

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY FRANK G. FINLAYSON, President... S. H. LAVERY, Business Manager

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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

We want owl cars! Wasn't yesterday a wonder for a mid-August day?

Now is the time to get out the apothecaries' scales and keep tab on the ice man.

Letters to Mr. Huntington urging him to hurry up his owl car service will not be labor lost.

Let those who oppose owl cars stand under. The all-night service is surely coming.

Haven't heard of any Hearst relief trains or ships for Chile, have you? Of course not; the Chileans can't vote.

Reports from the Chilean quake grow worse as the details come in. In loss of life, at least, the San Francisco disaster is completely eclipsed.

With all the Colombian generals locked up for conspiring against the president's life the solitary private in the army may hope for promotion.

"Doc" Houghton, who rode into office on a recall, should remember that the same method for ousting him still exists and get busy on those owl cars.

If Mr. Huntington really wants to discredit "Doc" Houghton, who poses as the Huntington arch-enemy, let him start owl cars without waiting to see "Doc."

The fact that Valparaiso is on the same meridian as is New York City is likely to give New York a greater shock than that wicked town has had in a long time.

Owl cars, Mr. Huntington, are desired by the entire population of Los Angeles, and the wishes or opposition of "Doc" Houghton are wholly immaterial to the case.

A decided revival in the movement of real estate was noted last week. There is every indication that the market is stronger and more active than ever before at this season.

It cost a local cafe waiter \$50 to learn that a sandwich is not a meal when a customer wants a drink with it. The only marvel is that the sandwich was ever furnished.

The Prohibitionists will hold their state convention in Los Angeles this week. The most notable thing about a prohibition convention is its optimism in the face of its utter hopelessness.

Cars to Eagle Rock have brought that pretty suburb well into the city and have added this highly desirable residence district. A few more such extensions would help along amazingly.

However, as the Los Angeles packeries are generally reputed clean and sanitary, the need of a municipal slaughter house here is really not so urgent as it might be in Chicago, for instance.

Russian prisoners have declared a hunger strike. Just what a hunger strike is does not appear, but it would be imagined that any Russian prisoner were hungry enough chronically, without striking for more.

Now they have discovered that billiards owes its origin to Louis XVI's ill health. French physicians told their king he needed exercise after meals. The wretch who is responsible for ping pong may yet be ascertained.

A few armed guards stood about San Pedro harbor Saturday and vessels were unloaded despite the union threat that they should not be touched. By all means, install a permanent force of guards; they seem to be the best strike breakers known.

Los Angeles expects to oil sixty miles of streets this fall. For light traffic ways, no treatment or pavement is so fine in this climate as is oil, properly handled, and this sixty miles should be only a beginning; every earth road in the city should be oiled before the work is done.

The borough system, as applied to the combined city and county, preserves autonomy and insures unity. All divisions have much to gain and nothing to lose, not even identity, to lose. It makes for economy and wrecks the political machine. It ought to please everyone and certainly should be given a fair trial.

"BUNCH" VOTING BY MACHINE

Observers of the beautiful mechanism of the local machine have called to mind, no doubt, the reductio ad absurdum of "painting the lily." It is impossible to improve a perfect work. How could there be an improvement on a machine that makes a chronometer seem erratic by comparison and that challenges the running gear of the universe?

It is startling, therefore, to read in The Herald that the managers of the Republican machine seriously contemplated an attempt to "paint the lily" by a change in one feature of the machine's operation. It is explained that the purpose of this attempt is "expedition in the transaction of business by the county convention," for which work the machine will be in operation tomorrow at Venice.

As described in Thursday's Herald, the proposed improvement in what has been considered the perfect working of the machine will be an adaptation of the Australian ballot system in voting for candidates for the various county nominations. It appears that "arrangements have been made with one of the local printing houses to set up a printing plant in Venice especially equipped to run off the tickets as soon as they are ordered."

This innovation, as declared by the machine managers, will be a great convenience to delegates. As an example of the "convenience" it is said that "instead of voting for the candidate for each office separately the delegates will cast their ballots for the entire 'bunch' at once."

It is purely a keen solicitude for delegates, of course, that will thus enable delegates to "job lot" their votes, so to speak, instead of voting for each candidate singly in the old-fashioned way. It looks as if such a plan might also suit the convenience of the machine manipulators, but they are too self-sacrificing, of course, to consider their personality for a moment.

The bunch system of delegate voting will be as handy as taking at one gulp a number of medicines mixed together. The plan undoubtedly will save time, and it looks promising for keeping votes so well "bunched" that there need be no managerial fear that any will get away.

Evidently Willie Hearst learned one lesson from the San Francisco 'quake—that people could no longer be fooled by his pretenses of "relief" work or by his impudent claims based on the real work of others. He has headed no movements to aid Chile, it will be noted.

HOUGHTON RENIGS

Can it be that our good and true, if somewhat talkative and bombastic, friend, "Doc" Houghton, has been tamed by the corporations, his erstwhile greatest enemies? Is it possible that, like Samson of old, he hath marked to the sign song of a Delilah, and that his locks have been shorn? Verily, it looketh so!

Time was, and not so far ago, either, when Doc Houghton was the choicest corporation balter of 'em all. To mention street railway to him was like injecting ginger into a wheezy, wind-broken old plug race horse, and to hint of Huntington was as the waving of a red rag to a bull. In those times of his inability to do anything to the local transit companies, it was Doc's habit to rant and roar and spit fire and gnash his teeth on the slightest provocation; to make lengthy and vitriolic "speeches" about corporate influences and the octopus and other things of like lurid nature. And the populace imagined Doc as a modern St. George astride his noble steed, hunting the dragon to its lair, and worrying it into impotent fury even as a flea might tantalize a hippopotamus.

But a change hath seemingly come o'er the spirit of Doc's dreams. For once and only once in his career he now has opportunity to deal with the Huntington company with the public back of him; to go to it with a real legitimate and popular demand, at the behest of his councilmanic conferees, with the full assurance that if the company doesn't "come through" the council's power will be invoked to compel it. For once Doc has full, free and easy chance to "make good" and secure for the people a real boom—something tangible, actual and necessary, not a mere chimera of political folderol—owl car service.

And does Doc rise to the occasion, preen his plumage, whet his talons and snap his beak? Does he snort fire and belch smoke and, striking terror into the hearts of all concerned, bring the mighty Huntington to his knees and the redoubtable Billy Dunn to the kowtow? Does he?

Nay, nay, Pauline! He doesn't. The Doc merely roars him as gently as any sucking dove, coquettes with the octopus, flirts with the Juggernaut, dallies with the siren, and fondles the Delilah while the shears nip! In plain English, the Doc merely "lays down" and utters and abjectly goes into the enemies' camp to dine from the fleshpots of Egypt, while his fellow councilmen cool their heels in outer darkness in wonder and amazement. The Doc renigs!

This is not nice news for the public who have swallowed the Doc's verbal outputs whole. It is not cheering for the Sixth ward, whose accidental representative he is. But it is truth, as Healy and Kern are willing to affirm. The Doc dallies in desuetude while they try in vain to corral him and make him get busy on the owl car proposition.

Arise, ye, arise ye, Doc! Will ye play poltroon and go over to the enemy when confronting ye is the first real chance to make good in all your hot air oratorical career? Shame! For shame! Shake off the tyrant's coils, break the silken bonds, sever the shackles; raise once more on high your trenchant blade and lead the hosts to battle! Emblazon on your banner "Owl cars or walk!" and head the flying legions, nor cease to conflict till ye win—or die! Arise! Arise, Doc Houghton!

A NON-FEASIBLE PROJECT

From the viewpoint of a specialist in tuberculosis it may be a good idea to make Los Angeles a magnet to attract consumptives from the four quarters of the earth. No doubt it would be a good work, in the cause of afflicted humanity, to carry out the plan of establishing a great open air camp, as an adjunct of the county hospital, for the treatment of all consumptives.

But while Los Angeles always is ready and willing to aid sufferers from the dreaded malady, it must not be forgotten that "charity begins at home." Without any such allurement as is suggested by Dr. Knopf, the eminent New York specialist in tuberculosis, Los Angeles is the chief objective point now for victims of consumption. Such unfortunates come here from every part of the United States, and some from foreign countries, in hope of relief afforded by the favorable climatic conditions of Southern California.

No hindrance to the coming of this class of invalids ever has been interposed, notwithstanding the well known danger risked by their presence. The heart of Los Angeles is too big to play the Levite of Scripture toward any suffering mortal, no matter what his ailment nor whence he comes.

But Los Angeles cannot afford, either financially or with regard to the danger involved to provide an ideal resort for consumptives and then herald abroad an invitation to all such sufferers. The matter of cost would not be the most important consideration in regard to such a proposition. The first thing to consider is the increased danger to our own people from infection, and the second is the effect on this city's worldwide fame as an attraction for tourists.

Let it be known abroad that Los Angeles has adopted Dr. Knopf's plan for a great camp of consumptives and the tourists will shy at this city as they would shy at a rattlesnake. Instead of being known abroad for such attractions as now make it famous, Los Angeles would come to be known chiefly as a universal resort for consumptives.

The camp idea for the treatment of tuberculosis is recognized as the best, but such a camp should be situated where there is no contiguous population. The project for establishing such a camp in Los Angeles should not be seriously considered for a moment.

THE WANING SUMMER

Only a few more days and August will have passed, the dullest and generally least enjoyable of all the months in Southern California. In this month business is at low tide and many city dwellers seek the mountains and the seaside for comfort. In Los Angeles the many thousand members of the stay-at-home club reduce work to the minimum, growl at exceptionally warm periods, fret thankfully for the average pleasant days and sleep the sleep of the blessed at night.

September will slide into the place vacated by August almost before we know it. The advent of the first of seven consecutive "r" months appears to be of less importance here than it is in the east because we know that about three weeks more of real summer are in store for Southern California. Our eastern friends, however, look forward to the first of September as the autumn inauguration day. On that day the social quarantine is raised which makes it obligatory upon persons "in the swim" to exile themselves from home. From all places of summer resort there will be an exodus of city folk at the end of August and joyous tumbling into homes at the dawn of September.

In Los Angeles the scenes witnessed in the east at the opening of September are delayed until the close of the astronomical summer, which comes with the autumnal equinox. But earlier than that period, and with the opening of September, the revival of fall business will be in evidence. Preparations for autumnal business activity are in preparation now at the retail stores and shops, where the clearing-out process indicates that the commercial "last rose of summer" is passing. The coming of September will witness a marked change when all shopping places are arrayed with displays of the latest and most alluring novelties that are found in the leading cities of the United States and Europe.

The new Y. M. C. A. site in Hope street, near Seventh, is vastly better suited in every way for the uses of the association and is a much more reasonable purchase, while the sale of its Hill street lot will not only pay for the new site in cash but will leave a large surplus for the building fund. In handling this deal, President Arthur Letts showed his usual clever business sense.

Although everyone knows that the union printers' convention turned down Willie Ananias Hearst with a dull, sickening thud, that doesn't prevent him from coming out and claiming an indorsement at their hands in his own yellow sheet. But then, the truth and Willie are such utter strangers that he wouldn't recognize it if he met it in the road.

Changes in the demands of the Los Angeles-Pacific company as regards the Hill street tunnel make its chances much brighter. It is an improvement greatly needed, and the city and the trolley company should get together on it, to insure its early completion.

Once more, those useless and undesired voting machines bob up to cause trouble. What a farce they are, anyhow, when the one real, true, never-slip-a-cog machine, the Southern Pacific-Republican combination, runs the whole election.

The consolidation committee has at last made an authoritative statement of the proposed combined city and county and has set forth a few of its advantages. Now let us all discuss it, sanely and quietly, and see if we want it.

BRYAN'S HOME CITY BECOMING PROUD

Lincoln Changes Its Opinion of the Great Commoner and is Now Willing to Trade on His Reputation Lincoln Letter to Indianapolis News.

A great change has taken place since Mr. Bryan went away from here the last time. The people of Lincoln are beginning to realize that he has made their town known in every part of the world and through him Lincoln has been heard of in parts where the existence of such a place was never dreamed of. It is taken for granted here that Mr. Bryan is extremely likely to be again nominated for the presidency and that Lincoln will be the Mecca toward which hundreds of thousands of people will travel, and the hotels and business houses are already preparing for the expected influx of visitors. Every picture-taker in the city is stocking up on scenes in Lincoln, and photographs of everything and everybody connected with him in the most remote way, with Mr. Bryan.

And when Mr. Bryan returns to America he will be greeted in New York by a large number of representatives of Nebraska, who did not know a few months ago that he was out of town. Lincoln will turn itself inside out when Mr. Bryan gets back home, and it is declared here that he will be given a home-cooking greeting by his friends and neighbors greater than ever was accorded a private citizen of Nebraska.

In the streets you see the Bryan hat, and in the shop windows the Bryan necktie, the Bryan cuffs, the Bryan socks, and every one who can by tonorial skill transform his face into the Bryanesque is doing so. An army of newspaper correspondents is expected to take care of the proposition. The first thing to consider is the increased danger to our own people from infection, and the second is the effect on this city's worldwide fame as an attraction for tourists.

The business men have awakened to the realization that it is a pretty good thing for their town to have Mr. Bryan as a citizen. Lincoln is a pretty town—well watered and well shaded, and its buildings are modern. But there is one thing about it that so attracts the attention of the visitor from the east as the fact that it is the home of Mr. Bryan.

"You have a nice little city here!" I suggested to the clerk of the hotel. "Yes, we think so—and, of course, you know," and the chest swelled until the diamond in the shirt front resembled an electric bulb on a snow-drift, "but this is the home of W. J. Bryan." I could not help smiling, and the clerk's display of pride—due to the fact that Mr. Bryan is a Lincolnite—a display of pride that was not made ten years ago. Mr. Bryan is not called William Jennings Bryan but in this country, nor does he sign his name that way. His signature is W. J. Bryan, and he never deviates from it. The William Jennings form came from the east.

In the event that Mr. Bryan is nominated again for the presidency, and all Lincoln expects that he will be, it is believed he will remain at home and not travel about the country as he did in previous campaigns. Many newspapers will have staff correspondents here; several have already secured quarters for their men. On his return, however, Mr. Bryan will remain only a short time, and will then go to Australia for two or three months, after which he will resume life in his handsome home close to Lincoln.

The Bryan home is a two-story brick, with wide verandas, on a grassy knoll six miles out from town. In one direction you have a fine view of Lincoln. In another direction is the great college of the Seventh-Day Adventists, and not far away is a bunch of buildings that used to be a normal college. The farm contains about 120 acres, has all the modern improvements and grows everything from flowers to watermelons. On the farm is a lot of fine stock, and running at large is Mr. Bryan's magnificent saddle horse Governor, and the shade of the trees a great bloodhound known as Joe and an ugly-looking bulldog, General, the gift of admiring friends, watch the visitors, but do not molest them.

Inside the house the furnishings are superb, and Mr. Bryan's "den" or library is the acme of decorative art. Two large rooms are given over to souvenirs and bric-a-brac picked up at his travels, and he has a collection of thousands of original cartoons made of him. There are a number of gavel sets voted him by various state conventions and photographs of Mr. Bryan riding in street parades in all parts of Amer-

WOMAN'S MORBID CURIOSITY

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 18.—(Editor Herald): The respectable portion of the community sincerely thanks The Herald for investigating against the press of females (we can hardly call them women) who crowded the court room every day during the trial of Stackpole. They have crowded the place at the expense of skirts, hats and women's gear generally to listen without a blush to the salacious, filthy details of the illicit love affair and criminal intimacy of two moral degenerates which made men's faces turn red to hear. When Stackpole was led out of the court room they rushed like a mad mob to catch a last glimpse of the defendant who had debauched one of their sex and murdered her awful husband!

I do not believe there is a decent man in the city but rejoices that his mother, sister or wife was not among the number of morbid women who crowded the court room. No wonder that young women are led astray when so many females who profess to move in respectable society will crowd a court room for a solid week and stand in a stifling atmosphere to listen to the most vile and unnecessary details of sexual crime and murder.

Let us hope that the scenes of last week will never be repeated in this city or state. OBSERVER.

PARDEE THE MAN

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 18.—(Editor Herald): It now looks as if Pardee would be the machine nomination for governor. This is greatly to be regretted by Republicans who have the best interests of their party in view. It means sure defeat if the Democrats nominate a good man.

Many of us look upon Pardee as the weakest man that has ever been elected governor of this state. He is a past-master in profanity and his word is not reliable. He evidently is no friend of Southern California, and of Los Angeles in particular. He has shown himself ready to lose the Owens river project if he can do so.

If he is nominated by Ruff and the balance of the machine all the Democrats have to do is to bring forward a good man and they will go into power for the next four years. The moral people of the state have some rights that the Republican machine will have to respect.

Leading Republicans know that Pardee was not elected before, but was counted in and Lane counted out. Here is a chapter in the proceedings of the Republican machine that will make interesting reading if Pardee is brought forward a second time.

HEARST'S RED-YELLOW FLAG

Inherited wealth, purchased brains and conscience in absentia are the real planks in any Hearst platform, no matter what principles the boards may ostensibly represent. The red flag of Socialism proclaims abroad the doctrines of its creed. The yellow banner of Hearstism is a decoy to lure the unwary wayfaring man to his own undoing.—New York Evening Post.

FREAK BOTANY ON HATS

The latest fashions in women's hats present complete miniature studies in every branch of horticulture, agriculture and landscape gardening.

Charming as the confections are from a milliner's point of view, the botanist might take some exception. All kinds of fresh flowers appear, and curious tricks have been played with nature. For instance, roses are made in blue tints, both pale and navy, in cinnamon brown, black, purple and terra cotta.

Some hats are covered with bunches of large grapes of black, green and white. The latter resemble little clusters of electric light globes more than anything else.

One toque shown in a west end shop is made principally of currants in bunches of red, white and black respectively. Sour-looking crab apples adorn other hats, and specimens of this fruit grown larger with rosy cheeks, appear in windows with luscious peach, cherry, berries and strawberries.

The sweet pea in all its varied palette is a pretty innovation used in millinery, and the old-fashioned purple flower has its place today. More of the countryside is represented by trails of honeysuckle on some hats, and Hawthorn boughs laid artistically over crown and brim of others.

A corner of a cornfield is a name that might be given to hats trimmed with clusters of wheat, oats, scarlet poppies, blue cornflowers and tufts of thistle-down. Bluebells and clover decorate hats for town wear, side by side with rare orchids in mauve, yellow and gold—London Express.

EXIT THE FROCK COAT

The doom of the frock coat has been announced for so many years that people hardly appear to realize that this season it has actually gone. The morning coat is now the correct day wear. There has been no sudden startling effect in the change. During the past two or three seasons morning coats have been seen in the West End in gradually increasing numbers, until they were by common consent recognized as the only possible coat for society men.

The Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Burdett-Coutts have been two of the most consistent adherents of the morning coat, which they have always worn whether at a garden party or a racing meeting. There is a great difference, however, in the style of their garments. The duke wears a coat with a fashionable long "roll" collar and a decided waist, while Mr. Burdett-Coutts for a large roomy coat without the "waist."

The new coat is very popular with men who are not so young as they used to be. It has no tendency to add age to the appearance of the wearer as in the case of the frock coat.—London Express.

TALES OF A "HERETIC"

If half the stories concerning the kindness and generosity of Dr. Algeron S. Craspey of Rochester are true one must wish that such "heretics" as he were to be found in every community. That he is a man of genuine piety and a large heart there can be no doubt. Not long ago, it is said, Dr. Craspey heard of a family in the community which had diphtheria. Every member of the family was sick with the dread disease, and no one would go near them for fear of contracting it. They were poor and destitute. Although they were not connected with the church, Dr. Craspey went to see them as soon as he heard of their sore straits. At the risk of his own health he entered the house and proceeded to set things straight. Finding an apron on the housewife behind the door he put it on, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and washed all of the dirty dishes which had accumulated. He then provided for the needs of the family and did all he could to help them through their trouble.—Leslie's Weekly.

Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

Perhaps "I love my love in the morning." He wrote with ardent pen: Maybe 'twas true, for perhaps he had never seen her then!

That Buffalo man who stole twenty-five pounds of lumber didn't get very far; it was easy to follow his scent.

Vice President Fairbanks is going to Milwaukee. What's the use, when he drinks buttermilk?

If Root really want a presidency he might start a revolution while in South America, and get one that way.

Great Stuff One of our delinquents got drunk Tuesday and paid us \$4.00 on subscription. We want to buy a barrel of the kind of booze he had in him.—Antwerp (O.) Bee.

In following the rule always to speak well of the dead let it be said that Russell Sage never was a life insurance magnate.

Palm—Why are blondes always said to be more generous than brunettes? "Pepper"—You can eat a blonde hair on a man's coat easier than a dark one, can't you?

There is only one paper now published in St. Petersburg, which makes one suspect that Nick must have a rake-off on its circulation somewhere.

Summer is now in the straw hat bargain counter stage.

The only thing to amaze in that Chicago bank looting is how the thieving president with the wagg side-stepped the highwaymen.

How Can He Afford It? Doc Robinson appeared today wearing his second clean shirt in two months.—Atchison Globe.

Pay Templeton having wed again, it's now up to Lillian Russell.

Notice that it was Bryan's, not Parker's, clothes T. R. stole, though Parker has the swimming habit.

Orange—Why does he call his wife "Spring"? Lemon—She never dries up, I suppose.

London complains of motor drivers' spine. It's their nerve we kick on.

Man named Adam is mentioned for governor of New York. Wouldn't he raise Cain if he's Abel?

The summer girl without an engagement ring would better get a hustle on.

Warped Wisdom

Are bridal apartments love's suites? A kicker saloon hurts anything but his own reputation.

Not every poor man is a cheap one. Gossips are really misfortune tellers. Do trains of thought run on head lines?

Flowers and candy catch more girls than poetry does. Many a man would fall in love with his sister—if she wasn't.

A man may have more luck than sense and still not be very lucky. —W. H. C.

STARCH MAKING

Consul W. W. Canada reports that the Mexican manufacture of laundry starch in the consular district of Vera Cruz is still conducted in the most primitive manner. He says: "Along the banks of the Papaloapan river, say from Alvarado to San Andres Tuxtla, the natives are engaged in making this starch from the 'yuca' (cassava, which is also a staple stock food article in Florida), for the cultivation of which these river lands are well adapted. No machinery worthy the name is employed. The operation consists in first peeling the tuber, scraping the remainder into pulp and then washing the substance in water. After the water, now charged with this starchy matter, has had time to settle the product is found deposited on the bottom of the tank. The water is then decanted and the starch dried. We are informed that not a single starch making establishment exists worthy of the name of factory."

"In this part of Yucatan the starch made of the yuca is preferred to any other. At present it sells at wholesale for \$3.25 Mexican currency per arroba (\$1.63 American for twenty-five pounds), but this is owing to a strong demand from the state of Yucatan at the present time, which market is being supplied from here. At times the price is much lower. The Mexican tariff makes no distinction in the classification of the various kinds of starch, whether for laundry purposes or any other, and the import duty is quoted at 10 cents per kilogram (5 cents American) per 2.20 pounds legal weight (material and wrapper). We know that in the more northern parts of this republic starch made from corn and wheat is manufactured, but very little finds its way to this section of the country. It would appear that this consular district ought to prove a worthy field for the American manufacturer of starch making machinery."

EQUINE ENGLAND

When the motor car first began to come into popular use ten years or so ago, it was generally predicted that the horse was doomed to early extinction, and since they have become so numerous and universal one would naturally expect to find that the number of horses in the United Kingdom has been seriously reduced. It is a little astonishing, therefore, to find that this is by no means the case. In 1897 the number of horses in Great Britain and Ireland was 2,070,000; in 1903 (the latest figures available for comparison) the number was 2,069,944. Thus it appears that, in spite of the tens of thousands of motor vehicles which were doing the work of horses in 1903, the number of these useful animals had only been reduced by fifty-six, or at the rate of less than ten a year.—Tit-Bits.

A WOMAN'S LOGIC

"You women are queer creatures," commented the bachelor. "Yes," replied the pretty girl, who had shared it before; then she waited for what was coming. "Here you are wearing fewer clothes every year—open-necked, pumps which are cut much lower than shoes, waists without collars, elbow sleeves, thin frocks and no hats—and yet—yet you put on long gloves on a hot day. What for?" "The P. G. smiled sweetly at him as she pushed her long-winded kids up with a fascinating gesture. "Because they look so nice," she answered.—New York Press.

Pictured Smiles

BY RYAN WALKER



AS TO ENGAGEMENTS. Cynthia—I call it an automobile engagement. Camille—What's an automobile engagement? Cynthia—One that starts off all right, but nobody's quite sure that it will be able to keep on going.



A GOOD SOLID REASON. "Why don't you believe in the spelling reform?" "It is too much trouble to learn another dialect."



FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY. George—It's strange how easy it is for a pretty girl to make a fool of a man. Fishermen—Oh! I don't think I would put it that way, but I will admit that the housewife behind the door he put it on, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and washed all of the dirty dishes which had accumulated. He then provided for the needs of the family and did all he could to help them through their trouble.—Leslie's Weekly.



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