

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY... FRANK G. FINLAYSON, President... ROBERT W. ROYCE, Editor... S. H. LAVERETT, Business Manager... OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES... Founded Oct. 2, 1873... TELEPHONES—Sunset, Press 11, Home, The Herald... The only Democratic newspaper in Southern California... NEWS SERVICE—Member of the Associated Press... EASTERN AGENT—J. P. McKinley... RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION WITH SUNDAY MAGAZINE...

GOVERNMENT BY BOSS

The people of Los Angeles county—mostly Republicans—are governed by one man. It is passing strange that so many thousands of voters and heavy taxpayers should submit to this sort of thing without apparent resentment. Under the ownership and domination of Boss Walter Parker they are as patient, resigned and smiling as though they imagined they were actually governing themselves. And yet they become indignant when they read of bossism in the eastern cities and states. They are tickled to death when they hear that the people of New York or Pennsylvania have risen in their might and overthrown the "easy boss" in short they do not seem to be conscious of the fact that they are themselves worse boss-ridden than are the people of any city or state in this country.

Abe Ruef of San Francisco is the political owner and director of the state of California. Back of him is Boss Herrin of the Southern Pacific railroad. Under Herrin—and consequently a sub-puppet of Abe Ruef—is Boss Walter Parker of Los Angeles. The machine is open, notorious and dictatorial in its dominance of public affairs and laughs aloud at the innocence and childishness of the people who sit down and accept whatever crumbs may fall from the tables of the bosses. Every decent Republican newspaper in California is cognizant of these facts and many of them are beginning to show shame and resentment. Thus far they have made no headway—accomplished nothing—but the leaven of good is working and the time must surely come when the Republicans of California will understand and appreciate the disgrace to which they are daily and hourly subjected.

Boss Parker, a good fellow enough, personally occupies headquarters in the county convention hall at Venice, where all delegates must pay their respects and get the convention program handed out to them, all prepared. Some of them may have imagined that they were trying to represent the people of their several precincts, as a matter of fact they were all mere puppets, held together and moved by a pulley leading from the convention hall to Boss Parker's private office. They had no power to do anything that had not been previously arranged for them, and their only business was to record the will of Boss Parker and the Southern Pacific railroad. Is everybody in Los Angeles county asleep to this disgraceful situation? Does nobody care whether this great community is ruled by a political boss? Is it perfectly immaterial whether the machine names the county officers, who will handle corporations with gloves and make the common people pay the full price of living here?

Does it concern nobody if the voters are practically disfranchised and have no power to regulate their own affairs? Must everybody submit willingly and cheerfully to this farce of government? These are serious questions for the Republicans of Los Angeles county. And they are not asked in a spirit of political campaigning, either. The Herald has been asking these same questions for two years, and while many have answered them with some show of indignation, they have fallen back into the kiln of the political trick makers and ceased to worry themselves over the situation. But the Republican party of California and of Los Angeles, refusing to reform itself, is riding straight to ruin. There are people who are beginning to think about these things. Out in the orange groves and down in the mines and up in the lumber regions and in the factories and foundries and shops of this great state are men who are thinking; men who will resent ownership by Abe Ruef and Walter Parker and the railroads and who eventually will cause an upheaval in the political life of this state and county. But they must soon wake up or their opportunity for freedom will have passed.

SAN PEDRO SHIPBUILDING

The nucleus of a dock and warehouse company has been formed at San Pedro which may materialize in an enterprise of great importance to the port. It is intimated that the company, which is to be capitalized at \$5,000,000, will make shipbuilding one of its features. This announcement calls attention, at least, to an adjunct of the harbor's business that is sure to become important at an early period. San Pedro is favorably situated for shipbuilding and a start in production of the lighter class of craft should soon be profitable. There is at present no shipbuilding point anywhere on the Pacific coast of the three Americas south of San Francisco. The Spanish-Americans are not shipbuilders, depending for vessels of any considerable tonnage on foreign builders. San Pedro, therefore, is in a position to do a large share of ship construction for the whole line of southern ports. Not until the completion of the Panama canal will Atlantic coast shipbuilders be as well situated for supplying it to South American ports on the west side as such builders would be at San Pedro.

It is not too early, as before intimated, to expand the present modest vessel product of San Pedro to much larger proportions. The opportunity for profitable business in that line increases with every day of approach to the time when the work of the greater harbor will be completed. No other seaport on the whole Pacific coast line is so well equipped as San Pedro with railway feeders, which is a very important matter in the supply department of shipbuilding. Living expenses there are as low, at least, as they are at any other American port, and labor prices should correspond therewith. The climate also adds to the advantages, as there are very few days in the year when mechanics cannot work comfortably in the open. San Pedro evidently is destined to be a shipbuilding center in the years to

come, the only question being the ripeness of the time for sprouting the enterprise. To the casual observer the time already seems to have arrived.

HEARST PARTY'S GRAND ENTRY

Through the channels of yellow journalism it is announced from San Francisco that W. R. Hearst's Independence league "is preparing to put a full ticket in the field for the coming election in California." The active leadership of the movement in this state, as given out officially, has been placed in the hands of J. J. Dwyer, described as a "well known lawyer who up to the present has been prominent in Democratic politics."

The newly installed boss of the brand new Hearst party doffs his Democratic raiment and dons his Independence league attire by stating tersely that he has "cut loose from the local Democratic party and means to further the Independence league in California by active participation in the coming campaign." Mr. Hearst's manager promises that the new party will "fill a long felt want." He says: "We are not Democrats and we are not Republicans, nor are we non-partisans," leaving the inference that the new concern is a sort of political "Maud," easily recognizable by Examiner readers. The manager expresses the opinion that "both the old parties have been tried and found wanting, so much so that the people are tired of them both and want something new."

But it is W. R. Hearst's adieu to the Democratic party, by the voice of his California manager, to which particular attention is called: "As for the Democratic organization, that is all leaders and no followers; nothing is left of that but generals and colonels; all the soldiers have abandoned the colors and gone into other camps."

W. R. Hearst is the only conspicuous example of the class of Democratic traitors to whom his mouth-piece alludes. By reason of Democratic patronage Hearst was enabled to establish his string of newspapers and it is by reason of Democratic votes that he now holds a seat in congress, which he but rarely warms with his anatomy.

And thus the Hearst Independence league makes its grand entry into the California political arena. Drum Major Dwyer leads the procession, the Hearst yellow newspapers are the "tooters," Hearst hirelings are the shouters and the following will be chiefly such riffraff as may be attracted by the flow from the bung-hole of Hearst's money barrel.

Los Angeles welcomes the state Prohibition convention, which will be in session today. The delegates will find this city tolerant on the liquor question, but not intolerant toward those who believe the sale of liquor should be entirely prohibited. Prohibitionists are usually earnest, intelligent, wide-awake citizens, and The Herald hopes they will find in Los Angeles all that their hearts desire—except prohibition.

There were no owl cars in Los Angeles at the disposal of belated Republicans last night.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT'S TRIP TO MEDORA AND BAD LANDS

DAYS WHEN HIS FATHER'S COW, BOYS SHOT UP THE TOWN

Reminiscences of Men Who Were Famous in the Early Days of Montana—Why Roosevelt Left Medora in a Hurry

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 21.—(Editor Herald): A direct wire to The Times this morning from Deadwood, S. D., says: "With Capt. Seth Bullock and party Kermit Roosevelt left yesterday on the long overland horseback ride to Medora."

In the long ago Seth was known as "Sitting Bull, chief of Robbers' Roost," a hole in the wall at Virginia City, Mont., where the political grafters met who looted Montana in old territorial days. Medora is a town in North Dakota founded and built by Marquis De Maurice, a wealthy, dashing and erratic Frenchman, who named the town after his beautiful American wife. De Maurice built an immense abattoir at Medora for the purpose, as he swore, of destroying the beef trust. His intention was to slaughter all the range cattle at Medora and ship dressed beef east instead of his cattle. He failed, of course, lost his great wealth, left his dotage little city a broken-hearted man and was assassinated in far-away Algiers. He was a man of indomitable will, with the courage of a lion, a veritable D'Artagnan, and was known all over the cow country as a man destitute of fear, asking no favor, with a reputation of having fought several duels to a finish.

The Roosevelt cowboys were situated not far from Medora, and though De Maurice was a bigger man than the embryo president, there was great rivalry between them, chiefly on the point of which should be "king of the Bad Lands," or in other words, who should be regarded as the most important individual in the cow country. Even at that early date Mr. Roosevelt showed a disposition to brook no opposition or rival will. The marquis was of the same order of man, only a little more so, and everyone knew a clash would come sooner or later.

Roosevelt's cowboys went to Medora and shot up the town. De Maurice and his men unburied them and kicked them out. The next day the entire force of the Roosevelt ranch, with Teddy armed cap-a-pie, a la broncho buster, rode into Medora and a-a-well, they rode out again; but that calls for another story. Seth Bullock knows why Teddy rode out of Medora on that occasion, but his boy, now riding in, does not. Poor De Maurice, who in that instance established his claim as chief of all the Bad Lands, died ignominiously and his unremembered bones now waste away in dew and rain and sunshine, while Roosevelt—well, that's the "irony of fate."

PEARLS OF PACKINGTOWN. Cupidity is the god of Armour. A wicked packer who knows his own father. Half a year's fast is worse than no bread. As a man is a man, chiefly on the point of what he can make a picnic dainty out of a sow's ear. It's never too late to can.—Life.

INVENTOR EDISON TALKS OF HIS EARLY CAREER

His Second Invention Produced a Check for \$40,000 When He Would Have Sold It for \$5000 and Thought Himself Rich From Pearson's Magazine.

"I'll tell you how I happened to get into telegraphing first," said Thomas Edison to a representative of Pearson's Magazine. "When the battle of Pittsburgh Landing was fought the first report which reached Detroit announced that there were 60,000 killed and wounded."

"I was a train newsboy then, and I told the telegraph operator at the Detroit station that if he would wire the main facts of the battle along the line so that announcements could be put up on the station bulletin boards I would give Harper's Weekly to him for six months free of cost."

"I used to sell about forty newspapers on the trip. This time I made up my mind that I ought to take 1000, but when I counted up my money I found I had only enough to buy 500."

"Then I thought to myself that if I could get to Wilbur F. Storey, the proprietor of the Detroit Free Press, I might be able to work out of my difficulty. I climbed up the stairs to his office and said: 'I have only got money enough to buy 400 papers and I want 600 more. I thought I might get trusted for them. I'm a newsboy.' I got my 1000 papers all right."

"That was a great day for me. At the first station the crowd was so big that I thought it was an excursion crowd. But, no; when the people caught sight of me they began to yell for papers. I just doubled the price on the spot and charged 10 cents instead of 5 cents a copy."

"Then I got to the last station I jumped the price up to 25 cents a copy and sold all I had left. I made \$75 or \$100 in that one trip, and I tell you I felt mighty good."

"That called my attention to what a telegraph operator could do. I thought to myself that telegraphing was simply great, and I made up my mind to become an operator as soon as possible."

"The first serious thing I invented was a machine which would count the votes in congress in a very few minutes. It was a good machine, too, but when I took it to Washington they said to me: 'Young man, that's the last thing we want here! Filibustering and the delay in counting the vote are the only means we have of defeating bad legislation.'"

"My next practical invention was the quadruplex telegraph. I started in to work it on the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph line between Rochester and New York, but there was a change in the management of the line, and the demonstration ended in a fizzle. It was years before the quadruplex was adopted."

"That landed me in New York without a cent in my pocket. I went to an agent and managed to borrow \$1. The other end of the wire, but I had to 'park it' a little. Oh, I didn't mind it and I never did care much about eating, anyhow."

"Then I hustled for something to do. I could have got a job as operator at \$20 a month, but I wanted a chance to do something better. I happened one day into the office of a 'gold ticker' company which had about 50 subscribers."

"I was standing beside the apparatus when it gave a terrific rattle and suddenly stopped. In a few minutes hundreds of messenger boys blocked up the doorway and yelled for some one to fix the tickers in their office. The man in charge of the place was simply flabbergasted, so I stepped up to him and said: 'I think I know what's the matter.'"

"I simply had to remove a loose contact spring which had fallen between the wheels. The result was that I was employed to take charge of the service at \$300 a month. I almost fainted when I heard how much salary I was to get."

"Then I joined hands with a man named Callahan and we got up several improved types of stock tickers. These improvements were a success."

"When the day of settlement for my inventions approached I began to wonder how much money I would get. I was pretty raw and knew nothing about business, but I hoped that I might get \$5000."

"I dreamed of what I could do with big money like that, of the tools and other things I could buy to work out inventions; but I knew Wall street was a pretty bad place, and had a general suspicion that a man was apt to

get beat out of his money there. So I tried to keep my hopes down; but the thought of \$5000 kept rising in my mind."

"Well, one day I was sent for by the president of the Gold and Stock Telegraph company to talk about a settlement for my improvements. He was Gen. Marshall Lefferts, colonel of the Seventh regiment."

"I told you I was trembling all over with embarrassment, and when I got in his presence my vision of \$5000 began to vanish. When he asked me how much I wanted I was afraid to speak. I feared that if I mentioned \$5000 I might get nothing."

"That was one of the most painful and exciting moments of my life. My how I beat my brains to know what to say. Finally I said: 'Suppose you make me an offer.'"

"By that time I was scared. I was more than scared, I was paralyzed. 'How would \$40,000 do?' asked Gen. Lefferts."

"It was all I could do to keep my face straight and my knees from giving way. I was afraid he would hear my heart beat."

"With a great effort I said that I guessed that would be all right. He said they would have the contract ready in a few days and I could come back and sign it. In the meantime I scarcely slept. I couldn't believe it."

"When I went back the contract was ready and I signed it in a hurry. I don't know even now what was in it. A check for \$40,000 was handed me and I went to the bank as fast as my feet would carry me."

"It was the first time I was ever inside a bank. I got in line and when my turn came I handed in my check. Of course I had not indorsed it."

"The teller looked at it then pushed it back to me and roared out something which I could not understand, being partly deaf. My heart sank and my legs trembled. I handed the check back to him, but again he pushed it back with the same unintelligible explosion of words."

"That settled it. I went out of the bank feeling miserable. I was the victim of another Wall street skin game. I never felt worse in my life."

"I went around to the brother of the treasurer who had drawn the check and said: 'I'm skinned, all right.'"

"When I told him my story he burst out laughing, and when he went into the treasurer's office to explain matters there was a loud roar of laughter at my expense. They sent somebody to the bank with me, and the bank officials thought it so great a joke that they played a trick on me by paying me the whole \$40,000 in \$10, \$20 and \$50 bills."

"It made an enormous pile of money. I stuffed the bills in my inside pockets and outside pockets, my trousers pockets and everywhere I could put them. Then I started for my home in Newark. I wouldn't sit on a seat with anybody on the train nor let anybody approach me. When I got to my room I couldn't sleep for fear of being robbed."

"So the next day I took it back to Gen. Lefferts and told him I didn't know where to keep it. He had it placed in a bank to my credit, and that was my first bank account. With that money I opened a new shop and worked out new apparatus."

"My automatic telegraph, which handled 1000 words a minute between New York and Washington, was brought out by Jay Gould and the Western Union company. It is in litigation yet."

"Then the quadruplex was installed. I sold that to Jay Gould and the Western Union company for \$30,000. The next invention was the mimeograph, a copying machine."

"When Bell got out his telephone the transmitter and receiver were one. Prof. Orton of the Western Union company asked me to do something to make the telephone a commercial success."

"I tackled it and got up the present transmitter. The Western Union company eventually made millions of dollars out of it. I got \$100,000 for it."

"At last President Orton sent for me and said: 'Young man, how much do you want in full payment for all the inventions you have given the Western Union company?'"

"I had \$40,000 in my mind, but my tongue wouldn't move. I hadn't the nerve to name such a sum. 'Make me an offer,' I ventured. 'How would \$100,000 seem to you?' he asked. 'I almost fell over. It made me dizzy,

Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

A Psalm of Life (By A. Shortfield)

"Dedicated to the Venice convention—with apologies." Tell us not in mournful numbers, It was not an empty dream; For the votes we hoped for failed us, And things were not what they seemed. It was real, it was earnest, And we could not reach the goal; Deep into the soup we tumbled, Hit the bottom of the bowl! Lives of lucky ones remind us Of the ladder we can't climb; Fading, we don't leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time! Now they've discovered a peckaboo bug. How one envies it!

John D.'s home for aged chorus girls will be such a useless proposition. Who ever heard of a chorus girl becoming "aged?" The Chumps, according to a Louisville paper, are a fine old Kentucky family. What a lot of kinfolks they have!

Palmer-I got that idea out of my head. Pepper-That's lucky for your head. Chicago claims a population of 2,300,000, of whom almost 200,000 speak English more or less perfectly. What Secretary Bonaparte says about anarchists is just what his greatest ancestor would have done to 'em.

Danger of an Explosion When we see so many young men with their hair parted in the middle and hanging down over their foreheads so as to obscure every trace of intellect, and so many young women with their hair all frizzly-frowsy and flopping around over their faces in fifty different ways, we just want to have a say.—Clinton (N. C.) Democrat. If a word to the wise is sufficient there is either a woeful lack of wisdom or a wanton waste of words. Peoria is to erect a monument to Robert G. Ingersoll. It would seem more appropriate for Peoria to erect a monument to Bacchus.

Next to the original Bryan man, the most numerous individual just now is the chorus girl who is on the inside of the Thaw tragedy. The hymn writer who composed "Listen to that Voice" is reported to be suing for a divorce. He probably got tired of listening to it. According to the Brooklyn Eagle, a Mr. Wells of that borough was married the other day to Miss Anna Charlotte Dam at the residence of the bride's parents and in the presence of the whole Dam family.

The next convention will be in September, when the chorus girls who say they knew Stanford White will meet. It is expected that 482 of the original Florodora sextet will be present. San Francisco's Response (San Francisco was the first town to begin relief work for Chile). Out of her wreck and ashes, Out of her bitter woe, The town of fate by the Golden Gate Raises her voice to know: "O sister, O stricken city, Torn by the selfsame cause, I know your plight and your bitter night, And the glory that once yours was. "We suffered the same great horror, Death's rattle hath rocked us, too; For my craven heart I would do my part For the suffering who cry to you! "I know all your pangs of hunger, I feel all your weight of woe, For the help you need I'll be quick, indeed! You've only to let me know! "As the world poured out its bounty, As the nations gave me their store, So I will take for your city's sake, What little I've left—and more! "We know, when the firm earth quivers, We know, when the mountains rock, The awful fear that runs far and near; We've suffered the selfsame shock. "Not much have I now to offer; Too little, alas, my store! But such as is here goes with all good cheer— Take! Would God it were ten times o'er!" So the world looks on and marvels— Three months, and 'twas "Give! She dies!" The nations gaze at the western ways, The Golden Gate evokes their amazement— The first to heed Chile's cries! —W. H. C.

FASCINATION OF THE HARVEST There is a fascination in the harvest that weaves a whisp of romance into the sheaves that are bound up these long, sun-flooded days in Kansas, where the harvest of the earth is ripe. It is not alone a selfish rejoicing in the knowledge that a generous yield means an absence of want that awakens the universal interest in the sturdy army now marching against the battalions of bearded grain in the Sunflower state and will move northward gradually as the harvest of the earth ripens in regions where the sun shines less ardently. There is something inborn in even the most urban of men that causes him to feel a thrill of joy at the sight of a great wheat field waiting for the sickle.

It is not alone the hope of profit that causes the student to hasten from the books and the man to drop his accustomed vocation to join the busy toilers in the fields. Many of those who arise with the earliest lark and labor until the long shadows are lost in the dusk are not in pressing need of the wages they receive. They could find more profitable employment in less arduous work. There is some other cause that sends them among strangers for a season. There is a call of the harvest as there is a call of the wild. The call of the harvest was learned in the days when Ruth, the Moabitess, bound up the heart of Boaz in the sheaves she gleaned in the fields of the mighty man of the family of Elimelech. The vivid imaginations of these early gleaners saw cause for wonder and speculation in the annually recurring miracle of the harvest. It is this lingering fascination that draws men to the wheat fields even in this utilitarian age—Kansas City Star.

He—I never see you at the Durochets now. Has you ever a visiting them? She—Yes; their reception was for a season. He—Why not go today? The weather is as hot as can be.—Echo de Paris.

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The Emerald Isle

BY RYAN WALKER.



O'ERFLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY.

Chalker (the milkman)—Yes, ma'am, that's me bride in me wagon. We're taking our weddin' trip over me milk route.

Mrs. Uppertowne—Oh! I see. You are over your milk and honeymoon trip.



THE SAME THING.

Mr. Finnegan—So me darter Maggie proposed to ye, and ye have accepted!

Young Cassidy—No, no, Mr. Finnegan! I proposed to your daughter Marguerite and she has accepted me!

Mr. Finnegan—Tush, tush, me boy! It's the same thing, only ye don't know it!



HIS IDEA.

Mrs. O'Rourke to A. M., out of window—Shure, an why don't ye come in. Haven't ye got a key?

Mr. O'Rourke (loaded)—I know that, but 't night key, ye'll have to throw me down a day key.



O'Rourke—He ought to be glad to be dead. He never had any of the blessings a man rich.

O'Rourke—'Tis thrue. The only totine he ever rode in a carriage was whin he went to his funeral.



PAT—Do ye believe in dreams, Moike?

Moike—Sure I do; wasn't it just last night I dreamed that I lost some money and the next day the judge fined me fivve dollars.



ON THE TROLLEY.

Pat—That sign says "Don't leave the car while in motion." Mike—'Tis fools! How can a fellav leave his car unless he is in motion?