

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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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco will find The Herald on sale at the news stands in the Palace and St. Francis hotels, and for sale by Cooper & Co., 846 Market; at News Co., S. P. Ferry, and on the streets by Wheatley.

Population of Los Angeles 228,298

Three weeks more; then La Fiesta.

Anyone sent Coldfeet Collins those footwarmers yet?

Now, everyone cease mourning and turn in and boost La Fiesta.

The Y. M. C. A. shows the right spirit—it's "getting busy" again.

Any time the merchants of Los Angeles want to get rid of the Hearst yellow they can do it.

Los Angeles is now a city of 231,000 inhabitants—not counting its recent influx from San Francisco.

The first San Francisco building permit called for a twelve-story structure. San Francisco is going "up," all right.

Never mind who sent out those idiotic yellow yarns about Los Angeles. Ocular proof shows that Hearst printed them.

The Democrats have won another big victory in Russia. Our respect for Russia's good sense is materially increased again.

Has anyone started a fund for those Chinatown guides whom the fire put out of a job? Or has Hearst added them to his other "longest leashed liars"?

Of course, Hearst knocks Los Angeles; what interest has he here save to garner in the dollars that come from the tills of the merchants whose city he traduces?

It is with great satisfaction that the Herald announces that the Mothers' congress will come to Los Angeles, just as it planned. There is no Coldfeet Collins among the women, after all.

Uncle Joe Cannon says the speaker-ship is enough for him and that he doesn't propose to be a presidential candidate. Your Uncle Joe has his ear to the ground and knows this is not a very good year for Republicans.

"Scotty," being now free of the law's entanglements, can give his share to the San Francisco relief fund. But as Willie Hearst has about licked up all chances for personal vaunting, "Scotty" isn't breaking Slim's back bringing in his bullion.

Five thousand Sunday school pupils marched through the downtown streets yesterday. It was an inspiring and instructive sight, an ocular demonstration of the "great interest Los Angeles has in Sunday school work and the success of all who are engaged in it.

Prof. T. S. C. Lowe says: "As to the liability of dangerous earthquakes in Los Angeles and vicinity, or any part of the coast of Southern California, it is an utter impossibility to have severe earthquakes." The geological formation in this region, he says, precludes all possibility of danger.

Los Angeles is now less than one inch behind the great rainfall of last winter, and as the weather forecaster promises showers for today, we may end the rainy season with the record made even. Southern California has had an ample rainfall already and this year's prosperity promises to excel that of all other years.

Imperial Potentate Collins telegraphs to the local Shriners, "I am upheld in the opinion that it would be unwise, indiscreet and heartless to go to Los Angeles." He is "upheld" only by the Los Angeles Examiner, the Hearst yellow sheet, that engages actively in doing injury to this city. Why is the Examiner "upheld"?

It is expected that the issuance of building permits tomorrow will run the total for the month of April to a value exceeding \$2,000,000. Up to last night the number of permits issued was \$90, for improvements valued at \$1,891.01. This is an extraordinary record, when it is considered that for nearly one week following the San Francisco disaster all kinds of business were inactive. During the past week 260 permits were issued, valued at \$20,133. The sixth ward as usual took the lead with 66, the fifth ward second with 29, the first ward third with 25, and the Ninth ward fourth with 22. The present week promises to be a record-breaker in building and in real estate transactions.

BOTH RIGHT AND WRONG

President Roosevelt is right in his premises, but wrong in his conclusion regarding the acceptance of foreign contributions for San Francisco. He is correct in the assumption that there is no need for foreign aid, but he is decidedly in error when he tells American friends abroad that their kindly offerings are not wanted and will not be received.

It is quite true that the American people are willing and able to succor San Francisco in its hour of need. The willingness and the ability would be just as evident if the need were twice, three times or five times as great. The offerings of aid were spontaneous in every state of the union, the only question being, "How much is needed and in what form?"

The promptness and liberality of the American people in responding to San Francisco's aid are matters of history now. Even the magnitude of the need and the remoteness of San Francisco from the center of the country's population, allowed of practically no suffering between the time of the calamity and the arrival of contributed supplies. The Pacific coast communities, particularly those of California, rushed to the stricken city with aid at the first intimation of distress.

As a consequence of this generous flood of aid from the American people, San Francisco now is reported as being greatly overstocked with supplies of perishable kind. A late dispatch says: "The food committee reports that all necessary provisions are on hand and obtainable. Members of the committee declare that they are overwhelmed with provisions, and perishable food is causing trouble."

It is intimated, in fact, that large quantities of perishable supplies probably will have to be dumped into the bay. And in regard to cash contributions, the secretary of the relief committee says he has been "unable to compile any authentic total up to date; the contributions are so numerous and come so rapidly that I have simply been unable to more than record them."

There can be no question, therefore, in the president's judgment that no foreign aid is needed for the relief of San Francisco. That fact is sufficiently attested in the condition here noted. But turn now to the other side of the case and judge of The Herald's conclusion that while the president is right in his premises he is wrong in his conclusions about the matter under consideration.

In the first place, it is an obvious act of disrespect to foreign friends of our people and country to refuse acceptance of their generous tokens of sympathy for a stricken American community. When it is remembered that Americans always give substantial aid in cases of similar need abroad, the action of the president assumes the character of an inexcusable affront.

It is needless to say that the president would not intentionally wound the feelings of our country's sympathetic friends abroad. His decision in this case may be taken merely as one more example of the independent and imperative will that dominates his official acts. But the act, nevertheless, was discourteous, impolitic and entirely too imperious to emanate from a president of the United States.

A SURE ENOUGH "RELIEF" TRAIN

Hearst's daily yellow shrieker, the Examiner, has been condemned and execrated by the business men of Los Angeles as a public nuisance and menace. This act, the most drastic ever issued against a newspaper, was forced by the falsehoods of that vile sheet, whose one purpose, beyond vaunting the vanity of its unspeakable owner, is to harm every city in which it fastens its foul tentacles.

Hearst started his wretched daily screamer here without any wish on the part of any decent person. He is an alien—thank God!—and his only interest in Los Angeles is to boost his own personage into the limelight, and make trouble for others—to besmirch and befoul this fair city. He and his gang of scoundrels have been against nearly every movement of decency, progress or propriety, since they thrust themselves upon this city. Rarely has the Examiner had one word of good for Los Angeles since it started. Much of the advertising it has secured by browbeating and free gift, and the men who have been coerced into using its columns have part of the burden of its vileness to bear. They can stop it whenever they like.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the resolutions of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association are the first notes in the funeral march of this contemptible organ of personal praise. It should be starved out of town; Los Angeles has no need of such a stench in its nostrils.

Incidentally, why not run it out? Why not secure one of those many "relief" trains which the ghouls that own it, vauntingly said he sent to San Francisco—but didn't—and dump the whole outfit thereon? Get tank cars, so it can be sent like any other and not contaminate the country it passes through; pour its yellow rotteness in, cork up tight and send up to San Francisco to take the place of the Examiner there, which went up in smoke in the great fire. That would be a "relief" train worth while, and every decent person in Los Angeles would gladly subscribe to it.

True, this may seem an unwarranted slap at San Francisco in her adversity. She is now well rid of this festering sore. But San Francisco bred Hearst; she is responsible for him; his first vile paper was started there, and by long years of suffering she has become used to this noxious pestilence. So, after all, the burden for San Francisco is less than it is for Los Angeles, to whom the disgusting Hearst is an alien; in which city he has no interests save to traduce and betray.

Send the whole stinking mess up to San Francisco, and be well rid of a civic disgrace.

PUSH THE Y. M. C. A. FUND

The Young Men's Christian association is going to resume its canvass for funds for its new building. Why not? The association was in the midst of a most successful effort when the San Francisco earthquake and fire came. More than half of the \$350,000 needed was raised, and the balance looked certain even before the expiration of the time limit, May 1. People were responding liberally and the outlook was splendid.

Then came the San Francisco catastrophe. True to its tradition, the Young Men's Christian association dropped everything, raised the very first relief fund, \$1500, put its president, Arthur Letts, on the first train out and sent him to San Francisco with this money and instructions to spend it where it would do the most good. And then every Y. M. C. A. member turned in and worked like a Trojan, helping the stricken city.

That task has been accomplished now, and the Y. M. C. A. is turning back once more to its interrupted canvass. Huge sums have been raised in short order here for San Francisco, but the association feels that the city owes a double duty to its young men here at home; that this must not be neglected even in the face of other claims from suffering San Francisco.

The building fund cannot be raised by May 1, as was originally intended; that time is past. But it can and should be raised in very short order, and the quicker work is started on it, the sooner the money will be in hand.

INDIGNANT MEXICANS

Mexican newspapers have good cause for indignation concerning reports that certain American promoters are intriguing for the purchase of Lower California by the United States. There is no substantial basis whatever for apprehension on that ground. American adventurers, located on the peninsula, have long been anxious to obtain a free hand in the control of that section. They have no backing, however, except on the part of such newspapers as are controlled for a price.

The American people would not entertain for a moment a proposition to force the annexation of Southern California, and Mexico certainly would not sell the peninsula. The Mexican people are as proud as their American neighbors of the land in which they dwell. Following the general model of the greater republic, they have commanded the admiration of the world for their achievements, within a brief period, in the elements of national greatness. Every foot of their territory is as dear to them as is that of the United States to the American people.

Mexico has nothing to fear from American aggression. The only invasion that threatens it from the north is the kind it welcomes—American capital and energy for the development of its splendid resources. The United States and Mexico are being drawn closer together, with each succeeding year, by the ties of "mutual interest and neighborly regard. The attitude of the American people saved Mexico from European domination forty years ago, and today the same attitude would be in evidence if occasion required.

The Herald is advised officially that the Mothers' congress will meet in Los Angeles on May 7, the time agreed upon, and that no postponement has been ordered. We congratulate the Mothers' congress upon its foresight and determination. It has more sense and more sand than all the imperial potentates in Canada.

Local Shriners are still valiantly working to have the Shriners' meeting come to Los Angeles, according to agreement. In this they have the support of all decent citizens. Only the Hearst yellow is fighting the movement.

RED-HAIRED COPPERS BARRED

Red hair, regarded in some quarters as an affliction, has become a downright handicap, chief Collins has placed his stamp of disapproval upon it and has suggested to two of his latest additions to the police force that they get their crops dyed to some less boisterous hue.

Two of the 123 men who faced him yesterday, after being sworn in, were found to be red headed. James W. Regan was one of them, and the advice given him was intended to apply to both. It was brief and to the point: "A burglar or a holdup man could see you a block," the chief declared, "and with that bunch of hair your chances of making a capture are pretty slim. Better get it dyed black."

The advice was listened to, but so far it has not been followed by either of the offending recruits—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HE GOT THE REBATE

A fertile minded agent, now one of the widest known life insurance officers in the country, was trying to sell a client a policy on which the agent's share of the first premium was \$1500. The client desired the policy, but he wanted a rebate of \$1000, and this the agent was willing to give. The agent was casting about in his mind for some method of hiding the rebate, when the office cat—they were in the client's office—chanced to rub purringly against his leg. He looked down at the cat and his method was ready. "What a beautiful Angora cat!" he exclaimed, "I'll give you \$1000 for it. The client assented, and the policy was taken. Receipts were exchanged, the cat was caged in the waste basket and wrapped up, and the agent went away with tabby under his arm—and no rebate law could touch him.—World's Work.

LOVERS' LANE IN NEW YORK

Drug stores, theater foyers and hotel palm rooms have had their noses put out of joint as a trysting place by the bridge approach to the Brooklyn bridge subway station. Just at present that is the most popular lovers' lane in New York. From 6 to 7 o'clock every evening and from 1 to 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon men and maidens of many ages are lined up three deep at the foot of the first flight of stairs waiting for the friends that have promised to meet them there.—New York Press.

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WHY SAN FRANCISCO WAS FASCINATING

By William Hamilton Cline

Sanganetti's When we dined at Sanganetti's, up in Frisco, on the bay; That time we wandered thither at the closing of the day, You remember, love—'twas risqué, but delightful? Well, you said You'd recall those luscious moments to the hour that you were dead!

When we dined at Sanganetti's—no. St. Francis glare for ours! La Fiesta, it was gay, then, but we craved not fashion's bowers! Down among the free and easy, where a few knew what was good, You and I, love, went a wandering—sought, and found, and understood!

When we dined at Sanganetti's—you and I—oh, what cared we That the Palace Grill was gaudy, and the band played frantically? With our fish and old Chianti, what were viands rich and rare— You and I about a table: nothing in the world to care?

When we dined at Sanganetti's—fashion might have lifted eyes, Even hands, in holy horror, and have spoken in surprise; But with you a-smiling at me, in the dim and dingy room, 'Twere a bit of heaven, sweetheart—you, the angel in the gloom!

When we dined at Sanganetti's—where is Sanganetti's now? Drop a tear, love, for Bohemia—put one upon your brow; For the wrath of God has fallen and has swept the place away— Tears and love for Sanganetti's, up in Frisco, on the bay!

Wherein lay the fame of 'Frisco, now food for flames? Why did it hold the love and affection of hundreds of thousands of its own people and millions of earth's denizens? Not its beauty, for San Francisco was not a beautiful place. Its site, on the hills, is superb, and could have been made ideal. But aside from a few instances, it neglected its opportunities. Telegraph hill was a disgraceful assemblage of shacks. A few rich mansions, mostly of awful architecture, crowned Nob hill and exemplified the crudity of birth and breeding of their builders. Twin Peaks were bare, unkempt and unimproved. Pacific Heights alone were adequately handled. The superb glimpses of bay and islands and far Contra Costa's shore were lost to the great mass because of the private monopoly of the view sites, and the city was thus as if without these charms. Its climate was admittedly atrocious—especially its fogs.

Nor was it a city of beauty in its building. Its streets in the main are narrow; its residence districts, raw and unfinished, sprawled up and down steep grades in unending rows of wooden nightmares—block after block of frame dwellings as monotonous and nothing like as handsome or costly as the old brownstone rows in New York, yet just as forbidding. Of private grounds one found almost none. The millionaires, some of them, had skimpy dooryards; in extremely rare cases they had half a block of ground frontage—perhaps a dozen or so in all. Most of the houses came to within a few feet of the street line, and a tiny garden of struggling flowers was their pitiful and only attempt at homeliness.

But San Francisco wasn't a city of homes; the man who wanted a home and could afford it went across the bay. It was a city of hotels and apartment and lodging houses. There were square miles of apartments in the hill region north of Market street; all flush with the street; all big and frowning and scant of daylight, and ornate of name. In these San Francisco lived; they were her characteristic dwelling places; the large majority of her populace so abided.

So it wasn't the home life, nor the fine situation, nor the magnificence of her outlook, that made San Francisco. Neither was it cheapness of life—for it was a costly place in which to live. Nor was it beauty. Golden Gate park was beautiful—I think the most lovely public grounds I ever saw; its variety was infinite and its changefulness entrancing. But that's all. The city's smaller squares and open spaces were few, conventional, ordinary.

Its business blocks and streets were not architectural triumphs; quite the contrary. A few buildings, like the Ferry and the Call, the Flood and the Fairmont hotel—these were "frozen music" truly. But most of the structures of greatest fame were ornate monstrosities, overloaded with flagrant work of the most banal sort. The Palace hotel was a rococo nightmare; the Grand was a vision of ugliness; the Phelan, the Postal Telegraph, the Masonic buildings were sure to give one the shivers. The streets were curious jumbles of the magnificent (in cost if not in design) structure and the ramshackle frame shack. The towering Call building itself was flanked by a wooden tumbledown, and the St. Francis stood next to an antique rookery. The whole business region was a hodgepodge of narrow streets, overcrowded with heterogeneous traffic, lined by ugly commercial marts, and disgraced by architectural freaks and decayed relics of other days. Even the \$7,000,000 city hall, itself as hideous as it was dishonestly built, looked out on rows of cheap two-story saloons and vile lodging houses. The art of civics was utterly unknown in San Francisco, though it had just been born there.

What, then, without claim to natural beauty, home life, fine climate, civic grandeur, business magnificence or great outlook, was this city's wonderful hold on all the world? Why did the man of little travel marvel, and the globe trotter rave, and why was the native son content never to leave it, holding all else on earth in ill-disguised contempt? What was 'Frisco's charm? Its fascination.

In this, no city on earth, not even Paris, held comparison with it. I first saw San Francisco last year. I had left the east with the mercury 22

degrees below zero, and had come across the continent in leisurely fashion, stopping here and there. On the first Saturday in March I left Ogden and its snows, and awoke Sunday, to spend much of the day climbing interminable miles of the Sierras through equally interminable miles of snow sheds. Then, suddenly, we dropped as if from a balloon, over the summit, down into the Sacramento valley, so hot that we became faint. And then through this great heat—still greater by contrast with the ages of snow just before it—we journeyed, suffering and smothered.

Then, just before nightfall, we ran into the cool bay breeze, as if we had come into new life. Joyous, indeed, and inspiring, was thus the first breath of San Francisco.

And equally entrancing was its first glimpse. No city in the world had a finer front door. The trip across the bay, facing the declining sun, was along a pathway of molten gold, fit augury of the glory which first made this wondrous land. The tall spire of the ferry station was a finger of beauty, raised athwart the gilded orb. The terraced hills melted one into the other; the snowy Fairmont the apex. The Call building was the great exclamation point in this symphony of ecstasy. The hills behind were a background unparalleled in any painting. Already one loved this 'Frisco, which one had not yet seen.

That night, about 8 o'clock, I sallied forth from that grand caravansary that once was famed the world around, and walked up Market street. Then, the coils which had ensnared me in approaching the city, bound me fast.

Imagine the picture: A Sunday night in early March, when the east is swathed in snowdrifts. Soft, balmy yet crisp air, like wine in one's nostrils. A great, broad, nondescript thoroughfare, with serrated sky line of mammoth sky-scrapers and low hovels cheek by jowl. A place of flashing light, shaming the noonday sun. Clanging, rushing, speeding, rattling cars, in endless procession, filled in with tooting, shrieking autos and clattering carts, wagons, cabs and carriages, till the street is a hideous babel, a rumbling, roaring maelstrom. A swirling, swarming tide of humanity pulsating up and down the broad walks, jammed so closely that one must move with it or be swallowed up, yet all happy, laughing, care-free. Shops of every variety wide open, many of them utterly without fronts, never closed. Cigar counters flank the walk, slot machines and dice games running steadily. Saloons ablaze with lights innumerable, all doing business every hour. Butcher shops with carcasses of meat hung against their pillars, against which furs and satins brush. Fruiterers and green grocers occupying more space than the law allows, with every delicacy of the year crowded into one season. Huge cafes packed, the booming of the orchestras mingling with the tinnny strum of the automatic piano in the "penny parlors" or the raucous voice of the sidewalk barker. The street preacher declaiming to unheeding throngs; the medicine fakir enjoying a large audience; the Salvation army puncturing the atmosphere with its religio-popular songs. And over and above all, the laughter and gayety, the insouciance of a motley horde, all on pleasure bent, heedless of tomorrow, so there be fun tonight!

Imagine that—to one accustomed to Sabbath's eastern quiet and calm; to deserted Broadway, or State street or Olive street! Think of dropping down into that on a Sunday night! Would you be fascinated?

And the throng there commingled—the most cosmopolitan the world affords! Light-haired, painted under-world women in furs; dark, big beautiful in remarkably openwork shirt-waists; shop girls chewing gum; "Johnnies" in top hats and evening clothes, without top coats; straw hats and flannels, coonskin caps and overcoats; the sailor in baggy trousers and the soldier in the Presidio in khaki; the nondescript from the bay regions, in corduroys, and the tourist, in cravenette, cap and camera—all these. And then some—the Chinese woman, with her flapping bifurcated nether garments, her baby on her back, her slant-eyed lord in gorgeous skirts ahead of her; the little Japanese woman, pitifully painted and powdered, making poor parade in incongruous American attire, scarcely less outre and uncomfortable than her escort in pot hat and tweeds; the Lascar, up from Barbary coast; the husky, loudly dressed negro; the "cholo" in his velveteens and sombrero; the count from Austria and the hurr from Germany, carried along by the current—all this on a Sunday night! Do you wonder at its fascination?

And the flower market, on the Kearny street corner, with its lavish display, where one may buy a \$5 bunch of violets for a dime and a dozen callas for a quarter—these mean nothing to an Angeleno, for we have the same thing, only more so. But think of it, to an easterner, just from the snows! Of all I drank in on Market street of a Sunday night—my first—I shall forget all else ere I do the beauty of that flower market, and violets at 10 cents a bunch!

Fascination—the fascination of the free and easy, the unconventional, the don't-care, the incongruous—these were the charm of San Francisco. The huge inner court of the Palace, with its wealth of beauty and art and gorgeousity, wherein men sat hatted, and drank, or ate, with women in low gowns and jewels; the "Palace of Art," with its priceless paintings flanked by cheap prints cut from magazines, with beer 25 cents a glass and a quarter's worth of trench-throw in, while women drank

Say All the good things you can about other makes, there remains one thing true only of the Steinway IT IS BEST This is not merely a statement. It is a fact disputed by none. For no one ever says "just as good as the STEINWAY." The STEINWAY difference is too distinctive, too universally acknowledged to permit of contradiction. NO ONE Attempts such a foolhardy task. If they do, you may be sure they are innocent of piano values or else they purposely try to mislead you. And this supremacy is not only acknowledged to be national in scope. It takes in the whole civilized world, from the crowned heads to the great discriminating center class. And why? Four generations, all in the immediate STEINWAY family, have, during the past ninety years, devoted their entire material thought, energies and facilities to the one finality—the building of the mastertypic of piano—the STEINWAY. There are many other pianos, but only one STEINWAY. Vertegrands \$525 to \$575 Uprights \$600 to \$775 Miniature Grands \$800 to \$950 Parlor Grands \$1000 to \$1650 Geo. J. Birkel Company STEINWAY REPRESENTATIVES FOR ALL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA 345-347 South Spring Street

at the bar; the "Poodle Dog," with its delicate French café downstairs, its private dining rooms above, and yet beyond, what no man talks of to a decent woman; Delmonico's, wherein to be seen—on the lower floor—was fashionable, but to drive into and step from carriage to elevator was damning; "Dirty Louis," whose place was so filthy it was called "the fly trap," yet whom epicures loved; the Cliff house, at once the vaunt and the apology of the city—all these were part of San Francisco's hold on humanity. They represent that odd feature of its gay life—the borderland tendency—the going to the edge and looking over, yet drawing back in safety. That was one of San Francisco's chief charms—its ability to venture farther than any other place and yet to maintain its equilibrium.

Then there was its Chinatown—its three-decked Chinatown; the gorgeously Oriental shops whither women went, to be waited on by soft-voiced celestials and to obtain wondrous fabrics at astoundingly low prices; the tourist Chinatown, whence one went with licensed liars—beg pardon, they called them guides—who pumped the poor tenderfoot full of weird yarns at \$1 per pump. And there was the real Chinatown, in tiers above and below ground, where the chattering yellow faces lived in human hives and smoked hop and cut throats, and none cared—least of all themselves. This was under the lee of Nob hill—the incarnation of the Contrast, which was the 'Frisco soul.

And Barbary coast, where the sailors fougathered, with its dives and hovels and hell-holes, where for half a dollar a black wench would do a dance that would make the Paris can-can seem a religious ceremonial; where men were drugged nightly and robbed, shipped aboard some windjammer for the other side of the world, and never heard of more. Barbary coast, flanking the great wholesale and banking district, and one more of those contrasts which made the city's charm.

More and more I might cite of all this—much more. But I think you have caught the scheme. Frisco was fascinating—the most fascinating place I was ever in. It was so because of its happy, light-hearted, abandoned wickedness—not vicious, but simply madly-glad wickedness, fostered by abundance of gold and glorious ozone. It was fascinating because of its tremendous dramatic, awesome contrasts, and the way in which they were set opposite and apposite the other. It was fascinating because of its stupendously pulsating life and the joy of living; the "mind your own business" feeling; the carefree atmosphere; the oriental fatalism of its people; its very over-flowering love of existence, and all that therein lies. And anyone who knew his San Francisco never was free of its spell.

This, then, was the charm of the old San Francisco, now in ashes and crumbling ruin. Will the new San Francisco hold it? I wot not. Such is not the growth of a day or a year, but of the evolution of a people. The argonauts, the forty-niners—they made the old San Francisco, and their influence yet held sway. But the new San Francisco will be builded by a newer generation, and along newer, more commercial lines. Barbary coast will be wiped out, Chinatown will be moved away, the Palace is gone with the "Palace of Art" and Nob Hill is a ruin. Market street is a gulch of hot bricks and crumbling walls; its only life the brown-clad soldier keeping guard.

There will be a new San Francisco—but the fascinating charm of the San Francisco of song and story and actual life was shaken out of it that fatal Wednesday and burned to death in the subsequent holocaust.

And God have mercy on its soul!

If you want to go east, C. Haydock, Agent Illinois Central R. R., 238 S. Spring.

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