LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY

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Abe Ruef pretends to be in a hurry for trial. The people are with him on that point.

Republican machine bosses never "wobble." They are the same yesterday, today and all the time.

City Attorney Mathews says Ascot park "must go." And the city attorney has the power to make it "go."

There seems to be no diminution in the number of candidates for mayor. Why not leave the game alone for the people to "arbitrate"?

Lee C. Gates has begun a whirlwind campaign that will broaden his popularity and add many thousands of votes to the non-partisan ticket.

Mr. Harper's committee refuses to take him out of the race for mayor. That's right. The people want a chance to defeat the machine of both parties.

"Arbitration" for the elimination of candidates for mayor is funny. Politicians have experienced strange stunts in the course of their checkered lives, but this is a comedy entirely original.

William Desmond, the actor, should remember a too close touch of nature to art is liable to endanger life and limb. Besides, D'Artagnan was always too smart a fellow to injure himself.

Senator Platt again promises to resign and release New York from the disgrace of his election. The old man's recent domestic troubles constitute ample cause for his retirement from public office.

Atrocious crime continues in San Francisco. But there are a few heroes left, as witness the fact that an expoliceman killed one bandit at the cost of his own life. If San Francisco would thus make crime a perilous business it would soon cease.

The list of non-partisan nominees for the city council contains the strongest and best names ever presented to the people in connection with those offices. They have the indorsement of all parties, either officially or informally, and they represent all the best interests of the city.

In view of the magnitude and importance of the Owens river water enterprise it is a pressing necessity that the next city council should be clean, judicious, conservative and intelligent. The non-partisan list of nominees for councilmanic positions is universally conceded to be beyond criticism.

Dr. Lindley is now posing and being posed as the "independent Republican nominee" for mayor. When did he get to be independent? Independent of what? Independent of whom? He was a partisan Republican aspirant for the partisan Republican machine nomination and got it, and is entirely in the hands of the bosses. Anything "independent" about that?—unless he means to claim that he is "independent" of the people.

The widespread damage in Washington and Oregon, occasioned by great rainstorms and consequent floods, attracts universal sympathy, more especially since thousands are being driven from their homes by the raging torrents. Streets of many towns are inundated and railroad traffic is so impeded and demoralized that it may not be wholly resumed within the next six months. The people of Washington and Oregon are assured that if any assistance is desired it will be promptly forthcoming from Southern California.

Boyle Heights citizens are properly and naturally indignant at the efforts of city officials to set aside a portion of land under the eaves of the Boyle Heights bluffs to be used as fertilizer works. It is a shame and an outrage that this beautiful section of the city should be compelled so frequently to contend against the powers for the right to fair treatment. Every old soap factory, glue works and fertilizer foundry that happens along is at once proposed as a Boyle Heights improvement. Happily the associations of citizens in that fast-growing side of Los Angeles have been able to keep these things out, but it requires much time, activity and force to maintain the status quo. There are abundant waste places where necessities of the kind mentioned may be established and maintained without injury to any section, and it would seem to be quite time to recognize in Boyle Heights a beautiful residence district that will not stand for any more unfair treatment.

OUR WEEKLY ELECTION

Four elections a month is the record that Los Angeles is making now. If any city desires to compete in the electoral race it will please come to the scratch.

The general election occurred November 6, and the connecting link election November 12. Next Thursday, November 22, is the date fixed for the county bond election, and following that will come the city election, December 4. That will make four elections in twenty-eight days, an average of just one a week.

The county bond election now has the right of way on the electoral track. The total sum involved therein is $900,000, divided into five specific appropriations. More than half of the entire amount, $520,000, is wanted, for acquiring land contiguous to the court house for building a hall of records and providing more room for the county offices. For additions to the county hospital $200,000 is wanted; for an addition to the jail, $50,000; for a juvenile detention home, $60,000; for additional county farm buildings, $70,000.

There is no doubt that all the proposed improvements are needful to efficiency in the county service. The question is likely to be raised by many voters, however, whether it is expedient to offer so large a bonded loan in the eastern money markets in advance of the big issue of bonds that very soon will be required for the Owens river water project.

As The Herald has declared frequently, nothing should be allowed to jeopardize the successful floating of the water bonds, at reasonable rates. It is understood that a water bond election, involving a loan of from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000, will be called directly after the board of consulting engineers submits its final report. These engineers are now at work and they are expected to complete their report in February.

It is the judgment of many business men that the county bond election should not have been called at this time. Financial conditions in the east are not favorable just now for floating even such gilt-edged loans as the offerings of Los Angeles city or county.

The county improvements for which the bond issue is required might be postponed a few months without much detriment to the service, but not so with the great water project. That is the first and foremost consideration. There is, of course, a nominal distinction between bonds for city and county purposes, but the interests are substantially the same.

In view of these considerations, The Herald will not be surprised if the voters fail to indorse the county bond proposition next Thursday.

SOARING LUMBER PRICES

Another tilt skyward in lumber prices. The greed of the trust seems to be insatiable. Instead of being satisfied with the October mark-up, as a fixed price for the winter, a similar advance now is announced for November. The lateness of the order for the present month indicates that the trust may have intended to stop the soaring of prices, but could not resist the force of habit. "Finding money" is laborious compared with having lumber profits run into the trust's treasury automatically by the mere changing of figures.

And still all interests in the lumber business strive to evade responsibility by "passing the buck" from one to another. The local dealers claim that their advance in prices merely represents the increased cost of lumber to them. The justness of that claim is attested in part, at least, by publicly known facts. It is known, for instance, that the cost of transporting lumber from the northern ports to Los Angeles has nearly doubled within a year. The present charge is $9 per thousand feet, the figures a year ago being $5. The mill prices and the charges for stumpage also have been marked up time after time within that period.

The total advance in lumber prices within a year averages about one-third. The cost of other material and of labor has not advanced in like proportion, but the cost of building now is from 25 to 30 per cent higher than it was at this time last year. For instance, a house that cost $2000 a year ago would at present figures cost from $2500 to $2600.

The obvious effect of this extraordinary advance, together with the future uncertainty, will be to check house building materially. A decided falling off in the number of permits for dwellings has occurred already and a still greater decline may be expected. The urgent demand for business structures, however, will insure uninterrupted building in that line regardless of lumber prices.

The chief sufferers by the great advance in cost of building are renters and persons desiring to build homes. Rents have advanced nearly in proportion to the increased cost of building. The only lucky class are those who have houses for sale. All dwelling property has advanced in value to an extent approximating the increased building cost.

VILEST OF THIEVERY

The lowest depth of degradation in San Francisco is reported now. It is charged that funds contributed for the relief of sufferers by the great calamity were filched by high city officials.

It seems that the federal authorities have been making a secret investigation of this scandal, by direction of President Roosevelt. As a result, it is said that Mayor Schmitz, Abe Ruef and "a number of officials and citizens will be called to defend themselves against charges of diversion or theft of funds sent to that city for the relief of fire sufferers."

That revelation shows the limit of official venality and rottenness. It is on a level with such examples of debasement as "robbing a contribution box" and "stealing the pennies from a dead man's eyes." It caps the climax of San Francisco's infamous official record during the administration of Mayor Schmitz and the little diabolus who is the city's chief controller.

It is not merely a vague and general accusation that is brought against alleged grafters of the relief fund. Specific sums have been traced from contributors to Mayor Schmitz and others, which sums were traceable no farther. It is believed by some of the investigators that the aggregate of moneys thus stolen from the relief fund will reach $1,000,000.

These astounding disclosures of official graft have led to a close examination of the financial condition of Mayor Schmitz, Ruef and other suspects. A San Francisco newspaper says that "In an effort to locate all of the holdings of Schmitz and Ruef the records of Los Angeles are being looked into." It is remembered that the pair have made several visits to this city within the last few months, and the newspaper aforesaid intimates that "both the boss and the mayor have put a good part of their San Francisco 'earnings' into choice property in Los Angeles."

Mayor Schmitz was a poor man, leader of an orchestra, prior to his election as mayor. Now he is rated as a rich man, the owner of valuable property in San Francisco and presumably having other large possessions. Of Ruef it is said "he is among the largest holders of property in San Francisco, owning land in almost every section of the city; he has investments in the wholesale section, in the retail district, Richmond, University, Shell Mound, South San Francisco and North Beach."

Well may San Francisco exclaim with the psalmist, "Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me."

Dr. Lindley as an "independent Republican candidate" is enough to make the bosses smile at their own sense of humor.

AS TOLD OVER THE TELEPHONE

The story of a balking mule named "Shoe," driven by an old negro named "Abe," and owned by a wholesale feed house. One day Shoe balked on Broad street and refused absolutely to be driven again. After old Abe had spent his energies on Shoe for an hour in the vain endeavor to get him to start he went into a store to telephone his employers. The following is what a party of gentlemen near the telephone heard:

"Please, marm, gimme number two hund'ed an' 'leven. Is dat you, Marse Henry? * * * Yessir, dis is Abe. I dun ring yer up, sir, ter tell you about Shoe. Shoe he done balk down yer on Broad street, sir."

"————"

"'Bout a hour, sir."

"————"

"Yessir, I bus' him in de head."

"————"

"I dun wear de whip handle out on him, sir."

"————"

"Yessir, I kick him in de belly 'bout eight times, sir."

"————"

"Marse Henry, I would ha' kicked um some mo' but I hu't me big toe on um de las' time I kick um."

"————"

"Twis' he tail? No, sir, not dis nigger. A gemman from New York, he twis' he tail."

"————"

"No, sir, I don't think he dead. De doctor take him 'way in de amb'lance."

"————"

"Yessir, it was sure foolish."

"————"

"Marse Henry, I done set fire under Shoe."

"————"

"De harness? Dun bu'n de harness clean off um."

"————"

"De cart? Yessir, dun bu'n de cart, too, sir, all 'cept one wheel, sir."

"————"

"Marse Henry, is you want me to come back to the store and go to work, or mus' I wait fer Shoe to move?"—Lippincott's.

NOT PAINLESS

"John Henry," said Mr. Sterlingworth, severely, to his son, according to Tit Bits, as he led him by the right ear into a room in the rear of the house, "your mother tells me that you stuck a pin into Mr. Molar when he was here this afternoon, calling upon your sister, and that he jumped up and left the house, declaring that he would never call here again."

John Henry nodded.

"You seem to have the facts, papa," he said.

"Before I thrash you within an inch of your life, my son," Mr. Sterlingworth went on, as he reached for his cane, "let me say that this whipping will hurt you considerably more than it will hurt me."

"I know that," said John Henry, with heroic fortitude.

"I also wish to know," Mr. Sterlingworth said, "before I begin, what possessed you to act in so shameful a manner, and to drive away the only beau that Ethel has had in two years? Now, tell me."

"Well, Mr. Molar is a dentist, and—"

"Go on, sir."

"I will, papa. I—I—"

"You—you—"

"I asked him if he was a painless dentist, and he said he was; but I don't believe he's painless at all, papa, for he yelled—"

"That will do, my son," interrupted Mr. Sterlingworth. "This won't be a painless thrashing, either."

A DITTY

Sing a ditty,
Sing a ditty
Love-and-ryhme-entwined,
Of the pretty,
Gay and witty,
Witching Rosalind.

None's above her,
All men love her,
Cupid thus designed!
Jolly rover,
He's in clover
With fair Rosalind.

He can lie there,
His trade ply there,
Just her eyes behind;
Letting fly there,
Arrows sly there—
Looks of Rosalind.

Loves and Graces
Have their places
In her hair confined;
Sweet their case is,
Happy Graces,
Gracing Rosalind!

She is neatness,
She is sweetness,
All sweet things combined;
Perfect featness
And completeness
Is fair Rosalind.

Song, go meet her
Flying fleeter
Than the flying wind;
Say I greet her
And entreat her
"Be my Rosalind!"

—Curtis Hidden Page in The Bohemian.

PECULIAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HORSEMEN

Many of Their Acts and Declarations Which Appear to Be Ridiculous Are Based Upon Curious Experiences

New York Correspondence Washington Post.

A strange coincidence at a New York track last week was the frame-up over at the book run by Sam Harris. Harris is chiefly famous for having made a champion of Terry McGovern. Harris was on the stool. McGovern was taking the cash. Matty Matthews acted as runner and in front of the outfit was another hero of the fistic arena, the inimitable Jack McAuliffe, putting down a bet. Every customer was guaranteed a "fighting chance."

Few turf followers ever stop to think of the strange occurrences and the unique freaks to be encountered in a year on the race tracks. "All men are equal, above and under the turf," once quoth a famous raconteur and mellow soul of the real world, by way of tempering the spirit of a stout after-dinner hour among hail-fellows of his acquaintance. Nothing is half so true as that sporting adage. The three-quarter stretch during a hot finish levels all men and removes whatever of the superficial that serves as a cloak. Nowhere else can so thorough a "clearing house" of character be found as in the frenzied betting ring of today, one only having to observe the hundred and one odd little things happening about him to eke a sermon and scent a story.

* * *

The fact that Willie Shields' failure to start Holscher, winner of the Brighton cup, in the $5000 Southwold handicap at Jamaica, L. I., brings to mind some of the foibles of owners and trainers. Though Holscher stood an excellent chance of taking down first or second money, the lesser amount being considerably over $1500, the young trainer, called the "luckiest man on the turf," allowed Holscher to stand in his stall while the fixture was being run. Asked for the reason thereof, he said: "Well, once I had a jockey named Southwold who was killed in a race at Lakeside, and the hardest bet I ever lost was to Southwold. The race would be a Jonah for me, so I didn't start." For two years now Shields' horses have skipped the Southwold handicap.

During the past summer every time a photographer headed in the direction of the paddock, where Sam Hildreth stood superintending the rigging out of his entry for the impending race, a small but knowing throng would follow in the wake of the luckless artist, for it counted on a scene and was rarely disappointed. Did Hildreth discover the photographer attempting a picture of the horse or himself, he invariably became furious. Twice this year he keeled over the camera man and bowled his machine along the sward. "If there is anything Hildreth hates it is the picture man the newspapers send down to the race tracks every once in a while to catch prominent horses and interesting turf personages," declared a friend of Sam's, in explaining this funny failing. "Hildreth is sincerely superstitious about photographs, and I feel sure he will yet seriously harm some of those kodak persons who persist in endeavoring to snap a picture of some horse he treasures as he did McChesney. Sam believes a photograph brings bad luck to a horse.

* * *

When McChesney was hurt by falling in a race preliminary to the American Derby of 1902, Sam blamed it on a photographer. He really believed it, too. I have never seen a photographer come into a paddock where Hildreth happened to be without running into trouble. Hildreth is one of the queer character touches of the betting ring. Many a time at New Orleans he put down a big bet on what he considered a moral certainty. Five minutes before the close of the betting he had been known to take off the bet because a red-haired colored sport happened to pass within his vision. Of course the red and black apparition didn't affect the speed of the horse out on the track, but somehow Hildreth could never get to feel that way.

* * *

Just after the horses came down from Saratoga last September Superintendent Frank Clarke of the Sheepshead Bay course was informed by the detectives of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of a certain horse with three legs having been entered as a starter in one of the cheap events on the program of the next day. "With three legs, eh?" queried Clark in a half suspicious manner. Going over to stall No. 72, whence the entry had been made, Clark found there a four-year-old son of Goldfinch hobbling about on three legs, the fourth—the off fore leg—being useless, for the reason that the hoof and hock parts had decayed to such an extent that the foot was just dangling. Yet the horse had been entered as a starter. Investigation showed the suffering thoroughbred to be a "badge horse." The owner of a horse registered in the stud book and quartered on the race track is entitled to a badge of admission. As is costs $3 a day to attend a New York race track, with the probability of a $5 a day rate being imposed next year, the ownership of a race horse, though he may not be able to outspeed a goat, is of some considerable moment. A man named Wilcox owned the Goldfinch colt. Wilcox was a bartender who went to the races every day, and he was keeping the colt alive and in anguish so that he might have the use of a free race track badge of admission. He had entered the colt so as to impress the racing secretary with the idea of his horse being an active campaigner.

The great Hanover succumbed to the same hoof disease several years ago. He was shot in his stall, this "badge horse" receiving the same merciful release shortly after Clarke's discovery. At every weeding-out sale in the fall there are always to be had a few $100 equine derelicts, which are eagerly grabbed up for admission badge purposes. When "Boots" Durnell bought Temaceo from Sam Lazarus a week ago today at Belmont park for $4000 cash, Pete O'Connell, a proprietor of a saloon just outside the gate, made an offer of $35 for Cherry Blossom and bought her. "Badge horse! Badge horse!" yelled the crowd around the sales ring as Pete led off his investment. Next year O'Connell will go to the races every day without charge. If the daily rate of admission is increased from $3 to $5, as reported, then the saloon man's enterprise will be rewarded 300 per cent. Nowadays the "badge horse" pays.

A funny thing to be observed any day at the races east, if one cares to look, is "One Leg." Every bookmaker and most every bookmaker's clerk knows this gnarled old man who hobbles on a wooden stump. He has been around the betting ring since the first days of Gloucester and Guttenberg and has won and lost fortunes in gambling on the ponies. Some days you will see him butting up for the best price under locomotion of a crutch. Other times the wooden leg—it is an exceptional "wooden leg," inasmuch as it is of purest ebony and set off in silver plating, one such as any one-legged Beau Brummel might well wish for—does service. "Ah, 'Peggie' is broke today," sallies the bookmaker to his sheet writer as "One Leg" comes along on his crutch. Why? you will ask. The valuable ebonized artificial limb has been "hocked" in a Bowery pawnshop for the price of a few piking bets. When the owner gets flush again, out comes the leg and away to the shelf goes the crutch.

* * *

Then there are the queer persons haunting the "back line," where are the cheap bookmakers, who grab a $1 bet with as much avidity as does "Maxey" Blumenthal in reaching for a $5000 commission on a "dead one." This wan, long-haired fellow is known as "Weeping Willie." Whenever he makes a bet he walks up and down the side lines in the rear muttering to himself. Long ago the betting crowds found out what "Willie" was up to. He enters into the most fervid plea to the gods of fortune from the moment he gets his bet down to the second the horses flash by the post. He never goes out to look at the race.

Over in the corner near the telegraph office you may encounter another amusing aspect. There stands "Majah" Bell, a suave colored gentleman of the turf.

John W. Gates believes more in what Bell says about a horse race than he does in the opinion of the experts employed by his friend, John A. Drake. Twice or three times in the afternoon you can see the multi-millionaire over there harking to the sage advice of the African philosopher. Then one must think of the old sport and his reference to the equality of men, "above and under the turf."

So it is in a year, or in a day, on the New York race tracks, one may see something more than the ceaseless gambling if he but keeps his weather eye on the lookout.

ODDITIES IN RAILROAD LAWS

Montana requires its railroads to maintain a station at plotted townsites of 100 inhabitants or more.

Thirty states have state railroad commissions, twenty of which have power to fix rates on purely state traffic.

Intoxication while on duty is a misdemeanor of a railroad employe in California, and if death results, a felony.

California makes the wrecking of a train or an engine a felony punishable by death or life imprisonment, at the option of the jury.

Railroads running within three miles of a county seat in Oklahoma must build a line through the county seat and establish a station.

In South Carolina it is a misdemeanor for the conductor of a trolley car to refuse to separate negroes and white people.

California has made it a misdemeanor to transport cattle, sheep or wine in carload lots for more than thirty-six hours without stopping for ten hours' rest.

Virginia has found it necessary to pass a law declaring that for all legal purposes the words "railroad" and "railway" are to be considered synonymous.

In Massachusetts the illegal sale of street railway transfers is made punishable by a fine not exceeding $50 or imprisonment for not more than thirty days.

The legislature of Washington at its latest session passed a law making the maximum railroad fare for adults 3 cents a mile and for children 1½ cents.

A trolley company in Vermont whose cars fail to come to a full stop and display a signal at a grade railroad crossing is subject to a fine of $25 for each omission.

By the terms of a new statute in Michigan in a suit by or against a railroad company the books of the company are subject to the inspection of the attorney general of the state.

The state of Michigan has effected an increase of about $12,000,000 in the amount of taxable property in the state by a recent adjustment in the assessment of railroads.

In Minnesota railway, telegraph and express stations must bear the local name of the community, unless it is likely to be confused with the names of other stations on the same line.

California rejoices in a law making the circulation of fraudulent reports regarding the value of the stock of a corporation formed in the state a felony punishable by two years' imprisonment or $5000 fine, or both.

Down in Georgia the supreme court has concluded that an engineer is not justified in acting on the presumption that a child of tender years on a railroad track will appreciate its danger and use the discretion of an adult in getting out of the way of an approaching train.

According to a recent act of the legislature of that state, Florida railroads failing to pay a claim for loss or damages within ninety days must pay 25 per cent on the judgment obtained by the claimant in excess of the amount offered by the railroad in settlement of the claim.

The mere fact that a great many people have been in the habit of using a railroad trestle as a footbridge and that the railroad company had made no complaint, says the court of appeals of Kentucky, does not give the people any special rights on the bridge or compel the railroad company to exercise a special degree of care for their safety.—New York Sun.

DIVINE HEALING

The maid had a headache! And I, timid lover,
Who ne'er yet my secret had said,
Found myself in a haze of inebriant pleasure,
Gently rubbing her poor, aching head.

How memory floods! Through all these past years
I still feel the thrill that was mine
When my willing fingers their kind service did;
In truth, 'twas a healing divine.

Her forehead so pure! Her soft, teasing hair!
Her whole being so wonderfully near!
Made heart at a bound put all reason to rout—
And I kissed that white forehead so dear!

Oh, magical healing of heaven-inspired lips!
Two arms, soft and warm, held me fast;
And my pangs of mere friendship with her headache were gone
When she said, "You do love me—at last."

Ah, headache, how much do I owe to your pain!
And yet, there are times when I feel
Certain doubts as I think of that quick, perfect cure—
But the wife still insists you were real.

—Will Rufus, in Chicago News.

When the Laugh Goes 'Round

BY RYAN WALKER

TURNED HIM DOWN.

Lord De Broke—It's a terrible thing, don't you know, Miss Billyuns, for a chappy to have to go through life all alone.

Miss Billyuns—Why don't you employ a valet?

First Railroad Official (on fishing trip)—I suppose there is a law against this.

Second Official—What, fishing?

First Official—No; rebating our hooks!

WANTED LONG LIFE.

Pat—I'm goin' to hev me loife insured, Moike.

Mike—For why?

Pat—Mrs. Haley was at th' house last night an' her husband's insured for a thousand dollars an' she told the old woman thot th' divil would never die.

AT THE MUSICAL.

Katherine—There's the bicycle face, the automobile face and the bargain-hunting face, why not the violin face?

Kidder—It's the people who have to listen to the playing who make the faces.

CAUSE HIS EARLY DEMISE.

Visitor—Your son, I dare say, will be a comfort to you in your old age.

Mr. Wise—If he keeps on the way he is going now I won't have any old age.

WHEN ELECTION TIME COMES 'ROUND.

Fairman—Those ignorant foreigners should not be allowed to vote.

Wardman—Yes; they look so much alike I can't tell which ones I've given two-dollar bills to, and which I haven't!

BOOK NOTES

THE new Pictorial Atlas of the World, the exclusive distribution of which in this territory will be through The Herald, is the only entirely new American atlas which has been made in the last five years. The various geographical changes in this period have been more important than at any previous period of corresponding length. The maps in this work have been very carefully compiled from the latest official sources, with additions and corrections to date of publication. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the fact that it is not a rehash of old or incongruous plates, but a thoroughly modern, uniform and reliable series of new plates. Among the new features are a new map of the world on the equivalent projection, a new four-page railroad and trade center map of the United States and Canada, the naming of places on state maps in type according to size of cities, geographical changes down to the end of 1906, a very fine section (special) devoted to Los Angeles, a full account, illustrated, of the San Francisco earthquake, etc. The marginal indices add greatly to the ready reference qualities of the publication, and it should be noted that all figures are from the latest returns. A comparison of the present population figures of German towns with the old census figures used in other American atlases will show the importance of these changes. These marginal indices enable you instantly to tell the population of any state or nation, the size of cities, and the like. The Descriptive and Pictorial Gazetteer is another new feature. Here are over one hundred pages, set in large, clear type, three columns to the page, and devoted to a wide variety of geographical facts, which no office or home should be without. In alphabetical form you will find set down and described in detail every country, mountain, river, sea, island, and other physical aspects of the globe. It must also be remembered that the index-gazetteer, immediately preceding it, supplies a large amount of additional knowledge relating to cities and towns; thus the book as a whole becomes a modern cyclopedia of the world, its people, products and progress.

Pictorial Atlas of the World. Los Angeles: Published by The Herald.

"Moon-Face and Other Stories" is the title given Jack London's latest book. Just why the publishers chose Moon-Face as the leading story of the collection is beyond comprehension. The story is the poorest one in the group. The incident of the dog and the dynamite is neither entirely new nor brilliantly handled. It is only when one reaches "All Gold Canyon" that the realization comes that this is really the work of America's greatest short story writer. There the author treads safe and sure ground. The gold seeker is a real, live healthy creation. The canyon appeals strongly to the reader and every line is convincing. One finishes the story of the tragedy without consciousness of a tragedy, so justly has fate dealt with the claim jumper, so satisfactory is the ending of the extremely clever tale. When London writes of the woods and mountains the scene lacks nothing. When he writes of cities and men who dwell therein he wanders darkly. This master of modern story telling fails dismally to convince the initiated when he deals with newspaper offices. His inability to write a news item is amusing; his picture of the interior of a newspaper office when he essays "Local Color" is woefully weak. In "Amateur Night" he does better, but has the usual hazy conception of the great reporter. "The Shadow and the Flash" is, for the sort, a remarkably well done story and has the finish and touch of a Poe. But, one asks, why does the man who wrote the "Odyssey of the North" write such things? Why does he who saw "The People of the Abyss" fritter away his copy paper on such morbid stories as "Planchette?" Many thousands who look to Jack London for the "great" book will be disappointed with these short stories. There are, however, thousands of others who seek only to be amused who will find an hour's enjoyment with this book.

Moon-Face and Other Stories. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan company.

"Father Pink," by Alfred Wilson Barrett, author of "The Silver Pin," is a lively narrative of the wily machinations of a seemingly good-natured and harmless priest, who has schemes of his own for the benefit of a favorite niece. Large property rights are involved, together with a hoarded pile of diamonds which have been singularly concealed for safe keeping. The hand of the woman whose property is thus at stake is sought by two eager rivals, whose fortunes are involved in the plot. The custody of the diamonds, when at last found, gives rise to exciting complications, with the priest, Father Pink, as the cleverest actor in the drama. It is by no means an ordinary man who can elude obviously certain capture by backing into a cage of trained lions with whom he had previously made friends for that purpose, and then retreating, without possible pursuit, through a secret passage.

Father Pink. By Alfred Wilson Barrett. Cambridge: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

"The Altogether New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1907" resembles the former "Cynic's Calendar" in its spontaneous gayety; otherwise it keeps its pledge of "altogether newness." The three authors, Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant, Oliver Herford and Addison C. Mizner, having found out that proverbs are just as true and much more amusing when turned inside out or upside down, have continued the revision of the wisdom of the ages after this original recipe. "Contentment," reads one of their new cynicisms, "is the smother of invention." It certainly has not smothered theirs. The illustrations gayly printed in red and black are hardly less diverting than the text. "The First Cynic" and "The First Quarrel" are quite as clever as "The First Monday" of the last year's volume, the success that was pirated and plagiarized to an unlimited extent; and "Never say diet" and "Many looks spoil the cloth" have a pointed shaft for the foibles of today.

The Altogether New Cynic's Calendar. By Ethel Watts-Mumford Grant, Oliver Herford and Addison C. Mizner. New York: Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.

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