

LOS ANGELES HERALD

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Population of Los Angeles 201,249

Witte, it is believed, is for the czar. There is yet hope for Nicholas, then.

Score one for the water wagon! It can buck the festive auto, and win!

A Chicago man reports the loss of a diamond ring on the board of trade. He's lucky if that is all he lost.

This is your last week to mail your Christmas gifts. Get them into the postoffice early; the rush is greater than ever before.

And now a Frenchman is traveling on motor boots, who go six to thirty miles an hour. A new peril confronts the pedestrian almost every day.

The Los Angeles realty board insists that San Pedro, the city's water-gate, shall be a free harbor. The Los Angeles realty board is right—as usual.

A Los Angeles husband is suing for divorce because his wife cares too much for her poodle and too little for him. Sympathy in such a case seems to be with the pup.

San Diego is assured of a huge hotel, the U. S. Grant. The southern city is a delightful resort and is to be congratulated on the excellent prospect for a fine hostelry for its many visitors.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt is to have an auto capable of making 152 miles an hour. Alfred has been considered a pretty rapid young man all his life, but this rather exceeds the speed limit.

A water wagon smashed an auto Saturday night. However, there are some autos—especially some auto drivers—who need a session with the water wagon pretty badly. Let the good work go on.

A Chicago man has invented a non-burnable house. He ought to take it to Chicago's annex and interest the devil in it; he could probably work up quite a trade there. But a non-meltable ice cake would be more popular.

The Santa Fe railroad has ordered 6500 new freight cars, 1050 of them of the refrigerator pattern. This will make 6500 refrigerator cars in its service, nearly all being in use for California fruits. That shows the magnitude of the trade.

The Salt Lake road announces a new time table for this week, to take care of the new "Los Angeles limited." Every train will run on a faster schedule and the new limited will bring Chicago into close touch with "Our Lady of the Angels."

If the Russians at Port Arthur really possessed an American cannon, the surrender of that fortress seems all the more incredible. Probably they didn't know how to work that gun, which brings it back to "the man behind." A few American gunners, and things might have been otherwise.

Newspapers of San Bernardino county are up in arms to prevent what they fear is a determination to slice off a portion of that county in order to help form a new county for Pomona. Why doesn't "San Berdo" offer to compromise by giving up a portion of its northeastern quarter. It would not be missed, surely.

The Whittier News thinks Mr. Huntington intends to divert shipping and the Catalina trade from San Pedro to Newport bay in order to be independent of the Southern Pacific. It says that the magnate plans to dredge Newport bay, turn the silt of the Santa Ana river into the sloughs and maintain a deep water harbor at that point. Pretty big job to undertake.

The street gangs, for some inscrutable reason, adopted Saturday afternoon—the busiest part of the busiest day for a year—in which to rip up and repair Broadway. Vile smelling asphalt vats, smoky furnaces and dust-creating laborers interposed seriously with the shopping throngs. Such jobs should be done at night—or at least on days of less rush. Superintendent Hanley, please note.

The new lights on Spring street are promised for December 20, thus giving this service to the Christmas shopping crowd. This is indeed fortunate, and Spring street is rejoicing thereat. It puts that thoroughfare alongside of Broadway, long known as "the prettiest lighted street in the world," while it doubles the handsomely illuminated business district. Now speed the day when Main and Hill streets will be similarly beautified.

COREY'S CASE—AND OTHERS

The case of W. Ellis Corey, president of the steel trust, wherein his wife has left him because of his infatuation for an actress, has filled large space in the public press for the last week. The salacious details are already too well known to require repetition. But there is a feature of the affair which has possibly escaped the general view. It is the curse that unlimited wealth brings to him who has not the stamina to care for its burdens.

Corey, in his earlier days, was a day laborer. He worked on the "tipple" at a coal mine. He was honest, industrious, and above all, studious. He married early—a good woman of his own class. With his studies turned into the proper channel, he became an expert in steel founding. Andrew Carnegie took him up. A former protegee proved false to his trust, and Corey was thrust into the place. In a very few years he made millions upon millions of dollars. He was not seasoned to this; it turned his head. He went off at a tangent, lost his balance wheel, scorned his wife, took up with an actress—and now will likely lose his wife and job as well.

And Corey's case is almost a duplicate (save for the scandal) of Schwab's—whose place he took. This Schwab was a humble workman. He studied and became a steel expert. Carnegie made him the steel trust's first president and the millions poured in on him. Gambling proved his bete noir—gambling at the wheel and in stocks. He lost his job, and is pointed out as an example of foolishness brought about by sudden riches.

There are others—many of them. But these two serve to "point a moral." Wealth is a trust. It carries with it, when it comes to a man, certain grave responsibilities. It requires for its mastery a level head, a shrewd and careful mind, courage, self-control. The man who grows up in wealth has some chance to possess these attributes; the suddenly rich man seldom has. As a consequence, he usually makes a fool of himself and is a loser in the end.

The "curse of poverty" is a favorite topic of complaint. Give a bit of heed to the possible curse of wealth; perhaps it will reconcile some to the lack of it who now senselessly mourn.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

These are the days of the holiday shoppings. Up and down every street in the business district, from early morning till late at night, surge eager throngs of buyers, with plethoric but constantly diminishing purses. In and out of the shops pour thousands, intent on purchasing—bright eyed, interested, amused and often amazed by what they see. The stores have donned their gayest garb; greenery is everywhere; displays seldom rivalled by the greatest houses in the east greet the eye, and long counters groan beneath stacks of goods whose quantity and quality are surpassed nowhere.

The Christmas rush is on. For some days it has been growing with each round of the sun; this week will see its climax. Most establishments will remain open every night; extra salespeople will be on hand; additional forces will be hired in every department.

Heavy as the buying has been so far—and it surpasses the record of any previous season—yet it has only been a warning of what is to come. It will be a week of trial and discomfort for both purchaser and clerk, and for satisfaction on either side both must have a vast deal of patience, forbearance and generosity.

There are some things that everyone can do to make easier this Christmas rush, and all who can should take note of them. Among the recommendations are:

Go early in the day and early in the week.

Make up a list of things desired before you go.

Ask for what you want—but not till you know what you want.

Decide quickly, yes or no; seek farther in the latter case.

Don't "haggle."

Keep your temper.

Take your small bundles with you; the delivery departments have all they can do with the big ones.

Save the clerks' time by saving your own.

Be patient; "there are others."

By taking heed to these few hints you will expedite matters all around, save your own self, help others and make of a task something of a pleasure.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

What a poor and homeless orphan the Los Angeles public library is. Housed for years in an attic begrudged even these inadequate quarters, it is now served with notice to get out January 1, and find a home of its own. Short of funds, limited as to income, hampered in its legitimate sphere by lack of money, it now must face the cold and heartless world.

It is time Los Angeles awoke to its library's possibilities, and gave it decent housing and a chance. For months it has been a subject of bickering and quarrels and strife. Personal ambitions and bickerings have contaminated its flow and muddied its waters, till it has become a jest, and a byword; a plaything for politicians and a jibe for witless fools. Now, it is to be unhouseed and tossed forth, like any drab, into the public highway.

Get a home for the library, and that quickly! Take it away from the city hall, into some green and cool and shady spot. Exorcise the demons of dispute, and clear from it the muck of mutiny and murmurings. In a new habitat, start afresh and give us the library we want and cry out for. Then, please God, this now seeming disaster shall prove a blessing in disguise.

SAYS SCHWAB

TEACH LESSON

YOUNG ONES SHOW DESIRE TO LEARN

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Harnett Preaches Forceful Sermon at St. Vibia's Upon the Life and Work of St. John

"Don't kick the benches to remind the priest that he has been talking too long. Why is it the people do not desire to hear the word of God? The man who does not desire it is steeped in sin and does not want to hear the word of God exhorting him to give up his sin and desires, and is anxious that the priest should stop preaching rather than that he should stop sinning. The priest has to speak from the pulpit, and to use a common phrase, has to hit some one hard," said Rt. Rev. Mgr. Harnett, V. G., yesterday morning at the cathedral of St. Vibia, in a forceful and eloquent sermon on "The Duties of Christians." The large church was thronged with worshippers, many standing throughout the long service.

Monsignor Harnett spoke at St. John the Baptist, making application to the priesthood of the Roman church. He said in part:

"When we hear the priest speaking from a Christian pulpit we ought to count the voice of his, but God makes use of the voice of the priest. St. John did not say, 'I am the word' but 'I am the voice.' So is it likewise with the priest of God, the voice is his, but God uses it.

Should Be Anxious to Learn "From the Catholic pulpits priests of God speak in his name. Moses came from Sinai and proclaimed the word of God. The priest of God is another Moses proclaiming the word of God. I doubt this, does not our divine Lord say, 'He who hears you hears me.' My dear people, if this be true, what is the spirit that should characterize the Christian in approaching the church of God?"

"When children go to school they go with an anxiety to learn. At times they ask questions, and when the teacher speaks they hang upon the words of the priest. The obligation of teaching, he must also impose upon the people the obligation to learn.

"We should say, 'What is God saying to me just now?' If we come anxious to learn we should always take home some great truth. We should be anxious to know God, Jesus Christ, and to know our duties, and if we have sinned how we can place ourselves in God's grace, and we should know the folly of all things earthly.

"Do not think that a sermon, in order to be a sermon, should be in high sounding language. If we speak to the rich in a language of learning the poor will not understand, but if we preach in simple language the poor will understand and so will the rich.

"Don't say you do not come to church because you can't hear his-sounding language, for it is brass and a tinkling symbol. There are many who come to church, but they are not listening, they are not listening to the word of God, and while we know others are guilty, let our prayers ascend to the throne of God that they may repent of their sins.

HE LOST HIS LICENSE

When Justice Starts to Perform Ceremony the Groom Discovers That Document is Missing

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 17.—The wedding guests were assembled in the parlor of the St. Charles Monday afternoon. The bride, Miss May Radant, the head waitress, and the bridegroom, Benjamin Scherer, the day clerk, both of whom have been in the employ of the St. Charles for ten years, took their positions beneath the grand chandelier. Justice of the Peace Carl Dietz stepped to the front with the momentous conundrum:

"Where is your marriage license?"

The fingers of the prospective bridegroom went fumbling through the pockets of the immaculate suit of conventional black, and then repeated the operation, while the bride-elect stood blushing at his side. It was a vain search, and in whispered accents he vouchsafed the information:

"I have lost it."

"No license, no marriage," exclaimed the inexorable justice.

The hands of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes past 5. In fifteen minutes more the court house would be closed. There was hurrying to and fro, the bridegroom finally donned a cravat that would hide his wedding garments, betook himself in haste to the court house, arriving just in time to secure a duplicate license, and returned triumphant to the hotel, where the ceremony was finally performed.

Mr. and Mrs. Scherer will hereafter be found at the Globe hotel, in which Mr. Scherer has purchased an interest.

NEW TRAIN FOR THIS CITY

"Los Angeles Limited" Will Arrive Over the Salt Lake Route

By Associated Press. CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—The Los Angeles limited, a new train, was put into service tonight on the Chicago & North-western railroad, leaving here at 10 o'clock. The route of the limited will be over the Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific and San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroads. The running time between Chicago and Los Angeles will be three days.

On the initial trip of the limited about 20 newspapersmen from New York, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis were purchasing an interest. Omaha other newspapersmen from Kansas City will join the party, which will spend three days in Los Angeles and vicinity.

Notes for Women

Dog With a Jeweled Leash

Among the newest new trappings for dogs is a leash which is "extra new" or at least it seems so in the eyes of the uninitiated. The dog is attached to a skye terrier on which Mrs. Fred Neilson of New York proudly dotes was led out the other day by a leash which was thickly studded with gems to match those adorning his collar. Mrs. Neilson says that her pet shall be treated, as he deserves, to the best in the land and that the stones in the leash are genuine, or at least the outfit cost enough to apparently assure this. She dresses to match her dog, and often appears in smoke-colored clothes the exact shade of the skye's silky coat.

Women's Clubs in London

The Woman at Home, an English publication, says that twenty-one years ago there was not a single woman's club in London, and now every country lady has her club, which she prefers to a hotel when visiting London, while ladies in the city find it a convenient center. There are thirty of these clubs, with 20,000 members, while in New York there are only two and in Paris none, while Berlin is just experimenting with its Lyceum, a branch of the parent club in Piccadilly.

New Bedroom Slippers

The cutest room slippers have just come out—a cross between mules and sandals. Like mules, the back of the foot is left uncovered, but the sandal influence is shown in straps which buckle or button around the ankle and prevent the slipping which interested so definitely with the wearing of mules.

Brush Teeth Regularly

An unpleasant odor on the breath is sometimes caused by the accumulation of tartar on the teeth. The teeth should be brushed after each meal; under no circumstances neglect the cleansing night and morning.

Craze for Buckles

Queer little buckles, colored pink or green or blue—any color of the rainbow, in fact—are an evolution of the craze for those of pearl and mother-of-pearl last summer. These are only of the imitation pearl, but their soft shimmer is very pretty, indeed.

Berlin Women's New Club

Women in Berlin are delighted with the success of the new club, the Lyceum, which has recently been opened, a branch of the London club of the same name. It is predicted that the Kaiser will invite himself to be a guest at one of the club celebrations.

New Gloves

Embroidery seems seeking new fields for glory all the while. Its latest conquest is in gloves, some—straight from Paris—being finished at the top of the wrist with a tiny hand scallop done in a contrasting color—white on black and black on white. Others, almost as pretty, have pinked scallops of the kid itself (instead of the embroidery), piped with kid of a contrasting color—the piping pinked, too.

Janitors Feel Their Power

As the winter approaches the janitors in the thousands of big apartment buildings which house about half the population of New York are becoming visibly austere. Where during the warm summer months it was permitted to sleep at the top of the building, they are now in the basement, for then there would always be steam heat, and the elevator would always be running.

Landing the Rich Men

Hotel stenographers, telephone operators and manufacturers are maneuvering the most of the rich men these days. Busy merchants and financiers seem to be charmed with their intelligence, tact and good nature. Comparison with the idle and the half-dozen girls born to wealth are indubitable, and the result is matrimony. A half dozen such cases have been reported within a week in New York. How many are there elsewhere?

Artists' Models Scarce

Artists' models in New York seem to be unlike their sisters, the chorus girls, in one detail at least. They object to publicity. It has never been known to help them and very often it hurts. Artists were suddenly confronted with the fact that it was almost an impossibility to secure interesting and refined types as models, and for proof of this one had only to visit the exhibitions, "professional models" here as in Paris. Painters for this reason often have great difficulty in procuring good models, and it is a pure game of chance at that. Taking into consideration the needs of the girls who find it necessary to pose, and the needs of the artists, too, there was organized in New York several years ago the Art Workers' Club for Women, the sole object of which was to establish more of a mutual sympathy between artists and models as well as to dignify the profession of posing and put it on a recognized basis.

Office Boy's Joke

A small office boy got "hunk" with his employer for suffering the indignity of discharge. The boy's last duty was to deliver an advertisement for a typewriter to a newspaper office. The original copy called for a competent operator and nothing more. The boy embellished it to read thus: "Wanted—A stenographer and typewriter; must be extremely plain; no sweet lips or pretty features; need apply; pretty girls barred; the uglier the better. Apply to a. m. Fair Deal, 75 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street." When the boss arrived the next morning he was confronted by what looked like a meeting of the company to discuss the resignation. He is now engaged in whitening a handle on a piece of 2x4 board, with which he intends to give the boy some advice.

Magazine Making

There will be many radical changes made in the methods of preparing magazines following the exposure in the Belasco article in The Booklovers. Articles offered for publication will hereafter be subjected to the fire test before they are accepted, and this will make the lot of the honest writer harder than ever. It may be that when good magazines are no longer so scarce it will be paid for at decent rates at the time authenticity is established. The classic signed by Belasco and sold by Lee Kugel brought only \$75, yet it has survived for thirty years as a standard exposition on the art of acting.

In Borrowed Jewels

Of all the fashionable crazes which serve from time to time to call attention to the fads and fancies of Mrs. Astor's set, none approaches the newest and most interesting originality. Among the women leaders in society the prevailing ruling passion is to possess exact counterparts for celebrated jewels which have figured in the world's news among the heirlooms of the oldest British families. Famous pearl and diamond necklaces and tiaras, which repose for the better part of their time in burglar-proof vaults, are being admired as never before—all in the fond hope that the aristocratic owners may be coaxed into permitting the precious jewels to be borrowed for the purpose of being duplicated either in real gems or imitations. And for this fever an American peeress, none other than the young and amiable duchess of Marlborough, and her famous \$65,000 coronet are responsible.

Erlanger Doesn't Write Pieces

"Abe" Erlanger, the head of the theatrical syndicate of America, is neither glad nor sad over the predicament which Mr. Belasco finds himself in through the sale of a magazine article with his name attached, to which he didn't write, although the two are not friends. Erlanger is not an artist and he does not write pieces for magazines or newspapers. He is simply an organizer of amusement enterprises. He would probably have been successful in the soap business. Plays and actors are just so much "goods" to him and he uses them just that way.

Blue Catches 'Em

A customer in one of the smart millinery shops of Fifth avenue, New York, was commenting in admiration, on the appearance of the show window, which was arranged in a color scheme of red, hats and feathers of that hue being the only things exhibited. "That reminds me," remarked the woman in charge of the shop, "of one curious thing I have noticed since the fashion of window dressing became the thing. We have tried all the colors that come within the scope of our particular rainbow, and the one which has attracted the most attention—that is, the one which has brought us the most transient trade—is blue. Just why the average woman should fall to be caught by a display of red or pink or brown hats is all clear to me. But blue, they never wear any of them, but she knows that they increase in value at the rate of 3 per cent a year and holds them as an investment. Hetty wears no jewelry at all. Her sole possession in this line is a marriage ring worth about \$15. The increment on her diamond heard this year will be much larger than in previous years. Diamonds have gone up nearly 10 per cent. In the meantime the lady is 71 years old, and growing older every day. She says that a man got a hat in Hoboken and does her own cooking and washing.

Just Because of a \$2000 Dog

"It is true that Oscar Lewishon gave my sister a dog worth \$2000, but does a gift like that form a sufficient basis for the increment on a diamond?" Miss Jane May, sister of Edna May, star of "The Catch of the Season," in these words disposed of the rumor that her sister was engaged to wed Oscar Lewishon, a banker of New York. Lady Highball is one of the most famous terriers in the country. Once in her history she traveled from Boston to New Haven in a special car in order to receive veterinary attendance.

Letters to the Teacher

Many old and humorous things come to the minds of teachers in the public schools on the lower Eastside, but there is nothing odder or funnier than some of the letters sent to them by the parents of the children. Scarcely 5 per cent of the children hear English spoken in the home, and when they are picked up on the streets or in the schools, they soon attain a working knowledge of it; but when their parents the case is different, and when they attempt to write a letter in English to the school, the result is a jumble of the language that is often mirth provoking. Most of the funny letters are in the form of excuses for children in the primary departments. "The department of education has a special committee which is sent out by school principals to parents whose child stays away from school asking the cause of the child's absence. A few days ago one father whose son, William, had been absent for 13 days, answered the inquiry by saying, 'My boy is sick with information of the lungs.' Another replied in this way to an inquiry about Conrad, who had been absent one day: 'You will have to excuse my brother for not coming to school, because he was bit by a dog and can't sit.'

Bears Rockefeller's Name

On the crest of the bluff along the East river at Sixty-sixth street there is nearing completion a stately building that represents one of John D. Rockefeller's most important gifts to the city of New York. Across its front is carved in the limestone this title, "Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research," which gives the building the distinction, in addition to the purposes for which it has been designed, of being the only gift which bears his name. When the institute is opened in January next, it will represent an outlay of \$400,000 out of the million dollars John D. Rockefeller bestowed on the institution in a quiet uptown apartment hotel and intended by the donor to last ten years.

Mrs. Jeff Davis Very Feeble

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the presidency of the confederacy, still keeps her residence in New York, although she goes south during the winter months. Mrs. Davis is now 81 years of age, very feeble, although not ailing. Her old Mississippi homestead, "Beauvoir," is now the home of confederate veterans, and when Mrs. Davis makes a sojourn in the South it is usually with friends. While in New York she lives in a quiet uptown apartment hotel and keeps only one servant. She is far from rich. THE GOTHAMITE.

LIVES SAVED BY CHEWING GUM

From Leslie's Weekly. An incident recently occurred in Wisconsin which rises up, so to speak, in reproach and refutation of those who declaim against the chewing gum habit, especially when indulged in by members of the fair sex. The incident referred to, as related in a newspaper dispatch, occurred on a lake in Wisconsin. A woman was crossing the lake in company with her husband, a guide, when the birch canoe struck a rock, and a hole was opened in the side of the boat. The water line. The woman quickly patched the leak with a wad of chewing gum, and thus repaired the boat, reaching the shore in safety. Who shall say now that the chewing gum trust has not a sufficient reason for its existence?

SKINS USED IN THIS COUNTRY

From the Shoe Retailer. This country is the greatest consumer of hides and skins in the world. Some of the hides and skins in the world, 24,000,000 sheep skins, 16,000,000 hides of all kinds, 9,000,000 calf skins and 2,000,000 other skins. It imports all its goat skins, a total amount of about \$25,000,000 worth, and over \$10,000,000 worth of skins, a total of over \$50,000,000 worth of hides and skins. Germany imports one-third less hides and skins than does this country, and England and France each import one-half as much.

A man is known by the insurance companies he keeps away from.—Cleveland Leader.

Christmas Shopping

One more week of toil and hustle. Six more days of push and hate. Then the trouble will be over. After that 'twill be too late.

One more week—can we live thro' it? Six more days—will we survive? I have now a hundred dollars—Sunday next, will I have five?

One more week of Christmas shopping! Six more days of going broke. Thank good fortune, 'tis near over! Christmas shopping is no joke!

At a recent football game in Los Angeles the rosters yelled: "Give him the ax, the ax, the ax!" Is it not time to suppress the game when the players are allowed to carry axes on the field?

The news that a street cleaner in an Indiana city found diamonds worth \$2000 should be translated into dollars and posted in the Los Angeles street-cleaning department.

A girl is suing a rich man for \$10,000 damages because he kissed her once. It is wrong for a man to tantalize a girl that way.

Every Bostonian ate \$6.60 worth of baked beans last year, or about 660 pounds. One wonders where did he find room for the brown bread?

How doth the Christmas shopper. With buying now, get busy! And run up bills from morn to night. That make her husband dizzy.

More Local Improvements

Jim Williams has painted his wooden leg.—Clinton (Ill.) Advocate.

When a woman "reads you like a book" it simply means that she "sees your flesh."

The Oak Grove (Mo.) Banner came out last week loudly proclaiming sixteen pages—count 'em, sixteen—and one of the pages was blank.

Orange—Is your disease pronounced? Lemon—Not very easily.

For a man who is losing money in copper as fast as he is, the wonder is how Tom Lawson restrains himself to one howl a month.

A man is never too old to learn, but he may be too young to know this fact. Count your mercies and discount your miseries.

Alex. White's Specialties

Alex. White, killing hogs, setting out shade trees, digging wells, straw for bedding and carpets, and preaching on the Sabbath his specialties. Leave orders at Geiger's bakery, Dunn's store, or at my home on McLean and Wells street.—Adv. in Du Quoin (Ill.) Evening Call.

Mr. Blizzard and Miss Gale were married in Bristol, England, recently. They will have a breezy time, doubtless, and should have no trouble in "raising the wind" for a "blow out."

Palm—You should have a death scene in your play. How do you like it? Pine—Well, doesn't the hero murder his part?

Members of one woman's club in Chicago have 500 children. Tell G. C. I. Why laugh at Zimmerman doing Morgan for \$6,000,000? We don't get any of it.

Truth Stranger Than Fiction

They stood on the doorstep at parting. They were women, and passing fair: The clothes that adorned them were costly. And they had a patrician air. They spoke their farewells very briefly. They kissed—in a moment were gone! I know you will doubt the assertion! But I watched, and I saw 'twas done! —W. H. C.

GIRL WOKE UP ON HOUSE ROOF

Dressed in Sleep and Climbed to Lofty Perch—Couldn't Get Down—Firemen Were Called

WILKESBARE, Pa., Dec. 17.—Perched high on the roof of the three-story residence of Sol Hirsch on South Franklin street, this city, Miss Katie Smith, a maid employed by Mr. Hirsch, awoke early this morning and screamed for help. Katie walks in her sleep, and during the night had dressed, and in some way got on the roof. How she managed it she has no idea, for there is no way except by a dangerous climb of which she does not seem capable. She was so frightened when she awoke that she could do nothing but hang on and shout.

Folk going to work heard, but could not aid her. The police who arrived were also powerless, and finally the hook and ladder truck and crew of the fire department had to be sent for. Three firemen carried her down. She was unhurt, but badly frightened.