

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY FRANK G. FINLAYSON, President ROBT. M. YOST, Editor-in-Chief S. H. LAVERTY, Business Manager

OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES Founded Oct. 2, 1873 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.

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

EASTERN AGENT—J. P. McKinney, 805 Peter Building, New York, 311 Boyce Building, Chicago.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION WITH SUNDAY MAGAZINE: Daily, by carrier, per month, \$1.05 Daily, by mail, three months, \$2.90 Daily, by mail, six months, \$5.80 Daily, by mail, one year, \$11.50 Sunday Herald, by mail, one year, \$2.50 Weekly Herald, by mail, one year, \$1.00

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 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 Watch for grabs in the expiring city council. Buy early, these rainy days, and avoid the rush.

How the gas inspector does hang on to his sinecure! More rain is predicted. Let the heavens leak; we are still behind the record.

Castro is reported critically ill again. Now time to hear from the sultan of Turkey. The Storer-Roosevelt dirty linen makes a powerful flapping in the breeze just now.

Los Angeles can still have a week of rain, and not harm the Christmas shopping much. The dying city council seems to be trying to make everyone rejoice that it is soon to be dead.

Next time, Mrs. Storer will save copies of the letters she writes the president. It's safer. Terrific storms and crashing walls do not improve San Francisco as a place in which to live.

Saltion sea is filling up again. Maybe so many candidates went up Salt river that they overflowed it. The franchisees asked by Harriman all make for the greatness of Los Angeles and ought to be granted.

A few more gal- and San Francisco's ruins will all be razed, thus saving it a lot of trouble. Hearst's seat in congress is empty, but no one minds that. It would be just as vacant were he in it.

Any bill that will tak the trolleys off the streets and put them in subways looks good to Los Angeles. A fine Christmas present for the "folks back east" is a through ticket to Los Angeles, good for the winter.

The S. P. is showing, in these latter days, just how completely it has owned the present city council all the while. Though the days of cheaper gas are rapidly drawing near, the time of better quality seems not to have arrived.

Abc Ruef and Mayor Schmitz do not seem to be filled with the spirit of good will that generally prevails at this season. These are the days when Mayor McAleer can really prove his worth as an executive by a judicious use of his veto power.

Teddy jr. want the big stick applied to an overzealous press agent. Teddy jr. doesn't take after his sire, who always seeks the limelight. As between Huntington and Harriman, it is rather safe to say that Los Angeles has tried the former and has not yet found him wanting.

Inasmuch as San Francisco, after repeated efforts by its enemies, has not been shaken off, or burnt off, or blown off, it would seem to be entitled to stay on. President Roosevelt's contribution to the Bellamy Storer correspondence is beneath the dignity of his office. So were the letters which he wrote to Mrs. Storer.

Any Harriman scheme that will lead to giving him a cinch on all Southern California should be prevented at all hazards. Competition, not control, is what Los Angeles wants. Harriman's interest in Los Angeles has got to be demonstrated. Heretofore he has been considered a San Francisco partisan, and the news that he will center his interests here is naturally regarded with some suspicion. Huntington always worked for Los Angeles; as a consequence Los Angeles always helped Huntington. It may be so with Harriman if he shall pursue the same course.

Southern California in general and Los Angeles in particular never had a more faithful, active and devoted friend than Henry E. Huntington, and it deeply regrets the rumors which connect his name with retirement. It is the general hope that Mr. Huntington will remain in control of his vast properties. He has done so much for the upbuilding of this city that it feels he should remain and gather in all the honors to which he is entitled.

HARRIMAN'S ENTRY

Rumor is so busy in Los Angeles with the names and gigantic enterprises of Harriman and Huntington that if one-half is true that is now declared to become a fact, this city will reach its million mark in a very few years. And perhaps the most important of all the rumors is the one attributing to Mr. Harriman a determination to build a breakwater at Santa Monica and create at that city a splendid harbor which shall eventually become even a greater port than San Francisco and have direct communication with the Orient over an ocean passage 700 miles shorter than by the Golden Gate.

The enterprise is so feasible and so easy of performance that such wizards as Harriman and Huntington, with the necessary millions at command, can realize it within a short time. And while it is building, the development of the suburban electric system will extend Los Angeles right into Santa Monica, as it is already nearing it, and also as it is already at the very gates of San Pedro.

Capitalists have long dreamed of Santa Monica as the best southern harbor. It was the ambition of Collis P. Huntington to establish a port there, but the people, apprehensive of monopoly, made a fierce and successful fight for San Pedro, and Santa Monica was beaten. The ghost of Collis P., or else the same trend of reasoning from the standpoint of transcontinental railway and ocean carrying steamship lines, must have led Harriman to the same inevitable determination to make at Santa Monica a great harbor, not with government millions, but with railroad millions. At San Pedro the government has found it necessary to restrict the demands of the railroads for harbor frontage, in order to protect the people. If Harriman shall create a harbor at Santa Monica he may have the power to give his railways ample leave and license.

If Harriman is fighting Huntington, as is alleged, for the control of the electric railways of Southern California, there will be a natural public hope that the people of Los Angeles will be the winners, as they surely must be. In the meantime, the investment of millions of dollars in the construction of subways, a skyscraper office building, new street railway lines and depots, and the reduction of the running time of cars to twenty minutes between Los Angeles and the beaches, will signify a tremendous impetus to the growth of Los Angeles, already unprecedented in the history of municipal progress.

NEW LOCAL ADMINISTRATION

The sting of defeat in the recent election still manifests itself in snappy journalistic comments. A contemporary which suffers from the delusion that it has the moral welfare of the community in its keeping, for instance, takes a very pessimistic view of the city's future, under the incoming administration. From that source emanates the forecast of a "wide-open town." Because the community failed to accept the judgment of the oracle in question it assumes that a grievous mistake has been made by Los Angeles voters.

The new city administration will be entitled to a start with the best wishes and most cordial support of every good citizen. The mayor and his official co-workers have the indorsement of a large plurality of the city's electors, and that alone entitles them to a "square deal" at the outset of their public duties. It will be time enough to criticize them adversely when there is tangible cause for criticism. And it is certainly unfair and unjust to impugn their motives. There is not a shadow of warrant for the imputation that the new mayor will countenance any infraction of laws or ordinances that make for the moral well being of the whole people. The very name of Harper is a household word in Los Angeles. It recalls the name of the large tract in the inner southwest circle of the city where hundreds of homes of our best citizens are located.

While admitting that there is no ground for fault-finding with the personality of the mayor-elect, there is much carping based on the assumption that he will allow himself to be guided by malign influences. The idea is suggested that because of his lack of familiarity with official affairs he will become an easy mark for designing politicians. Such passing of unfavorable judgment upon future possibilities is so obviously unreasonable that it should receive its merited popular reproof. Los Angeles is fortunate in its outlook for a three years' mayoral term that will reflect the highest credit upon the incumbent of the office and be an honor to the city. There is no question about either the ability or the determination of Arthur C. Harper to give Los Angeles one of the best administrations in the city's history. And the outlook is correspondingly favorable in respect to all the other selections of officials who were on the general ticket. All of these selections, with a single exception, were chosen by the non-partisan committee of 100 leading citizens. Every one was "weighed in the balance" as a test of his capability and trustworthiness. All are well fitted for the duties they have undertaken. Instead of snarling about what the new administration may or may not do, common justice calls, as before remarked, for a "square deal" and a fair chance in the case of every one of the incoming officials. That expresses The Herald's attitude in the matter, and probably it agrees with the sentiments of the whole community, excepting, of course, the small percentage of disgruntled and discredited political leaders and amateur reformers.

Let the council forbid the near side stoppage of cars and much will be forgiven. Southern California in general and Los Angeles in particular never had a more faithful, active and devoted friend than Henry E. Huntington, and it deeply regrets the rumors which connect his name with retirement. It is the general hope that Mr. Huntington will remain in control of his vast properties. He has done so much for the upbuilding of this city that it feels he should remain and gather in all the honors to which he is entitled.

SHORT-SIGHTED PROVIDERS

During the last two weeks or more there has been a partial fuel famine in Los Angeles. Coal, wood and gas have all been at a premium for heating and other domestic purposes. Within the last few days the trouble of scanty supply has extended to the purveyors of electric light and power, greatly to the inconvenience of many citizens.

Even food supplies of some kinds have become so scarce recently that prices have risen to figures making them almost prohibitive for many families. And the railways, by reason of insufficient service, have been instrumental in increasing the trouble and aggravating the unfortunate conditions. What means this all around failure of purveyors to afford supplies commensurate with the needs of this city? Intelligent consideration of the question leads to the conclusion that the whole group of derelict suppliers needs to be shaken up and awakened to the fact that Los Angeles is growing away beyond their estimates. They are all making a mistake like that of the mother who buys knickerbockers that just fit her rapidly growing boy, instead of making allowance for his growth.

Supplies that were adequate last year to meet the demand in this city—coal, wood, fuel, supplies and the rest—are not adequate this year, nor will a sufficiency for the year suffice for the coming year. The futile attempts to keep up with the need for enlarged school accommodations afford a lesson that all purveyors of supplies should heed. It is not because the purveyors are unwilling to make adequate provision that the people suffer from shortage in supplies. The trouble evidently arises from lack of comprehension fully to grasp the extraordinary increase of demand. It is to the interest of all dealers to increase the volume of their business, but many seem to dread the risk of overreaching in their provision for the demand. In nearly every industrial line in this city there has been for some weeks increasing evidence of shortage in supplies, even reaching in some cases to so-called "famine" proportions. In view of the city's natural advantages of location and its splendid transportation facilities there can be no reasonable excuse for such conditions as are prevailing here now.

The supply purveyors are not abreast of the city's expansion. They should wake up, hustle and "get a move on."

"Follow My Leader," by Chamois Brehm, the German naturalist, has recorded an exactly similar game played by chamois in the Alps. In summer chamois climb to the upper heights and there, in the midst of the solitudes of perpetual snow, enjoy themselves vastly, leaping from rock to rock, and often playing a game like "follow my leader." But the most curious part of their fun is their tobogganing. They choose a steep, snow covered slope, the leader throws himself into a sort of crouching position, and, working his legs as though he were swimming, slides down for a distance of a hundred yards or more. Arrived at the bottom, he springs to his feet and climbs up again. The others look on, and then another slides down, and so on. The rest follow, one by one. It may be objected that chamois have adopted this method of traveling down a snow slope simply because it is the easiest and most convenient, but surely the fact that the same animals have been seen to make the experiment several times over on the same slide is certain proof that the tobogganing is genuine play and nothing else.

THE STRANGER'S IMPRESSIONS

The average newcomer in Los Angeles, who has been sampling the climate during the last three weeks, is apt to inquire, "Is this what you call a semi-arid country?" And if this is the "land of sunshine," which he came some thousands of miles to enjoy, he might better have remained at home and purchased Christmas presents with the money expended for transportation. It is not strange that such thoughts occur to the stranger in Southern California. Unless he is especially familiar with conditions here, through reading or oral description, he finds the climatic situation quite different from what he expected. And the notion that he conceives as a result of his brief stay is as erroneous as the original idea. That is, he is likely to conclude from the weather he has encountered that the California "rainy season" is something like the period described in the experience of Noah.

The delusion of the stranger will not last long. It will be dispelled very soon when he finds himself in the act of hugging the shady side of the street in order to escape the sun's rays. The rainy weather that has been in evidence here lately is nature's most striking manifestation of favor to this sure-enough "land of sunshine." The rain simply is nature's awakening of vegetation during its long sleep of half a year. It is the equivalent of the early morning order that we all remember in days of youth—the summons to get up and hustle. But the stranger has noticed that nature does not arouse vegetation here with the violence that is apt to accompany the call in the early spring back east, which is the equivalent of our early winter period. Here the rain falls gently upon the awakening earth, affording just enough moisture for the needs of vegetation, with never a destructive storm to rob the tiller of the soil.

Let not the newcomer in Southern California form a hasty judgment of the climate from his experience in a brief stay. Instead of concluding as a result of some discomfort that the land of sunshine is "a delusion and a snare," a longer sojourn will soon convince him that in reports he has heard about our glorious climate not the half of its praise has been told.

CLOCK ALL OF GLASS A somewhat futile feat of painstaking ingenuity has been accomplished after six years' continuous work in the construction of a working clock every part of which, except the springs, is made of glass. The constructor is a Bohemian glass polisher named Joseph Bayer, who lives in Theresienstadt and who is now 71 years old. The framework and pillars which form the plates of glass and are bolted together with glass screws. The dial plate, hands, shafts and cogwheels are of glass and glass wedges and pins are used for fastening the various parts of the running gear together. All these parts are ground to the average proportions of the metal parts of other clocks of the same size. The teeth of the cogwheels are cut with minute exactness. Only the balance wheel is heavier and thicker than it would be in an ordinary clock, but it is fashioned so as to properly control the movement of the machine. Like the clock itself the key with which it is wound is of glass. The completion of the work was a matter of infinite pains. Some of the parts had to be made over and over again as often as forty times before a clock that would go and keep time was produced. The builder sets a price on the finished model of 2500 marks, or about \$250. Labor is cheap in Bohemia. —New York Sun.

ANIMALS HAVE GAMES LIKE THOSE OF CHILDREN

They Play "Follow My Leader," Indulge in Playhouses and Dances, and Enjoy Various Kinds of Toboggan Slides From the New York Herald.

Human children have two sorts of games. They either play with toys, inanimate objects or some kind of other, or else with one another. Animals do the same. Their games are, of course, says the Strand Magazine, not very advanced. They make practically no demands upon intellectual powers, but only upon bodily activity—in fact, they closely correspond with the plays of very young children. There is nothing that a plump, healthy youngster of toddling age enjoys more than a roll down a grassy bank or the soft side of a haycock. We find more than one wild animal which practices and enjoys a sliding game. Others go in for regular tobogganing. First choosing a steep, sloping river bank, where the soil is of clay and the water at the bottom fairly deep, they set to work and carefully remove all the sticks and loose stones which might get in their way, and then the fun begins. Climbing up the bank as far as possible where it is not too steep, the first utter goes to the head of the slide, lies down flat on his stomach, gives a kick with his hind legs, and down he glides headforemost into the water.

The second follows his leader's example, and then the third, as rapidly as they can. The bank soon becomes smooth and slippery, and the faster they travel the more the otters enjoy it. They keep on until they are quite tired out and will come back to the same spot day after day to renew their game. So common is this practice on the part of the otters that the relentless trapper long ago came to know it well, and makes a practice of setting his trap just where the poor little beasts leave the water to climb afresh for another slide and hardly ever fails to secure the leader, generally the old one. With otters the tobogganing is not merely a summer pastime. In winter they have the same amusement, the only difference being that they choose a snow bank instead of a mud one.

"Follow My Leader," by Chamois Brehm, the German naturalist, has recorded an exactly similar game played by chamois in the Alps. In summer chamois climb to the upper heights and there, in the midst of the solitudes of perpetual snow, enjoy themselves vastly, leaping from rock to rock, and often playing a game like "follow my leader." But the most curious part of their fun is their tobogganing. They choose a steep, snow covered slope, the leader throws himself into a sort of crouching position, and, working his legs as though he were swimming, slides down for a distance of a hundred yards or more. Arrived at the bottom, he springs to his feet and climbs up again. The others look on, and then another slides down, and so on. The rest follow, one by one. It may be objected that chamois have adopted this method of traveling down a snow slope simply because it is the easiest and most convenient, but surely the fact that the same animals have been seen to make the experiment several times over on the same slide is certain proof that the tobogganing is genuine play and nothing else.

Monkeys have similar games. Karl Groos mentions a tame long tailed monkey that was devoted to swinging. He would hook his chain over a bough and swing at the end of it with the plainest pleasure. He knew exactly how long his swing should be so as to clear the ground, and never made a mistake in letting out exactly the right amount. Almost all young animals play. It is one of the most charming sights imaginable to watch fox cubs amusing themselves outside the earth late on a summer evening. They not only roll and gambol like kittens or puppies, but they have also a game which strongly resembles a sham fight. The young of all the cat tribe, including lions and tigers, are naturally playful. Even such clumsy creatures as rhinoceroses and elephants enjoy games in their early youth. Badgers have a peculiar play. They seem to enjoy turning somersaults. The young badgers in the zoological gardens amuse visitors by turning somersaults scores of times in succession on the same spot. Bears do the same thing, and not only young bears, but old ones also. The natives of Kamchatka have a dance which they call the bear dance. Every gesture is copied accurately from the bear. The native animals seem to be proud of the fact that the bears are their dancing masters.

A Stately Bird Dance Dancing is by no means confined to quadrupeds; in fact, it is the principal play of many birds. Perhaps the finest of bird dances is the American cock of the rock. These birds have regular dancing places, level spots which they keep clear of sticks and stones. A dozen or more of the birds assemble round this spot and then a cock bird, his scarlet crest erect, steps into the center. Spreading his wings and tail he begins to dance at first with slow and stately steps, then gradually more and more rapidly, until he is spinning like a mad thing. At last, tired out, he sinks down, almost out of the ring, and another takes his place. Some of the quail tribe are great dancers and so are the American sandhill cranes. It is a most ludicrous sight to watch a crane dancing; he is so desperately solemn over the whole performance, he looks like a sly young man who has just learned to waltz and is rather ashamed of the accomplishment. So much for games without toys. But many wild creatures get a great deal of amusement out of inanimate objects. The kitten plays with a ball of worsted and every one knows the dog that possesses a pet bone, some dry and grubby relic which is not the least use as food, but which the animal throws about and catches again by the hour and when finished with buries in

some secluded corner against another day. Beckmann gives a delightful account of a raccoon which used to amuse itself by washing various odds and ends in a bucket of water. An old pot handle, a small shell or anything of the sort would do, but what he loved best of all was an empty bottle. Clapping it in his forepaws he would waddle slowly to the bucket, with the bottle clasped close to his breast, and then roll it and snuff it in the water. If any one ventured to disturb him he was furious and threw himself upon his back, clinging so tight to his beloved bottle that he could be lifted by it. Groos says that bears will do the same sort of thing. He relates the case of a polar bear which used to roll an old iron pot over to his tank and then, lifting it out, rub it up and down in a trough of running water. He stood on his hind legs and used his forepaws exactly like a washerwoman washing clothes. Certainly the bear looked upon the kettle as a toy and the washing a game. There could have been no other possible object in his queer performance.

The Honest Trade Rat One of the oddest little animals in existence is the California wood rat, better known as the trade rat. It owes the latter name to the fact that, though it is a great thief, it never steals anything without putting something else in its place. Rather more than a year ago a photograph appeared among the Strand curiosities of a paste pot which had been left over night in the assay office of the Silver Queen mine and which was found in the morning filled with the oddest collection of rubbish. This was the work of trade rats. They had stolen the paste and left in exchange a piece of stick, a length of rope, some odds and ends of wire and an unbroken glass funnel. The object of the trade rat in so scrupulously paying for what he takes is a mystery. But these same rats certainly take the greatest pleasure in the odds and ends which they steal and collect. In Lindsay's "Mind in Lower Animals" a description is given of a trade rat's nest found in an unoccupied house. The nest was composed of a mass of iron spikes laid in perfect symmetry, with the points outward. Interspersed with the spikes were about two dozen forks and spoons and three large butcher knives. There were also a large carving fork, knife and steel, several plugs of tobacco, an old purse, a quantity of small carpenter tools, including several augers, and a watch, of which the outside casing, the glass and the works were all distributed separately, so as to make the best show possible—altogether the oddest collection. None of these things was of any earthly use to the rats. They must have collected them just in the same way that a child hoards up odds and ends to play with.

The trade rat has its South American counterpart in the viscacha, a pretty little relation of the chinchilla, which lives in families of twenty or thirty on the pampas. Even the smallest of his treasures and portable is carried by the viscacha and piled in neat little heaps at the mouth of its burrow. If a ranchman drops his watch or any similar article he always searches the viscacha burrows in the neighborhood and generally finds his lost property. Feathered Thieves But one need go far as the New World to find instances of creatures that hoard. Most of the crow family have this trick. Every one knows the delight which these birds take in any shining object, and how cleverly they will steal it and hide it away. A well known naturalist speaks of a wild crow which made a collection of bits of broken china and similar odds and ends and hid them in a nettle patch. One day the naturalist stumbled on the bird standing in the middle of his treasure and arranging them. Next day they were all gone. The crow, aware that his secret hiding place was known, had moved everything to some new spot. Children build houses of brick indoors and sand castles on the shore. Some youngsters take pleasure in adorning these sand castles with shells and seaweed. In the wilds of Australia bower birds amuse themselves in precisely the same way. The bower birds belong to the family of thrushes. They build a common—the satin and the spotted bower birds. These are found in almost all parts of the Australian bush, particularly in New South Wales.

The bower of the bower bird is in no sense a home or nest; it is purely and simply a playhouse. The spotted bower bird builds its bower on the ground. The outside is of twigs, the inside diamond lined with tall grasses, so arranged that the tops nearly meet. But the oddest part of the whole curious performance is the way in which these pretty shy little birds decorate their pleasure houses. They collect quantities of brightly colored feathers, pebbles, shells, morsels of sun-bleached bone—anything, in fact, that strikes their fancy—and use to decorate their bowers. Some are stuck between the twigs and some are arranged in piles at the entrance, some are laid in rows to mark out paths leading to the bower. Two other species—the fawn breasted bower and the regent bird—have similar habits, but each different species has its own particular method of beautifying its pleasure resort. The bower of the fawn breasted is as much as four feet long and eighteen inches high and is raised on a thick platform of sticks. The same bowers are used for years if the birds are not disturbed, and fresh much as half a century made. As found in and about a single bower, and that though the bird that collected them was no bigger than a starling. It may perhaps be possible to explain the trade rat's love of utterly useless objects, the jackdaw's hoarding the bower bird takes in its dainty retreat, on other grounds than play. But such explanations appear needlessly far fetched when compared with the simple one—that those which we are pleased to call the lower creatures have our own human love of games and toys.

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Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

The Charge of the Bargain Brigade Half a block, Half a block, Half a block onward, Into the shopping rush Burst the six hundred. Bargains to right of them, Bargains to left of them, Bargains in front of them, "Ads" talked and thundered. Was there a maid dismayed? Was there a dame afraid, Cowed by that bargain raid? Not one was daunted! Bought they full off and well The shops full coffers swell, But not a buyer'll tell, Not one was wanted! Don't kick about your job, The chimney sweep's business suits him. Bookmakers at Ascot lead to pawn-brokers in town. That Virginia editor who wrote on "Honesty in Politics" discussed and diametrically opposed things. Mark Twain has again demonstrated that Eve always did get men into trouble.

Oklahoma's Taft J. C. Kelly fell off a load of cotton on his way to Gotebo and was crippled up some. Jim is the largest man in Cooper town and he sure made a noise in the ground when he fell.—Hobart (Okla.) Chief.

Salt Lake is to have a skyscraper. For its saints? John D. says "Pick your friends." Why not skin 'em, as he does? The champion woman high jumper is made a professor at Vassar. Got there with both feet, eh?

No Envy There The Red Rock Opinion says: "Senator Hickman has more sense in an hour than Editor Purcell of the Events has in a decade." That's right. And we don't think none the less of John Purcell. Envy has no part in our make-up and we are proud of the intellectual quality of our friend Hickman and not at all abashed at our inferiority. The more his growth in wisdom, the more our humble though contented family for it be encumbered of all the wisdom of a Solomon, a Socrates or an editor of the Red Rock Opinion.—End (Okla.) Events.

The poor Missouri hand who robbed only the rich has been caught. But the rich bandits who rob only the poor are still at large. It will be hard for the Constitution to follow the flag where Peary placed it. Maybe the new balloon warship will carry air guns.

An Indianapolis woman died while waiting for a car. Of old age? Eggs Are Scarce Henry Blaney ate fried eggs twice yesterday in Heck's restaurant. When did Henry get rich?—Leesville (Colo.) Light.

Are night mares in the dark horse class? You can always find the naked truth in an art gallery. A bank roll may be a roll of honor, but not often.

Louisville uses an auto to collect the mails. It also scatters the mails as well as the females. Shocking Stocking Two weeks more, and Maude's stocking will be hung—'tis rather shocking—On a tree, that we may fill it—That at least's how Maude would will it. Maude's stocking! 'T would be charming. It to fill, and quite heart warming. But a man most always wills it To behold it when Maude fills it! —W. H. C.

HANDSOMEST WOMAN IN WORLD "She is the handsomest woman in the world," said Herr Direktor Corried, as he came down the gangplank of the French liner La Savoie yesterday, and in arm with Madame Lina Cavalleri, who comes to this country to sing "Fedora." Madame Cavalleri is one of the many famous operatic stars who will appear at the Metropolitan opera house this season.

When the huge liner came into port Herr Corried, who was standing on the dock, waived his hand to Madame Cavalleri, who was sitting on a camp chair on the promenade deck, and she was attired in a dark blue gown over which she wore a magnificent seal-skin robe. The singer's dark eyes sparkled, and she blushed as she walked down the gangplank with Herr Corried.

She speaks no English, and when interviewers gathered around her she said, through her brother, who accompanied her: "I am very glad to be in America and with American people." Herr Corried drove Madame Cavalleri to her hotel in a cab.—New York American.

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How to Be Cheerful

BY RYAN WALKER



TIRED OF HIM. The Choir Leader—I hear you have seen a pastor South for the rest of the winter. The Deacon—Yes, and for the rest of the congregation, too.



THE PREACHER—Honesty is the best policy. The Bank President—Yes, but it is usually the most expensive.



GAVE HIMSELF AWAY. Mrs. Quizsem—My brother told me this morning that he wanted to get a typewriter. What's the best kind? Mr. Quizsem (absently) like 'em with light hair and blue eyes.



SUITED HIM. Hair Sutor—I wish to marry your daughter. Her father (sternly)—My daughter, sir, will continue under the parental roof. Her Sutor—Well, sir, the parental roof looks good to me.



GOOD NAME. Manufacturer—I call my new paint 'The Good Name.' Visitor—Why do you call it that? Manufacturer—It never comes off.



IT WOULD SEEM SO. Bookkeeper—Well, the boss fired two more clerks today. The old man's getting to be quite an incendiary.