

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 Amos News Co.

Population of Los Angeles, 238,419

Let us forget: Mr. Huntington is still thinking about those owl cars.

Now some doctors say ballooning is the best nerve tonic. It all depends on the coming down.

Los Angeles is patiently waiting for Mr. Huntington to start those owl cars. Patience is a great virtue.

It's dangerous to look like a general in Russia nowadays. Bearded men should patronize the barber shops.

When the Russian farmers are through with harvesting we may expect another revolt. Even revolts have seasons.

In Ohio the authorities have discovered "potted chicken" that was only veal. They are in luck that it wasn't dog meat.

Granted that Harry Thaw is crazy, it's no reason why "the very latest photos of Mrs. Thaw" should be printed every day.

There is always something doing in Denver. Just now most of its prominent citizens are in jail because of an election contest.

Harriman's horses won the prize ribbons at the Long Branch horse show. Los Angeles and Pasadena should pull them here with a rope of roses.

"I can't help anybody this year," says Senator Flint. Alas! yes; and that's where some of his dearest friends are destined to fall down.

In a funny tabular statement tending to show Pardee's strength in the state Republican convention, the Express puts down as "Controlled by Abe Ruef, 129." Evidently a misprint, as everybody knows that the proper proportion is, "Controlled by Abe Ruef, 325."

Did you ever notice that whenever a partisan politician gets into a nice, soft berth himself, he either declares at once in favor of civil service or coolly pooh-poohs "the unseemly scramble for public place." If you hadn't noticed this, ask Senator Flint. He can tell you how true it is.

Now it's the Japanese who are scandalized over the disclosure that they have been eating tinned horseflesh for canned cow meat. But there is something in the point of view. In Paris, for instance, tinned horseflesh is considered a delicacy nearly equal to the famed pate de foie gras.

Long Beach trustees have followed the example of San Pedro's authorities and promised protection to ships that want to load or unload cargoes. It is regrettable that the necessity for such official assurances in a republic should arise. These two cities propose to run their municipalities on law-abiding lines.

"I am a Democrat," says Mayor Dunne of Chicago, "and I intend to remain a Democrat." Consequently, and as a matter of course, he proceeded to divorce himself from the influence of William R. Hearst and to kick over the Hearst yellows. So it goes, all along the line. The American people are coming to their senses.

The people of Los Angeles hope that Mr. Huntington will not think too long about that owl car proposition. They believe he will seize the opportunity to put this city in the metropolitan class by his own generosity and from a sense of local pride and interest. They don't want him to wait until the owl cars start themselves under stress of hammer and tongs.

Dr. Moore, superintendent of city schools, says that "year by year the quality of teachers is deteriorating, because we can't pay good men and women enough to keep them." Yes, but we can and must. The great city of Los Angeles is ashamed of itself for the beggarly wages it pays its teachers, and it will appeal a reasonable increase by the school board.

Human nature is just about the same, whether north or south of the Mason and Dixon line. A Pittsburg mob of 500 angry men sought to lynch the negro who was alleged to be the correspondent in the Hartje case. And yet he had confessed that he was only hired by white men to admit he was the correspondent, when in fact he was not. But the defamations of a good woman's name aroused the manhood of that scandal-ridden city.

ANYBODY BUT HEARST

New York reports that "Sixty-nine delegates representing the Brooklyn Democracy will go to the state convention next month uncommitted for any candidate, but with positive instructions to fight the nomination of William R. Hearst should his name be presented to the convention." In this expression of disgust toward the perpetrator of yellow journalism, the Brooklyn Democrats voice the sentiments of the Democratic party in the state. The Democrats of New York, in fact, have had a surfeit of Hearst. In the early period of his exploits in the big city he was received with some favor by the Democrats, who regarded him as a possibly useful political factor. But they made what they now recognize as the glaring mistake of sending him to congress. That boost caused the swelling of his bump of self-conceit to the proportions of a baseball and inflamed his political aspirations until they became intolerable.

The support that Hearst received for the presidential nomination in 1904 showed, however, that a combination of wealth and abnormal gall may make even an intellectual nomenklatura a dangerous factor in politics. The ridiculous pretense of being a zealous champion of labor, while really a snob of the "shoddy aristocracy" class, has enabled him, with the aid of his string of yellow newspapers, to muster a considerable political following. This attitude, together with the sophistries that please the inconsiderate and ignorant class, have made Hearst as baneful in the field of politics as is the Canadian thistle in the field of agriculture.

It is because of the dangerous tendency of Hearst's political activity, best known to intelligent Democrats in New York, that such unusual action is taken as reported on the part of the Brooklyn contingent. It is a common practice to instruct delegates to vote for a favorite who is seeking a nomination, but special instruction to vote against a particular aspirant is something extraordinary. It means, simply, "anybody but Hearst." And this positive determination is the more remarkable because Brooklyn gave Hearst a very large vote last year in the New York mayoral election.

But the action of the Brooklyn Democrats illustrates the disgust which Hearst now inspires among Democrats in all sections of the country. Democrats who were inclined to regard him with some favor in the early stage of his spectacular appearance in politics, now despise him for his treachery to the party. His attempt to defeat the Democratic ticket in New York by organizing his independence league and posing as its candidate for governor, has proved too rank for the Democratic stomach.

But there is some compensating benefit even in the ignominious political career of Hearst. The disgust he has inspired in the Democratic party has helped to unify the party and to bring together every element for a rally around W. J. Bryan as the Democratic candidate for president in the election of 1908.

SHORT-SIGHTED AGAIN

To the surprise of every intelligent taxpayer in Los Angeles, the board of park commissioner yesterday declined to accept the land donated by property owners of Euclid Heights for a park on Stephenson avenue.

This is worse than short sight. It is neglect of a plain public duty. Land owners in Los Angeles are as generous as those of any other city, but even our local people are not falling over each other in a wild desire to give up private property for city purposes.

Los Angeles is lamentably lacking in small parks. It was short-sighted policy on the part of the founders of this new city to overlook and neglect park places. That policy cannot be corrected in the downtown districts, but in the newer sections, such as Euclid and Pico Heights, land offered free for purposes of small parks should be readily accepted, with thanks.

The park board gave two "reasons" for refusing the Stephenson avenue land for a park. These "reasons" are, first, that no provision has been made in this year's budget for the improvement of new parks. The second "reason" is that it was somebody's scheme to enhance private property in that neighborhood.

Both "reasons" are almost too silly for public discussion. The property owners who offer the land free expressly agree that the improvement of the property is not asked or expected this year and there was no stipulation that the city should build the park until the money was readily available. The second "reason" is sillier than the first, because The Herald has shown that when the city constructs and develops a park the increase in the price of surrounding property naturally increases the taxes, increases the city's revenue, pays for the park improvement and enhances the beauty and natural advantages of the whole of Los Angeles.

It seems like sheer stupidity, therefore, for the park board to refuse a donation of land for park purposes in a case where the stipulations are all in its own hands. Los Angeles has made this mistake too often heretofore. In the light of present intelligence and knowledge of city building, it looks as though our city authorities ought to manifest some appreciation of the requirements of a great metropolis.

The Stephenson avenue property owners may make one more offer of the land in question at the next meeting of the park board. If they do, the board should be prompt in accepting it. There are already ninety-six Republican candidates for the thirty-nine offices to be filled by the people in November. It's three to one that fifty-seven candidates are doomed to be left at the post.

CONDITIONS THERE AND HERE

The high temperature enveloping most of the eastern states during the last two or three days is reported as causing great distress in the cities. Along with the heat is that most unwelcome side partner, excessive humidity. When that double team works together with a steady pull no debater wants to take the negative end of the proposition "Is life worth living?" None but long-time dwellers in the big eastern cities can realize fully the meaning of the recent news, read here in Southern California, telling of the high markings of both humidity and temperature. Even the graphic description of effect fails to give a true idea of the situation, except to persons who know the facts from experience.

In the Herald's dispatch from New York Wednesday, for instance, it was stated that New York and its environs sweated all day and far into the evening, for this was the hottest day here this year. The "sweating" does not stop with sunset in the east as it does, even in the warmest weather, here in the land of the blessed. The four million people of the great city, a vast proportion of whom swarm in great tenement houses, dread the mid-summer night because it gives no invitation to slumber.

What the people there do at night, in such circumstances, is described in this feature of the dispatch: "Thousands of tenement house dwellers could not endure to stay in their crowded homes and deserted them for the time being for the city parks and the seashore, where they will sleep tonight in the open."

The night is really the most distressful part of the twenty-four hours under such conditions. There is an abatement of the intense heat at night but not of the humidity. In the streets the air is oppressive by reason of its sultriness, but in the tenement hives where people are crowded together the atmosphere is stifling. It is in this condition within the packed homes of the people—the middle classes to a large extent as well as the poor—that makes existence almost intolerable.

For the sake of getting even a little breathable air these dwellers in the hot air boxes swarm out into the streets and up to the flat roofs of the tall tenements, railed in generally by high pickets. Stoops and sidewalks are covered by fitful sleepers, men, women and children, with a large sprinkling of puny babies at the breasts of worn-out mothers. In the districts near the rivers the sufferers swarm upon the piers and docks, seeking the feeble whiffs of breeze that come up from the foul water fed by great sewers.

Contrast such conditions of midsummer life with those which prevail in Los Angeles. The great tenement house, in the first place, is an unknown quantity here. Even the poorest people in this city have ample room, with rare exceptions, and there is not a nook anywhere that does not afford an ampleitude of fresh and wholesome air. We know neither excessive temperature nor high humidity at night in Los Angeles. Fresh and invigorating breezes from the ocean are almost invariable, and instead of "sweating" in the effort to sleep we are more likely to pull up the blanket for the sake of warmth.

The Ohio judge who ruled that a woman doesn't have to tell her age is welcome in California. He can have anything he wants and no questions asked. Pittsburg needs a lid and somebody to sit on it. The scandals are becoming offensive to the whole country.

DEARIE The little winds are whispering, I hear them in the trees; The little birds are whistling, Their songs unto the breeze. The little ripples are running, On the tip of the foam Are singing, singing, singing As they race toward home.

And, O, so cheery, Skylark and veerie, Bird and breeze and bee, Are singing nothing all the day, Like little bobolinks at play, But dearie, dearie, dearie, dearie-ee!

Up among the cloudlands, Far along the sky, Little flash of lark wings, Little far-off cry, Over field and ocean Bird and breeze and spray Are singing, singing, singing Dearie, dearie all the day.

And, O, so cheery, Far off and neary, Like a golden canticle to thee, The world does naught but sing, Like a bird upon the wing, O, dearie, dearie, dearie, dearie-ee!

In my heart of love, dear, Something's singing, too, Dearie, dearie, dearie, All the long day to you, And adown the night time, When the shadows creep, It's dearie, dearie, dearie, For the sweet, sweet sleep.

Ah, yes! so cheery, Never grown weary, Heart of my love sings to thee, All around the glory Of the old love's tender story, Singing dearie, dearie, dearie-ee! —Baltimore Sun.

LITTLE SON When twilight shakes her hourglass at the sun, And fairies from their popted fastness flee, Then, little boy, with empty arms I wait, To sing to you: "Bobby Shatto's gone to sea."

I like to think that up among the stars We used to count 'twixt dusk and Land of Nod— You listen still at even for my song, There in the shadow of the hand of God.

I like to feel that still you watch my ways, And hand in hand go with me, just as when We saw a thousand wonders in one flower, Flaunting our joy before the eyes of men.

For that brief time I offer thanks. It sheds Its radiance down the years to guide me on. And at the last, sing me our lullaby, And I will hear and listen little son— Percy L. Shaw in American Magazine.

WELSH ARCHDRUID VISITS BRITANNY

Picturesque Scenes in Old World Town, Where Druids and Bards Met From the London Express.

ST. BRIEUC, Sunday, July 22.—"Let me introduce you to the archdruid." The speaker was a prosperous Cardiff man, and the scene was the deck of the London and Southwestern railway's latest and most modern steamer. The suggestion seemed to take one back to the days when mistletoe was worshipped in England and clothing was limited, if picturesque.

The archdruid was Dyved, who in private life is the Rev. Evan Rees. When I was presented he was smoking a pipe in a comfortably undruidical manner. Dyved, attended by thirty Celtic notables of Wales, with Alderman Thomas of Cardiff as master of ceremonies, crossed to Brittany yesterday to attend the Celtic fetes arranged to take place in the little town of St. Brieuc, some little distance west of St. Malo.

The Breton Bardic Gorsell is an offshoot of the Bardic Gorsell of the island of Britain. Dyved has come to receive the homage of his Breton subjects. Here on a dolmen which dates back to forgotten centuries and which is surrounded by twelve ancient menhirs or pillars the druids and bards will stand, forming a guard around the archdruids of both branches of the Celtic race.

Gorgeous Robes The druids will be clad in their robes of snowy white, the bards will wear garments of brilliant blue. The archdruids will be crowned with a diadem of oak leaves, and will each wear a breastplate of pure gold. Around them will rise Celtic banners—the heraldic dragon of Wales and the ermine of Brittany. The Celtic treasures will be brought forth—the horn of plenty, the sacred mistletoe, the mystic sword and other features necessary for the due observance of ancient customs and rites.

The ceremonies began yesterday afternoon with the reception of the tired Welshmen at the railway station. On the platform was a group of Bretons in old-time costumes, including the Breton archdruid, who speaks admirable English and who is editor of a local newspaper. The band of the Seventy-first regiment played with the reception of the tired Welshmen at the railway station.

Canon Edwards spoke in Welsh, and an old Breton peasant woman who was present assured me that she understood every word, so similar are the two tongues. In the evening a Breton concert was given in the public park, at which two very excellent Welsh singers, David Michael and Miss Maud Parsons, created wild enthusiasm by first singing Welsh songs and then the "Marseillaise." The immense audience cheered and cheered again, and many flowers were thrown on the platform.

The strong religious views of the Welsh prevented their taking active part in today's fete, their ceremonies being reserved for tomorrow. Early this morning they held a Celtic service in the hotel, at which several prominent Bretons were present. It was a pretty compliment, and was explained to me by one of the Bretons present in this way: "Naturally, I am a Catholic, but today I am a Celt, and I am Liberal always!"

St. Brieuc was crowded today with excursionists from neighboring towns, as well as from Paris and the Channel Islands. The scene in the street is curious. Women in the white caps and green shawls of Brittany jostle other women in modern dresses made according to last year's Paris fashions. Black-coated priests and red-toussered soldiers are there in dozens. A wedding procession passed, headed by the bridegroom playing a concertina. Ancient country carts follow modern cars filled with extravagantly be-goggled occupants.

A triumphal arch at one end of the town bears the word "Welcome," and tricolour and Union Jacks are flying from every window and are festooned across the cobble-stoned streets from one row of fourteenth century houses to the other.

Many of the Welsh visitors are being entertained by their Celtic brothers in their houses. Pageant of Cars The cavalcade that passed through the streets of St. Brieuc this afternoon had exactly the same scheme as the recent pageant at Warwick. Beginning with representations of the genius of the Celtic race, car followed car, symbolizing the events of Breton history and of notable Breton folk, stories of the Druids, Roman soldiers, with Caesar, conqueror of Gaul, and Tristan and Isolde in a wonderful boat.

The cars were interspersed with mounted men in dresses of various centuries, with bands and—this being France—with groups of fantastic dancing, turning somersaults, and periodically kissing the delighted peasant women.

The procession started from the Champ de Mars, where a tribune was reserved for the Welsh. As the French

flag passed the guests, they rose and cheered their hosts. The procession culminated with a magnificent car bearing Queen Anne, duchess of Brittany, the wife of Louis XII. The lady representing her was, like all the others in the procession, a native of the town—St. Brieuc in this again resembling Warwick—and was a veritable Breton belle.

At the town hall the queen and her maids of honor were welcomed by the mayor and by the general commanding the military district. The procession returned to the Champs de Mars, and ended with a battle of flowers and confetti in a scene of Gallic lightheartedness.

Tonight a variety concert was given, and afterward the inevitable fireworks. Tomorrow the Welsh and Breton Druids unite in ceremonies strange and strictly Celtic in the park of the prefecture.

Poetic Ideals During the journey from England I had an opportunity of learning from Alderman Thomas something of the

ideals underlying the pan-Celtic movement. "A nation's ideals," said Alderman Thomas, "are enshrined in its language. The Celtic peoples have qualities that are all their own, and they can best serve the world by preserving their own characteristics and their own language."

It was impossible not to be impressed with the poetic idealism of Alderman Thomas and his companions, apparently a typical group of prosperous middle class men and women, including preachers, doctors and tradesmen. During the channel crossing they again and again broke almost instinctively into the perfectly harmonized singing of "Land of My Fathers" and other Welsh national airs, and as they sang there was the same faraway gleam in their eyes as one observes with religious mystic and with men of downtrodden nationalities.

The Welsh are not downtrodden, nor are the Bretons. Great Britain rejoices that the Welsh retain their own language and that the French govern, after some hesitation—the French temperament yearning for uniformity in language as in every other thing—now takes the same attitude.

WHY SHE THREW HIM OUT A Philadelphia politician was talking about the late Samuel H. Ashbridge, former mayor of the city. "I worked under Mr. Ashbridge for three years," he said, "and found him a good master, a considerate, kind and just master."

"But one thing he always insisted on. That was implicit obedience to orders. If he told you to do a thing, that, and nothing else, was what you were to do. He didn't like a subordinate to try to improve on his orders."

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UNVEILED Deep in the stillness of a night Whose rain had drenched the way I trod I wakened from day's earthly dreams And walked alone with God. Rained down and drowned in dusky The quiet stars lay shining through; And earth was all so steeped in heaven That it was heaven, too. I listened, and the voice of God Spoke to me in that lonely place; I raised my eyes in wondering fear, And looked, and saw His face. And ever since, I see but God In earth and man, in deep and height, As one whose eyes the sun has filled, Looks round, and sees but light. —New York Tribune.

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25c Furniture Polish. 15c
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25c Aluminum Soap Box. 10c
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In After Years BY RYAN WALKER.



ALTERNATE RULERS. "Who rules the house, you or your wife?" "Neither. The baby and my wife's mother take turns at it."

A HEAD FOR BUSINESS. Blinks—He seems able to drive a pre-good bargain. Winks—Should say so. He spent \$3000 winning his wife, and now he has sued a man for \$50,000 for the loss of her affections.

REPARTEE. Mr. Grout—Well, I don't pretend to know everything. Mrs. Grout—If I were going to revise that statement for you, could I think of only one change to make? Mr. Grout—What would that be? Mrs. Grout—"Anything" for "everything."

THE WRONG NAME. Mrs. Innocent—Henry, what objection have you to that young man who is calling on our daughter? Mr. Innocent—He is silly, Susan. Mrs. Innocent—Oh that's because he's in love. I remember the time when you were a very silly young man, and I was a very silly young woman.

A GOOD REASON. Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theatre parties, late dinners and the like. Modern Son—Oh! that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.

HER DESCRIPTION OF IT. "Yes, she admits that she had implicit faith in him when she married him." "Well, she insists now that marriage is a faith cure."



LITTLE SON When twilight shakes her hourglass at the sun, And fairies from their popted fastness flee, Then, little boy, with empty arms I wait, To sing to you: "Bobby Shatto's gone to sea."

I like to think that up among the stars We used to count 'twixt dusk and Land of Nod— You listen still at even for my song, There in the shadow of the hand of God.

I like to feel that still you watch my ways, And hand in hand go with me, just as when We saw a thousand wonders in one flower, Flaunting our joy before the eyes of men.

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A HEAD FOR BUSINESS. Blinks—He seems able to drive a pre-good bargain. Winks—Should say so. He spent \$3000 winning his wife, and now he has sued a man for \$50,000 for the loss of her affections.

REPARTEE. Mr. Grout—Well, I don't pretend to know everything. Mrs. Grout—If I were going to revise that statement for you, could I think of only one change to make? Mr. Grout—What would that be? Mrs. Grout—"Anything" for "everything."

THE WRONG NAME. Mrs. Innocent—Henry, what objection have you to that young man who is calling on our daughter? Mr. Innocent—He is silly, Susan. Mrs. Innocent—Oh that's because he's in love. I remember the time when you were a very silly young man, and I was a very silly young woman.

A GOOD REASON. Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theatre parties, late dinners and the like. Modern Son—Oh! that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.

HER DESCRIPTION OF IT. "Yes, she admits that she had implicit faith in him when she married him." "Well, she insists now that marriage is a faith cure."

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