

LOS ANGELES HERALD BY THE HERALD COMPANY FRANK G. FINLAYSON, President ROBERT M. YOST, Editorial Manager S. H. LAVERY, Business Manager

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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco and Oakland will find The Herald on sale at the new 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 early buyer gets the turkey. Don't let the gold brick twins do you. Walter and Walter, the gold brick twins.

"Smash the machine" is the Gates battle cry. After all the old coal burner is the most reliable.

Today the turkey gets it where Willie Hearst got it. Beware lest the gold brick twins work you next week.

"Walter Parker is good enough for me."—"Doc" Lindley. Anyhow, the gas will be on in time to cook the great American bird.

Don't be discouraged; it won't last long. The sun shines once more. San Pedro is about ready to come in. Welcome, sister, to our fireside.

Washington reports a cold wave. The vice president has just arrived there. That shoestring seems to have a strong pull; San Pedro feels it mightily.

There would be more cause for Thanksgiving if Gates were already elected, but— Los Angeles will hold another Thanksgiving a week hence to rejoice over Gates' success.

This is the day when it is better to be tough than good—if you are a Thanksgiving turkey. The Standard Oil will pay out \$10,000,000 in dividends next month. Notice the raise in oil prices.

Remember in purchasing the Thanksgiving bird that fine feathers have nothing to do with its eatability. Many a candidate will eat turkey tomorrow who will be glad enough to dine on crow a week hence.

Caruso will tonight deliver his famous top note, but it won't attract near the attention that his \$10 note did. If the gas company had only hired the campaign orators it could at least have filled its mains with hot air.

Twelve hundred voters have been added to the lists since the election three weeks ago. That's growing some. The president has one advantage in his reply to Poutney Bigelow; it won't cost him anything to print or distribute it.

Among other things which go up in smoke are dividends for \$4,000,000 which the tobacco trust will divide next month. Smoke up! The registration for the city election is \$4,000. Two years ago it was 27,000. It has doubled in that time. Who says Los Angeles doesn't grow?

One hour is to be clipped off the running time between San Francisco and Los Angeles, thus still more expediting the inrush from the quake town. The one great thing that the coming city administration must carry out is the Owens river project. Do you want a doctor to look after that? Hardly.

The Southern Pacific is to run three new trains from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Simply can't take care of the people who want to come here; that's why. The Los Angeles District Federation of Women's Clubs is entirely right in its attitude of hostility to the billboard nuisance, but entirely wrong in declaring a "boycott" upon all merchants and business men who may see proper to patronize billboards. The "boycott" is un-American, unfair and the last act of a cause which has no argument. Now in this case there is plenty of unanswerable argument against the billboard nuisance—argument which in time will convince even the dullest merchant that the billboard is not the place for advertisements. But the boycott is a thumb-screw and a bone-breaker which belongs to the middle ages. It is the legislator's snickerdoodle and the walking delegate's brainless bludgeon. The ladies of the federation should take it down and hide it under the bed. It does not become them or their righteous cause.

ABOUT THE MAYORALTY

The Lindleyites seem desperately afraid to try their issues before the people of Los Angeles.

From the very beginning of the mayoralty campaign they have caused and concealed and played kindergarten politics by endeavoring to get some other candidate to withdraw. They tried to flim-flam Lee C. Gates into retiring from the field, but he discovered the gold brick in time to upset all the plans of the schemers.

Then the Lindleyites conceived the funny notion of trying to boom the Socialist candidate, as a little side diversion; but that was too palpable and had to be dropped.

Finally, in the last week of the canvass, they called upon the Merchants and Manufacturers' association for help in getting Gates out of the way, but at the round-up it was discovered that if Gates were withdrawn Harper would be the choice, and the Lindleyites flunked again.

It seems very strange that if the Republican machine is so cocksure of Lindley's election it should spend so much of its time behind closed doors inventing schemes for the withdrawal of opposing candidates.

Why, if Dr. Walter Lindley is so popular and such a good selection and would make such a splendid mayor, does not the machine assume its usual black-flag tactics and neither give nor take quarter? The answer is plain. It is because the machine is wobbling. It isn't at all certain that Lindley can be elected. In fact the indications are growing that he will be defeated, and the horror of having Lee Gates in the mayor's chair gives to the Republican machinery the flesh-creeper and groans of pain.

After all the dust-throwing and all the mud-slinging are eliminated the mayoralty campaign simmers down to the open issue—that of non-partisanship in municipal affairs. Do you want it, or do you not? The answer to that question will very nearly decide who will be elected next Tuesday.

Outside of the fight for mayor, the non-partisan ticket, including all the non-partisan nominees for the city council, is considered so excellent that nearly all the newspapers in Los Angeles are supporting it. Only the head of the non-partisan ticket is being attacked, and that because of the patronage of the mayor's office. The Democratic organization has endorsed nearly the whole of the non-partisan ticket, but put up a straight Democrat for mayor, because of the patronage that may be handed out to "the boys."

The local Republican organ indorses nearly the whole of the non-partisan ticket, but stands up for the Republican machine candidate for mayor. Do you see the point? The non-partisan ticket is beyond cavil, dispute or criticism of any kind. From top to bottom it bears the stamp of honesty, integrity and competency, and all the hullabaloo over the mayoralty is simply the shrieking and creaking of the two machines, Republican and Democratic, over the probable inauguration of civic righteousness in the election of Gates.

The people of Los Angeles want their municipal business conducted in a business-like manner, in the highest form of efficiency and economy. They can hardly expect to realize their desire by choosing for mayor the representative of the Republican or Democratic machines, whose first business would be the division of the jobs among the ward workers and precinct heilers.

Elect Lee Gates and the whole non-partisan ticket and the great city would at once feel the impetus of a new regime, the inauguration of honesty and competency in every department of the city government.

LUMBER TRUST METHODS

A partial explanation of the present inflation of lumber prices is given in the last bulletin issued by the federal department of labor and commerce. It appears that the exports of wood and wood products from the United States have increased more than one-third within the last few months. These exports represent lumber, chiefly, from the sources of supply on the Pacific coast. The total during the present year, mostly shipments from our northern ports, have been at the rate of nearly \$8,000,000 in value per month.

This enormous drain of lumber for foreign account is given as the chief reason, by the northern lumbermen, for the extraordinary marking up of their prices during the present year. The several advances in lumber prices in the Los Angeles market during the year are equal to a total increase of about one-third over the figures a year ago. That tallies with the statement concerning the increased exports of lumber from the northern ports, in shipments that have gone as far as Australia, South Africa and other remote parts of the earth.

The northern lumber trust is operating on the general plan of all the big American trusts that are seeking control of foreign trade. The largely increased lumber exports are made at a small margin of profit—so small that Canadian and other lumber producers cannot successfully compete. Other trusts carry this policy to the point of selling their products abroad at cost for the sake of killing competition, and there is not much doubt that American lumber is sold abroad at cost in cases where that is necessary to freeze out competitors.

But American home builders and other lumber users are made to pay for the low figures at which foreigners thus get their supplies. The domestic markets are wholly at the mercy of the lumbermen and there is no escape from the merciless advances in prices that come with alarming frequency. The cost of monopolizing foreign markets by all American trusts is saddled upon American consumers. The only means of relief from this tyranny of the lumber magnates lies in Canadian competition. That is

barred, however, by the tariff, which protects the lumbermen in their monopoly.

And there is no hope of relief from that monopoly so long as a Republican congress controls the tariff.

A PRECEDENT SMASHER

President Roosevelt's fondness for breaking precedents reached the climax in his recent voyage to the isthmus of Panama. He not only ignored the time-honored presidential custom of keeping within the boundaries of the United States, but he traveled thousands of miles beyond, including a visit to another republic.

There is no substantial reason why an American president might not go beyond the line of his own country. The heads of European governments, kings and emperors, go outside of their respective realms without exciting much comment. Edward of Great Britain and William of Germany, particularly, are quite frequent visitors abroad. The chieftain of the great republic surely should not be subjected to restraint in personal freedom that is not imposed upon the monarchs of Europe.

And yet the recent journey of President Roosevelt is suggestive of the latter-day tendency to discard customs and precedents of the early days of the republic which formerly were regarded as almost sacred. Even at so late a period as the time of President McKinley's visit to the Pacific coast the precedent in question was observed. At El Paso President McKinley went to the middle of the bridge over the Rio Grande, the dividing line between the United States and Mexico, but he would go no farther.

But President Roosevelt's last act in precedent-breaking is a trivial matter compared with the smashing of other precedents established by the fathers of the republic. There is but little left of the simplicity that distinguished federal administrations down to the period of the Civil War. The war introduced a new political and social era in which the spoils of office became the foremost consideration politically and the spoils of wealth the primary aim socially. Carpet-bag government in the south and shoddy aristocracy in the north almost obliterated the honored traditions, precedents and customs of the olden time.

Mr. W. C. Patterson, one of the nominees on the Republican ticket for member of the board of education, today asks the electors of Los Angeles not to vote for him, because, on account of his pressing business duties, if elected he would be compelled to resign. His wish should be respected. Mr. Patterson has the fullest confidence of the people of Los Angeles, who would be glad to vote for him upon any ticket, but it should be remembered that perhaps no other man in Los Angeles has given so much of his time and attention to civic affairs, serving the people faithfully and well, and without pay. His business duties now intervening, he is entitled to decline to serve.

Owing to the wood and coal famine in Los Angeles, caused by the unexpected advent of cold weather, the Los Angeles Gas company has been suddenly called upon to furnish both heat and light in double the amount ever before demanded. The company estimates that it pushed directly through the pipes more than 1,500,000 cubic feet of gas per hour, and even then could not meet the public requirement. The new gas tank lacked a few days' work of completion, so that assistance could not be had from that quarter until today. But by active effort on the part of the company the situation is materially improved and conditions hereafter are expected to be much more satisfactory.

THE "DANGER" OF HOME

"Home is the most dangerous place I ever go to," remarked Mr. John Muir, the famous geologist and naturalist. He was on the train returning from Arizona to his home in Martinez, Cal., after the earthquake. "As long as I camp out in the mountains, without tent or blankets, I get along very well; but the minute I get into the house and have a warm bed and begin to live on fine food, I get into a draft and the first thing I know I am coughing and sneezing and threatened with pneumonia and altogether miserable. Outdoors is the natural place for a man. 'Walk where you please, when you like, and take your time. The mountains won't hurt you, nor the exposure. Why, I can live out for \$30 a year, for bread and tea and occasionally a little tobacco. All I need is a sack for the bread and a pot to boil water in, and an axe. The rest is easy.'—World's Work.

CORDAYLIA OF THE ALLEY

At the corner of the alley. She is Cordaylia. At the corner of the alley where the people come an' go. In a penitent procession, Passin' to an' from confession In the old church of St. Joseph that was builded long ago. O, 'tis well she knows there's many ways the charitable penny. More convenient to their fingers than any other day. An' her tongue it is so south'rin' At so many a deluth'rin' There are mortal few whatever she'll be lettin' get away.

For, O, the Irish eyes of her They twinkle at ye so. Ye hank to think the sighs of her Are part of the disguise of her. So, fair, she has yer penny gathered in before ye know. An' yer penny good as potted. Fur she knows ye'll be softer comin' out than goin' in. Why, there's nothin' but good nature In the manest Irish craythur. Whin he feels the soul inside o' him is cleansed o' ivry blot. Should Cordaylia then address ye? Wid her southern' 'God bless ye!' 'Tis not yer will dare to judge if she's deservin' it or not.

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LUXURIES AND COMFORTS IN THE MODERN TOURING CAR

Chauffeurs of the Newest Cars May Be Signaled by Electric Motor of Reached by Telephone From the New York Herald.

The development of the automobile in the luxury of its equipment has kept pace with the progress in the matter of speed. The perfection to which the modern cars have been brought in their interior furnishings is less familiar than their possibilities for speed. The racing car is naturally a familiar object. On the other hand the most luxurious cars are as yet limited in number and their most remarkable features are not arranged for display.

The modern automobile of the more expensive type makes the most luxurious railroad car seem barren by comparison. It is difficult to imagine how luxury within such narrow boundaries could be carried further. The up-to-date automobilist, if he is willing to pay the price, may dine in his private car, write, read, make an elaborate toilet, control his machine by telephone or electric signals without interrupting a pace of a mile a minute.

In the tests of high speed in long runs the American cars have been beaten by foreign rivals, but in point of comfort and luxury the newer American models, it is safe to say, stand alone. Considered as a boulevard for instance, the cabs of an automobile may be somewhat cramped, but it can compare very favorably in point of equipment with any similar interior. Here "my lady" will find mirrors very conveniently placed, even hand mirrors, as on her dressing table. There are electric lights so distributed that any illumination desired may be thrown upon any object. There are spacious leather bags with compartments into which fit elegant cut glass bottles, with silver tops, for carrying a variety of toilet preparations. In one of these cars there is even a diminutive wash stand, with running water concealed beneath the leather upholstery.

As in a Smoking Room A man will find another class of comforts. He can make himself quite at home in this luxurious interior as his wife. There will be a locker for his cigars, so placed that no heat may reach the tobacco. Swinging within easy reach of his hand there will be an electric cigar lighter with an ornate clip cutting the ends of his cigars. A touch of a button and a flame instantly leaps from the lighter to be extinguished by another touch. There will be a writing desk folded up ingeniously beneath the upholstery, supplied with ink, pens and nibbers and every brand of stationery especially prepared for the occasion. This automobile paper is stamped with the number of the car with the expressive phrase engraved beneath it "flexible route." There will be pockets arranged for carrying books and magazines.

It is but a few years that most since the attention of the driver of a closed carriage could only be obtained by banging on the windows or, in the most luxurious equipages, by pulling a cord. Such a cord at best could impart no very definite information. Today in the driving of an automobile equipped with the latest improvements there is instant communication with the interior of the cab, so that anyone riding inside may control every movement. Leaning back luxuriously on the heavily upholstered cushions one may by the pressure of a finger stop or start the car, turn to one side or the other and accelerate or retard the speed.

Electric Communication There are two means of communication between the interior of the cab and the chauffeurs. The driver may be reached by telephone or by electric signals. The actual distance between the driver and the one driven is, incidentally, probably less than three feet. In winter, however, the distance between the two positions may be equivalent to that which separates the dining and kitchen parlors. The grapes were like plums—big, sweet, juicy, of superb flavor—the kind of grapes that make a wine both delicate and strong.

All the French wisecracks—the little innkeepers and hotel men, the head waiters, the bartenders—are putting their savings into the new 1906 wine, well aware that a quart of this wine, worth 20 cents in the winter of 1909, while in 1915 or 1920 a quart of the famous 1906 white wine, a quart of the great vintage year, may easily be worth \$5 or \$6. "Put your money in 1906 French wine, and later on you'll thank me."

TO TRIPLE YOUR MONEY "Do you want to triple your money in three years? Then buy French wine of this year's vintage," said a wine expert. "The year 1906," he went on, "is destined to go down in history as a vintage year. The great dry heat, the fierce, invigorating sunshine of the past summer in France made a grape harvest of unexampled splendor. The grapes were like plums—big, sweet, juicy, of superb flavor—the kind of grapes that make a wine both delicate and strong.

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SIMON GUGGENHEIM, SENATOR

Simon Guggenheim, a Republican, slated for the United States senate from Colorado to succeed Thomas M. Patterson, a Democrat, is one of seven brothers known as M. Guggenheim's sons. They dominate the smelting business of the country and practically control its silver output and a considerable portion of the copper production. They own the Guggenheim Exploration company, which has developed immense mining properties in Mexico and the far west and which has a vast enterprise now under way for making the mineral wealth of Alaska accessible.

Simon Guggenheim has been the western representative of the family for nearly a dozen years. He has a knowledge of the smelting business and is regarded as one of the ablest mining experts in the country. So enormously has the wealth of this family multiplied in recent years that men familiar with the facts hesitate to set any figure, fearing to expose themselves to a charge of exaggeration. They assert that the combined wealth of the seven men runs into the hundreds of millions.

The coming senator is next to the youngest of the seven brothers. He was born in Philadelphia December 29, 1867, and will have 39 years old next month. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia and graduated from its high school and was then sent abroad by his father to pick up a knowledge of foreign languages and the business methods of different European countries. Mr. Guggenheim reads, writes and speaks fluently French, Spanish and German.—New York World.

Giving One's Command The little ivory dial suggests a tasteful menu, with a list of possible orders. There is an inconspicuous button before each word. These orders or directions are turned electrically before the chauffeur by making it possible for him to go faster or slower, to go ahead or turn to the right or left, or to turn around, to stop, or to start, or to go home. The instant one of these buttons is pressed a buzzer bell sounds in the dial in the front of the driver, and the word indicated within is flashed out by an electric light suddenly appearing in the corresponding word on the second dial.

The contrivance has a practical utility quite apart from its mere convenience. The driver of a pair of horses may safely enough give them their heads for a moment while he gets a direction. The picture of a lady or gentleman reaching far out of the window of the carriage door while the driver makes a similar contortion in order to get within range is, of course, familiar. Such an arrangement would be quite out of the question in driving an automobile. The chauffeur cannot for a moment leave the machine to guide itself. The electric indicator gives him a variety of directions without for an instant distracting his attention.

THE CITY OF GREAT BRITAIN Unless we command the sea we cannot keep open the roads by which our people are fed. Britain has in effect ceased to be a country. She is now, considered from the political and military point of view, a city, though a city with very large parks and pleasure grounds and kitchen gardens in which to grow her flowers, fruits and vegetables. A city, from the point of view of war, may be described as a place which if besieged long enough must surrender, since supplies once consumed cannot be replenished. Britain answers to this description. The moment the sea roads to her are closed by an enemy she is, ipso facto, in a state of siege. Face to face with the need of ammunition, it would be madness for us to give any consideration to what we hope or believe are the intentions of this or that foreign power. All that we can rightly do in considering how to secure our national safety and independence is to compute the units of naval efficiency.—London Spectator.

Spelling and Supreme Court The Carnegieite spellers are not content to lead their horse to water, they insist that he shall drink. Of course he kicks. He kicked somewhat in the recent attempt at simplification by executive order. More lately a proposition to introduce the improved orthography into the public schools of New York made the horse very restive. In the person of Mr. Roscoe Johnson he reared right up and threatened to pull his halter out of the restraining grasp of Prof. Brander Matthews. Is it expedient to crowd the horse so hard? Must we come to blows over simplification? "Can't we play with it a little while?" the contest is "supposed to be" and it is already patent that the American language cannot endure half spelled and half simplified the old order will win. Persuasion is the only present hope of the simplifiers. They cannot yet accomplish anything by main strength. The supreme court of the United States recently recorded its preference for old-fashioned, unabated spelling when the chief justice blandly inquired of Solicitor General ... whether a quotation in his brief from an opinion rendered by Justice Bradley was "supposed to be" a quotation from Justice Bradley's official opinion. The trouble was that Mr. Hoyt, bowing to executive order, had represented Justice Bradley as spelling "through" t-h-r-u. Mr. Hoyt apologized, and will not again interpret the president's spelling into official opinions of the supreme court. As for his own spelling he said: "We follow the president's order in preparing original briefs." But how mad it must make them!—Harper's Weekly.

TWINS BORN IN DIFFERENT YEAR "I have often been present at the birth of twins," said an old nurse. "Not a bit of it," said the old nurse. "That thing happened in 1899, though, when the twins were born in different years." "Twins born in different years? You are crazy," said the young bride. "Not a bit of it," said the old nurse. "The first twin was born in 1899. The first twin was born at half past eleven on the night of December 31, 1899, and the second was born at 1 o'clock in the morning of January 1, 1900." "There are, ma'am, a number of other cases recorded of twins born in different years."

TIT FOR TAT He rejoiced in the not very humorous name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartee. Few of his friends had escaped the lash of his tongue, and he had victimized many by his practical jokes. In fact, he never lost an opportunity of being funny. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and naturally a name like that was too good a chance to miss. "Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said gaily, "and how are you, Mr. Stone and all the little pebbles?" "Oh, quite well, Mr. Wood," was the reply. "How's Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"—Stray Stories.

INCOMES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS As the celebrity passed out of the studio, the photographer gave him a check for \$200. "He's easy," said the man. "He ought to have copyrighted and handled his photo himself. He might have made \$500 a year out of it for life, provided that he kept on writing books as popular as 'The Swamp.'" "You'd be amazed if you knew how many public characters handle their own photos. There's bishops, there's statesmen, there's artists, there's labor leaders, and, of course, there's the lights of the stage." "These people got tired of seeing their faces selling like hot cakes everywhere, the photographer and the dealer getting all the profit, they themselves put off with a beggary hundred or so. And so they took the matter in their own hands and today, when you buy their pictures, the cent or two of profit goes into their pockets instead of the middleman's. And that profit very frequently runs up to \$300 or \$700 a year."

Home-seekers' 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 the Los Angeles Acre Lot Club. Land distributed at wholesale to members. Come and learn.

Best Set of Teeth \$8. Home phone 3544. Home 448 S. Broadway. DENTISTS. Open evenings till 9:30; Sundays 9 to 12.

The Willie Boys BY GEORGE O. BAKER

Comic strip titled 'The Willie Boys' by George O. Baker. It consists of several panels showing characters in various situations, including a scene with a man and a woman, and a scene with a man and a child. The dialogue is humorous and includes phrases like 'The whole thing', 'Amending it', 'Sterile ground', and 'An explanation'.