

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY
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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., 848 Market.

Population of Los Angeles 228,298

Incidentally, how about those owl cars?
The Y. M. C. A. still needs \$125,000. Have you chipped in?

The real Panama issue with the average man right now is: "Shall I clean it or buy a new one?"
Start right now to secure the Shriners for 1907. Coldfeet Collins will have been relegated to obscurity ere then.

Our friends the Shriners certainly struck a spell of fine weather. But nothing's too good for such good fellows.
As to whether Father Gapon is alive and well or dead and buried much discussion rages. What's the odds in either case?

The oil trust made an awful howl when the Garfield report came out—but it all ended in holler. The trust was "caught with the goods."
"Obey" has been omitted by the Presbyterians from the wife's pledges in their marriage services. Watch the rush to be wed by Presbyterian parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Longworth have been arrested for speeding their auto. There's a heap o' difference between being a president's daughter and a congressman's wife.
Even with an increase of \$400,000 in the city's income this year, there can be no reduction of the tax rate. Los Angeles grows so fast that it can scarcely keep up with itself.

Senator Clark of Montana is going to quit, in favor of Heinze. No matter what one's opinion of Senator Clark may have been, one has to express his sympathy for Montana on the change.
Any Los Angeles merchant who would discharge his employe detained in San Francisco by national guard duty just now would be unworthy the respect and confidence of the business community.

Willie Ridiculous Hearst, the human hyena, is still spouting about what he did (in his mind) for Los Angeles. But he keeps that rot out of his Los Angeles sheet; he knows such guff here is too silly for words.
Somebody send word to Coldfeet Collins! They had two earthquakes in Kentucky, which is only 300 miles from Chicago, where he ordered the Shriners to meet. And Los Angeles is 500 miles from San Francisco!

One set of Presbyterians has eliminated hell from its creed, and now the general assembly leaves "obey" out of the marriage service. Really the Presbyterian church is becoming quite the most agreeable and accommodating in the list.
Some Los Angeles merchants are already weary of the lies of the Hearst yellow about this city and have done their share toward eliminating it. The rest should consider the fact that they can suppress the yellow faker whenever they desire. It's up to them.

The Y. M. C. A. canvass for funds for its new building naturally was side-tracked in the face of the great San Francisco disaster. But that is three weeks past now, and certainly Los Angeles should not fail to carry out an enterprise so worthy and to which it had pledged itself.
A citizen of Wheeling, W. Va., writes exultingly to The Herald as follows: "How about the earthquakes? All the Pacific coast in California is right on top of quakes. I would sooner live here in the Ohio valley, where we have plenty to eat and to wear, and fuel, gas, coal, good warm houses and money to burn." Now wouldn't that jar you! We have no objection to the gentleman's preference as to his place of abode, but we insist that his impressions of California are too universal; they cover too much territory. There are no quakes in Southern California and we not only have "plenty to eat and to wear, fuel, gas, coal, good warm houses and money to burn," but we have a few incidentals in the shape of the best climate on earth. Anybody who would deliberately and with malice aforethought prefer Wheeling, W. Va., to Los Angeles, Cal., is almost beyond hope of reform. The poor man has our sympathy.

HOLD THE COMMERCIAL FORT

It is conservatively estimated that "the work of removing the ruins in San Francisco will require a year's time." That statement assists the mind somewhat in grasping the stupendous task involved in the city's reconstruction. The task is of greater magnitude than the one faced by Chicago in 1871. It dwarfs all other tasks of like kind in the world's history.

The railway managers, who are depended upon chiefly to handle the problem, roughly estimate that there are not less than ten million cubic yards of debris to be removed. With the use of teams it would take five years, according to the estimate, to complete the clean-up. By using locomotives and cars, however, on temporary tracks laid in the streets, it is thought the work can be completed in one year.

From this starting point consider the probable time it will take to restore San Francisco to its former status as a great commercial and general business center. An intimation is given in the assurance of the steel trust that it will give San Francisco priority for three years in the filling of orders for structural steel. Probably the end of the vast work of restoration will not have been reached at the close of the present decade, nearly five years hence.

While San Francisco will be in condition soon to gather up a fraction of its former business, it necessarily will be hampered and crippled to a damaging extent for two or three years at least. And in view of the sharp commercial and manufacturing competition for these days, a crippled business center must struggle at great disadvantage to maintain its foothold.

Here is the golden opportunity for the northern ports, particularly Seattle, to make herculean effort to wrest from San Francisco its pre-eminence as the great commercial mart of the Pacific coast. The Puget Sound cities, backed by powerful and energetic railway influences, have been striving with their might, in the last few years, to draw commerce northward from San Francisco. And they have been successful in some measure because of the lack of energy in such lines for which San Francisco long has been distinguished.

In view of these circumstances, Los Angeles is suddenly projected to the front as champion of California, to take the place of the stricken champion. The importance of strenuous exertion to keep this state's commercial hold upon the business of the Pacific coast is self-evident. It is important to every county in the state, as well as to the cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles, that the vast commercial interests which have centered in San Francisco shall not, by reason of accident, be diverted to northern ports.

San Francisco and Los Angeles should pull together in this emergency. The southern metropolis has the facilities, the ability and the pluck requisite to "hold the fort" during the years that it will take to restore the northern metropolis to its normal condition. The Los Angeles motto fits exactly the situation which now confronts this city and San Francisco, in view of the tactics outlined by the northern ports—"Pull together," and pull hard.

RAILROAD RATE BILL

Prospects now seem brighter than ever before for the passage by congress of a railroad rate bill that the president will approve and make into law. Just how effectual it will be, when enacted, is a question the courts ultimately must decide. But even though it prove abortive, at least one good has been accomplished: the power of the railroads over congress is broken, and another bill, to remedy errors which this may contain, will be comparatively easy of passage.

That there is need of a bill to regulate railroad rates, every shipper knows. Equality is unknown in railroad circles. Distance bears no relation to tariff. Everything goes by whim rather than by rule, and by favor rather than by justice. As a consequence, chaos ensues.

As an example, take Los Angeles and San Francisco. The rates from the east to Los Angeles are higher than they are to San Francisco, though the latter is actually farther in miles from the eastern markets—500 miles farther in the case of all except one railroad. The result of this overcharge on Los Angeles freight is that San Francisco could, before the earthquake, control the trade of Nevada and New Mexico, though Los Angeles is vastly nearer both, and justly entitled to their business. Freight rates actually made it impossible to compete from here with a city 500 miles north of us.

Under the present laws no remedy exists for this condition of affairs. Los Angeles, though robbed every day on every shipment, has no redress. The new law promises to aid this city in throwing off the shackles of the freight combine, even if action under it will be slow and tedious, because of court review.

COST OF BUILDING MATERIALS

The erratic Evening Express has found a new hobby. The fact is worthy of notice only because this particular hobby may tend to mislead some person who is unacquainted with that paper's vagaries.

although the inference is given that the "architects of the city" generally indorse it. It is intimated, also, that capitalists are apprehensive of further advances in prices of building materials.

There is no probability, however, that any capitalist will be dissuaded from building by the strained effort of the Express to show that the present cost of building in Los Angeles is unwarrentably high. It is proved by an authoritative statement that the prices for building materials and labor are lower in this city than in the average of American cities. Figures for lumber, brick and concrete are lower here than in any of the large eastern cities, and so is unskilled labor. The wages of mechanics, however, are as high here as in the east. Freightage from the east makes metal products more costly here than in eastern cities, but that excess is offset fully by lower cost of the other building materials named.

The building permits issued in "the past two months," the period in which capitalists have "postponed action," according to the crazy story of the Express, knock the rockers from under that new hobby.

After threatening with the big stick and bluffing in various other ways, Theodore Roosevelt now fairly tumbles over himself getting into line on the rate bill as congress sees fit to pass it. The president is only human, after all, and well knows when he's had enough.

QUAKE PICTURES AND CARDS

Their Distribution and Sale Should Be Stopped in the Interest of All California

LOS ANGELES, May 7. (Editor Herald)—It is time somebody with a strong pair of lungs and a powerful megaphone perch himself on top the Union Trust building and give utterance to a big holler about the way some of the so-called enterprising firms and fakers are showing their friendship for Los Angeles and the entire state of California.

It is all right to devise various legitimate schemes to raise funds for the needy people of San Francisco, but when illustrations of the earthquake horror and its twin brother, the fire, are hawked about the streets, and sold helter skelter to tourists for distribution broadcast in the east, it seems that the limit has been reached.

Then, think of the thousands of so-called "souvenir cards" with scare pictures of the quake and fire, that are displayed glaringly along the principal streets of the city and sold at a dime or fifteen cents a dozen, with no explanatory words at all. These cards or other points in the state that were not affected by the quake, going to the east to misrepresent the situation and sow the seeds of fear and distrust in the minds of the people who may have been taken to come to Southern California, at least.

The entire picture business, started for the purpose of putting a few dollars into the pockets of the picture fenders and less scrupulous souvenir dealers, is about the worst and most far-fetching scam on the entire state of California that is now being tolerated by representative bodies of our city and state. No illustrated card should be placed on sale in any town of this state without full explanatory matter showing the points that were affected by the quake, otherwise many an ignorant and thoughtless easterner will be led to think that the whole state of California is a good section of the country to overlook in the future.

Perhaps it is a little late to call in the misleading postal cards and souvenir books, as many firms and individuals might lose a few dollars in cash, but cash is the worst and most far-fetching scam on the entire state of California that is now being tolerated by representative bodies of our city and state. No illustrated card should be placed on sale in any town of this state without full explanatory matter showing the points that were affected by the quake, otherwise many an ignorant and thoughtless easterner will be led to think that the whole state of California is a good section of the country to overlook in the future.

There are no seats in Russian churches.
A monument is being designed in Richmond, Va., to be dedicated to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe.
In a case now before an English court the vital point is whether a goose can drink. One of the judges, however, testified that he had a goose which always went to roost on a pond.

ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE

King Edward has nine motor cars. The king does not have his cars numbered and does not use a driving license.
A 20-year-old number of Spurgeon's magazine, Sword and Trowel, says: "In Cromwell's day the royalists first called the liberals whigs, taking the first letter of each word in their motto, 'We hope in God,' and forming them into this word."

AMERICAN POLICE LEARN LESSONS FROM INDIA

New Means of Identification of Criminals Proves a Marvelous Success in Eastern Cities From the New York Evening Post.

Much interest has been aroused in police circles by the identification of Daniel Nolan, or Henry Johnson, or James Jones, a well known English "crook," by the detectives of Scotland Yard, London, from a print of one of his thumbs taken here by Detective Sergeant Faurot of the Bertillon bureau and mailed across the Atlantic without any other particulars. Nolan robbed the Waldorf-Astoria, and has been sentenced to seven years.

While in various European cities the method of identifying criminals by their finger prints has been known and practiced for years, on this side of the ocean the art is in its infancy, the case mentioned being the first actual practical application. Some time ago the head of the local detective bureau became interested in the system and sent Sergeant Faurot to Scotland Yard to investigate and see if it were adaptable to New York's needs. Since then the sergeant has been carrying on his experiments, and he and Inspector McLaughlin were only waiting for an opportunity when the Nolan case came up.

An impression of the criminal's thumb was taken and dispatched to London without any other means of identification whatever, and yesterday, almost by return mail, arrived a long official envelope from the convict supervision office, New Scotland Yard, London, containing a set of photographs of the fingers of Nolan's two hands, a face photograph and a description, and a list of his aliases, several of them new to the New York police, together with the crimes for which he had been committed, and positively identifying him as the Daniel Nolan who was believed to have robbed the wife of a prominent novelist of \$300 and then escaped to New York. All this simply by means of a black smudge of a man's thumb on a piece of paper.

USE IN INDIA

Although the system of identification by finger prints has been in use in Europe for a number of years, it is not a European invention. As a matter of fact, it is one of the oldest and most ancient institutions that the Chinese have calmly claimed for their own and those who doubt this may be convinced by actual history showing it to have been employed in the police code of British India for a generation or so back. Just who was responsible for its adoption there is not certain, but Sir John Herschell, at one time connected with the Indian civil service, is usually mentioned in this regard. The British police experienced great deal of trouble in keeping track of even the most notorious native criminals, and it was a great deal more difficult to arrest a first offender, for the reason that all the natives looked so much alike and wore such apt hairs.

Ordinary methods, even the Bertillon system, were fruitless, and finally the finger print scheme was tried. It worked like a charm. Where before arrests had been made for the most part on the basis of the ruler, and the power of the law began to merit respect. In case after case the police were enabled to track the crime solely by the chance print of a man's finger or thumb on an odd piece of paper, or on the rim of a doorway or a dirty window pane. Some of the stories told of their accomplishments in this line rival the most thrilling detective stories.

In one case, that of the murderer of a manager of a tea garden on the Bhupal frontier, half a dozen or more persons were at first suspected, among them the real murderer, who was, however, later regarded as innocent because he was supposed to have been away from the district at the time the crime was committed. Investigations and questionings did no good, and at last the local inspector decided to take the thumb prints of all concerned, and refer them to the central office of the province. After the records had been searched, a messenger came with orders to arrest the discharged servant of the manager, who had been first suspected, and then exonerated, for his finger prints tallied exactly with those of a bad character just discharged from prison. He was later convicted of burglary by a court of appeal, to which the case was carried, the court refusing to condemn a man for murder on such slight grounds when the actual crime had not been observed.

SEALING OF WILLS

At the present time in India the papers taken in the civil service examination must be certified by the thumb print of the competitor, and wills must likewise be sealed in the same way. The success the plan met with in India, led to a trial and speedy adoption

BACHELOR JOKES

BY RYAN WALKER
B. Jones—I wonder if Stockton Bonds, the millionaire, reads all the stories they print about him.
B. Smith—No, but even if he did, you don't suppose he'd believe them, do you?

They're All Cigar Shaped. The inventor—My airship is at least a novelty.
The Capitalist—In what way?
The inventor—It isn't cigar shaped.

Very Expressive. Mr. Smith—I read in one of those electric cabs once and I got a terrible shock when I got out.
Mr. Jones—Cab was heavily charged, eh?
Mr. Smith—No, it wasn't, but I was.

FIBS OF THE EYES

"The eyes tell many a fib," said a psychologist, "and that is how I account for the belief in ghosts. Our eyes, you see, are always fibbing to us."
"Mine don't fib to me," said firmly a man with a square jaw.
"Fardon me," returned the psychologist, "but I can make your eyes tell you two fibs right now."

"Go on," said the other.
The psychologist took up a newspaper and pointed to the letter S and figure 8.
"The top and bottom of the S and 8 look about the same size, don't they?" he asked.

"Yes, about," the man agreed.
"Is No. 1," said the psychologist, "for look here."
He turned the letters upside down.
"The bottoms, really, are a great deal bigger than the tops, eh?"

"You're right," the other admitted reluctantly.
"and that's the No. 2," said the psychologist, "for now look here again."
He placed the letters sideways—
"as a matter of fact the tops are a great deal bigger after all."

SHE TOOK THE CAKE
The secretary of agriculture, James Wilson, had been talking about his tea tablets, a boon to travelers, for one of these tablets, no bigger than a cough lozenge, suffices, in combination with boiling water, to make a pint of excellent tea.

"I hope," said Secretary Wilson, "that I shall never have to apologize for these tea tablets as I once heard a cook apologize for her sponge cake."
"I was taking tea, with some friends one afternoon in Washington when a large and beautiful sponge cake was brought in.

"Ah, a sponge cake!" our hostess cried, and she broke it in generous portions and we all helped ourselves.
"But, alas! it was not good sponge cake." The hostess, angered, sent for the cook.
"I thought, Jane," she said, bitterly, "that you prided yourself on your sponge cake."

"I do, ma'am," Jane replied.
"and you call this sponge cake?" the mistress went on. "Why, it is as hard and tough as can be."
"Yes, ma'am," said Jane, tranquilly. "That's how sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, ma'am."

SHE DIDN'T KNOW DANGER
People waiting for a train at the 135th street station of the Ninth avenue elevated Monday afternoon saw an illustration of the old adage about ignorance and bliss that gave them the shudders.

A strapping Swedish girl, whose English was as imperfect as her demeanor was impassive, got on the uptown platform before she discovered that she wanted to go downtown. Before any one could stop her she calmly stepped off the platform onto the track and started to walk across on the ties.

Men began to yell and women to shriek, and two or three of the latter, with visions of a horrible death on their faces, before she became hysterical. But in less time than it takes to tell it the girl was across the tracks and before the ticket chopper on the downtown side could reach her to lend a helping hand she had climbed up on the platform and was calmly putting a penny in the slot of the gum machine.—New York Globe.

A GREENHORN A TOURING GUIDE
No instance shows the ready adaptability of the average Irishman to the ways and manners of this country so well as the case of the megaphone conductor of a "Seeing New York" touring car.

This Irishman has been in New York about five months, yet he daily conducts carloads of New Yorkers about the city, showing them the sights and explaining them glibly, too. He gets off an occasional remark in regard to his brogue which shows that he relishes the humor of the situation.

"Me brogue is a fatter bein' so thick," he says, "that the squirrels in Central park run when they hear me coming."—New York Press.

THE DESTRUCTION OF STANFORD
While the individual sufferers from earthquake and fire on the Pacific coast have first claim on our sympathy, the disaster that has come to Stanford university will cause many a headache. It is pathetic that the glorious structures, dedicated to liberal education and raised to the memory of the founder's dead son, a benefaction inspired by love, should be destroyed by a convulsion of nature such as they were built to withstand. In beauty of design and charm of surroundings there was no American university like Stanford.—New York Sun.

Pi-Lines and k-Ups

To the Shri
They have come across desert, o'er the hot and burning sands; Heavy were their hearts when they and they sighed. Oh, hand Looked they past the sand cacti for roses and palm trees, Where the weary might respire, and the tired rest at.

They have reached the shore. Brethren, we will let the foam flow; The camel's milk is rich and the dates will make you fat; A feast is spread out for the oasis is your own— If you don't see what you want, it's your fault—Just make known!

Welcome, brother of the sea; may your camel hump no rise; For you're at your journey's end, on the blue Pacific's shore Coldfeet Collins tried to stop you, but no Canuck's edict goes, Welcome, three times welcome! And may you here long prosper!

Women are better than—and how they wish they weren't! And they say Alphonso loves Ena! The very idea! "The Sin of Silence" is a book. The only sin of silence is its city.

Kentucky has passed a law naming "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Let's go to Kentucky. A Chicago janitor is to be an English earl. How hath thoughtfully fallen!

How Could We? The Los Angeles Herald says "San Francisco is now razed, will be razed again." We had hoped that photographers would overlook this Washington Post.

Senator Lodge's son is an authority on mummies. Studs' em at how, eh? That man in Illinois who den that he would quit plumbing to be a banker went to a lot of needless trouble.

The coal road inquiry is causing the railroads lots of worry. Garfield's not making it. Mr. Lemon: You're asking me for money all the time. Mrs. Lemon: No; some of them I'm spending it.

A Missouri man has whiskers feet long. He could "show" even Dow. As between rebates and debates the railroads are in hard lines. Many a man's course down the stream of life is imperiled by his letting stuck on a bar.

A woman in London was so overcome by "King Lear" that she said, "But that won't do the author any good." And it did it, too. Now that Los Angeles has pulled off a prize fight for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers, it might truly be said that that city is simply fighting to do its share of the relief.—Buffalo Times.

Things look equally for John Alexander Elijah Moses Jehoshaphat Iwle, but he may claim, with truth, to have raised this particular squall himself. My Ticket It may not be good politics— "Tain't far as I kin see— But for a winnin' ticket— Hobson and Hoch, fer me!

Say, wouldn't they be dandies, Among 'em ladies, now? O' course! 'em women can't vote, but Don't they tell us men how? Then, 'ray for Hoch and Hobson! Let 'em start out 'n' kiss. And we kin win most anything. Without a chanse to miss! —W. H. C.

SCHOOL MEALS IN EUROPE From the Monitor. In London there is the London Schools Dinner association, a private charity, which gave in one year 100,000 free dinners to the children of the board schools. This system relies on the application of the parent, and the net result is said to be that the parents whose children most deserve the dinners do not apply.

In Belgium, Switzerland (except Zurich), Venice and some other Italian cities, the same plan is carried out, except that these private charities are largely subsidized by the state. In Milan and some French cities the meals are given and paid for by the municipality.

The famous Cantines Scholares of Paris provide meals of excellent quality to all who desire them, at a charge of 3 sous per dinner. Admission is by ticket, those who satisfy the authorities that they cannot pay for the tickets get them free and there is no difference in the appearance of the free ticket and the pay one. The plan is said to work well, though here again there are shrinking souls who can neither pay the 3 sous nor bring themselves to ask for aid.

In at least one town—the Italian Verceoli—all the school children are fed, and that at the expense of the whole commune.

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