LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY
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Population of Los Angeles, 300,000

Erin go bragh!

St. Patrick, God rest his soul!

"The Wearin' o' th' Green!"

Saint Patrick's day in the morning.

Isn't it a wonder—this mining edition?

The Thaw trial, it is understood, will end April 1. Is this a joke?

This is the day we celebrate, because there is no snake in Ireland.

And now they say that gold has a smell. Is that why fortunes are tainted?

These days are fine for street building. Might try it, if this assertion is doubted.

What you don't know about mining you can learn from The Herald's big mining edition today.

Maybe some of that water that is flooding Wall street comes from those wash sales you read about.

The steel trust is so prosperous that it makes one wonder if "steal" is not the proper way to write the name.

It takes nine tailors to make a man—but more than that to compel him to wear gray if he doesn't like the color.

No, the bonds that the San Francisco labor unions are buying are not the sort that Abe Ruef wants and can't get.

An Illinois saloonkeeper, converted, poured $1000 worth of booze into the street. What a toot the microbes must have had.

Between floods, railroad wrecks, mining disasters and shootings the pages of the papers these days have rather a gory tinge.

That Mexican who thanked the judge who sentenced him to be hanged again vindicates the reputation of the Latin races for politeness.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls is silent now, but the brass band that heads the St. Patrick's day parade makes up for it.

As fire has been added to the other terrible consequences of auto speeding, perhaps the mad chauffeurs will be a bit more careful hereafter.

Los Angeles' clearings increased 19 per cent last week. It is very evident that Wall street panics have no more influence here than do Wall street blizzards.

And it is still true, as the sons of Erin love to sing: "Ireland was a nation when England was a pup, and Ireland'll be a nation when England's swallowed up."

The opera is over. It was not wholly a financial success. Perhaps next time the managers will leave the quarreling to the singers and conserve their dollars thereby.

Better live in a so-called "semi-arid" region, where water is obtainable when wanted, than in a wet country where it flows ten feet deep through a city's streets when not wanted.

If one of your friends is exhibiting sundry bumps and humps on his anatomy these days, don't worry; he is probably only the victim of rehearsals for the coming Shriner circus.

Mayor Schmitz fired one of his police commissioners because he, the fiddler-mayor, expects another street car strike in May. The fiddler seems to be fomenting trouble again, as usual.

Senator Spooner, who quit the senate because he was "too poor to remain," will now try to make a fortune at law. In other words, after helping make laws, he proposes to show how to dodge them.

The Salt Lake road, being unable to conquer the Meadow valley wash floods, proposes to build around them. There is a hint here for the Southern Pacific in its Salton sea fight. Man can do much, but nature is still supreme in her own domain.

Pulling off fast trains doesn't seem the legitimate way to induce sufficient travel for the railroads to reimburse themselves for the cuts to 2-cent fares. One would imagine that adding to the attractiveness of journeys would induce more liberal travel.

NEVADA AND CALIFORNIA

The Herald takes pleasure in presenting today the first opportunity for a real public insight into the marvelous gold fields of Southern Nevada and their bearing upon the interests of Los Angeles and Southern California.

It is a great story, requiring near a hundred pages of today's issue to properly depict, together with the necessary accompaniments of illustration, of advertising matter and the general news of the current twenty-four hours. It is a story which will entertain and instruct, and The Herald takes some pride in being the first Los Angeles newspaper to present an adequate view of the tremendous enterprise growing out of the gold-camp developments of the past year.

California and Nevada are one in sympathy of historic association, and in the fact that the soil of both has largely enriched the world and is still enriching it. For it must be remembered that until 1861 Nevada was a part of California, being popularly known as "the Washoe country." The famous Comstock lode was discovered there in 1859, a mining property which produced as much as $39,000,000 in gold bullion in a single year, and its rich deposits led to the formation of the territory, deriving its name from the Spanish, Nevada, signifying "snow-covered." Nevada was admitted into the Union as a state on October 31, 1864, and until recent years has had a long, hard and at last successful battle in overcoming its scanty rainfall by irrigation and in developing the greatest and richest gold mines ever encountered in the world.

A new day for Nevada has dawned. The marvelous gold deposits unearthed by the discoverers of the Comscock lode has been followed southward and southeastward through the state, observing the general direction of the southwestern boundary line into Arizona, and it is now known that the same character of deposit runs all through the state and far southward into Old Mexico. Goldfield, Searchlight, Rhyolite, Bullfrog, Lee and a hundred other cities and towns have sprung up within the last three years from the mining camps that are today astounding the nation with the marvelous riches of their fields of gold and the wonders of their progress into the metropolitan class.

These are some of the reasons which actuated the management of The Herald in attempting to make public a general view of the amazing development of Nevada, along with the glorious growth of the mother state of California. Going forward hand in hand, it would be strange if California—especially Southern California—were not proud of Nevada; proud of her activity, energy and enterprise; proud of her colossal schemes of irrigation and of mining; proud of her progress, and particularly proud of her people, who are mostly Californians born, but now patriotically Nevadans.

In the brief period allotted the mechanical features of today's Herald, it was impossible to prepare and present all the matters of moment to the extent originally planned, but after all a sufficient amount of information has been collected and printed to demonstrate that the new mining cities of Southern Nevada must hereafter engage the earnest attention not only of Los Angeles but of every state in the Union and every country in the globe.

Rich beyond the power of description in a single issue of a daily newspaper, developing by leaps and bounds, growing at a rate so rapid that those unacquainted with the west cannot conceive of it, the Nevada cities and towns are at once marvels of discovery and wonders of triumph over the forces of nature.

The Herald congratulates Nevada upon her sudden good fortune and bespeaks for her people the good will of the world. The time is fast coming when she may rival California in population and power, but always she will be recognized and honored by this state as a true daughter of the Golden Coast.

NO LOVE SCHOOL NEEDED

That proposition of a Chicago man to establish a school of courtship and lovemaking is about as foolish an idea as has been exploited in many a long day. It is quite fitting that it should come out of the Windy City; perhaps that town, now being the divorce center of the world, feels that almost any project to influence and expedite matrimony is justifiable, but to the world at large it looks like the wildest flight of fancy.

Lovemaking abilities are inherent in all mankind, and little development is required when one meets his or her affinity to bring them to the perfection of effectuality. God has endowed every form of creature, from the protoplasm up, with the power to make a choice of a mate, and no schooling is ever required when the crucial moment comes, to enable him to bring those powers into action. He may be, if a human, bashful, diffident and shamefaced; but he manages if he really loves the girl to inform her in some fashion or other; and in each individual case there is no possible way of improving upon his own particular method of conveying his desire. Every creature is a law to himself in this crisis, and the pedagogue who would attempt to direct the course of true love by rule of three or according to the standards of "reading, writing and 'rithmetic" would have a harder task ahead of him than has he who would turn journalists out of a collegiate mill, made to order and superior to the brand which learns the business because it can't help it; because it "sleeps on paper and eats ink."

Of course there cannot be denied the fact that the average man who goes to make love to a girl is about as awkward and foolish in his attempts as can be imagined. He is a ninny, a fool, a coward and a loon. And possibly—for the sake of argument let it be admitted—he might say his little say gracefully, poetically and with due sense of the stage settings, were he drilled by some dry-as-dust school master in the elements of the art. But when he did his devoirs according to copybook rule, and made his declaration on bended knee as his instructor had duly trained him, would the lady of his devotions be half so much edified, or would it carry a fraction of the same weight to her heart as does now the stumbling, halting, stammered plea, often made with blush and confusion profound? Would she have the same regard for its sincerity? Would it prove as true and honest and convincing, as earnest and compelling? Hardly. It would be about as joyful as is the impassioned argument of the stage leading man to the lady whom he may evn hate, and yet whom, in his histrionic art, he must win and wed.

And, too, would not a machine-made love plea prove as disappointing in another way—would it not deprive the lady of that exquisite sense of doubt and uncertainty, that joy of gently urging yet coyly deprecating which to her is half the supreme ecstasy of the affair? How could she subtilely lead on through the mazes of confusion into the safe harbor of acceptance a man who glibly recited a connoted lesson in phrases not from his heart but instilled into him by his preceptor? It would mean the death of romance, the destruction of love's glamour; it would make lovemaking an art and proposing a matter of mechanics.

A bas the love school; we'll none of it, save of that ancient institution presided over by old Dan Cupid, whose one art is of archery and whose one lesson is of hesitancy, shyness and sweet though uncertain surrender.

A SEASON OF GRAND OPERA

Two weeks of the best grand opera ever heard in Los Angeles have just closed; and the various impresarios, managers, backers and treasurers are now figuring out how much they lost during the fortnight of melody. In dollars and cents the amount will not be nearly so great as was deemed necessary at the beginning of the season, but that it will be writ in red on the wrong side of the ledger by practically all concerned seems inevitable.

Grand opera is an exotic, at best; it is not a self-propelling proposition. It is for the few; to the general it is caviare. One must have a musical instinct or a cultivated taste to understand and appreciate it and money to attend it. The combination is rather a rare one, hence grand opera's public is limited. Even the wondrous money reported made by Conried and Hammerstein in New York is too often the chimera of some press agent's imagination; the opera there is heavily subsidized and is backed by the millionaires who have social prestige—or want it—and who make of the season one grand society function, as little related to music as is their horse show to equines. The music lovers are relegated to the galleries and the rich go in fine raiment and Golcondas of jewels to gossip and chat. There are enough plutocrats there to divide the expense of this amusement, and to afford keen rivalry among their women folk in the sartorial display; so grand opera is looked upon as a gold mine by the promoters.

But all of that is different here. We have no idle rich class, save as it is composed of tourists who come from the east for a season and who find in the wondrous charms of this outdoor life a welcome surcease from the amusements—whether they be balls, operas or what not—to which they are accustomed at home. Any opera company that comes here must appeal to the musical element and must do so through main strength and sheer ability. And the appeal must be long and persistent and engineered with the highest skill. Too many gold bricks have been passed out in the name of grand opera to make Los Angeles overly quick to accept unknown quantities.

The San Carlo company came on the strength of a few high names and good reports from the east. Its advent was badly handled, and after a vicious quarrel among the managers, who did, or thought they should control its destinies, it was dumped into an utterly inadequate place to which Los Angeles promptly and emphatically refused to trek, seeing that Los Angeles built for just such affairs the finest building of its sort on earth. And this was proper.

Then, when the warring elements began to lose money hand over fist, they patched up a truce and put the company where it belonged; but too late. The mischief had been done. People were suspicious, wary and disgusted. They had stood in line for one set of tickets; now they had to do it all over again, and several times. They refused, in large measure, and as no season reservations had been made, no hold could be kept on them. The natural result followed.

Los Angeles must not be blamed for the financial results of the opera season; it is no fault of this city. Los Angeles supports everything lavishly that comes properly handle and is worthy. This company was eminently worthy, but a more wretchedly mismanaged and wholly inadequately manipulated affair was never pulled off here. Los Angeles became weary of the petty tactics of her local managers and wroth with the traveling representatives before the first curtain went up, and naturally it took the first week to reconcile it and smooth its ruffled front.

Next season Mr. Russell hopes to fetch his singers back here. He can come with the strongest assurances of success. But let him come with his season well managed and properly placed.

WORRY UP NORTH

The San Francisco bosses of the legislature succeeded in paving the way for a popular vote on the capital moving question, but that was an easy job. It was necessary only, as reported, "for the chieftain of the Southern Pacific to order his satellites to move the seat of government, and they did what they could."

Even that comparatively easy feature of the job, however, has disclosed thorns in the pathway that are causing anxiety to many of the statesmen who rushed the removal scheme through the legislature. It is intimated that the methods of persuasion or coercion employed in pushing the bill were of a character that calls for investigation by the Sacramento grand jury.

But it is hardly worth the powder for Sacramento to "go gunning" for legislators who yielded to the demands of the San Francisco influence in favor of removing the capital to Berkeley. It is not strange that the sweeping legislative vote for the change has caused anxiety in Sacramento, but the decision rests with the electoral, not with the law-making, power of the state.

Notwithstanding the power of the San Francisco political gang, it is doubtful if a majority of voters in the northern part of the state would vote for the building of a new capitol structure at Berkeley or elsewhere. The question of cost would be a bar to an affirmative vote on the proposition. The northern communities are strangers, generally, to such prosperity as those of the southland enjoy, and they will not relish the invitation to chip in a few million dollars of their hard earnings to fatten the official leaches of San Francisco.

Sacramento may be assured that Southern California will kill that capital moving scheme so that it will be as dead as the late Rameses of Egypt. It is safe to say that when the proposition comes to a vote not one southland voter in fifty will indorse it.

Still, even that gold discovery doesn't seem to make Sacramento any stronger as an attractive place for the state capital. The average state legislator would rather continue to get his gold in the same old way—via the Southern Pacific.

Los Angeles should be careful in sending out men to take the dirt off the streets. If these men are at all in earnest most of the streets will disappear. They are all dirt.

General Booth says he takes all the tainted money that comes his way. Dr. Wash Gladden won't soil his hands with it. Who does the more good, General Booth or Dr. Gladden?

Mining is a perfectly legitimate industry, and the purchase and sale of mining stocks is and should be equally good. Exclude the fakers, and keep it so.

Mr. Harriman, it is said, has become loquacious. But money always did have the reputation of talking, and certainly he has the money.

A bit of shamrock from the ould sod; 'tis the flower for the day.

It is usually the man with the one-story salary who tries to put on the three-story front.

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Now comes an equally large stock of it in FORTY-FOUR-INCH width at a dollar a yard—only 25c more than you paid us for the 21-inch goods.

This offering is made possible by the purchase of a mill's entire supply after the season's orders had been filled—we paying just one-third of the regular wholesale rate.

All in moire effect. Full assortment of colors, street and evening shades, as well as white and black.

Some shown in window.

THE RUSH TO THE CITIES

Within a few years, according to estimates of the census bureau, 50 per cent of the population of the United States will be domiciled in cities of 8000 inhabitants or more. This, of course, is based upon the present movement of population in this country. Everywhere the country is being deserted and cities are growing altogether out of proportion. Good cause for alarm may be found in this prediction, for most of the discontent in every age of the world has had place in urban populations. Life in cities seems naturally to give birth to ideas of unrest. Revolutions have always originated in towns, whereas country-bred folks are slow to join them. This is because in the country people are better satisfied because they are better off. They may lack some of the devices of civilization, but their life is more complete in the essential details.

But these advantages do not outweigh those of urban life, and so more and more men are leaving the farm to make their living in the cities. They are not content to live in comfort, but are eager to have a try in the markets, where they hear that millionaires are made overnight. Work on a farm is remunerative, but, after all, it is work, and the cities offer to the few who succeed the possibility of living without work. As a matter of fact, the rich in the city do not really live without work. Their work is wearing and continuous, but the farm lad cannot understand that. He pictures to himself an existence in restaurants and motor cars, and thinks all he will have to do when he reaches the end of his ambition is to eat, drink and be merry.—Chicago Journal.

TRUSSES

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MAN'S PROPER DIET

In the course of a racy lecture delivered at the Workingmen's college recently on "The Care of the Body," Prof. William Osler said that milk was the original food of man and contained the four things necessary—fat, curd, sugar and salt, all dissolved in water.

Dr. Vere Mitchell had once showed the lecturer a robust looking patient, and Prof. Osler remarked: "He looks as if he had been living on the fat of the land." "No," replied Dr. Vere Mitchell, "on the fat of the cow." That patient had a five years' milk diet, except on Sundays, when his wife insisted on rice pudding. Many people got on without meat if they took porridge, which was as good as meat. If vegetarians would eat their vegetables and say less about it, they would do well. Many vegetarians were not as robust mentally as physically. People often ate too much meat, especially if they ate cereals as well.

Alcohol, Prof. Osler said, was quite unnecessary. If all the beer and spirits could be dumped into the Irish channel, the English channel and the North sea for a year people in England would be infinitely better, and it would, of course, solve almost all the problems that philanthropists, physicians and politicians had to deal with. "If," the lecturer continued, "on the second day you dumped all the tobacco into the sea it would be good for you and hard on the fish." Tea and coffee, like alcohol, were also really not necessary, and, in fact, disturbed the furnaces of the body. Taking them was a matter of habit.

Proper diet, no spirits, very little beer, tea and coffee, plenty of fresh air, and lots of good, hard work—these were what was needed in life.—London Tribune.

Animal Observations

BY WALTER WELLMAN

MR. JENNINGS' FIGURES

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14.—[Editor Herald]: Referring to an editorial that appeared in The Los Angeles Herald of March 7, under the caption "Some Population Figures."

As your comment is made on the figures given out by the California promotion committee, it is but right to state that the figures as given out by this committee were given to it by the Los Angeles chamber of commerce, the postmasters, town clerks and secretaries of commercial organizations within a fifty-mile radius, and the figures for the same radius in the San Francisco district were obtained from similar sources.

It is unnecessary for me to state that this committee does not issue any figures or information that cannot be substantiated, and all statements made by it are absolutely not only unbiased and unprejudiced, but with the idea of presenting conditions in all parts of California fairly and impartially.

Trusting that you will give this letter publicity in order to correct any false impressions that the editorial referred to may have created, I am, cordially yours,

RUFUS P. JENNINGS,
Chairman.

REMINISCENCE

You kissed me goodby, Felice,
And smiled (but your eyes were wet).
Creature of charm and caprice,
You kissed me goodby, Felice.
In the hour of old Love's release,—
The stage for a new scene was set.
You kissed me goodby, Felice,
And smiled (but your eyes were wet).
—N. M. Wagerman in Bohemian.

"What is the difference between electricity and lightning?" asked the teacher of her class.

"Lightning is free," replied little Jean, who lived with his parents in a modern flat.—Pele Mele.

"KAYSER" GLOVES

"There is no mystery about the "KAYSER" glove. Quality Fit and value, that's all.

The genuine have the name in the hem, a guarantee ticket in every pair.

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