

CONTRACTORS SAY OUTLOOK IS GOOD RENEWED ACTIVITY IN BUILDING ENTERPRISES

Data for April Indicates Over a Million in Valuation for the Full Month—Tabulated Statement

Indications are strong that the month of April will go over a million in valuation of improvements and will be easily classed with the record months of the past year in building activity.

Statistics from the office of J. J. Backus, chief inspector of buildings, for the month to date show that 313 permits have been issued, authorizing improvements valued at \$448,256, against 361 permits and \$526,831 in valuation for the same period last year.

Tabulated Statement Following is the official classification of improvements in Los Angeles from April 1 to date:

Table with 3 columns: Class, Permits, Value. Rows include One story, Two and a half story, Churches, Sheds, Foundations, Brick alterations, Frame alterations, Demolitions.

Improvements by Wards Below is the statement of improvements in the various wards of the city for the week ending April 13:

Table with 3 columns: Ward, Permits, Value. Rows include First ward, Second ward, Third ward, Fourth ward, Fifth ward, Sixth ward, Seventh ward, Eighth ward, Ninth ward.

Principal Building Permits Following are among the leading permits granted during the past week:

- List of building permits including: Avenue Twenty, 401 North—Ross Pump Co., city, owner and builder; alterations to building; \$5000. Cashio street, 1668—Wm. Peterson, at lot, owner and builder; alterations to residence; \$400.

ORNATE FRONT FOR BROADWAY STORE



GIRL REMAINS TRUE TO CONVICT

"Because Law Branded George Bowditch Is No Reason Why I Should Forsake Him," She Says

Special to The Herald. KANSAS CITY, April 13.—Day by day, from early morning until late at night, seven days of each week, Miss Dessa Mott, a slender, dark-eyed girl, frail and sad looking, is working in a little restaurant on East Thirteenth street, between Main and Walnut streets, to earn money with which to establish a home when her sweetheart is released from the penitentiary.

Money Soon Disappears

Bowditch had some money, but he was in trouble, and this little hoard was soon eaten up in attorney fees. More money was needed to fight his case. Things looked blue for the young man, but at this juncture the girl bravely came forward, declaring her intention of earning money with which to free him. She went to work in the restaurant and during her long, tiresome days of labor worked with ardor. She had an object in view, and this she never once forgot. Her diligence attracted the attention of her employer, and when she asked to be allowed to work extra for the little more pay it might offer she was given that privilege. Every day she called at the county jail to offer encouragement and brighten the spirits of the man she loved. At the time of the trial she had saved \$46 from her earnings. She had skimmed, saved and overtaxed her strength to acquire that money and had even denied herself some necessities, but it was with a spirit of happiness that she gave the money over to the attorney.

Back to the Restaurant

The girl turned and walked slowly away and a half hour later she was back to her work in the little restaurant, and her sweetheart was speeding toward Jefferson City.

EAT TOUGH BOILED OWL TO KEEP FROM STARVING

Special to The Herald. PRESOTT, Me., April 13.—Many a man has at times declared he was "hungry enough to eat a boiled owl," but there are few cases on record where a man has actually made good the boast.

A trio of trappers, Peters, James and Northrup by name, actually lived on owls for three days last week and, although the diet made them ill, they were glad enough to get the food. The men were living in a temporary camp and had exhausted their stock of provisions when a heavy snowstorm came up and prevented a trip to civilization for more. For a single day they went hungry and when the second dawned and there was no let up in the storm they were desperate.

"There are a couple of owls sitting close in the top of that hemlock by the spring," James reported late in the afternoon, "and I suppose we might eat 'em. They're mighty tough, but I don't know's they be."

LOVE BREAKS WIDOWS' UNION AGAINST WEDDING

Special to The Herald. COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., April 13.—George M. Irwin was appointed by the court to arbitrate the difference between Mrs. Nellie B. Hewitt and Mrs. Columbia Ann Robbins. Their case is one of peculiar interest and has engaged the courts here at intervals for years.

BULLDOG ATTACKS ITS IMAGE IN A MIRROR

NEW YORK, April 13.—Ernest Bennings of Rutherford, N. J., owns a bulldog which has more combativeness than brains, for it attacked its own image in a mirror yesterday. Bennings and the dog passed a house at Rutherford from which a family was removing; various pieces of furniture were on the sidewalk; a mirror of heavy glass leaned against the wall. Seeing the dog in the looking glass the bulldog growled and showed its teeth. Of course the dog in the looking glass answered the defiance by baring its fangs.

DYED DOG DIDN'T FOOL ROUNDSMAN

Special to The Herald. NEW YORK, April 13.—In his lonely tours through the Wakefield precinct, which takes in Woodlawn cemetery and the remote parts of the Bronx, one policeman has a faithful dog for a companion.

"You're wrong, he's dyed," said the roundsman, and he proceeded to deliver such a lecture that the policeman shed tears and vowed that never again would he render himself liable to a complaint.

UNCLE SAM SEIZES A BIG DOG AND NOW HE'S SORRY

Special to The Herald. NEW YORK, April 13.—Chained in the bonded stables at No. 598 Washington street is a great dane, which, on the attempt of Dr. A. Joseph Lapenta, of No. 230 Grand street, Brooklyn, to import it for the recent Madison Square garden dog show, fell into the Sam's dog keepers will breathe easier.

Two inspectors caught Dr. Lapenta leading the dog ashore one midnight from the French steamer ship, Roma, from Marseilles, berthed in Brooklyn. They seized the doctor and the dog, locking up the latter in a room on the pier. Next morning the great dane attacked two day inspectors. After that nobody could go near the dog and his foam was flung through a window for two days.

RAFFLES WRITES

Talks Right Out from the Shoulder and Says Words That Are Spoken

I want to know what kind of a heartless, soulless fellow you are! That is why I am appealing to you through the columns of this newspaper. I have been trying to get you to leave the narrow rut of life that you are now traveling in and to enter the broad way of wealth and happiness. It is a cinch that you are the most adamant proposition that I have yet bumped up against; still, I will not complain. I am going to keep right on doing missionary work just the same, if I spent every cent I own in the world, trying to turn you into the path that leads to fame and fortune. I want you to study very carefully the lessons taught on page 9, part II, of this newspaper, and after you are through I want you to write and tell me what you think of it. Yours truly, M. E.

PIG SWALLOWS SPOON DUTTON BELIEVED STOLEN

Special to The Herald. DENVER, Colo., April 13.—Henry Brady's pig was not born with a silver spoon in its mouth, but died with a silver spoon in its stomach.

Brady is a politician by trade and raises a few pigs on an Arapahoe county ranch for pleasure. Sam Dutton, the industrious end of the Albany hotel firm, is his friend and lets him have for the Brady pigs a limited amount of the Albany hotel "pig food," which is gathered at the rear of that hostelry.

Mary Moriarity was a kitchen servant at the Albany until a few weeks ago. Silver spoons had been disappearing from the kitchen. One day Sam Dutton, by design, sent to Mary an even three dozen spoons to be cleaned, and when they were sent back another spoon was missing. So the ever-careful Dutton paid off the poor girl and told her he had a notion to call a policeman.

Mary was broken-hearted and went her way in sorrow and in tears. She has a sick sister and aged mother to support and until recently had been unable to find a job.

But hogs will be hogs, and the Brady specimens are no exception to the rule. One of Brady's swine, after swallowing a few gulps of the Albany "pig food," became ill. Brady was informed that the animal was dying. He paid a local veterinarian \$1.25 to diagnose the case. No results were obtained, so the animal was killed and opened. In his stomach were found two silver spoons, the edges chewed over like the leaves of a wilted flower.

Brady says that when a pig can't tell the difference between a solid silver spoon from the Albany and the remains of an Albany steak it is time for Dutton to stop having such hard spoons. If the spoons, he says, were made softer and more pliable they could be distinguished by the pigs from the steak remnants. Dutton says Brady doesn't know a good steak when he sees it. Brady says he eats at the Albany, and the friendship of years threatens to be broken.

Brady kept one of the spoons as a souvenir and returned the other one to Dutton, who gave it to the reporter. The sequel to the story is that Dutton found it matched in design the spoons he gave to Mary Moriarity to wash, and that her story must have been true, as it went to the refuse and waste in the slops, thence to the pigs.

So Dutton, kind of heart and just above all things, forsook a banquet at the Albany and journeyed out to the end of the Welton street car line in search of Mary. He took with him a nice basketful of relishes for the sick sister and the poor old mother, he brought Mary back to work again and placed her in a more important position which pays \$2 more a week than the place from which she was so unjustly dismissed.

Dutton says all the spoons missed probably went to the Brady hogs, and Brady, having consulted the veterinarian once more, says all the hogs, without being killed, can be operated on and the spoons extracted if Dutton will pay the bill.

RANG ALL THE BELLS TILL HE FOUND NORA

Special to The Herald. NEW YORK, April 13.—If James McFadden of Elizabeth, N. J., had been a policeman he wouldn't have got in trouble when he called on his sweetheart, Nora Campbell, at 111 West Sixty-eighth street. Shortly after 8 o'clock all the bells in the house began ringing. W. Neally, the landlord, went to his door and heard some one going upstairs. At each apartment the stranger asked "Is Nora here?" Neally became suspicious and called up police headquarters, saying burglars were in the house.

A few minutes later the reserves of the West Sixty-eighth street station started hotfoot for the scene. While a dozen bluecoats surrounded the house as many more hurried upstairs. At the fourth floor they were met by Mrs. Arthur Moreland, who wanted to know the trouble. When the police told her she led them to the kitchen, and pointing to James said: "There is the man you are looking for."

James began shaking like a dicebox and asked the police who rushed at him with drawn clubs what they wanted him for, while Nora held on to his sleeve. Explanations followed by Mrs. Moreland saying that this was James' second visit to the city and that he had become confused in the halls of the house. Then all laughed and James handed out a bunch of cigars to the policemen.

"He's having a hard time with his love making," said one of the cops on the way back to the station house.

GAME OF POOL DECIDES WHO WILL MARRY GIRL

Special to The Herald. TRENTON, April 13.—William Britton and Edward Hill of this city, two electrical workers, last night finished a pool contest for the love of their mutual sweetheart, and Britton won the girl. Their sweetheart is a party to the arrangement, both men say, and she will marry Britton as soon as the wedding arrangements are completed.

Both men came into a local poolroom last evening with J. Howard Johnson, who was the referee, and on whose decision the girl rested her future choice. Britton won the first game by the score of 25 to 23. Hill won the second game, 29 to 18, but Britton duplicated this victory in the third game and won the girl.

Neither man would disclose the identity of the woman who consented to so strange a wager. Both men declared that the contest was for the young woman's hand in marriage.

Hill said he would be the best man for Britton at the wedding. The girl was not a spectator of the tournament.

WILL ABOLISH OIL INSPECTOR

SOME OTHER DEPARTMENT MAY TAKE CHARGE

Councilmen and Others Making Personal Fight on Blackmar, Who Antagonized Some Improvement Associations

The latest move of the city council is to fall in line on the plan to abolish the office of oil inspector with the understanding that the duties shall be taken care of by some other department. Such will be the recommendation to the committee of the whole.

Inspector Blackmar has, it appears, earned the enmity of some of the improvement associations which now regard him as an obstacle to clearing up the districts where it is sought to go away with wells, derricks and tanks. President Pease of the council stated before the committee yesterday that he believed Inspector Blackmar's course was calculated to cause friction rather than harmony in bringing order out of chaos in the northwest.

Leigh Tornion, an official in one of the improvement associations, declared that Mr. Blackmar had actually refused information concerning the situation in his district and, disregarding the city ordinances, had renewed the licenses of some wells for three months.

Councilman Clampt, who has been active in fighting the present inspector, feels indifferent as to whether the board of public works, the police commission or the fire commission takes charge of the oil inspection as long as one of those bodies oversees the work.

Both Councilmen Wren and Blanchard, who are insurance men, say that unless prompt action is taken by the city insurance rates may be disturbed. The majority of the committee decided to recommend the abolition of the office, leaving the question of jurisdiction for the whole council to settle on Monday.

The Happy Family

Mrs. Scragginton (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an item which says that full-grown rhinoceroses cost \$12,000 apiece. Mr. Scragginton (meanly)—Oh, yeah! And isn't it a pity that women can't wear them on their hats?—Start out.

She (coming down late)—Why do you wear that yachting cap. You are never on a yacht. He—Why do you wear that watch? You are never on time.—Bohemian!

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