being just with our neighbors?"

CAN'T TELL BRIDES APART

Twin Sisters So Alike That the Bridegrooms Become Badly Mystified

Special to The Herald. SIOUX CITY, Ia., Nov. 12.—A mix-up was narrowly averted at the altar when the double marriage of the Hall sisters took place yesterday. The brides were exactly alike, and the minister and the bridegrooms, Thomas Evenden and Charles Allen, had to take their word for it as to which was which. Knowing the sisters were capricious, the bridegrooms feared a practical joke.

The brides are so much alike that their own husbands can tell them apart only by their wedding rings. They were born the same hour, baptized the same day, started to school the same day, donned new dresses and new hats the same day and were always careful to have their wearing apparel exactly alike to the merest detail.

Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hall, christened them Mamie and Minnie, but were always at the mercy of the girls when it came to identifying them. When they became old enough to have suitors the aspirant for the favor of either of the twins found himself at the mercy of the other. If the latter insisted that she was the one he was wooing he was unable to successfully argue the point. Consequently their suitors were forced to come in pairs, and so long as both were thoroughly satisfied they were their rings and ties in such a manner as to enable the young men to tell which was Mamie and which Minnie.

A Delicious Dressing

Sauce Mornay is a delicious dressing for cold crab, or fish or a dish of eggs boiled hard. Make a white sauce of butter and flour in equal parts stirred over the fire into a soup and diluted with hot milk. When this has been stirred smooth set on the back of the fire or over the gas range in a double boiler and let it stew slowly for fifteen minutes. Add a little cream to it and finish it, off the fire, with salt, grated cheese and some bits of fresh butter. Pour over the fish or eggs and send to the table before the butter has a chance to melt.

Dean Says

that the immediate and generous response to the announcement of this mark-down on Saturday was a very high grade and comprises the new Vanity Bags, Envelope Bags and new Motor Bags of the very finest make, and as prices indicate, are being sold at 13 off the already reasonable prices.

\$18.00 Bags at...\$12.00 \$15.00 Bags at...\$10.00 \$12.00 Bags at...\$ 8.00 \$10.00 Bags at...\$ 6.67 \$ 8.00 Bags at...\$ 5.35 \$ 6.00 Bags at...\$ 4.35 \$ 4.00 Bags at...\$ 2.87 \$ 3.00 Bags at...\$ 2.00 \$ 2.50 Bags at...\$ 1.67 \$ 1.50 Bags at...\$ 1.00

See Dean about it He is now at 214 So. Spring St., Off Drug Co., formerly Sale & Son Home Ex. 841 Main 841