

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY FRANK G. FINLAYSON, President ROBT. M. YOST, Editorial Manager H. LAVERY, Business Manager

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Who put the prod to Cortelyou?

It is "Mayor" Harper now in earnest.

Coal has arrived and the shiverer season is over.

Again that sunshine meter didn't have to work overtime.

The non-partisans seem to have fared fairly well after all.

However, it might have been worse; they got snawed at Sacramento.

Even of rain, remember, there may be too much of a good thing.

Keep your gum boots and umbrellas in working order; the rain isn't over yet.

No tears were shed over the exit of the old council—not that any one could notice.

Maybe Cortelyou milked 'em all that he could and now gives way to a fresh fat frier.

Wouldn't it be funny if Los Angeles had to set up a howl because it got too much rain?

Of course the California winter climate is here yet, but it is under cover for the time being.

This visit of J. Pluvius is not unexpected. Maybe he, too, has been lured by our fine climate.

Los Angeles and San Pedro will shortly be one great city. Only one more move is required.

Maybe Sacramento had a snowstorm so it could be pure once, at least, before the legislature met.

Cortelyou has relinquished the chairmanship of the Republican national committee. About time.

The first job of the new school board should be to heat the new school houses—also the old ones.

The greeting of Mayor McAleer to his successor showed that he is just as good a boiler-maker as ever.

It is no longer "Chairman" Cortelyou, and thus the Republican party takes one step toward decency.

The actress-who-stabs-a-footpad with-a-hatpin has broken into the Los Angeles limelight. A little late, but—

It is hard to conceive whom the pert paragraphs will now bedevil since "Doc" Houghton is no longer in the public eye.

This "burning shame" that Los Angeles feels over its fuel shortage, however, is nothing like as heating as are wood and coal.

The unholy spectacle of the secretary of the national treasury at the head of a fat-frying campaign committee is no longer afforded the country. For which thanks be.

The fact that insanity will be Harry Thaw's defense and that his wife won't rehearse her private life on the stand has taken all New York's interest out of the case.

The astonishing thing about the retirement of Cortelyou from the chairmanship of the Republican national committee is that the party has decency enough to accept it.

The result of the election at San Pedro yesterday is precisely that which The Herald anticipated. The effort of the corporations to throttle the port city is defeated by a vote of nearly five to one.

Mayor Harper announces that his office door will stand open to all desiring to confer with him. Greater men than Mr. Harper have attempted this well-meant scheme, but it is impracticable, and in a few days the mayor is likely to find himself overwhelmed with unimportant callers, from whom he must seclude himself in order to prevent interruption of his business.

It may be true that Red Men's hall, at Sacramento, is an unsafe and inconvenient place in which to hold sessions of the legislature, but that does not give the San Francisco bunch any right to carry the assembly off to their own city. The legislature must meet at Sacramento, as the law requires, even if its sessions are confined to some hospitable theater or church building.

MAYOR HARPER BEGINS RIGHT

Good citizens will find much to commend in Mayor Harper's inaugural message, printed in full in today's Herald, and bad citizens will discover therein not the faintest basis for hope or encouragement in the curiously-formed notion that a "wide-open town" is imminent.

Mayor Harper begins right. In unequivocal terms he states his position upon the leading local questions, and there will be few indeed to contravert him. As a matter of fact his entire message is one of good cheer and honest faith in the expressed will and ambitions of the people of Los Angeles.

The new mayor naturally begins with a declaration of his full approval of the Owens river water enterprise and the suggestion that nothing should be undertaken now that would interfere with the success of that project. This means that he will devote his best thought and energies to the realization of this enterprise.

He wisely and emphatically announces his opposition to any proposed extension of the present saloon zone and any proposed increase in the number of saloons in Los Angeles. In other words, he is not in favor of a "wide-open town," but on the contrary, as a good citizen, burdened with the responsibility of executive affairs, prefers to see this great city remain where it is, in that respect, with no opportunity afforded for any worse conditions.

On the question of public utilities, Mayor Harper of course follows the lines of the Democratic platform upon which he was elected. He will, therefore, enforce the laws governing the public utility corporations, just as he will enforce all other laws. He likewise adheres to the Democratic platform in announcing his hope that Los Angeles will shortly possess a municipal lighting plant, a movement which would doubtless prove profitable and serviceable, in view of the large amount of power that will be developed for use by the Owens river water enterprise.

The mayor commends the established system of playgrounds for the children, and declares his purpose to increase and develop our parks and boulevards.

He also favors the speedy erection of a new city hall and new jail.

These constitute the principal points in Mayor Harper's message, which is an admirable one, from beginning to end.

And the people of Los Angeles congratulate Mayor Harper upon the auspicious beginning of his administration. He promises wisely and well. Now let everybody give him hearty support and hold up his hands in the work of pushing forward the greatness and glory of Los Angeles.

EXIT GOVERNOR PARDEE

There are signs of more than usual wrangling by Republican statesmen at Sacramento over the spoils of office. A wrangle preliminary to the biennial scramble for plums handed out by the legislature is in progress now. It relates to certain desirable appointments that were within the scope of Gov. Pardee's authority as he turned sadly from the executive chair and prepared to step down and out.

An outgoing governor not afflicted with political dyspepsia might not be inclined to take advantage of the opportunity to repay political debts by appointments at the extreme end of a term. It would strike any official having regard for the proprieties in such a situation as an unbecoming thing to clutch at the last straw for a chance to use official patronage.

But Gov. Pardee never was troubled with scruples of that kind. From beginning to end he used the executive office for all it would yield in the way of contributions to the fortunes of the governor in his overweening eagerness to obtain a renewal of his lease of the gubernatorial chair.

Probably no governor of California ever left the executive office with such glaring evidence of chagrin as Gov. Pardee manifests. From the time of his failure to secure a renomination he has been unable to disguise the bitterness of his disappointment. Down to a period near the date of the Santa Cruz convention he confidently expected that he would have a "walk-over" in the contest for the nomination, and the awful jolt he received knocked out even his respect for the political amenities.

And now, with the object of "getting square" to the extent of his feeble efforts in the last act of his public career he takes advantage of the opportunity to install certain of his favorites in fat offices, which they may hold in spite of the new state administration.

In bidding adieu to Gov. Pardee it may truthfully be said that no act of his official career was so appropriate as the final one.

San Pedro has again shown itself to be sound and sane by overwhelmingly voting down the proposed freeholders' charter. It is now in position to take another forward step and merge its interests with those of Los Angeles.

That financial crisis that Stuyvesant Fish is predicting sounds a heap like "sour grapes" to one familiar with Mr. Fish's escapades of late.

With Mr. Niles Pease presiding over the new city council there will be no more red-weskit exhibitions.

ANITA Anita, when the shadows stretch out long across the way Just betwixt "school-out" and bedtime, In glad groups and romp and holler, Like all life was just a play-time and the days were made for fun, When the twilight came, resting just the way it used to do.

THE REASON Mrs. Parvenue—I don't see why you have anything to do with your neighbors. They're no usefully common. Mrs. Parvenue—I know, but they've got a telephone.

Yes, indeed, you're lacking from it; what if night comes dim and cool And the morns are sweet and misty? Just that you're away at school Takes the gladness from the evening, and the gladness for morns that come In the knowledge of your absence are all leaden-winged and glum; Only just the wee, wee babies seem to get joy from their play, And their laugh don't ring as happy as before you went away.

Only just the little babies, only just the little tot, On uncertain legs zig-zagging off across the meadow lot, Doesn't seem to brood about it, brood that you are out afar, Where the mighty halls of learning and the homelike moments are, For the babies, for morns that come that older heartstrings try, And drop trouble with a giggle for a painted butterfly.

But the old and young and babies send good will afar to you; All the loved and near and dear ones, and the ones you scarcely know, When the umbel-colored shadows stretch out long across the way, Just betwixt school-out and bedtime when the twilight comes, resting just the way it used to do, Miss Nomer—Augustus seems very wretched when he's himself, Miss Cutting Hintz—Oh well, Augustus was always very simple in his tastes.

Now they don't speak. Miss Antiqua—He told me that he fell in love with me at first sight. What do you think of that? Miss Quatigue—He should have taken a second look.

A SAD DILEMMA. Ethel—So you want to break the engagement? Well, you might as well—just send back the ring. Gladys—Easy enough. Why, I can't for the life of me remember which of these rings is his.

Best Set of Teeth \$6.00. Males Dentists. Open evenings till 9:30; Sundays 9 to 12.

CROWDED SCHOOLS

Superintendent Moore reports to the board of education that, with respect to the crowded condition of the public schools, "Our situation today is worse than it was when the last bond issue was asked for."

This is not surprising to the people of Los Angeles, who contended aggressively that the new school buildings be constructed and utilized at least one year ago. Recently about a dozen new schools were opened, and the superintendent says that most of them were filled to overflowing on the first day.

Now come the old cry for more room—more buildings—and perhaps more bonds.

On this latter question the superintendent makes three recommendations, namely: First, an annual levy; second, a bond issue; third, the sale of downtown school properties.

The Herald will be opposed to any more bond issues for the erection of school buildings. Two years ago The Herald urged upon the board the establishment of a building fund, in the nature of a sinking fund, for such purposes, and it supported the last bond issue with the distinct proviso that some other arrangements be made in future to keep pace with the growing demand for more school buildings.

We are now again confronted with the necessity and the same old proposition. Happily the superintendent has two other suggestions, which may subserve the purposes desired without resorting, as of old, to bond issues. An annual levy could meet the emergency, and the sale of downtown school properties would be of assistance.

Certainly more room is required to meet the overcrowded condition of our public schools, but there must be no bond issue.

EXIT GOVERNOR PARDEE (Continued) There is no longer any room for discussions as to the place of woman in the busy world of affairs. She is there, apparently, as a matter of course, and the average observer is one of benevolent toleration, if not approval. And, undoubtedly, much of the change from active opposition to friendly tolerance has resulted from the changed attitude of women themselves. They no longer assume the air of beings set apart from the vast majority; they do not feel called upon to assert their independence by discarding all feminine graces; instead they try to emphasize the fact that intellectual activity is not at variance with grace and charm.

Two American girls sat facing each other this summer in a second-class compartment on their way to Hamburg. Suddenly one leaned over and said: "You'll pardon me, I'm sure, but I must speak to you. You're wearing a pin that marks you as a Wellesley girl, and I'm one, too."

That was introduction enough, and they were soon in eager conversation, exchanging notes on college and European experiences.

"I've spent most of my summer in Vienna," said she who had first broken the ice, "taking a course with the best nerve specialist in Europe. It was fearfully expensive, and as a result I'm going back second cabin. I'm rather dreading the experience."

The Woman Physician's Looks Her new acquaintance stared. This was the unexpected, truly. This girl, a physician! She was more nearly the society type. Of a delicate blonde prettiness, her blue eyes and curling, fair hair were emphasized and heightened by a traveling suit of gray and a hat to match, with a touch of pink in the trimming. She was well-boiled and well-gloved, a girl to be looked at with distinct approval. And a physician!

"Well, you don't look it," blurted out her bewildered confidante.

"Not like the woman doctor of tradition, I assure you, but like many others it happens to know," she returned. "I took a course in Philadelphia after leaving Wellesley, and now am physician in a Southern school for girls. But in a year or two, when I'm on my feet again financially, I'm going to

PROPER FROCKS AND FRILLS FOR THE BUSINESS WOMAN

Why Clothes Should Be an All Important Consideration as a Part of Her Capital, Indicating Correctness and Prosperity From the New York Evening Post.

At a recent holiday luncheon of a well-known woman's club, two members in charge of the seating watched with interest a tall, thin woman of possibly thirty-five or forty who passed by them to the cloakroom. She was clad in what might have been the stage make-up of an "advanced woman," the traditional woman suffragist of the last century. Her suit of black serge was the extremity of tailor-made severity. A shirtwaist, stiffly starched, with black four-in-hand, a black felt hat gutless of trimming, and a pair of heavy calfkin boots, made a costume so startlingly mannish that it did not need the short hair under the hat to complete the illusion. She was the one inharmonious note in a very attractive symphony of color and graceful outline. Modish frocks and picture hats, corsage knots of violets and orchids, perfume, lace, the sheen of silk, all sorts of feminine frippery, were in evidence. The black serge was out of the key.

"I happen to know who she is," said one of the women who watched her. "She was a class behind me in college, and a very brilliant girl of remarkable character. She came to college later in life than the average student because she had earned her own money by keeping books in a Maine lumber camp for several years. She is now a lawyer in town, doing very well, and making some money and reputation. But I do wish she wouldn't go to such extremes in dress." And the speaker glanced at her own dark blue velvet rather approvingly. "Just because she makes her money in the law rather than by some less modern method, is no excuse for not adhering to the prevailing fashions."

"But, think," rejoined her companion, "isn't it interesting to note that among all the women here today, most of whom earn their own 'cakes and ale' she is the only one inappropriately dressed? We've nearly all the professions, and even some trades represented, and not another mannish creature among us."

And it was indeed true that no supercilious, uninitiated masculine spectator had there been one, would have guessed that these were not women of infinite leisure.

There is no longer any room for discussions as to the place of woman in the busy world of affairs. She is there, apparently, as a matter of course, and the average observer is one of benevolent toleration, if not approval. And, undoubtedly, much of the change from active opposition to friendly tolerance has resulted from the changed attitude of women themselves. They no longer assume the air of beings set apart from the vast majority; they do not feel called upon to assert their independence by discarding all feminine graces; instead they try to emphasize the fact that intellectual activity is not at variance with grace and charm.

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stern private practice, specializing in nervous ailments.

"It was great fun in Vienna," she went on, warming to her subject, "where I was the only woman student in the class, to watch the European attitude toward me. I took good care to look well as a rule, and even in the dissecting room, and gave much thought to becoming frocks for gala occasions. At first the men were unfriendly, but in the end I had their respect and liking. You know, to my pretty lithe girlish looks, to show the world that I've not grown into an oddity, and consequently I rather overdo than underdo the frivolous."

That she is not the exception can be corroborated by any one who knows the younger generation of women physicians. One New York doctor, with a large and steadily growing practice, makes a special study of artistic dressing, and it is a delight to the eye, as well as a healing to the body, to see her enter a sick-room. Not strictly beautiful, she is so gentle of manner, so soft of speech, and so becomingly groomed that her very presence is a tonic.

"I wonder if she knows that brown is her color?" asked the brother of one of her patients, as she left the apartment in brown broadcloth and seal-skin. Undoubtedly she did, and just as undoubtedly she guessed that the brown she wore was not her own, but being summoned to attend that same brother, by his own special request, some weeks later.

The truth of the matter is that the "eternal feminine" persists, despite new departures and changed conditions. And the steadily growing number of pretty frocks, and becoming hats, and takes a keen interest in fashion-plates, no matter what the occupation of the wearer. When the doctor or lawyer, teacher or business woman, fails to love her own dress, and scorns furs and furbelows, then, and not until then, will pessimists need to worry about the disappearance of the "womanly woman."

Even those who affect the tailor-made, do not despise cut and fit. If the critical observer who watched the young lawyer at the club luncheon had commented upon the costume in detail, she would have admitted that the black serge was built on correct lines, and that the gray and black, and the shoes were of the best. Indeed, the women who dress in this extreme fashion, in deference to what they consider the conventions of their calling, are often sternly illiterate, and have no aptness for their studies. They put time and thought into the purchase of their severe garments; they demand quality and precision of fit, and make up in neatness what they lack in grace. The writer has in mind two charming women of the passing generation, who, until falling health forced them to retire, conducted a successful private school, and were a power in their community. Their inclination, religious training and profession, all led them to choose plain clothes, and yet, unostentatiously dressed as they were, the purchase of those same clothes entailed more anxiety moments than the most empty-headed dame of their acquaintance spent upon a whole season's outfit. Should their winter suits be dark blue or black, of broadcloth or serge, was a matter of prolonged discussion, and one could scarcely satisfy the aspirations of a committee of ways and means to determine, through the greater experience of the younger teacher, whether their new furs ought to be Persian lamb or black lynx. It was a rare delight to watch the elder of the two gravely revolve before you to ask your opinion of her newest gown, which, to all intents, might have been a replica of its predecessor.

The business woman of today knows the value of clothes as an asset in her occupation. It is nonsense to suppose that a man regards the woman in business as he would her masculine counterpart. Refinement of manner, dignity and grace of bearing, becoming and appropriate clothes, are distinct factors in conducting business transactions. Other women, as well, are influenced by them; they indicate prosperity and tip the scales in favor of the woman who possesses them. He has taken the professional and business woman many years to discover what the actress knew instinctively, but now that she has waked up, she is not doing things by halves.

It is extremely enlightening to hear two teachers planning to open a private school, sinking their little capital in a "do-or-die" attempt to make it a success financially. There was comparatively little said of educational

methods and courses of study, but much of such mundane things as clothes.

Costumes as Capital "We'll have to spend a good deal on clothes," said the older, a woman nearing fifty, who in well made gowns looked distinctly "to the manner born." "I wear black, as a rule, black of the very best, broadcloth for school and the street, silk, with some real lace, when we're 'at home' to parents, with an occasional creation in gray for receptions. You must put to pretty, bright things, by way of contrast, and special-look in browns and blues."

Does this sound like a lowering of ideals, and the commercializing of education? It is really very far from it. Both women had the highest standards and were prepared to make those standards actual facts in their school, but both were women of wide enough experience to know that the realization of their ideals meant money; that the necessary money would come only from a large number of pupils, and that external were needed to impress parents with the advantage of their school over others. The gowns were a harmless and necessary means to a most important end.

QUESTION OF EX-PRESIDENTS The story of Mr. Roosevelt's desire to enter the United States senate is a story of long standing. The White House is still in circulation. Meanwhile, Mr. John Bigelow renews and presents in pamphlet form his argument under which retiring presidents shall become senators without further delay. "Each senator shall have one vote." This is a proposition to overthrow the principle of state equality in the senate, without the acceptance of which the constitution itself would have failed of adoption. Objections to this change are not met by Mr. Bigelow's argument based upon differences in state populations.

It was because there were big states and smaller ones that the rule of two senators each was fixed. Representation on a popular basis was left to the other house of congress.

Until the last spark of jealousy between states shall be extinguished by a bi-partisan hope for Mr. Bigelow's scheme entire. General consent might be obtained to a proposition that former presidents should sit as honorary members and advisers of the senate. But this position of limited usefulness would scarcely satisfy the aspirations of a man like Mr. Roosevelt, leaving the presidency as he will do at 51, still full of strenuous impulses and ideas.

Had it been arranged at the beginning of the republic that retiring presidents should become senators, there would have been in the chamber during the period of 1861-62 five members of this class—Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan. In 1825-26 Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe would have been sitting. The east is a man like Mr. Roosevelt, leaving the presidency as he will do at 51, still full of strenuous impulses and ideas.

NEW WRINKLE FOR LAUNDRY "Some of the householders in this neighborhood have struck a new wrinkle in the management of their domestic affairs," complained a Broadway laundryman. "They have their clothes washed at home and bring them to us to be ironed. That is quite a revolutionary proceeding. To get clothes washed at a laundry and ironed at home is a common enough arrangement, but to turn the transaction the other way about is comparatively new. It strikes the laundryman as a queer proposition.

"When the washing is done the sloppy part of the work is over, and the ironing ought to be a matter of little inconvenience. However, to save gas or for some other inconceivable reason we get a number of ironing orders every week, although we charge almost as much for that as for the whole job, it is hard to see how our customers gain anything by the arrangement."

"It doesn't seem to have occurred to you," said one of his patrons dryly, "that they may like your ironing much better than your washing."—New York Globe.

Everything you want you will find in the classified page. One cent a word.

Pi-Lines and Pick-Ups

Rainfall A little rainfall. Now and then. Is relieved by The driest men.

"A little"; yes, but When it falls In bucketfuls, And comes in squalls,

The best of men May somewhat curse— You'd hate to hear What say the worst!

No wonder the man who is handed a lemon is sour on the world.

This rain is fine for the men who are still on the water diet—if there are any left.

A nine months' baby in St. Louis talks like a grownup. A girl, of course.

Jeffries says his wife doesn't interfere with his affairs. Sometimes it is a fine thing to be the world's boss slinger.

The kind of diplomatic corps that Storer now belongs to is a corpse.

Orange—What side of the cow do you sit on when you milk her? Lemon—The outside, of course.

A Pittsburg doctor has tattooed a bluish on a woman's face. Any woman who lives in that town needs to blush all the time.

Hope She Doesn't Support John John Opp and Miss Lina Pillars were married by Rev. W. E. Boetticher—Cadiz (Ohio) Democrat.

Canary birds are now quoted at \$5 an ounce. And you can't eat 'em, either.

A London doctor says music draws man from drink. Most music would drive the average man to it.

Living may be higher now, but that doesn't bring us nearer heaven.

Clocks went up 10 per cent January 1. Time is more precious now, y' know.

The president has failed to make San Francisco fall on its knees, but he may make it fall on its Japanese.

"What is viler than the smell of liquor?" asks a W. C. T. U. delegate. How about limburger?

There may be sermons in stones, but not many preachers find "rocks" in delivering them.

What's a good talker compared to a good stopper.

Funny: when a man shows his teeth, he's angry, but when a woman shows hers she's pleased.

Palm—Why do coins contain a woman's head? Pepper—Doesn't money talk? Well—

Philadelphia has a filtration scandal. Philadelphia needs filtered water, but it needs filtered politics worse.

An eastern prophet says all the rivers will dry up in two years. But all prophets won't.

This Root gossip about his being the next New York senator looks like another cabinet change.

Back to the Live Spots Charlie McKinnon has once more resumed work after a two months' vacation, spent with his parents in Scranton, Pa. While in the east Charlie had a good look at the famous liberty bell of revolutionary history, that he had read so much about. The east is all right, Charlie thinks, but when it comes to downright good times, he says, give him Dover and Sherodsville any day.—Carrollton (Ohio) Free Press.

A Kentucky man aged 85 is to wed. Someone must have warned him about marrying in haste.

A New York woman has been driven mad by her own music. How about her neighbors? Let 'em hear from them.

Marie Corelli says woman is not ready for suffrage. No; often she is not ready for dinner.

The Wise Man (Smoother Goose's Melodious) There came a man to our town, And he was eastern wise; He bought himself a big sunshade To save his bloomin' eyes.

But when he went the sights to see It poured with might and main, And so he put his sunshade up As shelter from the rain! —W. H. C.

HARNESSING A RIVER The railroad dams contrived and built to turn the Colorado river back into its course have at last succeeded after several failures and a profuse expenditure of money, expert skill and hard work. The flow into the remarkable Salton sink is checked and the very considerable body of water which has accumulated in the great depression, which stretches from United States territory into Mexico, is now evaporated in the course of time unless it is further replenished. The lake now covers hundreds of square miles of desert to a depth that varies from ten to one hundred and twenty feet, and is a feature of the far southwest which provokes thoughtful persons to meditation. Some of them strongly favor its retention by co-operation of the United States and Mexican governments on the ground that it has proved exceedingly beneficial to the climate of the whole southwest of the United States and of Northern Mexico. The rainfall, it seems, has been abundant and beneficent beyond precedent in that region during the last two years, and crops have been raised by its help where it had not been supposed that crops could be raised without irrigation. The theory is that the influence of the new Salton sea has made it possible for the rainclouds from the Pacific ocean to cross the desert, whereas aforesaid its blasting heat used to dissipate them, leaving arid lands beyond them that never get a drop of their share of rain. This is an interesting theory and will doubtless get the full investigation which its importance merits. A very stout string will be tied to the Colorado river before it is let out of its course again, but if there is a profit in having part of it maintain a great lake in the Salton sink instead of running into the Gulf of California, the diversion can doubtless be arranged and managed now with safety under competent restriction. The river has shown what it could do. Perhaps it was worth doing.—Harper's Weekly.

Tea Room Chitchat

FIVE FEROUX.



LET HER OUT. Miss Uglimug—I'm going to become a trained nurse. Miss Quatigue—Why? Miss Quatigue—Miss—I said it stated that 80 per cent of unmarried men fall in love and propose marriage to the women who nurse them through never of heart.

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