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OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES
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Population of Los Angeles 201,249

Today's Amusements
BELASCO—"Little Princess."
HITCHCOCK—"The Tomboy."
TURK—"Man from Mexico."
ORPHEUM—"Vaudeville."
GRAND—"Princess of Patches."
VENICE—"Elsie Band."
NOVELTY—"The Mysterious Mr. Rafter."
FISCHER—"Balletsque."
CHUTES—"Chaffarelli's Band."

Ex-President McCall is reported as showing improvement—in his health, that is.

The Best People on Earth being now "in our midst," it is urgently requested that every citizen do his duty in making them glad they came.

Governor Johnson of Minnesota says \$10,000 a year is enough for any man. That does sound like plenty—to a man who hasn't got it.

The City of Mexico is undergoing a campaign against unsanitary conditions. Mexico is too beautiful a city to be marred and injured by recurring epidemics of disease.

It's up to the city council now to fix rates of service for the gas, electric light and telephone companies. That may be an easier job than agreeing upon a board of public works.

The expected has happened—Mizner, who married Mrs. Yerkes, is to be sued for breach of promise by another woman. Mizner is quite in line now with the rest of the millionaires.

The birthdays of Lincoln, Washington, St. Valentine and St. Patrick come so close together that many persons confuse the dates. Nevertheless, the anniversaries are all remembered.

Now if someone will kindly send Alice Roosevelt a cold storage warehouse in which to care for her numerous and outlandish gifts, he will be doing a much-needed girl a real service.

A Pasadena man preferred death by bullet rather than attaining the same end by the slower but more torturing method of eating a Spanish tamale. Who can blame him?

The million dollar women's college will be erected near Pasadena. The site is a fitting one and it is to be hoped nothing will interfere to prevent the carrying out of plans for the institution.

If the very pretty row in the union coal miners' pranks between Mitchell and Dolan can be kept up, isn't there hope that it will so absorb the miners' attention that sufficient strife will be engendered and a strike will become unnecessary?

The January statement of postal business, as reported from Washington, shows that Los Angeles is in advance of all Pacific coast cities. The receipts at the Los Angeles postoffice for last month were \$77,475, as against \$77,096 during the same month last year. This is an increase of \$379,375.

The first steps toward forming a Horse Show association in Los Angeles will be taken today, and they should receive every encouragement. Such shows, besides affording much pleasure to thousands of spectators, do a great deal for the betterment of horse flesh, and every eastern city where one has been held has been benefited by it.

President Ripley of the Santa Fe frankly confesses that "there is a possibility of too much politics in the Hepburn rate bill." Well, why not? Politics is supposed to be the science of government, and the Hepburn rate bill is the application of governmental science to a situation that refused absolutely to yield to any other form of treatment.

Foolishness was resumed at the city hall yesterday, when Mayor McAleer handed in a list of names for the board of public works that had once been rejected. The council went again through the form of rejecting the list and the deadlock remains unbroken. It is said a movement will be made today to effect some sort of compromise. All citizens hope the rumor is true.

President Roosevelt has pardoned Midshipman Minor Meriwether, Jr., who killed a fellow student in a fist fight and was later found guilty of hazing other students. Perhaps it's just as well that he should be pardoned. The government is teaching him the trade of killing, and as he has shown himself an expert in that line, there is no apparent reason why he should be punished. On the contrary, he ought to have a medal.

Members of the Montana Press association who arrive today will be heartily welcomed by the press and people of Los Angeles. They will understand that our rainy season is on, but the sun is likely to shine, as usual.

CASTELLANES AND SYMPATHY
The Castellanes divorce row, with the almost certain loss by Boni of his meal ticket and by his wife of her title, points merely to an old and obvious moral that will be repeated in the future as often as it has been in the past.

An American girl, who inherited tremendous wealth, the product of unnormal business dealings, gave herself knowingly and openly for an empty title to an impecunious scion of an old and degenerate French family, who had pawned his future success to a wine agent who "staked" him in the contest. He sought only hard cash without working for it as an honest man should. She craved only the pomp and position the title supposedly brought. The bargain was struck wholly on this basis; there was about the marriage no hint of love or devotion; the sacredness hedging about a true wedding was notable only for its absence.

The inevitable happened. The man, unrestrained by any love for his wife, played ducks and drakes with his vows. His wife, knowing all this, still was forced to bear her disgrace in silence or give up the bauble she had bought. Thus the profligate spendthrift and the foolish woman who wedded him, were virtually in the same category and neither deserves sympathy from anyone. They have thereby reaped what they sowed.

If, however, any regret does hang over this scandal, it must rest upon the two children of the household. What an heritage is there! A rake for a father, a scandalous life and a worse divorce for the remembrances of their childhood days—with these two innocents sympathy may indeed be expressed, and most justly and worthily.

AT ITS YELLOW TRICKS
That pestiferous nuisance, the Hearst Yellow, is at its old tricks again, trying to tear down and injure the city that is compelled to house it. Like that vile bird, once more it befools its own nest, and tries in every possible way to hurt and harm this city. As in the Owens river project, it is "agin it," not because of any lack of merit in the greater Los Angeles plans, but from the pure cunningness of the wretched sheet.

The latest yelp from the Yellow came yesterday, when in a lengthy broadcast it attacked the consolidation plan. That it has held off so long from doing this is the only surprise; every one expected it to head the wrong way long ago. This yelp was merely a realization of what all knew was to come.

Of course, the whole argument, position and statement of the Yellow are untrue. That also was to be expected. And that they will do the slightest harm, no one believes for a moment. With the memory of its nasty course in the Owens river plan, it would be impossible to conceive of a more thorough chastising than was administered to it. The 647 followers of the Yellow—its total circulation thus established—were only so many poor deluded adherents of a discredited and repudiated sheet, the personal organ of a man who represents nothing good in any party or community.

But the howls of a hyena at night disturb decent people, and therefore ought to be squelched for the peace and dignity of the place.

Will it be necessary again, as it proved in the Owens river matter, for a delegation of business men to call on the Yellow and muzzle it by threats of withdrawal from its columns? This method proved effective then. Perhaps a similar course at the present time will again whip the Hearst outfit into a knowledge of the duty it owes to the city which homes it and gives it sustenance.

EVILS OF CULL ORANGES
The Riverside chamber of commerce has at last taken cognizance of an evil against which the newspapers and people of this city have railed and inveighed in unmeasured terms without accomplishing much in the way of results.

It is the evil of pouring into Los Angeles and San Francisco the cull or refuse oranges of the orange-growing districts—fruit that is too small or too unripe to be shipped east. It is a crying evil and one that reflects upon the industry and upon the state.

The attention of the Riverside chamber of commerce has now been called to the subject by Mr. Frost, one of its members, who states that "most of the oranges served in the hotels and sold on the streets in Los Angeles and San Francisco are of a character hardly fit to eat, and that they damage the reputation of the state as a producer of good fruit and prevent the sale of large quantities of good oranges."

Another member, Mr. Moulton, said that "this undesirable fruit can and should be kept out of the market, as most of it is only fit to be thrown away or fed to the hogs."

The question will be presented to the California Fruit Growers' exchange at its next meeting and the suggestion is offered by Riverside that the co-operation be had of all the commercial bodies in Southern California in a campaign against the sale of culls. The Los Angeles chamber of commerce should be among the first to act, as this city is the chief victim of the evil. If the sale of culls shall be prohibited there will be an immediate demand and a greater market for the best fruit.

Nearly all the Los Angeles city schools are overcrowded and all sorts of makeshifts are being resorted to, while the board of education waits on the county supervisors for the money to erect more buildings.

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SHRINERS WILL CURE GOLD FEET
HOT SANDS AWAIT TREMBLING NOVICES
Al Malaikah Temple Plans Big Initiation and Banquet at Which One Thousand Covers Will Be Laid

Prospective Shriner candidates, take note! Gold feet can be cured; they will also raise blisters on a cake of ice after a trip to Al Malaikah.

Order orders. A novice who attends to his own business has a good steady job, particularly during the ceremony. Don't fail to announce when you have enough, for to him who hath shall be given; or them that has gets. By perseverance, energy and boosting you are promised a seat upon the throne, but do not ask how you will be taken down. The revelation will come later.

If you are one of the chosen few who for the first time are to feel the soft warm sands titillating their corns and bunions, wear asbestos socks and a football suit.

Make no engagements for the future until you are through with this one.

Keep the Sand Dry
Al Malaikah temple, Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, is planning to put 100 candidates through the next Friday evening at Armory hall.

The hot sands are being carefully kept dry during the rainy weather, it is said, so that asbestos socks will be handy, even though it be damp without.

The prospective candidates are going about with a bravado which some far from feel, and the little warnings that are issued from time to time do not tend to make their peace of mind enviable.

There is one part of the program that all are looking forward to with pleasure, including the candidates, and that is the banquet at Levy's following the ceremonial session. The candidates feel that if they live long enough to reach there, they will live the rest of their natural lives.

The new banquet hall on the third floor will be opened by the Shriners, when covers will be laid for 1000 members of the order.

M. H. Flint, potentate and chairman of all kinds of committees on arrangements, is a busy man these days. He is looking after a thousand and one details that at the last moment will be appreciated by the visiting Shriners as well as the local fez wearers.

WHO HAS LOST A TICKET?
Three Easterners May Be Glad of Mishap and Remain in Land of Sunshine

Three return tickets, belonging supposedly to easterners, were found on a Long Beach car yesterday by L. L. Woods of 608 East Fifth street. After searching for the owners of the tickets, Woods turned them over to the police.

Detectives Hawley and McKenzie were detailed on the case, but failed to find the owners last evening.

IN FOREIGN FIELDS
Systematic
"This foreign representative has a grievance," said the grand vizier.

"Well," answered the sultan of Turkey, wearily, "hand him the apology catalogue and tell him to take his pick."—Washington Star.

Trouble Coming
"May I ask what you call these?" asked the British visitor, turning to the man sitting next to him at the hotel table.

"The cook, I believe," answered the other, "calls them buckwheat cakes." The visitor tasted them and took out his notebook.

He had found material for a whole chapter in his forthcoming work on "America."

Marvels of English
"Ah, your language! Eet ees so difficult."
"Wha'ts the matter, count?"
"First, zis novel eet say ze man was unyucky."

Where He Met Him
"Where have I met your Spanish guest of honor before?"
"I can't imagine. It's his first visit to this country."

Standing vs. Running
Lord Avenessey—Well, in England Americans use such paradoxical expressions, y' know.
Miss Van Garde—For instance?
Lord Avenessey—Well, in England we say a man stands for parliament.

The Old Canoe
Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep.
And the waters below look dark and deep.
Where the rugged pine, in its lovely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide.
When the winds and rushes are long and rank
And the reeds grow thick on the winding bank.
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped.
Like sea-bird's wings that the storm has lapped.
And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done.
While busily back and forth between
The spider webs of his silver screen.
And the solemn owl with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave.
Rots slowly away in its living grave.
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay.
Hiding its moldering dust away.
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb
Or the flower that mantles the falling tower.
While many a blossom of love's leafy bud,
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still.
But the light winds play with the boat
And lag in and out again.
It floats the length of a rusty chain.
Like the weary march of the hands of time.
That meet and part at the noonday chime.
And the shore is kissed at each turning
By dripping bow of the old canoe.

By dripping bow of the old canoe.
—Albert Pike.

J. T. DUNN EXTRADITED
Will Be Returned to Goldfield on Charge of Receiving Money Under False Pretenses

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 12.—Governor Pardee today issued an extradition warrant for the return of James T. Dunn to Goldfield, Nev., on a charge of having obtained money under false pretenses. Dunn is now under arrest in San Francisco.

The governor also gave a warrant today for the return of John Schumacher to Chicago on the request of the governor of Illinois.

Schumacher is under arrest in Los Angeles. It is alleged that he worked a bunco game in Chicago and he is charged with having received money by false pretenses.

BELASCO WINS; PRINCESS PLAYS MOROSCO'S APPLICATION TO ENJOIN DENIED
Latter Now Threatens to Bring Suit for Damages in Theater Controversy Over Mrs. Burnett's Dream

Manager Oliver Morosco's request for an injunction to prevent the performance of "The Little Princess" at the Belasco theater was denied yesterday by Judge Wellborn.

Mr. Morosco claims that he had the only right to the Los Angeles production of this piece granted him by the author's representative, Mrs. H. C. DeMille of New York.

The Belasco people, through their attorneys, Frank G. Finlayson and Oscar Trippett, submitted affidavits showing that they had secured rights to the play from Mrs. DeMille, another New York play agent.

Miss Kauser's offer named \$225 a week for San Francisco and \$200 a week for Los Angeles.

These terms were accepted by the Belasco company and the manuscript for the play sent. The Belasco lawyers contended that their clients were proceeding in good faith and that the granting of such an injunction would mean a loss to them of between five and six thousand dollars.

Judge Wellborn replied that he was convinced that both parties were acting in good faith and that it was a case of comparative damages. He denied the injunction therefore "without prejudice."

Manager Morosco said that he would soon begin suit to recover damages and that his application for an injunction was to protect him in future action.

He maintains that his contract with Mrs. DeMille is the only rightful one and that it will be proven in courts that the Belasco performance this week is being done without proper legal authority.

The performance of "The Little Princess" opened at the Belasco last evening and will run through the week.

GIRL BITES MAN'S FINGER
Stops Her on Street—When He Removes His Hand She Screams for Help

Special to The Herald.
ST. LOUIS, Feb. 12.—At 11:20 o'clock last night the central district police made public a report of an attack by an unidentified negro upon Miss Florence Westover, aged 17 years, of 811 South Twenty-second street, which occurred early Friday morning.

Miss Westover, according to the police, was stopped in front of 1910 Gratiot street by a well-dressed colored man who placed a pistol at her head and his hand over her mouth, at the same time warning her not to make an outcry.

Notwithstanding the negro's threat, Miss Westover resisted, and by biting one of the negro's fingers caused him to remove his hand. Then she screamed for help, and several men hurried to her assistance. Seeing them, the negro fled.

Miss Westover is employed at a branch of the H. and L. Chase Bag company, which is located on Gratiot street, near where she was attacked.

LIGHT LITERATURE
Knew the Rest
"Wha't sort of a chap is he?"
"Well, Marie Corelli is his favorite author."

"Hold on! That's enough."—Pittsburg Post.
Worse
The Politician—See here; you called me a political jobber in your paper this morning.

The Editor—I know; but the compositor made a mistake. He should have set it "robber" instead of "jobber."

Not Up to Him
"I should like to have you write an article for our magazine," said the editor "concerning the Chinese problem."

"You will have to excuse me, sir," stoffly answered the educated Chinaman. "I am a part of the problem."

Impossible
"Sho is indulging in a novel fad."
"Wha't sort of a fad?"
"A novel fad; she is trying to keep up with all the late fiction."—Houston Post.

A Pathetic Tale
Lady (at book store)—I want to get a good novel to read on the train—something rather pathetic.
Salesman—Let me see. How would "The Last Days of Pompeii" do?
Lady—Pompeii? I never heard of him. What did he die for?
Salesman—I'm not quite sure, ma'am—some kind of an eruption, I've heard.—Harper's Weekly.

Otherwise Engaged
"it must be a lot of work to write a historical novel."
"Yes," said the author, "it takes so much time that one really doesn't have a chance to read much history."

No Use for It
Agent—I am introducing a new cook book, madam. The price is only 98 cents, and—
Lady (interrupting)—Nothing doing. My husband is a poet.—Chicago News.

What would you do if the people of your state were to clamor for your resignation?
"I'd profit by the hint," answered Senator Sorghum, "and keep a closer eye on the legislature."—Washington Star.

BARBOUR AND WHATS; OTHERS WATCH PROMOTER KEEPS WELL IN THE BACKGROUND
Suit in Superior Court is Not Contested—Plaintiff Gets Judgment Against Absent Los Angeles by Default

Henry F. Barbour, the well known real estate promoter whose enforced resignation from the Los Angeles Dock and Terminal company led to the exposure of his financial difficulties, is remaining quietly at the Bay View hotel in Encenada.

His movements which have been exclusively announced in The Herald since the day of the exposure of his difficulties brought him to the Lower California city last week.

Since his interview with one of his attorneys he has done nothing of importance and with the exception of his time riding through the country or taking little sailing trips on the ocean.

He looks worried and does not mingle freely with the other guests, but receives a lot of mail from Los Angeles. He has refused to be interviewed by anyone, although several newspaper men from San Diego attempted to get statements from him.

Identification of Mr. Barbour was made by officers of the International company at Tia Juana, who were positive that he passed through Tia Juana last week.

Recognize Picture
A picture of Mr. Barbour was shown to one of the officials on the Tia Juana line who said that it was a good likeness of the man who went south to Encenada. According to this official the stranger appeared at Tia Juana on Tuesday.

That evening a Los Angeles attorney who with him attended a conference it is believed that the attorney returned to Los Angeles that night, while the stranger took a special conveyance to the south.

Henry Barbour is recreating at the little Mexican city, his attorneys here are trying to make a settlement with the numerous creditors.

There has been no danger at any time of criminal prosecution, but the former Belasco manager felt that his affairs could be whipped into shape to better advantage during his absence.

No Woman Companion
Miss May A. Nye, the pretty dressmaker whose name was coupled with that of Mr. Barbour, is still supposed to be in San Francisco. There is no reason for believing that she would attempt to join her former friend in his exile. Barbour was not accompanied by any woman on his trip south, nor has he sought feminine society since he arrived at the Bay View hotel.

It is not probable that he will return until the interest which is now taken in his case has died down. But so far as any legal action is concerned Mr. Barbour could return any day. His meeting with some of the creditors, however, would not be a pleasant one in all probability.

Mr. Barbour's methods of doing business would have been pretty fully shown up in the superior court yesterday had not the counsel for Mr. Barbour announced that the case would not be contested and that the plaintiff could get a judgment by default.

The case was W. G. McCarty et al vs. Barbour to recover about \$3000.

Latest Loan Transaction
According to the complaint, Barbour needed \$12,000 and tried to borrow it from Julius M. Purcell, who demanded security for the loan. It is alleged that Barbour went to W. G. McCarty and asked him to deed over to him a valuable lot on the Ocean Pier tract.

Mr. Barbour and Hatch had let him have. In the event that he was unable to pay Purcell in time he also agreed in consideration of \$1500 to deed to McCarty a very valuable lot he said he owned in the Ocean Pier tract.

The complaint goes on to say that Barbour was unable to take up his note and that McCarty gave him a letter, tendering him \$1500 and asking that the agreement to give him the Ocean Pier lot be carried out by him. He could not obtain satisfaction and began this suit, to which there will be no defense.

Long Beach Surprised
In explanation of the way in which Barbour could put through such unbusinesslike deals a prominent Long Beach man today reported that last night the Barbour was regarded as one of the most solid men in the beach city.

"I have known Mr. Barbour for a long time," he said, "and there was never any hint from that his credit was not good. He was a promoter, but always stood well at the local banks and was reputed wealthy."

"He used to tell me of the enormous profits he made on various deals, and in every project for the advancement of Long Beach Mr. Barbour took a prominent part. His holdings in the Ocean Pier tract were considered very valuable and such was his personality that he could borrow various sums of money here from private parties without any security."

"When the Los Angeles Dock and Terminal company was being formed Barbour took a leading part in purchasing the land, but he was not near the slough and everyone supposed him to be one of the heavy stockholders in the company. I read in your paper that all the stock which he owned was given him as a commission for the purchase of the harbor tract."

"I do not believe that Barbour has ever been dishonest in any of his dealings, but he was a speculator and took long chances. He was stupid to make a big fortune, but was unable to realize on his holdings as he expected."

"My goodness, what a fright he is! All his front teeth are gone."
"Yes, he lost them playing football."
"Oh, how truly grand introduce him to me, won't you, please?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"This is her first year in society, she says."
"None sense! She's been out four seasons at least."
"Who's she?"
"Mrs. Peabody."—Cleveland Leader.

MURDER IS EVIDENT
Indications Show That Henry A. Jackson Was Slain in His Cabin

FRESNO, Feb. 12.—Today's developments in the mystery of the discovery of blood on the cabin floor of Henry A. Jackson and the disappearance of Jackson consist of the discovery of unmistakable evidences of murder. A blackened window showed where the shot was fired from, and shot were picked from the opposite wall. A bloody ax was found covered in a slab, and there is no doubt that the victim was struck in the head. A broom covered with blood showed the officers that some attempt was made to clean up the pools of blood. The murderer quit the work and hung quilts over the windows.

Sheriff J. D. Collins says he will spare no effort to locate the body. Tomorrow he may call upon citizens to join in the search.

DRIVES INTO MOVING CAR
GLARE OF LIGHT BLINDS THE VICTIM
Doctor on Santa Monica Coach Stops Off and Aids Injured Man, Who Is Found Between the Tracks

In a collision between an outbound Santa Monica car on the private right-of-way near Sixteenth and Normandie streets at 12:10 o'clock this morning, a man supposed to be E. Passmore of 1724 Bonnie Brae street was fatally injured.

From all appearances Passmore must have been blinded by the light of the car.

The horse that Passmore was driving was "stove in," as though pinched in a vise. The carriage in which he was driving was broken into splinters.

Lying unconscious between the tracks, where he fell, the man was allowed to remain for nearly a half hour before being removed to the city. An inbound electric car on which was a physician pulled up near the accident and found a blockade. The doctor leaped from the car and rushed to the victim's side. At his order the injured man was removed to the receiving hospital.

Police Surgeons Quint and Bonyge attended the injured man. They found upon examination that he had sustained a compound fracture of the left arm, a fracture of the nose, a fracture of the skull and that the lower jaw was literally pulverized. Passmore also sustained numerous cuts and wounds on the face.

Witnesses that visited the scene soon after the accident say that Passmore had evidently been driving toward Los Angeles on Sixteenth street. At the juncture where the street suddenly terminates the car and rushed to the right, where it struck the side of the car and drove directly into it.

It is believed that the brilliant headlight blinded the man and so confused him that he was unable to decide the exact location of the car and drove directly into it.

PROMISES TO STAY DEATH
Woman Pays Spiritualist to Prolong Life and Now Sues Because He Failed
Special to The Herald.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 12.—Mrs. Margaret Spence of this city is under arrest here, charged with the larceny of \$1000 from Mrs. Elizabeth Bullman, widow of a former city clerk of Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Spence is alleged to have procured money and jewelry from Mrs. Bullman on the understanding that the former, as a spiritualist, would stay the hand of death which had marked Mrs. Bullman.

While being treated by a spiritualist doctor and Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Bullman became seriously sick, another physician who was called by the nurse ordered the spiritualist doctor from the house. Mrs. Bullman is now recovering. The property alleged to have been taken includes a \$650 mortgage and a note for \$80.

Mrs. Spence states that she had taken the property of Mrs. Bullman only to keep it for her temporarily.

DOG'S BONES START SUIT
Owner of Lot in Fashionable Cemetery Objects to Interment of Canine Carcass Near Special to The Herald.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 12.—The bones of "Billy" Hunsbrough, a tramp dog, for years pet and plaything of a childless couple, and several months ago, following a commonplace death in a barrel of quicklime, interred in Cave Hill cemetery, the most fashionable in the city, are declared in an injunction suit commenced today to be a nuisance.

It is asserted they are unfit to associate—that is, in the sacred precincts of death—with "members of the white race." The action was instituted by Henry Hertie, owner of the lot adjoining the one wherein all that remains of "Billy" lies. The defendants in the suit are Alice Riddle, owner of "Billy's" grave, and W. S. and Ada Hunsbrough, former guardians of the dog.

COTTON FROM EAR; HEARS
Placed in Ear by Surgeon Seven Years Ago After an Operation
Special to The Herald.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 12.—James T. Callahan, an Alton newspaper man, yesterday had his hearing restored after the discovery that a large chunk of cotton, placed in his ear seven years ago by a surgeon, had not been removed. Callahan had been suffering from deafness for a long time, and because his hearing seemed to be failing him altogether he submitted to a careful examination by a surgeon.

A hard substance was felt in the ear by the surgeon, and it was finally pulled out. It proved to be a wad of cotton placed there seven years ago by a surgeon who removed from Callahan's ear a bug which had crawled in. The cotton pressed the ear drum against the bones of the ear and affected the hearing. After the cotton was removed Callahan could hear well.

Dog Policemen
Dogs have been introduced into the Zurich police force to aid the police in capturing criminals.

PI-Lines and Pick-Ups
For an Outing
Bring along your old umbrella.
Likewise take your rubber shoes;
Have your cravette right handy—
For 'em all, you will have use.

Shut the doors, and all the windows,
Lock the pup up in the shed;
Put a blanket on the skylight,
And an old hat on your head.

Ready, be, to wade the gutter,
Or to walk back home again—
This is "Sunny California,"
Where they "never have a rain!"

We beg to suggest "Manana" as the best name for the new Arizona-New Mexico state.

Cincinnati is kicking because a soap factory has located next to a church. And yet "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Even little men can do big things.
Palm—She married him for pity.
Pepper—She gets it.

In Pennsylvania there is a little branch railroad which runs but one passenger train a year. Just think of missing it!

St. Louis police have been instructed to arrest every man who swears. Pretty soon there won't be any St. Louis.

Kansas and Maine are the only true examples of "joint" statehood.

The sultan of Sulu hasn't asked for his gifts back. Maybe, however, he was relieved by the announcement of the engagement, as he has more wives now than he can support.

Havana pleads for government sausage mills. Too many dogs?
That 5-year-old Ohio boy who has been appointed as a legislative page is really hardly big enough to be a foot-note.

Denver women have decided to wear "gym" suits in which to do housework, holding that no more strenuous exercise exists.