LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY

FRANK G. FINLAYSON.....President
ROBT. M. YOST.....Editorial Manager
S. H. LAVERTY....Business Manager

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Population of Los Angeles 201,249

The annual American Bowling congress is in session in Louisville, Ky.; an admirable place to "bowl up," by the way.

A California millionaire is about to wed a telephone girl down at Coronado. And yet women are warned not to talk back at men.

Depositors in a defunct Pittsburg bank will receive thirty cents apiece on the dollar. That's just about what they feel like, too.

The races are over; baseball is in the air. "Le roi est mort; vive le roi!" And may the former roi be a dead one long and earnestly.

Frisco is making a great to-do over one small silk mill soon to start up there, but says little about the thousands of gin mills that run there day and night. The Fog city is about as consistent as usual.

In view of the fact that today is circus day, and that the small boy is a bit anxious, and that we have had rain enough for the present anyhow, will J. Pluvius kindly take a vacation for half a week or so?

It will be noted that the Kentucky reunion in Louisville is set for June next—just when "the mint is in the julep, and the bloom is on the rye." No wonder that 400 expatriated Kentuckians are planning to go!

One Los Angeles firm is building forty bungalows, and every one started so far has been sold. The fact is that there isn't room in Los Angeles to house the permanent population; the houses can't be erected fast enough.

One operator went to sleep at one wrong time—and twenty-two human beings were cremated beyond identification. And yet the railroads can procure devices that prevent just such disasters; appliances that never sleep. But they cost money.

So the Moro fight wasn't against women and children after all, but those who were killed merely got in the way of American bullets with the usual results. It was hard to think of Uncle Sam's soldiers slaying helpless women and children deliberately.

Those carpers who are prone to speak of Southern California as semi-dry are recommended to visit Visalia, Bakersfield, Ventura, Santa Barbara and a few other near-by towns and take a gondola ride through the principal streets. They may change their minds then.

Now that the rainfall for the season so far is already above the yearly average and prosperity to Southern California is more than assured, the real estate man is humping himself, trying to keep up with the rapid increases in values. And it's pushing him pretty hard, too.

Colorado, which really makes some pretensions toward being a winter resort, has all the winter it can use just at present. Snow blankets the state, in some places being forty feet deep, and the cold is intense. For real, pure, genuine winter resortness Southern California still stands without a rival.

The trustees of the New York Life company have decided personally to put back into the company treasury the funds paid out to the Republican national campaign treasury. They evidently, and with good cause, had no hopes that the Republicans would make restitution. They know that even the mites of widows and orphans are welcome to the rapacious maw of a party that cares only for the good of trusts and combined corporate wealth.

The chief complaints against the railroads as a result of the delays from washouts en route to Los Angeles have been over the inadequate food supplies for beleaguered trains. In most cases no attempts were made to feed the passengers, they being allowed to hustle for themselves when stops were made at stations and to go hungry at other times. This is a serious matter and laws should be enacted requiring that passengers be adequately fed in case of any and all delays, at the railroads' expense. A ticket is a contract to deliver a passenger at his destination at a certain time, and the railroads should be responsible for a failure to do so, and should be compelled to care for belated travelers meanwhile.

OUR FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS

It is probable that the coming Fiesta in Los Angeles is not getting the publicity over the country generally that the importance of the event demands. Of course, the event is two months off yet, and that is a long time, as reckoned in close proximity to it. But it is none too early to be conducting a thorough, earnest and aggressive campaign of publicity when that must be done in cities a week away from here, from whence as long a time must be spent in travel to reach here.

Of course, the Shriners are coming here in large numbers, and the Fiesta is primarily for them. They know all about it, for to every individual member of the order in the United States and Canada has gone full particulars. In no respect could the publicity in this order have been more thoroughly covered.

But Los Angeles doesn't wish to confine its Festival of Flowers to the Shriners only. It wishes the entire land to come here for that great event, to join it in its glorious beauty. The railroad rates will be low and the time will be the best in the year for a visit to this grand land. Why not, then, tell the whole country in detail about what is to be done here, when it will take place, what may be seen, the pleasures in store for visitors and the joys that will be free to all comers?

Posters for the Fiesta have already gone east, but while posters are well enough in their way, they are only an incident to the publicity campaign that should be waged. The railroads will, at a later date, come forward with their own methods of advertising through their own channels, but this is selfish advertising at best, and only auxiliary. There should be in operation right now a regular press bureau, supplying detailed information of the Fiesta to the papers, daily and weekly, of the entire east. These communications should be bright and newsy, accompanied with attractive photographs of past Fiestas, and should be sent free of any cost to the papers themselves. In this one way—hundreds of papars will gladly print such matter—thousands upon thousands of people will be reached—people who are eager to come to California, anxious to spend their money here, but are timid about the journey through lack of knowledge and uncertainty as to what Los Angeles is providing this May for their entertainment and pleasure.

CUBAN WAR PENSIONS

It has been true that the pension roll of the United States was a roll of honor, unsullied and undefiled. To a great extent it is yet. But if certain facts be considered there is danger that it is at least partly degenerating into a roll of graft.

There are now more Spanish war veterans on the pension roll than were in Shafter's entire army in Cuba. This was the one army in which slaughter was greater in proportion to its size than any other in that brief conflict, but no one for an instant supposes that every man in it has claims to a pension—and then some. In the whole Spanish war, from every cause whatever, there were only 6610 deaths, including the mortality in camp; of these only 698 died from wounds or were killed in action. The total number of casualties—wounds, deaths, etc., were 9378. Yet, for the Spanish war, there have already been filed 69,687 applications for pensions, according to the last available figures, and they are none too recent!

The Spanish war was over some seven and one-half years ago. In the same period of time—seven and one-half years—after the mighty Civil War, the pension applicants numbered not one-third as many more, from the four years' bloody fighting, as have asked for remuneration for the four months' affray of 1898! And in the Civil War more than seven times as many men fought fifteen times as long, with the loss of more than fifty times as many lives and a far greater proportion of wounded, against a foe in every respect their equals, and not against a crumbling, degenerate monarchy.

These figures are astounding, but are official and true. They show a very peculiar state of affairs. Either men no longer are as able as once they were to bear the hardships of war and to survive its injuries in a condition to earn a living, or else the national vice of graft has so thoroughly pervaded even our patriotism and has so contaminated and tarnished our national honor that we no longer hesitate to use the most sacred trust the nation has—to care for its disabled veterans—to serve mean, contemptible and dishonest, selfish gain. Which is it?

A POINTER FROM PARIS

Paris, recognized as the show place, the "city beautiful" of Europe, is going in for wooden pavements on its boulevards, in preference to any other sort. Wood is found, when properly laid and treated, to be more sanitary, less noisy, cheaper and safer than asphalt, stone, brick or macadam. Regarding it, the Municipal Journal said recently:

The wood mostly used is pine wood, grown in the forests of France. It is delivered in deals at the city stores, where by special machinery it is cut up into blocks, the usual size being six inches deep by nine inches by three inches. It is then passed through the creosoting tanks and stored to be ready for use. This paving is always laid on a concrete foundation six inches to seven inches thick, finished to the desired convexity with fine cement. The surface of this foundation, as we saw it on the Rue de Temple, was floated, beautifully smooth and true, like a finished floor. The paving blocks are then laid hard on this surface (without any sand). The paver, with a hatchet in hand, deftly lifts the blocks with it one by one, places them in position in a row, and so quickly does he do this that he almost walks, as it were, from side to side, completing a row as he goes. The blocks are spaced in the rows with thin strips of wood. When a few rows have been laid, the strips are withdrawn and hot coal tar or pitch, to the depth of one inch,, is poured in, simply for the purpose of steadying the blocks, which are then grouted up with the fluid cement and fine sand (about half and half), until the joints are perfectly filled. The cement grout is used in preference to pitch, as it does not melt in hot weather and gives much better foothold to the horses.

It might be well for Los Angeles to look into the merits of this sort of pavement. Its life, under heavy traffic and in the variable climate of Paris, is ten years, and it would be longer here. Redwood, which is easily obtainable here, is more lasting than the pine used in Paris. Why wouldn't it be well to try a stretch of wood paving in Los Angeles that its merits may be ascertained?

The union mine workers have decided that they will strike, if at all, by districts, so that where a district row can be adjusted the workers there can by their wages aid others who cannot settle. Thus are the real miners again made cat's paws to help out a lot of "leaders" more anxious about their own prestige than for the good of the men they claim to "aid."

John D. Rockefeller has been discovered; he is a prisoner in his own home, guarded by hired thugs, trembling lest he be subpoenaed to tell of his own wickedness, alarmed lest he be kidnaped and held for a ransom. John D. may be the richest man in the world, but—does it pay? Is it worth while?

Faithful to the last to the cause she espoused, Susan B. Anthony left her entire fortune to aid women's suffrage. No matter how one may view the principles to which she was devoted, none can help admiring the ardor and single-heartedness with which Miss Anthony backed her opinions.

England, long sneering at the Chinese exclusion policy of the United States, now has a good-sized Chinese problem of her own in South Africa. Instead of meeting it boldly and settling it, as did the United States, England backs and fills and plays double.

Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

Knowledge

The farmer knows the price of wheat,
Likewise the price of hay;
He knows just when to plow his land,
And how to make it pay.

But—he couldn't tell you how to dress,
Or act while at a ball;
In fact he couldn't wise you up
On how to make a call.

My lady knows just how to dress,
To act and what to say;
She'll prattle on society
From now till judgment day.

But—she couldn't bake a biscuit,
Or produce a batch of bread;
In fact she couldn't make a cake
More light than molten lead.

—H. E. W.

That man who is suing a cafe because there were only eight oysters in the "dozen stewed" for which he paid twenty-five cents ought to be thankful that he got eight. Suppose it had been a church festival stew!

A Pennsylvania boy can walk one way and face the other. He's cut out to be a politician—or life insurance president.

Wouldn't it be terrible if the purveyor of boarding house hash had to label it with its ingredients, as the pure food bill contemplates!

A Missouri High Flyer

The editor bought a wagon this week, with which it will be more convenient to travel around Washita county. We also got a new hat this week—think of that! The first one in about two years.—Clinton, Mo., Journal.

Palm—Why do they speak of a river bed?

Pepper—'Cause it has a sheet of water over it—huh?

If Collier's could only force Col. Mann to subscribe to Fads and Fancies its revenge would be hideously complete.

A Paris doctor says we can live 100 years if we sleep sixteen hours a day. Then why live??

College men are usually 'rah material.

Many who fast in Lent also make money fast.

People do not believe all they hear, but that doesn't prevent them from repeating it, and a lot more.

A Chicago doctor says the sunshine hurts him. Sunshine? In Chicago?

An exchange says "the horn of Roderick Dhu was Scotch whisky." Just so. A sort of mountain Dhu.

Los Angeles Sunday School Teacher—Now, then, Willie, can you tell me what caused the flood?

Little Willie—Yessum; it rained.

Apis Ragensis

Oh, that rag bee up to Gusta Miller's was just fine, so Mesdames Sedlmayr, Jenkins and others say that were on hand to work and help eat the fine dinner served.—Cassville, Wis., Record.

What do the vegetarians care for the high price of hides? They don't eat 'em.

What's the Use

Chicago is to have 1000 more policemen. Just like those it has now?

The trust-busting department of the government would make greater progress if it were not compelled to stop so often to pick the splinters out of its own skin.

It is Japan for the Japanese, China for the Chinese and now we hear the cry of Africa for the Africans. What's the matter with Iceland for the ice men? Or Greenland for the greengrocer?

Hurt, but Not Injured

Miss Cora Wilson of Gilead, Kas., got hurt the other day without being injured. She married G. S. Hurt, a farmer.

Amateur singers are giving free concerts in London slums. Pity the poor!

No More It Doesn't

He was a howling Britisher,
Of it, he was right proud;
Proclaimed he oft his land's great deeds,
In accents strident, loud.

"Hon Hengland's soil," he said one day,
"The sun ne'er sets!"—the men's
Smiles broadened as a Yankee near
Said: "Neither does a hen's!"

—W. H. C.

RAILWAY WORLD

GOULD TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE IS NEARLY COMPLETED

Only 150 Miles Gap in System Stretching from Atlantic to Pacific. General News of the Railways

With the completion of the construction of the Western Pacific railroad, there will be only 150 miles gap in the great transcontinental lines of the Goulds. This gap is between the Wabash at Pittsburg and the Western Maryland in West Virginia.

All of the eastern parts of the Gould system are controlled by the Wabash. That George J. Gould may have additional plans is suggested by the fact that some of his advisers have drawn his attention to a means of bringing the Wabash on to New York city from Buffalo.

The name of the Goulds is a well known one, but the system is even greater than most people suppose. Few realize that the system is 16,000 miles in length and is a mightier force than just the figures suggest.

It will not only stretch across the continent from Baltimore and perhaps Philadelphia to San Francisco, but will touch the Great lakes at Chicago, the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans and Galveston, and the Mexican boundary at Ladero and El Paso, and with the new line now projected from El Paso to San Diego, will again touch the Pacific at the latter place.

When the Western Pacific is completed the Harriman lines will have their strongest competitor. While the Gould line is ninety-seven miles longer between Salt Lake City and San Francisco, yet it has the advantage of lower grades.

Railroad men all have their eyes on the Goulds and are now forced to acknowledge them the coming leaders in future railroad construction and operation.

The Gould enterprises may be best outlined by the following routes:

Baltimore to Pittsburg; Baltimore and Pittsburg to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Des Moines and Omaha; Omaha to Pueblo, Denver, Salt Lake City and Ogden; Salt Lake City to Santa Fe, and Salt Lake City to San Francisco.

Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Memphis, Little Rock, New Orleans, Galveston, Dallas, Fort Worth, Laredo and El Paso and projected to San Diego.

From the Atlantic coast at Baltimore to the Pacific coast at San Francisco and San Diego.

From Pittsburg to Toledo, Detroit, Buffalo and Chicago, on the Great lakes. From Chicago, on the Great lakes to St. Louis, the gateway to the southwest on the Mississippi.

From Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to New Orleans and Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico. From Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Laredo and El Paso on the Mexican border, and projected to San Diego on the Pacific.

JUST THE SAME AS THE MEN

Well Dressed Woman Makes Use of Smoking Car

John Frawley of the Union Pacific passenger department vouches for this story. He says it happened on a train he was on en route to California in a library buffet smoking car of the Union Pacific system. Here is the story just as it comes from Mr. Frawley:

"A woman perfectly dressed, entered the aforesaid car, bound for California the other morning. The gentlemen in the car supposed she intended to pass through. Half way down the aisle she dropped into one of the handsome cane seated chairs. A gentleman who occupied the seat behind her leaned forward and touched her on the shoulder. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'but this car is for the accommodation of smokers only.' 'Thank you,' she said, 'I thought so.' Then she calmly produced a dainty cigarette case and a box of wax matches, and in a moment more was smoking with all the calm enjoyment of a man. There was a flutter of amusement through the car; smiles, grins, sotto voce remarks and curious glances in her direction, but she was so serenely self-conscious of it all, and so thoroughly self-possessed that it was soon forgotten for the morning papers and magazines, which she monopolized, just the same as the gentlemen smokers.

"The train conductor entered the car, and not noticing that the lady held a cagarette between her fingers, said: 'Madam, this is no place for ladies.' 'Indeed,' she replied, 'is this not the library buffet smoker for the accommodation of passengers of this train?' 'Yes, madam.' 'Well, I am smoking; that is why I am here.'

"She also took advantage of the writing material and wrote several letters before leaving the car.

"Several gentlemen occupying the car were very anxious to ascertain her name, but their efforts in this direction were fruitless."

Leaves Missouri Pacific Road

N. Douthitt, for fifteen years general live stock agent of the Missouri Pacific & Iron Mountain route, has been elected president and general manager of the Union Packing company and independent stock yards of St. Louis, and has resigned his position with the Missouri Pacific. The change will take effect April 1.

G. P. Robinson, who was traveling live stock agent for the Missouri Pacific for fourteen years, leaves with Mr. Douthitt to take a position as traffic manager of the St. Louis companies. No successors have been named for the positions made vacant.

RAILWAY BRIEFS

It has been reported that the joint tariff arrangement between the Northwestern and Union Pacific roads will be discontinued.

The Santa Fe is reported to have contracted within the last week with the American Bridge company for 1200 tons of bridge material.

The Burlington is now condemning land at South Omaha for the building of gravity yards. This plan of switching has met with great favor in the eyes of the Burlington officials and they are expending hundreds of thousands of dollars in building these yards at the larger stations along the line.

WHAT WE WEAR

Coincided

Mr. Upjohn—You saw Kadger try to make a speech the other night. Cut a ridiculous figure, didn't he? There wasn't a bit of spontaneity about him.

Mr. Guswell—No, and—er—he wouldn't have known how to wear it if he'd had it.

Horrible

He—How do you like my winter suit? Good fit, don't you think?

She—Worse that that, my dear; a perfect convulsion!—Princeton Tiger.

"We lose money enough in stolen towels every week to board half a dozen porters," says a Louisville hotel clerk. Every man his own barkeep, eh!

GOSSIP OF CURRENT INTEREST FROM THE NATION'S METROPOLIS

Special to The Herald.

NEW YORK, March 18. — Ocean travel in the second cabin has increased greatly since the big new liners of the Baltic type have been put into service. Deck room is larger and many of the discomforts of the old second cabins have been eliminated. In most respects the second cabin amuses itself through the voyage much as does the first cabin. The veteran anecdotes of the smoking room are as much at home aft as they are amidships. An energetic and prosperous second cabin makes its little pools on the day's run, though the basis be only a "bob," instead of a sovereign. On some lines the second cabin has its own concert, and if it has been a year of bad business at the theaters, or if the vaudeville shows happen to have sent a light or two abroad, the array of talent often surpasses that which the purser has wearily mustered farther forward. The audience is ten times more responsive, and it gives its bit toward the seaman's orphanage quite as generously in proportion to its means. In one respect, in its diversions, the second cabin differs from the first. Even where a considerate company has provided it with a little library, even when it has brought its own magazines and paper-covered novels aboard, it reads, or pretends to read, far less than does the first. And who crosses the Atlantic in the second cabin? All seasons of the year the "strapped," be they of America or of Europe, be they in that financial state either for the hour, or as a recurring, even a continuous condition—it is they that make the life of the second cabin so lively that any one with a responsive soul forgets its material discomforts. At all seasons, too, there is a sprinkling of the ever-economical, but they make uncongenial traveling companions. In the spring and summer there are the homegoing families, especially to the continent, that have found fortune according to their standards in America and that are going back to the old country, the old town and the old associates, to give ample and visible evidence of the reward of emigration.

* * *

Drink, but Don't Smoke

Having been delegated by the Rev. Madison C. Peters to visit the principal cafes and restaurants of the city, from those of the most exclusive and fashionable variety to the cheaper, more promiscuous sort in the districts of the lower tenderloin in order to obtain accurate facts as to the drinking and smoking habits among women, the following observations are given as a result of a six hours' tour at the fashionable resorts Saturday evening, beginning at the dinner hour and extending to the after theater hours:

"We first visited the Hotel Astor. The beautiful 'L,' a dining room, which could stand the test of comparison with any similar room of any restaurant in the world perhaps, was filled with a gay and fashionable throng. At no table in that great hall did I see any woman who was not drinking either wine or other liquor. There was no exception.

"At the Waldorf all of the dining rooms were filled, and, from figures given by one in authority, as many as 10,000 drinks are consumed every day in the year. The women drink just the same as the men. I saw no women smoking.

"At the Hotel Astor, at the St. Regis, at Sherry's and at Martin's the same fashionable crowds gathered and drank. We saw no women smoking."

* * *

Lisle Gloves for Men

Only a few seasons ago it would have been considered effeminate for mere man to don lisle handwear. Indications for this spring's trading points with pronounced tendency to the fact that superior quality lisle gloves will divide attention with leather handwear. Importers, as a rule, are agreed that conditions favor lisles for gentlemen's spring and summer wear. This style has the unqualified indorsement of such leading fashion capitals as London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin. The claim is made that the fabric glove is more sightly and comfortable in hot weather, at the same time affording a relief from the conventional winter mode of handwear.

* * *

On the Bowery

There are a lot of visitors who seem to think that a trip to the Bowery is a fine experience. A party went through this rotten old thoroughfare the other day and it happened that they had not taken their lunch before going out. A member of the party suggested that they take their midday meal in "Beefsteak John's" and the sightseers filed in and took seats. When the waiter came around the party's members were a bit disgusted and finally one of them said: "Let's order a cocoanut—the sucker can't get his dirty hands through the shell." Finally the whole lot compromised on hard boiled eggs, which they expressly stipulated should be opened by themselves. This is the way with the Bowery business. Fellows from out of town come here and ask their friends to show them the "sights," and when they get the real article they become overfastidious. What's the use?

* * *

Why the Dress Brought $125

In the beginning the dress was quoted at $100. It sold for $125.

"It was marked up because the person who bought it was a western woman," said the dressmaker frankly. "Western women of means frequently pay more in New York shops than we would dare to ask an eastern woman for the same garment. They haven't the same idea of clothes that a New York woman has. Neither have they the same idea of money. Prices that a sophisticated customer would pronounce preposterous western shoppers pay without a protest, partly because they dislike haggling and partly because it enhances their social standing at home to be able to wear expensive New York clothes, the price of which can be verified by a receipted bill."

* * *

Progress in Talking Machines

Manufacturers of the talking machines are elaborating their enterprises to an extent never dreamed of before. It will not be long before an entire opera cast will be heard on one of these machines. Formerly a tenor or prima donna was enough. Now the costly artists from the opera house sing duets, trios and quartets. The services of such performers are made possible by the fact that all of these celebrities are now content to take a royalty on the sale of their songs rather than a fixed price. It was formerly customary to pay a certain sum, but the singers now clamor for a percentage, since there is such a great demand to hear them in this way.

* * *

Pushcarts and Autos

To show that his constituents will get the same treatment as the millionaire automobilist "Tim" Sullivan has had a bill introduced at Albany, which, if passed, will allow eastside pushcart peddlars, when arrested for petty violations of the law, to put up their pushcarts for security, just as motorists are allowed to put up their autos.

* * *

"Seeing Them Off" Not Fashionable

Popular persons when they go sailing over the ocean no longer are "seen off" by a host of acquaintances, for that fashion of speeding the parting voyager is no longer considered "smart." Such an act of courtesy is the especial priviledge of relatives and intimate friends, and it is considered rather presumptuous for others to pay such attentions. The exclusiveness has its advantages, most women feel, for it spares one a lot of trouble and fatigue. Neither are flowers sent in the old-time abundance on such occasions, for it seems that receptacles for these souvenirs are scarce on shipboard, and either the huge boxes of blossoms must remain in cold storage during the trip or be thrown overboard.

* * *

Vast Cathedral Rises Slowly

The cathedral of St. John the Divine still consists, to the eye of the passenger on the elevated, of a few great naked pillars, a single rude, unfinished arch and of a great deal of massive litter. But it is announced that the organ which is to thunder forth praises beneath its roof, when that roof is raised at last, has been ordered and that it is to be "one of the most powerful in the world." It will need to be powerful in order to fill every nook and cranny of the vast cathedral that is so very slowly raising itself on Morningside Heights.

* * *

Why Drink It?

There is a story of a New Yorker who woke up in a strange hotel one morning after a wild night on the hand-painted deserts. Wishing to bathe his throbbing temples he turned on the cold water faucet, regarded the turgid fluid thoughtfully, and exclaimed: "Well, how the Bingham did I get to Pittsburg?" But this is quite another story than that told to the average New Yorker by Chief Engineer Birdsall, press agent for Croton Brand Adam's Ale, extra dark. Mr. Birdsall is the friend of the low and humble, not to say downtrodden, microbe. He doesn't think that animalculae should be used like cabbage and boiled. What if the water is inhabited? reasons Engineer Birdsall; better drink a menagerie than a graveyard. The Carnegie fund for heroes is respectfully asked to do something nice in the way of recognizing Mr. Birdsall's services in thus saving millions of lives. Wholesale heroism is as deserving as retail.

* * *

Trolley Passes Lopped Off

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit company has cut off a free list of 5000 including policemen, doctors, politicians, clergymen, employes and families and firemen. This saves about $150,000 a year for the company.

* * *

Mock Duck's Jail Habit

The cleverest and, according to the police, the most dangerous man in Chinatown, is in jail again, this time charged with conducting a gambling game. His name is Mock Duck. Mister Duck has been arrested about a dozen times in the last year. Whenever the Chinks start an Oriental scheutzenfest down in Mott street Duck is always the first man arrested. He is supposed to be the leader of a gang opposed to some other gang. The police pretend to know all about these Chinese feuds and the reporters talk learnedly about them. Yet the wily Chinamen go right along killing each other and keeping their mouths shut. THE GOTHAMITE.

WHEN THEY BOTH LOVE

Open Work Proposal

"You say you wear open work stockings all winter?" she asked.

"Yes; I can't get anybody to mend them."

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

Generous

She—But do you know I have an uncle who is a member of parliament?

He—Never mind, darling. I love you too much to let that stand in the way. —New York Evening Mail.

An Insult

Miss Oldun—Oh, you could never guess! Dear Jack has written that my loveliness has inspired him to ask me to marry him.

Miss Young—What's that? Let's see the letter. My dear, this word is not "loveliness," but "loneliness."—Cleveland Leader.

Wanted to Know

"My watch got magnetized the other day."

"What is the result?"

"It doesn't go."

"Have I got you magnetized?"—Houston Post.

Placing the Responsibility

"So little Flutterby married the strong minded Miss Rairing. I never supposed he had any intentions in that direction."

"He hadn't. The intention originated with her."

Sure Winner

The Man—The girl looks upon my suit with favor, but both her father and mother oppose it.

The Maid—Then I may as well congratulate you.

The Man—Why, pray?

The Maid—You are sure to be elected by an overwhelming majority.

The difference between a speculation and an investment is that it is a speculation when you lose.

HISTORY AS NOT WRITTEN

Glimpses of the Past

Danaus, king of Argos, was looking at the shoe bills of his fifty daughters.

"I believe in large families, of course," he said, "but this is enough to keep any man on his uppers."

Muttering something further to the effect that there were two sides to the race suicide question and that President Roosevelt didn't know it all, he made out a check for the entire amount and registered a vow to smoke cheaper cigars.

Forgetfulness

"I am monarch of all I survey," cried Robinson Crusoe.

Trying to get him off his high perch, we asked him if he had seen Mr. Roosevelt anywhere about.

Too Much for Ulysses

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," said Gen. Grant.

"It won't do you a bit of good," replied the girl at central. "I tell you the line is busy."

Much disgusted the great captain hung up the receiver and rang for a messenger boy.

Standing on His Rights

Cain had introduced his wife to the rest of the family.

"Where did you get her?" asked Adam, suspiciously.

"I decline to answer," responded Cain.

Thus, as there was no higher court to compel him to answer, he cleverly avoided getting himself into a serious theological mixup.

The Things That Were Cromwell's

"What became of the Cromwell relics you had on exhibition here?" asked a gentleman of the museum attendant.

"Let me see," replied that resourceful worthy. "Oh, yes, they were returned to Mr. Cromwell last week."—Tit Bits.

A Venerable Pun

"When Benjamin Franklin was young he made tallow candles."

"But he reformed, of course."

"Reformed from what?"

"From his wick-ed ways."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

SCOTTY'S SHOW PACKS HOUSES

SEATTLE TURNED OUT TO SEE THE PARADE

Actor-Miner's Realistic Acting, the Alaska Wolf and Dogs and the Death Valley Sand Storm Please Auditors

Rol King, private manager for "Scotty" and manager of the "Scotty, King of the Death Valley" show, returned to Los Angeles Saturday afternoon on the Owl, which arrived late on account of washouts north of Bakersfield.

Mr. King has been in Seattle to attend the opening of the play and says that it made one of the greatest hits that have been made in that place this season.

Mr. King says that people clamored for seats the first night and that the house was packed, chairs put in the aisles and all of the available standing room was sold and still people had to be turned away. The house was filled to its full capacity during his entire stay in the city for both matinee and evening performances.

He says that the street parade has proved to be an attractive feature and that thousands have witnessed it every day.

Not only has "Scotty made a hit by his free natural acting but the play in itself has taken. One scene, that of Death valley and the sand storm, is most realistic.

With the play is Eli Smith, United States mail carrier of Nome, Alaska, with his twelve dogs, the leader of which is a full blood Alaska timber wolf.

This wolf has saved Smith's life a number of times by his instinct. Once Smith had lost the trail and wished to go in one direction, believing that it would lead him to the trail. The wolf refused to go that way even after he had given it a severe beating. When he gave the wolf his head the animal lead him back to the trail. Smith found afterward that if he had gone in the direction that he wished to he would have gotten into a river of broken ice within a few miles.

Permission had to be gained from the United States government in order to secure Smith and his pack of dogs.

Mr. King says that "Scotty" never says the same thing twice and that every show is different. Also, that the scene where "Scotty" is chartering the train to take him to Chicago is an interesting one.

"Scotty insists on buying new clothes for every performance and is always looking for a red necktie that is more brilliant than the last one which he bought.

BRIDE MOURNS ABSENCE OF HER YOUNG HUSBAND

PUTS HAT AND OVERCOAT ON AND VANISHES

Missing Man, James V. Steele, Is Proprietor of a Fuel and Feed Yard at the Corner of Adams and Main Streets

James V. Steele, proprietor of a fuel and feed yard at Adams and Main streets is missing and his pretty little wife has no idea where her husband has gone.

According to her, Mr. Steele put on his hat and overcoat and left the house, 338½ West Twenty-seventh street, Monday night and said that he would only be gone a short time.

When he did not return the next day she began to make inquiries but could find no trace of him.

The business is in the hands of a representative said to have been sent by wholesale dealers.

Some of his friends think that Steele has gone to some other city to establish a new business and will soon communicate with his young wife whom he married last August.

SPINSTER TAKES STRAY CATS

She Finds Pleasure in Befriending Them Without Reference to Breed or Color

BETHLEHEM, Pa., March 17.—Some time ago Miss Amanda Schwartz, spinster, who lives alone in one of the handsomest residences in South Bethlehem, befriended a homeless cat and so pleased was she with its companionship that she sought out others until now nearly four dozen felines have full sway in the Schwartz home. Miss Schwartz cares little for breed, color or beauty, but gathers in the stray, the tramp, the homeless and sickly wherever opportunities afford and nurses the ill ones back to health and makes pets of them all. Seldom does a cat when gathered into the fold care to leave.

A visitor to the Schwartz home this week found in front of the kitchen range cats, each of a different color and each one occupying a spotless brick. On top of a cupboard beside an old-fashioned clock with a battered face sat four more felines. On a nearby table four other outcasts were dozing peacefully. On a lounge in a dark corner were seven kittens. On the four chairs, the only ones in the room, were perched sixteen of the domestic animals.

At the sound of Miss Schwartz's voice in welcoming the visitor more cats came from every nook and corner and from upstairs.

The visitor stayed long enough to see the cat family given its evening meal and then departed.

THEIR NEEDS

Gem

Stubb—Why is it that all the fellows envy Harker because he has such a good wife?

Penn—Haven't you heard? Harker asked her what she wanted for a Christmas present and she said she would be satisfied with a kiss.—Chicago News.

Taken at His Word

She—Dear, dear hubby, I need a new dress.

He—Dresses, always dresses! Can t you conceive something higher than that?

She—Oh, yes; I also need a new hat.

No Apparent Difficulty

Mr. Ferguson (about to start down town)—A little slower, if you please, with those directions and commissions. When you talk so fast I can't get it through my head.

Mrs. Ferguson—Yes, you can. You don't have any trouble in getting it through your head. It goes in at one ear and out at the other.

Couldn't Afford To

"My wife tells me that the present she is going to get me will cost a hundred dollars."

"Gee! You're lucky; you ought to set 'em up."

"Can't afford to; I have got to save every cent to pay for it."