

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY
FRANK G. FINLAYSON... President
ROBT. M. YOST... Editorial Manager
S. B. LAVERY... Business Manager
OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES
Founded Oct. 2, 1878 Thirty-fourth Year
Chamber of Commerce Building
TELEPHONES—Sunset Press 11 Home The Herald.
The only Democratic newspaper in Southern California receiving the full Associated Press reports.

Population of Los Angeles, 251,463

Herrin and Hearst; that's the point.
Bell has gone north, but the reverberations are with us yet.

"Boss" Parker's return doesn't seem to have fixed things very much.

Somehow W. L. Porterfield looks more like a good Democrat every day.

You don't see any real patriotic Republicans in that group around Gillett, do you?

That prisoner who escaped from jail by climbing a chimney—he "fue" out, didn't he?

When you see the S. P. collar about Gillett—that's what it means to "get it in the neck."

This great slump in Lindley majority stock is caused by the Boss Parker brand on his boom.

San Salvador also is swept by a hurricane. San Salvador needs a sweeping even by a hurricane.

Cuba really needs Taft to hold down the lid, considering the big blow now going on there.

Maybe the Cuban hurricane was caused by the vacuum left when Taft returned to the United States.

The New York Central has been fined \$108,000 for rebating. Will Chauncey DePew consider that a joke, we wonder?

The gentlemen in the background, you will note, are S. P. bosses, about to clinch the S. P. collar about Gillett's neck.

That hurricane doesn't make Havana and the Gulf coast look any more attractive as an alleged winter resort, does it?

Let the cry of the southland penetrate northward to the very center of Humboldt county: Smash the S. P. machine.

You judge a man by the company he keeps. The Herald this morning pictures the sort of company Gillett keeps. That's all.

The attractive program prepared and promulgated for the Shriners is enough to make Coldfeet Collins turn over in his oblivion.

The new football rules had a try-out in Los Angeles yesterday. The list of dead and wounded will be found on the usual page.

No, that Chinese junk isn't the same sort of junk that the people will make of the S. P.-Republican machine in a couple of weeks.

The San Pedro harbor lines are to be redrawn. What San Pedro needs is to have its harbor lines withdrawn from S. P. control.

Maybe those Second ward oil wells are to be reopened to supply lubricant for the S. P. machine, which is running very badly these days.

Ruef is with Gillett in the picture The Herald presents today, and the S. P. bosses surround him. Can you imagine it being different if he were elected governor?

Harriman named Gillett as the Republican-machine-S. P. candidate for governor in Washington last January, and the camera shows Harriman's henchmen "delivering the goods."

San Francisco is facing a new danger. The high winds are blowing down its shattered buildings, and five persons have already been killed. How'd you like to live in San Francisco now?

Who ever expected that the Hearst "Independence" league would not be buying votes and voters in New York? The only wonder is that they haven't been caught at the same game here; there's enough of it going on.

With nine business days to follow, the month of October to date shows 640 building permits granted in Los Angeles, authorizing improvements valued at \$1,322,379, as against 694 permits and \$222,935 value of improvements for the same period in 1905. This indicates a higher and costlier class of buildings than were being constructed this time last year. It is estimated that improvements for the full month of October will reach \$1,600,000. Los Angeles never sees a dull season or a pause in her wonderful growth.

IN GOD'S OWN COUNTRY

The news of the terrific hurricanes which swept over Cuba last week is not especially encouraging to those enterprising easterners who had in mind a scheme to make the "Queen of the Antilles" into a huge winter resort.

The devastation which the recent tropical storm left in its wake all over the southeast coast also acted as a decided argument against Florida and the Gulf states as places of pleasure during the cold weather up north, which has already set in.

But at that time Cuba escaped, and the interests, financial mostly, which are struggling to divert winter travel there, loudly exclaimed that Cuba would never be subject to any such afflictions, and that it was the place above all others for the wealthy and those who could not stand the severe winters of the east to flee to for respite.

The fact is and every effort to contravert it only makes it the plainer, that there is only one sure, safe, ever-certain winter resort, and that is Southern California. Cuba is all right if you don't mind hurricane, cyclone, yellow fever, malaria, revolution, tropic languor, and a few more ills beside which even the northern winter is preferable. Florida is near New York and the eastern cities, and may suit those who care for swamps, alligators, typhoid and the humid, heavy, soggy dampness that is ever present there. But those who want a real escape from the evils that hedge these other regions about, and who feel that they cannot or do not care to stand the northern cold and blizzards, snow and ice, will still come to Southern California, as they have done in the past, and as they will continue to do, in ever increasing numbers.

True, one may go to Cuba in a shorter time, but in doing so one must take a sixty-mile ocean voyage over a treacherous sea, at the constant peril of a typhoon which may sweep an entire vessel to destruction at any moment, and is almost certain to cause seasickness and worse troubles. Florida is still nearer, but what is there when one arrives save extremely expensive hotels, enervating annals and miasma?

California is four days away, but think of the joys of a four-day trip from one end of the United States to the other, in palace trains, with ever varying scenes to charm the eye, with every comfort at hand, and no trouble, no danger, no weariness of sameness, and all the joy of learning one's own country from personal observation. Really, the trip to California, even from New York, is an attractive feature at any time of year.

And when one arrives—ah, what a wonderful sensation it is to cross the desert, the last stage in the journey, and to drop down, even in midwinter, through the snow-clad mountains into the glorious Southern California plains, where the orange trees are in bloom and laden with golden fruit; where the land is one tremendous flower garden, and the air is heavy with their perfume; where the balmy sunshine makes an overcoat superfluous even on New Year's day; where fires are merely excuses for family gatherings and reminders of the old home now snowbound; where seabathing in a crystalline ocean is possible and pleasurable every day, and where the smiling land simply is an earthly paradise. That is worth all the trip from sea to sea, just to drop down into it.

And then, to bask in it day after day, knowing that never a typhoon, never a norther, never a snowstorm or a blizzard, a thunderstorm or a tornado will come to mar the joy; that a happy, soft and gentle rain will be followed by days and days of golden sunshine, and that every day will be finer than the one before—what more could any mortal ask?

No; don't talk Cuba or Florida to the man who has ever been to Southern California for his winter; he knows better. This is the earthly garden of Eden; it ever will be—and all the world may come here and enjoy it. The latchstring is out; all you have to do is—come!

ANOTHER LOOK BACKWARD

"Building lots in a tract at Fifth and Main streets, in size 35 and 40 feet front by 140 to 200 feet deep, will be sold for the next thirty days at prices ranging from \$90 to \$150."

That announcement appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper just twenty-five years ago. It was also announced that "lots in the same tract, fronting on Main street, between Fourth and Fifth, 40x140 feet, for sale at \$800 to \$1300." At that time, it should be remembered, Main street in Los Angeles was just what its name implied. On Spring street the southern business trend had reached but little below First street. The present Broadway, then Fort street, was a residence and church locality.

There are many present residents of Los Angeles, still on the sunny side of 50 years of age, who regretfully remember offers of building lots similar to the ones above noted. But it seems strange to the younger set, and particularly to citizens who date back only a few years in their residence here.

Just think of that quotation of lot prices twenty-five years ago as compared with present figures for the same property. Offer to present owners of those lots the above quoted prices multiplied by 100 and you would be stared at in amazement. Your offer for the \$90 class would be \$9000 and for the \$150 class it would be \$15,000.

The cheapest of those lots as marked twenty-five years ago now represents an independent fortune. And how sadly Los Angeles "old timers" look back to the time when \$100 or less was the seed of such a fortune, needing only to be planted in Los Angeles soil.

And yet, many of those "old timers" are today overlooking just as promising opportunities for fortunes as those

which they now sorrowfully look back to. In fact the present opportunities are far more promising than were the old ones, because they will necessarily ripen more quickly as a consequence of the amazing growth of the city.

Think for a moment that five years hence Los Angeles will have doubled its present population. Homes and business places must be supplied meantime for a quarter million more people, as the city is sure to have at least half a million inhabitants within the next five years.

It is a familiar saying that "A word to the wise is sufficient." But how large a proportion of people, thinking themselves wise, fail to profit by the word.

GILLETT AND HIS S. P. FRIENDS

The Herald publishes this morning a reproduction of a flashlight photograph showing James N. Gillett in the company of his Southern Pacific machine friends.

It is a picture of a private gathering at a little dinner at Santa Cruz during the state Republican convention, when the Southern Pacific bosses had assembled to complete and perfect the machine program.

Abe Ruef, Walter Parker, Judge McKinley and others known to be in the employ of the Southern Pacific were there, and it will be observed that Mr. Gillett has rested his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of Abe Ruef, while Boss Parker leans against the mantelpiece, serene, cool and confident.

There can be no denial of this photograph. It is proof positive of the company which Mr. Gillett kept while he was a candidate for the nomination as "the next governor of California," according to Boss Harriman, and it will convince the last doubting Republican of the southland that Gillett is really the nominee of the Southern Pacific machine.

Reliable information has reached Los Angeles that Chairman Stone of the Republican state committee has "ordered" the Republican newspapers to "boom Langdon's candidacy." This shows the desperate condition of the S. P. machine, and is additional evidence of the copartnership between Herrin and Hearst. Happily for the state, the Republican press is not taking "orders" from the state machine committee this year, and no newspaper in Southern California, outside of the Examiner, can be found willing to "boom Langdon's candidacy." It's a perfectly hopeless case. The S. P. machine in California is doomed to certain defeat, and all the Herrins and Hearsts and Langdons and Gilletts can't stop it. The people are falling steadily into line for Theo. Bell and the whole state Democratic ticket.

The opening of the Salt Lake railroad to Bullfrog and Beatty, Nev., is one event of tremendous importance to the business interests of Los Angeles. It affords an immediate opportunity for trade connections with the great gold camps, and puts this city in position to at once enlarge its sphere of activity. The official excursion over the new road tonight will carry many avant couriers of commerce who will pave the way for the new lines of business interest.

A distinguished citizen of Humboldt county writes to The Herald: "The Republican majority of 3500 in this county, the home of Gillett, is already reduced—according to a conservative estimate—to below 1500. Republicans are declaring for Bell in large numbers, and there is a strong probability that Bell will carry the county." If this be the sentiment in Gillett's own home, it will be a landslide elsewhere.

"Better, ten times over," said Mr. Gillett in his last speech in Los Angeles, "that the state government of California be turned over to the Southern Pacific machine than to the mercies of the Democratic party." What do the citrus growers of the southland think of that sentiment? Wouldn't they prefer Bell for governor to Boss Herrin and Harriman, Walter Parker and Abe Ruef?

Even the local Republican organ is not willing to support P. A. Stanton without an elaborate apology. The man who will be and should be elected to the legislature from the Seventy-first district is Dr. W. L. Brown. He is known to everybody in the district as an active, honest, intelligent man, always interested in the growth and betterment of Los Angeles.

More than 6000 colonists are to enter this state before November 1, according to the estimate made by the transcontinental railroads. And it is safe to say that 4000 of these will come direct to Los Angeles county.

"Look out," said the farmer, compressing his nostrils with forefinger and thumb, "there's skunk cabbage growing there."

They hastened past the skunk cabbage patch, and finally, when it was possible to breathe freely, the farmer said: "Skunk cabbages are not the only foul-smelling plants. Stapelias smell so much like carrion that bluebottle flies often lay their eggs on them, mistaking the thick, fleshy flowers for dead birds or decomposing kittens."

"The raffia of Sumatra smells so strong that it is always enveloped in a buzzing cloud of flies. It is a giant flower, a yard in diameter, and its odor makes you think of glue factories, garbage-converting plants, fertilizer works."

"The cactus grandiflorus and the padaria foetida are tropical flowers of so terrible a smell that the former kills all other growths within ten yards of it, and the latter, with one whiff, gives a human being a headache."

FIRST THING. First Reformer—It's about time for your committee to begin its campaign against vice. Second Reformer. Oh! no; they haven't had all their pictures in the newspaper yet.

ON THE OLD WHANG-HO

BY ROBERT M. YOST, JR.
Written for The Herald.

A yellow man lounged on the old Whang-Ho
And he heaved a heavy sigh
As he conjured the days of the long ago,
When the dragon banner aloft did blow,
And the cutlass slash and saber mow
Answered each shout and cry.

For he closed his eyes and a vision came,
A swirling from teakwood decks—
A vision of battle, with sword and flame,
Of shrieking pirates whose deadly aim
Sent quivering souls, unshriven of blame,
Down in the blazing wrecks.

And his long, lean fingers caressed the red
Of a crusted stain on the rail,
Where his brave ancestors, in days gone by,
Tossed their banners, then fell to die,
Down on the spears of those devils sly,
Dropping about like hail.

His head bent low and he moaned in fear,
This yellow man, old and grim,
For the Tol Sin on the vessel's prow,
Mounted astride the sacred cow,
Nodded his head in mahogany bow
And thus did speak to him:

"I am the god 'Good Luck,'" he said,
This white robed man so wee,
And he bowed his head and a vision grand,
Stretching forth from sand to sand,
Turning the waste to a promised land
Came drifting up from the sea.

And he saw the land of the dragon gold,
In the good old days gone by,
When mandarins lived in easy style
And China was happy and free from guile,
While wealth upon the land did smile,
Resting with gentle sigh.

"Ah, those were the days of China's best,"
And he smiled, this yellow man;
But a cloud swept up on the horizon, old,
Grim and relentless and harsh and cold,
And its ominous threatenings onward bowled
And thundered forth "Tsi An."

Then he saw again his China fair,
Racked with the foreign trade,
For its days of peace were of the past,
Its ancient customs before the blast
Had tottered down like a stricken mast,
Into a chasm dread.

A moan of pain from the sleeper crept,
And he begged for a better day,
And the little god with a gentle hand
Patted the poor old face so tanned,
For he knew and he loved the spirit grand,
That lowly before him lay.

Then again came a vision from out the sea,
Mysterious, grim and great,
Like the odor of sandalwood, thin and fine,
Piercing the darkness of death and crime,
Bursting the vapors with light sublime,
Crushing the reign of hate.

And the sleeper fell with a cry of joy
To the deck of the teakwood barque,
For out of the light from fate's own hand
He caught a glimpse of the promised land,
Ruled by reform, by Shaka planned,
Bursting forth from the dark.

For peace was again in that China land,
From mountains down to the sea,
And the masts were of gold on the ship of state,
And love was the captain, reform the mate,
While out from the prow flung the banner fate,
The sign of the Bow Wong Wui.

The vision slipped back to the froth of the sea,
And the horizon red did pale,
While the little white god, with face of gold,
Crept daintily back to mahogany old,
Back to the wood carved by ancestors bold,
Under the lantern sail.

Cold and chill came the sweep of the night
Where the ocean tossed and beat,
And the man slept on, the sleep of the dead,
While the orient wind, far o'er his head,
Back to the dark, weeping land of dread
Carried that vision sweet.

Summer's Humming Machine
Bacon—A mosquito's buzzing apparatus is a delicate piece of machinery. Egbert—But it is the kind of machinery I don't like to hear hum.—Yonkers Statesman.

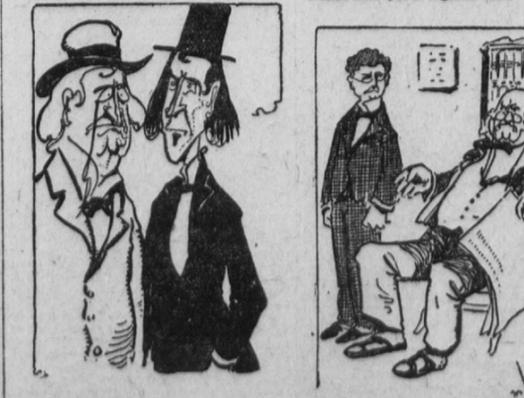
A Sensitive Canine
Baxter—That dog of yours is not a full blooded Boston terrier, is he? Bixey—Hush, old chap, don't let him hear you. He thinks he is!—Woman's Home Companion.

With the Humorists

BY



DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE. The Woman Orator—Now, ladies, I ask you what should be done with the ideal husband in Rear of Hall—Have him stuffed and put in a glass case.



FIRST THING. First Reformer—It's about time for your committee to begin its campaign against vice. Second Reformer. Oh! no; they haven't had all their pictures in the newspaper yet.

DIAMOND TEST

The lawyers, federal court clerks and spectators who frequent the United States district court rooms were entertained yesterday by the spectacle of about 400 diamonds, paste and genuine, being suddenly thrown out on a table in an examination in involuntary bankruptcy proceedings.

Solomon Urbach, a former diamond merchant of 47 Maiden Lane, was the bankrupt. Urbach, after being in the business only six months, took his first business trip to Baltimore with \$40,000 worth of diamonds, nearly his entire stock in trade, and complained to the police the next day that they had been stolen from under his pillow while in a sleeping car. The involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed against him a few days later.

Gustave Rogers, lawyer for Job Hedges, the receiver, took Urbach in hand at the examination yesterday. Urbach testified that he knew diamonds as well as the average diamond merchant and could pick a genuine from an imitation stone. Rogers quickly put his hand in his pocket and with a dramatic gesture pulled out a tissue paper package, and, breaking it, flung the brilliant down before Urbach and United States Commissioner Alexander, before whom the examination was taking place.

"If you are an expert," said Rogers, "prove it by picking the real stones from the mass and we will determine later whether you are right or not." Urbach hesitated, and then refused on the ground that his eyesight became so fatigued by the examination that he couldn't examine the stones and do justice to himself. Commissioner Alexander ordered him to comply with the attorney's request, and Urbach picked a stone which he called an imitation, and it was marked and will later be tested. Rogers borrowed the stones for the purpose from a Maiden Lane house. There was about \$40,000 worth of genuine diamonds in the mass.—New York Sun.

COFFEE DISARMED

People whose nerves are troubled by coffee will be glad to learn that certain varieties of the bean have been newly discovered which contain no caffeine—that is to say, none of the specific alkaloid that does the mischief. Coffee made from this caffeineless kind of bean has all the flavor of the ordinary article, but none of the stimulating properties. In the Mozambique channel, 150 miles from the northwest coast of Madagascar, is a volcanic island called Great Comoro, on which grows wild a coffee called coffee humboldtiana. It closely resembles ordinary coffee, being merely a variety of the same species, but, as recently ascertained, contains no caffeine. This discovery, not long ago, led Dr. Gabriel Bertrand, a scientist of distinction, to try to ascertain the cause, and he decided that the phenomenon was due to neither soil nor climate, inasmuch as common coffee cultivated on the same island has the customary percentage of the alkaloid.

Incidentally in his inquiry, Dr. Bertrand examined many wild coffees in Madagascar, and discovered three entirely new varieties, which, on being analyzed, proved to contain no caffeine. All of them closely resembled the caffeineless coffee of the Great Comoro. It appears, then, that there are today four known varieties of the coffee plant which produce beans that contain none of the alkaloid. All of them are found in Madagascar or neighboring islands, and it is deemed probable that such coffees are peculiar to that part of the world. Inasmuch as their lack of caffeine is not due to soil or climate, no obstacle would seem to be in the way of introducing them elsewhere.—Saturday Evening Post.

Spirit Chillun

Dar's a laffin' on a chaffin' In de co'n!
Dar's a rus'le on a bus'le Night en mo'n!
En a curious sort o' feelin'
Dat some rompin' chillun's stealin'
Doo de co'n'lel' yere en dar—
Sperrit chillun uv de ar'
Yearly mo'n'ings, w'ile a hoe'n'
W'en de so'th win comes a blow'n'
I mos' sees dem chillun sippin'
'Thoo de ribbins green en dippin'—
Sees dem misty garments trailin'
Oveh yander, heers um hailin'
Ez dey dodge aroun' in rump,
Full er frolic en er fun!

O, dar's a laffin' en dar's chaffin' In de co'n!
Dar's a rus'le on a bus'le Night en mo'n!

En hit's mo'r lay fan'le'n' In de co'n!
Dat a joyful sump'n's dancin'
Noddin' yaller plump'n's plancin'— In de co'n!

—Wilhelmina F. Pruitt, in Lippincott's

Warped Wisdom

The man who blows his own horn is usually playing a solo.
The smaller the man, the bigger the boast.
No man's hunger is satisfied by eating his own words.
Whisky and love don't mix, but they are seldom convinced of it, until after marriage.
The real estate man is judged by his deeds.
In times of peace, girls prepare their trousseaux.
Some men court trouble and marry it.
A woman may be a votary even if she can't vote.
The man never disappointed in love may yet regret it.
It takes a strong man to hold his own tongue.
A diamond is ornamental, but a building stone does more good.
If most men were soldiers, they'd wear fatigues uniforms.
None is so blind as he who thinks he sees it all.
Liquor intoxicates the holder; beauty, holder and beholder.

WORK FOR TRUANT OFFICER

Idle Boys Are Numerous in the Vicinity of Avenue Twenty-eight
LOS ANGELES, Oct. 17. (Editor Herald): Last Monday morning the dog catcher came along on Avenue Twenty-eight trying to catch some stray dog, but the excitement brought out only a big crowd of boys, who are not attending school, but only loafing the streets, thinking of mischief. It is bad enough to see them loafing in vacation time, but not at present, so I would suggest the idea to the school board to send their truant officers in the same way and I am sure they would gather about a dozen boys right in this neighborhood. What's the use of having truant officers if they do not attend to work? And what's the use of having detention homes if children are not made to go to school?

I am a taxpayer, but I am sorry to say, a woman, so I cannot vote; but I would rather see my tax money spent for school purposes than for detention homes and reform schools.
A SUBSCRIBER.

A REPUBLICAN FOR BELL

Former Iowa Stalwart Declares in Favor of the Democratic Nominee
LOS ANGELES, Oct. 19. (Editor Herald): There will be at least one Republican vote in Precinct 105, Seventh ward, for Mr. Bell, as I believe that he will represent the majority of the people more than Mr. Gillett of the S. P. convention, and I know the power of boss rule, viewed from numerous conventions while a resident of Iowa.

I have always been an ardent Republican, but since coming to Los Angeles some five years ago I have been more independent and vote for the best men of all parties at city and state elections.
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HED BE FAR AWAY

The Old Man (very much excited)—Officer! Officer! There's a great big sailor murdering a man around the corner.
Fellow—Which officer for the ship? I'll be out of this neighborhood in about a minute.

AWFUL

The Trust Magnate—They tell me that I am accused of being two-faced.
Second Reformer—Worse than that. Why the newspaper illustrators have run your face up into the hundreds.

P-Lines and Pick-Ups

Ancestors
"He boasts a line of proud descent;
He prizes blood above all things;
His ancestors for many years
Were nothing less than kings!"

"From what you say, I must admit,
You quite surprise me with your facts;
For, judging by the man himself,
I thought they must be jacks!"

Just because you make light of John D.'s oil, you shouldn't make light of his religion.
Notice that great silence nowadays? Senator Beveridge's voice has fallen.

A soap trust has been formed. It ought to clean up a good pile.
Croker says he never made a cent out of politics. No; he made his money all in politics.

Falm—He called me an old grafter.
Pepper—Why, you're only 40.
Love is seldom blind to the financial side of a good match.

Reformed football hasn't reached the yells—nor has reformed spelling, either.
Josie a Good Citizen
Miss Josie Hall, one of our best known citizens, intends to leave us shortly. Miss Hall's destination is unsettled.—Hilton (Mo.) Messenger.

Dr. Forbes Winslow of London says there will soon be more insane than sane persons. Will the good doctor then be with the majority?
Hughes of New York never will get the barber vote.

Why not keep the Cuban insurgents occupied by letting them dig the Panama canal?
The New York Y. M. C. A. has started a school for office boys. As if the little devils didn't know it all now!

Foxy Grandpa Gets Busy
Last week while W. D. Phillips was pulling fodder a fox came trotting by. Mr. Phillips laid aside his handful of fodder, rheumatism, asthma, and old age and gave chase through fields, over ditches, etc., and captured Reynard with no other weapon or dog but his old hat. Mr. Phillips is 84 years old, and deserves a medal or a new hat.—Smithfield (N. C.) Herald.

Funny, but a peppery old salt is usually well seasoned.
Woman's face may be her fortune, but man's cheek can win more every time.
Poppy—Has she a transparent complexion.
Magnolia—Well, anyone can see through it.

Reports show that 465 persons were killed walking on railroad tracks in 1905. That was a hard year on Theseus, you remember.
This is the open season for the innocent bystander in the hunting fields.
Many a man finds home the dearest spot on earth—the first of the month.

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