

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY... FRANK G. FINLAYSON... President... ROBT. M. YOST... Editor... H. LAVERIE... Business Manager... OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES... Founded Oct. 9, 1873... TELEPHONES—Sunset Press 11... Home The Herald.

The only Democratic newspaper in Southern California receiving the full Associated Press reports.

NEWS SERVICE—Member of the Associated Press receiving its full report, averaging 25,000 words a day.

EASTERN AGENT—J. P. McKinney, 305 Potters building, New York, 211 Boyce building, Chicago.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION WITH SUNDAY MAGAZINE: Daily, by carrier, per month, \$1.25; Daily, by mail, three months, \$3.50; Daily, by mail, six months, \$6.50; Daily, by mail, one year, \$11.50; Sunday Herald, by mail, one year, \$7.50; Weekly Herald, by mail, one year, \$1.00.

Entered at Postoffice, Los Angeles, as Second-class matter.

THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND: Los Angeles and San Francisco 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, 251,463

THE OUSTING OF HEARST

(Resolution unanimously adopted by the state Democratic convention at Sacramento September 12, 1906.) Resolved, That in the so-called independence league we recognize a political machine, created by W. R. Hearst for his own political aggrandizement and of which he is the undisputed boss, and an ingenious endeavor to forestall and prevent the nomination for president and to compass the defeat of America's greatest citizen, William J. Bryan. We therefore denounce such purposes and call upon all true Democrats to oppose such ends.

Register! Last day to register.

Is your name on the register?

The real point in Stensland's return is: Did he bring back the money?

What a lot of lemons Boss Parker missed by running away from the fray.

The lid is gradually bearing down on Cuba. Taft is too heavy for the islanders.

The scramble for the Southern Pacific dog collar isn't very noticeable, Boss Parker.

The meter rates having been reduced, another anti-water spam is due from the Evening Snooze.

One thing, Congressman Rensdell, that San Pedro doesn't need is any more Southern Pacific.

The circus having gone, an increase in the number of boys at school will be quite noticeable today.

By all means give Mrs. Schack freedom or anything else that will take her out of the public gaze.

Stensland is "sorry" for the poor depositors. They will now take a hand in making it sorry for him.

Jim Jeffries back in the ring? Is that what started this panic among the alleged heavyweight pug?

Palma doesn't want a new election in Cuba. Which makes one wonder what was wrong with the last one.

The way the Republicans drafted by the Democrats are not obeying Boss Parker's orders is something wonderful.

Palma believes that an office which he holds is worth any number in the hands of the electors. Palma is wise.

All this trouble at San Pedro again emphasizes the assertion that the only real way out is annexation to Los Angeles.

The city is about to finish the outfit sewer. The clothespin-on-nose fashion will not prevail much longer, thank fortune.

Hydrophobia is marked by a decided antipathy to water. The disease which makes the little Evening Snooze so rabidly mad is thus easily diagnosed.

A New York insurance company will indemnify actors against failures. Taking such risks, its curtain will be rung down at an early stage of the game.

Negroes, not content with what is happening to them in Atlanta, are stirring up trouble in Knoxville. The best thing for the negro right now is quiet.

The greatest political machine that was ever constructed will go to pieces when opposed by a harmonious, active movement of the people. Don't forget that.

Banker Stensland declares he is glad to come back to the United States. Most fugitives are—which makes pertinent the query: Why do they run away?

The W. C. T. U. in Chicago is to demonstrate the quantity of alcohol in patent medicines. Prohibition states will take a keen interest in the resulting publicity.

A dog stealing syndicate is operating in the beach towns. For the sake of nightly peace and quiet, many neighborhoods in Los Angeles would give such an organization cordial welcome.

The people have it in their own hands to crush out political bosses at any time they may wish to do so. They are now after the Southern Pacific machine leaders and they'll get every one of them.

AN ALL-SPLIT-UP MACHINE

The indorsement of the non-partisan county ticket by the Democratic convention is having quicker results than even the most sanguine citizen had anticipated. Within twenty-four hours after the convention adjourned the railroad Republican machine began to have convulsion fits, and to roll and tumble and pitch about like a sinking ship in a storm.

The Southern Pacific railroad bosses and Republican henchmen fought savagely and desperately on the outer fringe of the Democratic convention to prevent the indorsement of the non-partisan ticket. They knew it meant the ruin of Boss Parker's machine ticket nominated at Venice. They knew and still know that the non-partisan ticket appeals eloquently to the whole people of Los Angeles county and that it will be elected by a sweeping and decisive majority in November.

Now Boss Parker and his machine Republican county committee, urged on by such of their Venice nominees as were discarded by the non-partisan committee, has demanded that all Republicans on the non-partisan ticket shall remove themselves from that ticket, on penalty of being scratched on the day of election. Thus far not a single candidate has responded. Every man selected by the non-partisans and Democrats as being worthy of public office has stood the test and openly bid defiance to the autocratic power which placed them on the Venice ticket and which already seeks to dominate their conduct.

The machine does not take any forcible measures openly. It is in the limelight of the people of Los Angeles county, and any attempt on the part of Boss Parker or of his lieutenants to summarily discipline the seceding honest Republicans of this county will only add to the certainty of public retribution.

The machine shows signs of going to pieces—but it behooves the people to watch sleeplessly and fearlessly its every move, for even a gigantic animal in its death throes can do untold damage to spectators.

There is no question but that the non-partisan ticket has thrown the railroad bosses to a panic, and now is the time for all honest, patriotic citizens to line up and declare themselves, to the end that the overthrow of the railroad tyranny may be complete. "We never sleep" should be the motto of all true voters from now until the day of election.

BUT FEW "GILT-EDGERS"

Now it is said that of all the fire insurance companies involved in the San Francisco disaster "less than a dozen are entitled to full credit for responding on the dollar-for-dollar basis, in all that the phrase implies." All the rest of the companies are charged with evasion of their obligations in some measure, although many are compensated for doing all that seems possible in square dealing.

The policy holders, who are mainly acting in union, divide the companies into classes, ranging from the dollar-for-dollar "gilt-edgers" down to the self-confessed welters. The highest class next to the gilt-edged one is designated by the policy holders as Class A. The companies in this grade are adjusting their losses "by charging a moderate discount for immediate cash settlements." Next comes Class B, comprising companies that "either from choice or necessity are asking concessions from the policy holders." It is said that the settlements effected by such companies range from seventy-five cents on the dollar to near par.

Following the two classes noted come the sharks and the welters. Class C represents the companies that refuse to settle upon a basis in which the policy holders are not defrauded of 25 per cent or more of their money. The Class D variety are described as "welters pure and simple, or companies that have postponed settlement indefinitely or taken refuge in receiverships."

It should be stated, however, that many companies in the unsavory class are absolutely unable to do better than they offer. Companies that have been inclined to deal squarely with the policy holders were so crippled by the magnitude of their losses that they have been forced to offer settlements at heavy discounts.

There are about thirty companies in all that are credited by the policy holders' association with acting fairly and meeting their obligations satisfactorily.

EXTRAORDINARY DELUSIONS

An unusually interesting subject for psychological study is presented now in Los Angeles. It is a manifestation of emotional religion, so called, reaching the extreme point of belief, in the mind of the subject, of ability to raise the dead after the manner of the resurrection of Lazarus. The remarkable feature about the case in question is the fact that the person who assumes to possess this supernatural power is a man of unquestionably high intellectual attainment, the head of a prominent local hospital.

The physician alluded to has recently become the head of a sect numbering about fifty persons who first attracted attention by frenzied methods of worshiping, leading up to a claim for possession of the "gift of tongues." A daughter of the physician was the first member of the group to claim the extraordinary gift. It was manifested in the utterance of sounds utterly unintelligible to any linguist in Los Angeles. But an alleged interpreter was found in the person of a "professor" of oc-

cultism who claims acquaintance with an infinite number of languages that were in vogue thousands of years ago. The weird utterances of the girl, as thus interpreted, are all of religious character.

Intelligent observation of the evident delusions manifested by the girl in question shows that the "gift of tongues" and the assumption of ability to resurrect the dead are plain results of excessive religious emotion. There appears to be no ground for questioning the honesty of either the physician or his daughter in their pretensions. The combined mental and physical strain which the subjects have imposed upon themselves has caused such weakness as leads to delusions.

Cases of emotional religion resulting in insanity are not uncommon in Los Angeles. The case in question is especially remarkable because of the high personal and professional character of the physician and the extraordinary delusion leading him to a belief in his ability to perform the miracle of resurrection. And there can be only one outcome of that delusion if its growth be unchecked.

Day after day and month after month The Herald told the people of Los Angeles county that it was for them to say whether they would be ridden by the Southern Pacific Republican machine. No machine can withstand an avalanche of public sentiment, backed by organized movement. The first onslaught by the people against Boss Parker's methods has already resulted in throwing his forces into a panic. A few more joints and the machine will melt away. Of course, if the people like the machine and the railroad bosses, all they need do is to vote the Venice ticket and perpetuate the machine power. But if they don't like it they should vote the non-partisan ticket and thereby achieve political freedom and honest government in a day.

Boss Parker is officially notified by Republicans who are on the non-partisan ticket that there is "nothing doing." The boss is not nearly so large a man as he was before the meeting of the Democratic county convention. And he is growing smaller and smaller as the people loom up larger and larger.

Battleships and other warlike things are going over to Cuba in hot haste—not to fight, says Secretary Taft, "but to guard American property." The sugar trust and the Standard Oil company cost the government a mint of money by following the flag into new countries.

KENDALL HEARS OLD NEWS

Worried About an Alleged Crib District Which The Herald Closed Up Some Months Ago

LACROSSE, Wis., Sept. 21. (Editor Herald): There has been mailed to me a clipping from Los Angeles paper stating that it is proposed to restore in part the old crib district. This proposition was made tentatively a year ago and the silence of the Christian League discouraged its promoters to proceed.

I can see now that a mistake has been made in my remaining chairman of the purity committee of the Ministerial union, engaged as I am all over the continent. With a live leader in Los Angeles there would have been from time to time an emphatic demonstration that public sentiment had not weakened on this subject and the "traffic" would not have been permitted to return. I became convinced that the white slave traffic called for a national movement that should have the recognition and support of the national government. It will be recalled that the first call for such a movement issued from the Ministerial union of Los Angeles. I felt myself commissioned as their representative to see that this event materialized. It has been the work of years, but the consummation seems likely to be reached this fall in the continent, in which many cities will participate. Upon my return, if not before, the people of Los Angeles will be asked to consider the matter. It would be unfortunate for that city to take a backward step just at the crisis. In fact, the present conditions of the "traffic" in Los Angeles is far from satisfactory. But whence came that condition?

I propose to show the people of Los Angeles that showing our movement two years ago the "traffic" did not exist in that city; that for some time Los Angeles remained the cleanest city on the continent; that a reform administration was elected committed to advanced moral principles; that the present movement to reinstate the "traffic" is of recent origin.

This is the story that can be reproduced from the pages of The Herald and other papers. The present condition and the one proposed are equally bad; and both are equally doomed by the rising tide of intelligent indignation that is sweeping over the land.

It is appearing that purity workers are not emotion enthusiasts, but men and women with heads as well as hearts.

The Christian public of Los Angeles must be consulted before this new reform movement is issued. SIDNEY C. KENDALL. (Mr. Kendall needn't worry about his absence from Los Angeles. Happily there are others who are also looking after the morals of this community, from the Ministerial union, whose recent exposure of an embryo crib district caused the police department to promptly interfere and close the cribs. Los Angeles is about as clean a city today as there is in the United States.—Editor Herald.)

DOGGEREL DAYS IN ILLINOIS

Sunday school is booming, glad to see it. Let every neighbor join their strength and make the thing go. Oh, Col. Cram, look here now, don't you know it's a sin to speed along like a race horse when you bring the cattle in? Last Sunday Cora Klesack came to visit Mary West, and of all the towns she has been in Coaler is by far the best.

Mabel Jones and Lulu Evert drove to town Saturday night to show a friend the city and the blazing electric lights. Well, the croquet grounds at Keenton are neglected here of late, but Miss Pearl remains the champion croquet player of the state.

Busy? Yep, and happy, too—no time for any blue. Wouldn't give a penny for a bar of Milford booze. Michael Hedge is very, very sad, his courage nearly fails, he's got so gol-darned many boys he's running out of halters. Coaler Correspondent Wateka. (Ill.) Times-Democrat.

HOME AND BOYHOOD OF CALIFORNIA'S NEXT GOVERNOR

Birthplace and School Days of Theodore A. Bell, Who is Making a Great Campaign With Good Prospects of Election.

From the Sacramento Bee.

In a little cove off the Napa valley in one of the spots in California most favored by nature, lies the farm upon which Theodore A. Bell, the Democratic nominee for governor, spent the happy days of his boyhood. The farm is one of the most picturesque to be found in the entire state, and it is not to be wondered at that it is still the dearest spot on earth to Mr. Bell.

The farm is in the hills of Napa county, a short distance from St. Helena. It is reached by a winding road through a forest of evergreens. The growth of timber is thick, and in most places the driveway is beautifully shaded so that, as the road winds through the hills covered with evergreen timber, a lover of nature finds plenty to admire. A portion of the road winds along a trout stream where the pure mountain water ripples over the rocks.

On all sides green hills rise up abruptly from the floor of the valley and add to the grandeur of the scenery, and which breaks the silence seems to furnish an accompaniment that is in perfect harmony with the natural beauties.

The prosperous condition of the country is shown by the numerous farms with their well-kept orchards and vineyards in the various little coves among the hills. The Bell farm is one of the prettiest of all. It is situated in a little valley almost entirely surrounded by green hills. The farm consists of 240 acres, a portion of which is under cultivation, and is set out in grapes. Hills rise abruptly in back of the cozy little farm house. The hills give a pretty background to the place, and make the landscape as beautiful as anything an artist ever attempted to put on canvases.

A trout stream, known as Bell creek, comes down the hills on part of the ranch, and bisects the farm. The stream has water in it the entire year, and in winter booms like a mountain torrent. Mr. Bell has spent many a happy day whirling his streamer for trout. When a fishing expedition he starts out on the stream a short distance from the house, and works up the canyon to the source in the hills. The stream affords excellent fishing, although it is an all-day task to work it from the Bell residence to its beginning at the springs in the hills.

The farm house on the Bell place is as picturesque as the natural beauties that surround it. It is built beneath a giant oak tree, that affords plenty of shade in summer and protection from the storms of winter. The home is not a pretentious mansion, but is simply a comfortable, inviting little abode. It is surrounded by a choice flower garden, in which Mrs. Bell, the mother of the nominee for governor, takes great pride. A magnificent growth of honeysuckle covers the entire north side of the house, and this, together with the location of the building in the shade of the oaks, shows that the members of the Bell family appreciate nature's simple gifts to the fullest extent.

Theodore A. Bell is a great lover of his home. The farm and home and the memories associated with it are dearer to him today even than when he roamed the fields with the other lads and indulged in schoolboy pastimes. He loves the old farm house, he loves the trout stream, and he loves every foot of ground on the old place. Water rights of several streams are owned by the Bell family, and a sufficient supply of water can be had to irrigate the entire farm. It is Mr. Bell's intention within a year or two to expend a large sum of money in a private irrigation project, so that every acre of the large tract can be put under cultivation. The soil is rich, and when given a generous supply of water it will be capable of producing bountiful crops.

It was on this farm that Theodore A. Bell grew to manhood. Here it was that he learned to till the soil and to haul the products to the market. He worked during the day and improved his time at night by reading and studying. He is proud of the place, and of the education he received there. He still makes visits to his old home at least twice during the month, and is always glad to see the familiar spots again.

Theodore A. Bell is very fond of his Spiteful Thing. Patience—When I go to get a new pair of shoes, I never get them two sizes too small for me. Undoubtedly many a gem brought from the famous mines of India, Egypt and Persia has been thus secreted.—People's Magazine.

Between the Innings

BY RYAN WALKER.



SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR CITIES. Hayfield—I've been pitching ball for three years and I've never had a chance to pitch for one of the big city clubs. Outfitman—Guess you'd better stay here. Your rural delivery is more suitable for the country.

AN ACIDULOUS OBSERVATION. Mrs. Brown—Why is Mr. Weak so anxious to umpire a baseball game? Mrs. Wise—Because it's the only chance he gets to have the last word.

WRECKED AMBITION. Princeton—Is young George studying now? Yale—Yes. He expected to become a baseball pitcher, but unfortunately he seriously injured his arm and had to give up the idea.

Helen—What a superb kicker that second baseman is! Reggy—You're right. He's the best batter up at our boarding-house.

Homeless' Club Tonight. Every one desiring to secure a farm home in California is invited to the meeting at 8 o'clock this evening in Home Extension Hall, Chamber of Commerce, Fourth new town and colony now being formed, also Los Angeles Acres Lot Club. Land distributed at wholesale to members. Come and learn.

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NEWPORT

Viewing it dispassionately, the worse defect of all about Newport is that it is not very important. Tow the coast end of it off shore and sink it with all its palaces and as many of its inhabitants as happened to be at home, and though the world would gasp and gulp and shudder, it would spin on just the same, and the main resulting difference, besides personal bereavements, would be some changes in bookkeeping. That is true of many places, but Newport is notable, because to look at Newport, you would think it was important. But it isn't; not very. A little more important than Cottage City, perhaps, though Cottage City has a claim to religious efficiency that it could hardly rival. It is not replete by any indispensable bonds to what is going on in our brisk country. It has very little indeed to do with government, and not very much to do with business. It does not seem to have a place for the arts to thrive in. It fosters cooks and butlers, grooms and motemen, yacht skippers, milliners, and material-minded mammas, and millionaires.

Are not these mean things to say about the pretty summer city with its hospitable houses? Maybe they are too mean and do the town an injustice. But pleasuring in itself is not important yet in American eyes, and only gathers respectability when it is connected with some energetic recreation of people whose energies are considered to be worth recruiting. Moreover, the pleasuring of Newport has come to seem tainted with the same defect that is so prevalent in all American sport. It is not a place for the amateur, some of the players in the game are not out for mere joy, but seem to have an eye for ulterior emoluments. Others make the same the whole business of their lives, and are not properly to be classed with amateurs who only find in it a temporary avocation. Is it not, like football, somewhat too earnest and laborious an exercise, and deficient in that forgetfulness of self which is indispensable to profitable recreation?

Supposing that it could be not disposed, and is more important, or it is rest is more complete; somewhere where it is easier to shape one's individual or family life according to one's taste or whim; somewhere where there is more room and fewer formalities. To the eye of the observer from the outside there seems to be not enough real sustenance in Newport society to pay for keeping one's coat on in hot weather, and taking one's dinner in a starched collar and a boiled shirt. To be exposed to the influences of nature is considerably healthier to the spirit, even if Nature wears as many ruffles as she does—say on St. Regis lake. To keep in touch with inspiring people is also worth while, but two or three such people are as good as fifty. But to keep in touch with the formalities of life and all its modern improvements seems hardly a suitable end to spend one's summer strength on. For a summer or two one might venture it just to acquire new knowledge, but putting down roots in a soil devoted to that sort of a crop is a different matter.—Harper's Weekly.

HIDDEN JEWELS

The quantity of turquoises that lie hidden in jewelry, combined with other stones and with gold, or by themselves, is so extensive in the cities of eastern Europe that it is believed that more of them are bought by gem merchants in this way than are at present secured from the principal mines. This is not strange, however, for not only turquoises but other precious stones are known to exist in remarkably large collections in Constantinople, as well as in cities in Turkestan, Persia and communities of southeastern Europe. They are hidden away in ginger jars, rugs, old boxes and other receptacles of the household, where the owner believes there is little prospect of search being made for them. Gem collectors who have searched for stones in this part of the world say that no one can tell how many and what valuable specimens are thus hidden away, only to be brought to light when the owner is absolutely forced to part with them through dire necessity. Undoubtedly many a gem brought from the famous mines of India, Egypt and Persia has been thus secreted.—People's Magazine.

SUPPORT

He supported Lawrence Barrett. In the good old days of yore; He supported Clara Morris. He came down the line with Mansfield; And with Keene he played a part; He assisted Sol Smith Russell. He was 'way up in his art. He supported, also, Sothern— Later, two of course—got he Had a role with James K. Hackett. He was valued, as you see, All the galaxy of players He supported, for good pelf. But this actor man could never In his life support himself!—W. H. C.

THE ART OF HANDLING MEN

Business men often fail because they do not know how to handle men. They can do their own work all right, but they are failures when it comes to directing others. They lack tact, diplomacy. Many men antagonize others; they lack patience, lose temper, fly to pieces over little things. And no man for a good leader who cannot control himself. A great many business men seem to think that it takes a deal of driving, scolding, fault finding to get the best out of others. It is, however, just the opposite. Employers never give up their best in response to forcing methods. I know a young man who promises to be a leader in his line who is as quiet and gentlemanly in his methods as a modest woman language. He knows his voice, never gets angry. When an employ meets correcting, instead of scolding or nagging, he sits right down and shows him or her just how to do the right thing. He tries to help them out of their difficulty, not to confuse them. He does not need to scold, because everybody respects him, admires him, and knows that he is always trying to do the fair thing, to give a square deal, that he wants only what is just right, and there is nothing arbitrary in his methods.

The result is, he does not need to storm around his establishment and use abusive, woman language. He knows there is a stronger force, a better way than that. The result is that he has perfect discipline. Not one would think of taking advantage of him, or try to deceive him, because he is so kind, square, true. I know another man in business nearby him who adopts just the opposite method. He storms and swears, scolds, nags, goes through his establishment like a bull through china, shouting, making everybody feel mean and disagreeable. Nobody respects him. He rules by brute force, keeping everybody cowed and afraid of him. They obey him, but they hate him. He puts them in order to avoid a scene, or for fear they will lose their positions. If an office boy or stenographer makes a little mistake he will go all to pieces, fly into a rage and make it very uncomfortable for everybody about him.

People waiting in the outer office often hear loud talking and most abusive language in his private office. But he is not nearly so successful as his quiet, unobtrusive neighbor. He never thinks of recognizing one of his employees on the street. The other man always lifts his hat to the humblest girl in the employ, and has a pleasant smile for everybody, because he feels an interest in everybody, and they all love him.—Success.

Homeless' Club Tonight.

Every one desiring to secure a farm home in California is invited to the meeting at 8 o'clock this evening in Home Extension Hall, Chamber of Commerce, Fourth new town and colony now being formed, also Los Angeles Acres Lot Club. Land distributed at wholesale to members. Come and learn.

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Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

Why? Johnnie's back to school today. Willie's at his books. Little Jimmy studies hard. No more wand'ring looks.—Circus gone!

Mary has her lessons right; Susie studies hard; Edith knows her spelling well. Sadie, too, I wis.—Circus gone!

Indiana newspapers have agreed to adopt one third of the new spelling. Breaking it to the literary colony by degrees, eh?

The Chinese propose to suppress foot-binding. How about highbinding?

An exchange says some clothes cause misery. Not so much as no clothes do.

A horse in Connecticut jumped into an auto. Looking for a safe place?

Orange—Why did you break your engagement? Lemon—She expected me to marry her.

George Bernard Shaw has been photographed in the nude. He's almost as immodest as are his plays.

That Will Keep Him From Starving. The W. C. T. U. ladies went to Ludlow last Friday with a liberal donation for the minister. They presented him with a copy and a year's subscription to their national paper, the Union Signal.—Carrollton (Mo.) Republican-Record.

That Chicago man who committed suicide because of the heat must have been cruelly disappointed.

A Republican paper calls Bryan a "political Barnum." True; hasn't he the greatest show on earth?

What we men want is a simplified button-up-the-back shirt waist for our wives.

The president says it is not a sin to be rich. No, it's not even common.

An Announcement. Miss May Tybell says she ain't engaged to anybody and she won't be, there being too much foolishness in Link already.—Link or Henderson, (Neb.) Tribune.

Brooklyn reports an epidemic of fleas. Yes, everyone flees Brooklyn.

Bacon seems to have found the fat in the fire in Cuba.

Poopy—He kissed me, and I screamed. Magnolia—For fear he'd get away?

A New York stenographer refused her millionaire employer. She's out of the chorus girl class.

Will we now have government inspection of spelling books?

The human race is composed largely of "also rans."

Support. He supported Lawrence Barrett. In the good old days of yore; He supported Clara Morris. He came down the line with Mansfield; And with Keene he played a part; He assisted Sol Smith Russell. He was 'way up in his art. He supported, also, Sothern— Later, two of course—got he Had a role with James K. Hackett. He was valued, as you see, All the galaxy of players He supported, for good pelf. But this actor man could never In his life support himself!—W. H. C.

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