

LOS ANGELES HERALD

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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco and Oakland will find The Herald on sale at the news stands in the San Francisco Ferry building and on the streets in Oakland by Wheatley and by Ames News Co.

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PROCLAMATION EDITION

Next Sunday, July 23, The Herald will print and publish its "PROCLAMATION EDITION," for which special articles and advertisements have been in process of accumulation for several weeks. It is designated "Proclamation Edition" because its leading feature will be a certificate by well known citizens, over their facsimile signatures, that the great disaster at San Francisco has had no injurious effect upon Los Angeles and that this city is developing and is more prosperous than ever before.

Next Sunday's Herald, therefore, in addition to its regular features of news and special articles, will have several sections devoted particularly to Los Angeles and Southern California, and will be one of the finest and most valuable documents published on behalf of this city.

Orders have been received for many thousands of copies of The Herald's "Proclamation Edition," and advertisements are already crowding close upon the limit. Hence the necessity of this public notice to all who are interested that if they desire extra copies they should file their orders early.

Those who wish to insert advertisements must present their applications at once, as only a few more can be received.

Minister Stickinsky is now stuck-out-sky.

Recall the mayor? And get a "Doc" Houghton? Not much!

Reminiscences of Russell Sage's generosity will now command big prices in the literary mart.

The Russian duma has refused to quit, and will meet in Finland where the Finnish may be found.

Stickinsky, Russian minister of agriculture, has resigned. Evidently he couldn't stickinsky after all.

Governor Pardee is said to be strong with the voters. So is limburger cheese. Clothespins supplied on demand.

The local militiamen, having no enemy to fight, are training their vocal batteries upon one another.

If San Pedro were a part of Los Angeles it wouldn't need to worry over the Huntington harbor franchise.

What a lot of time and coin Gillett is wasting. Why doesn't he ask Abe Ruef and then go home and try for congress again?

Again, by its refusal to adjourn when told, the duma shows that it is not nearly so well trained and cowed by Czar Nick as is congress by Czar Cannon.

If the militiamen could fight a possible enemy with guns as well as they fight one another with their mouths, we'd have no need of any standing regular army.

San Pedro, in its trouble over the Huntington harbor franchise, has a good example of the need for annexation to Los Angeles, and the great power of the big city.

Arresting the saloon waiters who serve drinks to non-paying customers and letting the proprietors alone is just about as big a farce as was expected from the advertised "crusade" made Sunday.

If the Chicago Packing Trades council carries out its threat to expel all the sluggers in its ranks, it will do more for the cause of organized labor than can be accomplished by all the strikes ever held.

Go slow on this alleged recall of the mayor. While Hizzon may not be all that could be wished in a city's chief executive, remember that Los Angeles' only experience with the recall brought forth "Doc" Houghton.

THE INFIRM G. O. P.

President Roosevelt now appears in the dual role of physician and trained nurse to the Republican party. As a physician he has diagnosed the case, reaching the conclusion that heroic treatment is necessary to save the patient. Having prescribed drastic remedies he assumes the nurse character and proceeds to administer the doses and watch developments.

The summer capital at Sagamore Hill is the political sanatorium at which the G. O. P. will be treated through the dog days and the early autumn. By order of the president several leaders of the Republican party, whose experience and judgment are valued by him, assembled at the summer capital yesterday for the avowed purpose of a consultation. The statement is given out, also, that this gathering is a weekly precedent which will be followed until the president's return to Washington in September, where the consultations are expected to continue until the close of the campaign.

There is no attempt to disguise the purpose of the president to take a strong hand in the management of the campaign on behalf of his party. It is said that he will confine his personal activity chiefly to the recognized tough job of securing a Republican majority in the next house of representatives. It is admitted, however, that he will use his personal influence in rallying the Ohio Republicans, who went down to defeat in the gubernatorial contest last year; also in attempting to restore harmony among the Republican belligerents in Iowa, Wisconsin and some other states.

It is a remarkable spectacle, one entirely without precedent, to see a president of the United States descend from the executive chair and enter the arena of partisan politics as a leader and champion. How can such a spectacle be accounted for? In the answer to that question lies the solution of a mystery.

Two years ago, when the presidency was at stake, Theodore Roosevelt took no active part in the campaign beyond giving vent to his wrath against his opponent in brief literary efforts. But he thought that his election was substantially as certain as the coming of election day, and that there was no need of such personal effort as he plans to make in the campaign of this year.

Is it not obvious that the cause of the president's purpose as outlined, and of his manifest anxiety, is correctly revealed at the beginning of this article? Theodore Roosevelt has been recognized fully a score of years as a successful practitioner of political therapeutics. He sees, with the eye of experience, that the G. O. P. manifests symptoms of advanced infirmity, apparently locomotor ataxia or senile atrophy. Anyway, the president's diagnosis must have revealed an alarming condition of the patient to induce such an extraordinary departure from precedent as he has made in shying his personal castor into the political ring.

The astonishing wave of enthusiasm for William J. Bryan, and the hand-writing on the wall telling that the days of Republican dominance are numbered, have spurred the president to take the heroic measure in question. But resort to heroic treatment always means that the case in hand is desperate, and the case of the G. O. P. must be nearly hopeless to warrant the president in taking personal charge of the patient.

A LESSON FOR SAN PEDRO

San Pedro is having trouble with harbor grades. It has granted a mole concession to Mr. Huntington which the genial "Billy" Dunn declares "may never be used." San Pedro wants it revoked. The Southern Pacific also holds a franchise which rests securely in its inside pocket, but in regard to work under which there is nothing doing. Whereat San Pedro is walling long and loud and demanding that some one get busy.

It was with great eclat and aplomb that San Pedro granted the two franchises aforesaid. The trustees hastily and with large generosity fairly chucked the papers at the petitioners. Other and outside villages were grabbing for control of the harbor, and San Pedro, unable to defend itself from outside rapacity, took a unique way to prevent further encroachments by giving away all that was encroachable. The corporations were willing and the harbor town rejoiced.

Now, however, there comes an awakening. The corporations, having secured about all the town had to give away, are in no hurry about improving the opportunities bestowed upon them. In fact they show no disposition to do anything more than the merest technical complying with the least possible terms of their gifts. And San Pedro, betrayed, wounded, indignant, finds herself alone in her fight and powerless; her antagonists merely sneer at her and ask: "What are you going to do about it?"

What San Pedro should do is to get into Los Angeles as soon as she can, and thus have the powerful backing of Los Angeles in her fight. It will do little good to revoke the franchises; some subterfuge will secure their re-annexation. Get in under the strong wing of Los Angeles and let her bring the corporations to terms. Los Angeles can do it. Remember what happened to the attempted steal of the river bed.

San Pedro has thus a very potent argument for consolidation or annexation in this, her trouble. If Los Angeles were her backer, none of this trouble would ensue. If she doesn't come into this city, and continues to war with the corporations, only one other end is in sight—a state harbor commission. And with the Southern Pacific Army entrenched in the harbor, San Pedro can guess what the harbor commission would mean.

FORECAST OF MISCEGENATION

In the course of a sermon delivered last Sunday before a local negro audience, Bishop Hamilton of the Methodist church said: "It might create a sensation if I should say a union of the races of this world is possible. The papers would take it up in the morning if I should tell you the blacks and whites will eventually merge into one people. This I know; all discriminations must come to an end and it is not a question which nation shall reign in this world."

Bishop Hamilton has an unquestionable right to his views on the subject of miscegenation, and likewise to the personal demonstration of them if he sees fit. It is not the purpose of The Herald to reopen an issue that was supposed to have been buried with the abolition party nearly half a century ago. Every one to his or her liking in regard to the old question whether a negro is "a man and a brother," and, inferentially, whether a negress is a woman and a sister.

It is the effect of such preaching to a negro congregation as Bishop Hamilton is credited with that The Herald especially criticizes. The bishop practically tells hundreds of negroes to their faces, and through them he tells the whole negro race in the United States, that miscegenation is foreordained by the almighty. Note what the bishop says following the above quotation: "It won't matter whether a man is white or black, if he is a son of God, he shall become an individual part of that people which shall eventually own this earth."

The effect of such preaching to negroes cannot be otherwise than pernicious. Its tendency is to fill the negro mind with notions of social equality, going the full length to amalgamation of the white and black races. And with these notions well rooted, is it not logical to suppose that such present negro crimes as are reported almost daily, would be multiplied indefinitely?

Not one white American in a thousand will endorse the miscegenation doctrine, substantially, which Bishop Hamilton is preaching to the negroes.

While Sheriff White's \$15,000 for feeding prisoners looks large in the aggregate, yet when it is figured on a basis per day per man, it is exceedingly and wonderfully attenuated.

Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

Her Lack
She is a lovely chorus girl;
She has a pretty voice
Her face is fair, her figure swell,
Still, she does not rejoice.
You see, she has no claim or hope
On which her fame to base;
She never was in a sextette,
Nor witness in Thaw's case.

The squeezeless waltz will never be as popular as the waltzless squeeze.

A student at the London university has written a thesis on the "Condensation of Dimethylhydroresorcin and Chloroformethyltetrahydrobenzene." If that's their name they need more than a thesis.

Colonel Bryan says he cannot sit still for two years. That's nothing. President Roosevelt cannot sit still for two minutes.

Poppy—Do you believe in early marriages?
Magnolia—I can't say; in Chicago I've always married at night.

That rattling as of dry bones is the opening of the skeleton closets in Pittsburg's "exclusive" society.

A Truly Rural Couple
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Countryman, from Jayville, were guests of friends in town last week.—Antwerp (O.) Gazette.

Secretary Shaw's discovery of a shortage of small bills is not very original. Lots of men found that long ago.

The rumor that J. G. Phelps-Stokes, the millionaire who joined the Socialists, would practice what he preaches proves to a base canard. He will not divvy his fortune at all.

Trust busters seem to be using an ice pick instead of a muck rake just now.

If it is really desired to use up the surplus cotton, why not, instead of lengthening shirt tails, fill up the holes in the peckaboos?

Combining Business and Pleasure
They tell of a North Atchison woman who was preserving cherries when the preacher called. She couldn't leave her work, so he was called to the kitchen, and she watched her preserves while he talked, and stirred them in a quiet, religious way while he offered a prayer. The prayer and the preserves were done at the same time.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

"Memories"
I remember, I remember
My magenta wool delaine;
My salmon togline, too
('Twas lined with satin jean).
My lovely light blue empress cloth,
Picked out with bands of dove,
I wore the night Joe came to call,
And told me of his love.
—Carolyn Wells, in Good Housekeeping.

Oh, Carolyn, fair Carolyn,
You do surprise me so!
Now, something of this love affair
I'd greatly like to know,
If Joe made love to you one night,
Down 'mid the sands and shells,
Just please to tell me, Carolyn,
Why is your name now Wells?
—Edwin A. Oliver, in Yonkers Statesman.

Oh, Oliver, dear Oliver,
Why should you worry so?
Let Carolyn a sister be
To Jim and John and Joe.
And, Oliver, you shouldn't chaff
About an unchanged name;
For, oh, the fault may all be yours—
And that would be a shame.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WEDDED BLISS IS UNBROKEN
AFTER FIFTY-EIGHT LONG YEARS



MR. AND MRS. SOLOMON WHITE DICKINSON

Fifty-eight years of wedded bliss does not come to every couple, and it is safe to say that in Southern California there are not more than two or three couples who have been married that length of time. One of the happiest instances of the sort in the vicinity of Los Angeles is that of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon White Dickinson of Kingswell street, Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson have been married since. At that time Mr. Dickinson was a writing master in a country school in Iowa. Iowa then was a wilderness, and a log cabin was considered a most luxurious residence for the reason that most of the settlers' houses were built of slabs. Mrs. Dick-

inson, at that time Mrs. Liana Clarissa Stiles, was a pupil of the man who has been her husband for fifty-eight years. The marriage occurred when Mr. Dickinson was 30 years of age and his wife was 20. At the age of 38 Mr. Dickinson is a great deal more active than many men of 50, and he is highly interested in the affairs of today. He reads a great deal and is well informed on all matters of the day.

Under his supervision a new house for himself and wife is being built, and every day he can be found working lustily with hammer and saw. Mr. Dickinson is truly patriarchal in appearance, having a white beard and long snowy hair.

SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST IMPERATIVE NEED

Shelter for the Refugees Must Be Provided—Finance and Relief Committee Sharply Criticized
Editorial in San Francisco Call.

The Call is convinced that the finance and relief committee is making a grave mistake in devoting the largest part of its communal energy and the available funds to an elaborate plan for building permanent homes, and this for many reasons. No matter how good may be the intentions or how honest the purpose of the committee, the execution of any such plan will assuredly be attended by ugly scandals and bitter quarrels.

The episode of the flour sale is an illustration in point. We attribute no unworthy purpose to the men who planned that deal. There has been a great deal of confused thinking on the subject and the reasons that were first put forward in support of the plan were not valid. But in the result, perhaps, the transaction is finally consummated was forced on the committee by lack of storage and danger of waste. But this action of the committee, however inspired, was, nevertheless, a clear violation of trust, a diversion of property from the purpose for which it was given.

If the committee begins buying land and building houses on a large scale it is quite certain that very similar complications will arise. The multitude of councilors in that body does not appear to bring wisdom. Some of them are selected with an imagination in their logic. Others have none at all. On no other theory can we explain the original reason put forward in justification of the flour sale, that it was done to preserve the local market from demoralization. The committee was never constituted on a scale where it would be sure to arise ugly and distressing complications that will leave lifelong scars on many reputations.

It seems easy, doesn't it? "Just administer the fund," they say, "on business principles." It is of course, a grave and vicious heresy to question the validity of "business principles" as applied to any relation of life, but the committee applied, or sought to apply, such rules to the flour deal, and the results were not encouraging. There is no charity in business and no business in charity.

One member of the committee, Walter J. Barnett, has perhaps more clearly

PERSONALS

Cornelio E. Angulo, a prominent Yuma merchant, is at the Hollenbeck hotel.
Col. J. T. Ritchey, a well known hotel man from Redlands, is at the Hollenbeck hotel.
R. True of True, Tag, Point & Co., paint manufacturers of Memphis, is at the Alexandria.
G. W. Beecher, a wholesale merchant and mining man from Kingman, Ariz., is at the Hollenbeck hotel.
David Clark, master mechanic of the Arizona Copper company at Clinton, Ariz., is at the Hollenbeck hotel.
C. P. Monash of the firm of Yonker, Monash & Co., prominent manufacturers of Chicago, is at the Alexandria.
Mrs. M. E. Hoyle, wife of M. E. Hoyle, one of the most prominent mining men in the state of Nevada, is registered at the Hayward.
J. P. Ingram, an oil producer from San Luis Obispo, is registered at the Hollenbeck hotel. Mr. Ingram is in Los Angeles on business.
Charles D. Pierce, a thirty-third degree Mason and one of the leading members of the Scottish rite on the coast, is at the Alexandria.
W. N. Conrad, a Pennsylvania attorney, is registered at the Hayward. Mr. Conrad is in the west on a pleasure trip, but will go east within a few days.
So, Oliver, so, Carolyn.
While you are sad, of course,
Remember, where no wedding is,
There can be no divorce!
—W. H. C.

ALMOST FLAT IS PLAY AT BELASCO

VIVIAN'S ACTING THE ONLY REDEEMING FEATURE

"Lost—Twenty-four Hours" Merely a Naughty Farce—Walling Goes to San Francisco, Bosworth to Succeed Him

A diligent search of the three acts of "Lost—Twenty-four Hours" at the Belasco theater last evening failed to discover a redeeming feature.

Pardon, there was one—Richard Vivian as a dignified and effeminate student who had never for a moment strayed from the path of virtue, saved the piece from being hopelessly flat.

It is a naughty farce, with commonness written all over it, and the naughtiness is not even the kind that makes it interesting.

The stage setting, usually one of the best features of the Belasco productions, was so far below Belasco standard that one could hardly believe one was in the right theater.

Will Walling plays the part of a man who spends the week during his wife's absence in getting himself into hot water. Miss Gardner is a dashing young widow who delights in helping to heat the water.

Richard Vivian, the young theological student, is it, that's all that's necessary. The matinee performance of "Romeo and Juliet," with Constance Crawley as Juliet and Harry Mestayer as Romeo, scheduled for this afternoon at the Belasco theater, has been postponed until Friday. This change in date was occasioned by the elaborate character of the scenic investiture, it being found impossible to get the immense production in readiness for this afternoon.

Seats purchased for today's matinee of "Romeo and Juliet" may be exchanged for Friday at the box office. Will R. Walling will retire from the Belasco company next Sunday night. He will be temporarily succeeded by Hobart Rosworth, formerly leading man for the Fiske. Mr. Walling will go to the Central theater, San Francisco. Mr. Rosworth's first appearance at the Belasco will be Monday, August 6, when he will play Dufresne in the titular role.

Margaret Langham of the Belasco stock company will return from a vacation of eight weeks. She will make her appearance in David Belasco's famous play, "Zaza."

"NO MORE TROUBLE" CAUSES MORE FUN AT THE ORPHEUM

Although this is the third week that Wilfred Clarke and company have been at the Orpheum the act in which Clarke has the lead is still by far the best part of the show. The sketch which he presents this week is called "No More Trouble," and, although it is not more than twenty-five minutes long, whole fancies have been constructed around a smaller number of situations than are contained in the act.

Clarke is more than a master of facial expression, and he gets many laughs from parts for which an actor of ordinary abilities would not be able to create a smile. Miss Carew, a member of Clarke's company, was like a short, fat Dutch comedian in one respect—she was abused shamefully.

The headline act, "A Strenuous Proposal," is somewhat disappointing. A great deal can usually be expected from a headline Orpheum act, but that does not work out this week. Claude Gill-

ingwater's characterization of a man in an advanced stage of intoxication was most realistic. It was, in fact, the only redeeming feature of the sketch. The lines are as clever as would be expected, and the action drags. Gilroy, Haynes and Montgomery, in what is called their "latest comedy singing success," were rather good. Gilroy, the comedian of the trio, really is clever, but the others were not above the average.

Gartelle brothers, with their roller skating act, open the show. The O'Rourke and Burnett trio, wooden shoe dancers, dance well, and the boys sing in a pleasing manner. The act is too long. Paul Barnes, with a new flow of songs and talk, is another of the holdovers, and Macart's animal act completes the bill. The moving pictures, which are of the Fiesta parade, are the best for months.

BURLESQUE PLEASURES THE PATRONS OF MASON OPERA HOUSE

"Hurly-Burly," another of those things in two acts, opened last night at the Mason. It is mentioned on the program that the burlesque is to some extent a continuation of "Pousse Cafe," and in it are seen the two Germans, Herr Weinschoppen (Cady), and Herr Bierheister (Rice), who last week had a mechanical hold on their hands. This week they are burdened with a mummy. Bobby North as Solomon Yankle has another of those deliciously foolish red-bearded Hebrew parts, and, as usual, he makes a great deal out of it. "Hurly-Burly" is handsomely staged and costumed and the incidental music is more than usually tuneful. Others who made good with last night's audience were Warren Ellsworth, G. L. Wilson, Rosemary Glosz and all the chorus.

WALTZING AT ARM'S LENGTH

"Creating a better tone to the modern academy and ballroom" is one of the worthy objects of the United Professional Masters of Dancing of America, as stated in the prospectus which ends at the annual session now in session—or shall we say in salutation—in this city it has been decreed that, for the next year at least, men and women must hold each other at arm's length in the waltz. "See how the young men and young women hug each other in the waltz," said one of these masters. "That's all wrong."

These gentlemen are on the right tack. Anyone must have noticed that the current styles of dancing, particularly those from fair Harvard, are a trifle too clinging. To the bachelors and spinsters who "paper the wall" they seem altogether silly. The young people on the floor apparently act on the principle laid down in a current popular song, "It's the time, it's the place, for a great big embrace." But it isn't. The women of the land should have corrected this matter long since; instead of it they are all singing "Waltz me around again, Willie." So the embattled masters have intervened to impose a lesson of decorum. Nobody objects to people sitting out a waltz if they want to, but waiting at a tete-a-tete in the ballroom glare is quite another thing. "Excuse us," exclaimed the scandalized masters, and we who paper the wall indorse.

As many sins are committed in the name of dancing as in the name of acting. It is both an exercise and an art, and in either capacity self-indulgence is fatal to it. It demands of its votaries self-restraint and self-denial, and that is the ruling factor even in the oriental modes which have been so caricatured in this country. Properly interpreted, the dance is a highly impersonal institution, and as Havlock Ellis has pointed out, an aid to morality rather than a breach of decorum.—New York Mail.

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