

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY
OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES
Founded Oct. 2, 1872, thirty-fourth year
Chamber of Commerce Building.
TELEPHONE—Sunset, Press B; Home, The Herald.
The only democratic newspaper in Southern California receiving full Associated Press reports.

GOEBEL'S GHOST.

If we may judge from recent press dispatches Republican party managers are more or less uneasy lest the ghost of the late Governor Goebel, victim of a brutal political assassination, should rise to trouble them in the approaching presidential campaign. It seems that at a most opportune time a man named Sanford, whose father is alleged to have been killed by Goebel, has been, by the mouths of remarkably thimorous witnesses, found to have induced one Igo to fire the fatal shot. Taylor, the most widely advertised fugitive from justice in America, the man who was expected to be the beneficiary of the murder, and who, since soon after its perpetration, has been under indictment in Kentucky charged with participation as instigator and procurer of the crime, is now reported to be busying himself to float the Sanford story for all it can be made to be worth to him and his protectors.

Taylor, it will be remembered, was the individual who, having been defeated by William Goebel for the governorship of Kentucky, was counted in by fraud and took possession of the state house at Frankfort under protection of a horde of cut-throat mountaineers from the Kentucky feud counties, hastily enlisted as militia. Goebel contested before the legislature, and when it became apparent that his contest would be successful it was determined to kill him. He was shot from a window of the executive office as he was about to enter the legislative building. Taylor, the usurping governor, was charged with instigating the crime, fled to Indiana, where he has since resided under protection of a succession of Republican governors who have refused to honor requisitions for his surrender. Taylor, fugitive from justice in Indiana, was a Republican delegate from Kentucky to the Philadelphia convention in 1900 which nominated the McKinley and Roosevelt ticket. He was brought there by a route traversing only states with Republican governors, who had been "seen" in advance, and so escaped arrest on the way. The disgrace and defiance of justice and the constitution, involved in Taylor's presence as a member of that distinguished body, did not seem to occur to the party leaders and manipulators, who, on the contrary, treated him rather as a hero. His personal comfort was carefully looked to. Neither then nor since, as far as known, has he lacked the cheerful rattle of dollars in his jeans. The Republican national committee, or people close to it, immediately took deep interest in the welfare of certain persons who had been officially connected with Taylor just before and at the time of the murder, and they were well provided for. This was especially true as to one or two who were credited with careless statements to friends to the effect that the assassination had been discussed in the executive office two or three days in advance of the fact.

There are several reasons why a revival of public interest in the case of Taylor, fugitive from justice, might be inconvenient to the Republican campaign managers next year. The national organization was too visibly mixed up with the effort to shield the escape and insure his ability to defy the law and authorities of his state not to now feel an earnest desire to overlook the occurrence and have it forgotten by everybody else. Organized protection of a prominent party member accused of and indicted for the most atrocious political murder in our history would not constitute good campaign material from the Republican viewpoint, and, from "higher up," the influencing of a Republican governor to defy a mandatory provision of the constitution of the United States, thereby flagrantly violating his oath of office, would not be a nice thing for general ventilation. The second paragraph of section 2, article 4 of the constitution reads: "A person charged in any state with treason, felony or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another state, shall on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled be delivered up, to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime."

A more villainous instance of malversation of justice in the interest of political partisanship is not to be found in American annals. Indeed it is so outrageous that the wonder is it so long has escaped vigorous denunciation at the hands of President Roosevelt, whose clear insight and illuminated political conscience have led him to see and hit almost everything else. But even yet there is time for him to make a few remarks on the subject, should he consider it judicious so to do.

President Roosevelt will issue a proclamation of admission to Oklahoma. He says his private opinion about the constitution is not fit for publication. No one ever expected him to approve of a document he didn't write.

BOODLER WILSON

If The Herald needed a reason for its attacks on Boodler Wilson as a member of the state board of railroad commissioners other than its sense of duty to the people and itself that reason could be found in the shameless and brazen cheek of the man as exemplified in Thursday's proceedings in the graft trials. No man of normal makeup could face such an ordeal and not feel the blush of shame struggling to his face. In his direct testimony this discredited man said: "I owed my appointment to Ruef and George Keane, and when I could no longer be faithful to them I meant to resign from the board. I owe my appointment as candidate for railroad commissioner to Abe Ruef. Mr. Herrin tried to give it to Eddie Wolf."

Neither the jury or the public will believe Wilson on this point, but it serves to show up the true shallowness of the thing called "honor among thieves." Ruef, to whom Wilson would be loyal or leave the office, deliberately sold the whole "bunch" for safety to himself and Wilson now holds office confessedly by Ruef's friendship.

The depths of moral turpitude developed in these trials are almost past belief. If Wilson was loyal to Ruef as a supervisor and would resign rather than not cover Ruef's interests, is it not reasonable to believe that as Ruef procured his appointment as candidate for railroad commissioner he will now obey the behests of Ruef? And if this is true—and he swears to it—what can the merchants of California expect at Wilson's hands if their needs conflict with Ruef's interests?

Granted that Ruef was to the fore in getting the nomination for Wilson it still remains true that the Ruef interests were the Herrin interests and that what Herrin desired Ruef was certain to bring to pass.

But the original wrong against which we inveigh, and shall continue to do till it is righted, is that Ruef not only is still a member of the state central committee of the Republican party and one of the executive committee of that body, but Wilson is still a member of the state board of railroad commissioners, and yet both are repeatedly and under oath self-confessed felons, freed from the just punishment of their mean crimes only through turning informers on their accomplices. Eugene Schmitz in convict's garb manfully facing in silence the inevitable might wake a feeling of pity in some men's hearts for his condition, but these cowardly rogues who robbed right and left, and then sought the protection of the outraged law by informing on their fellows in crime can find no hole in any walk of life into which their entry would not breed contempt for their dastard acts.

And the pity and shame of it all is that this same Wilson is now in one of the most honorable positions in the gift of the people of California, confessedly placed there by the schemes of Abe Ruef, and no public man, from the governor down, will raise voice or pen to save the people from the shame of it. California is indeed humiliated.

THOBURN'S VISION

BISHOP JAMES M. THOBURN of the Methodist Episcopal church, speaking to a missionary gathering in Portland, Oregon, Thursday on the subject of Asiatic immigration, said: "Tens of thousands will come to us. We may as well try to sweep back the tides of the ocean as to keep them out." Making due allowance for the remarkable enthusiasm that has dominated this man's life among the Chinese, Japanese and Hindus there yet remains great truth in part of his statement. He has been in these countries as a missionary bishop for many years and recognizes what he calls the "world-wide movement of the nations" in the threatened oriental immigration. From Bishop Thoburn's viewpoint such immigration is sure to come as the direct will of God in the matter, and therefore no act or movement on the part of occidental peoples can stay them finally. This of course is the viewpoint of all religious bodies, and good men respect it as such, but there is an element in the human heart as old as the race, called self-preservation, and all history tells of its successful application under circumstances similar to those now enveloping this question, and the truth remains that the native peoples of all civilized countries have ever denied all but a limited and carefully guarded citizenship to aliens, and then only under circumstances such as cannot in these days be duplicated.

It is not possible to get men to believe in the providence of God that would ruin the people of America to benefit the people of Asia, and if we eliminate the divine from the proposition common sense teaches that alien peoples cannot mix and maintain a stable government.

The struggle for life and happiness is keen and continuous in this land for all who are here and the millions yet to come from Caucasian countries, and to invite certain ruin by taking in the alien hordes contained in eastern countries is more than any religious belief can bring sensible men to do.

Millions of Asiatics will come here if the American people permit them to, and that millions are looking to come now is true, as the good bishop says; but that we cannot keep them back and cannot refuse them admittance is wholly a Thoburnesque view of the matter, and will not affect the stern determination of all creeds and classes to bar the oriental out that the occidental may live. What goes with a hurrah in a missionary meeting would be difficult to recognize after it had come out of a workmen's meeting, and all that is in human nature and human law compel the people of America to defend their heritage from trespass or entry in any form calculated to imperil it by the alien hordes of Asia.

The Methodist Episcopal church is very strong in numbers and militant for great good on the Pacific slope,

but it is certain that if its membership of business men were polled Bishop Thoburn could not get a corporal's guard to vote for unrestricted oriental immigration, and but few to vote for immigration even with partial restriction. The American people may not sweep back the tides of ocean, 'tis true, but they may and will sweep back the tides of coolie immigration, Bishop Thoburn and his visions to the contrary notwithstanding.

"IN SWAMPUM"

THE return of the Mississippi sheriff of old, who tried to serve a warrant and could not, "in swampibus" or stumps, non est comestibus," suggests the absence from the body politic which will be characteristic of the president for a short while. This time he does not affect the wild and woolly mountain region where once he was a rancher and the baddest kind of a deputy United States marshal—that is, for rustlers and "sich." Be it remembered that His Excellency is of southern extraction on one side, and a thing like that is well to remember in seasons of unusual political interest.

So, the silly period over, with the roar of the Oyster Bay roar oyster still in his ear, the nation's pride hies him first to Memphis, to teach the catfish a whole lot that Izaak Walton forgot, and then to the Spanish moss-laden cypress swamps of Louisiana for real sport. Let us hope and trust that he may have enough of it to be expressed in the higher mathematical term, "oodles." In the damp, dank and dark recesses of the Pontchartrain littoral he can find everything to his taste. As he wades through the rich swamps of Chalmette there perhaps he may see the footprints of his illustrious prototype, A. Jackson, and find himself much in the same plight as the hero "on that great and glorious day." By the way, as Chalmette, the scene of the battle of New Orleans, is much affected by families of tourists, often with children, there would be a chance for Mr. R. to get a shot at a lost Teddy bear. But the real fun will come when the outfit hikes back to Plaquemine, or wherever it is to be. There nature is to be caught with the goods. The fierce wild deer come up to the plantation gates for hocke cake just as did the other deer that the president tells about, and killed, in a similar act. There are cats of the Thomas, pussy and pole varieties to be encountered with traps; and then, think of the alligator! To be sure, there are not many left, but the principle is the same; besides, it is now a close season in Louisiana for alligators under six inches. But, then, there are pigs and sheep here and there, and frogs, and a real dead game sport need not perish for want of meat. In the meantime the nation will worry while our Little Rough Riderhood is in the forest liable to be attacked by a wicked Teddy bear!

The lord bishop of London roundly scolded the rich in New York the other day. He declared the growth of Socialism and Christian Science due to neglect of stewardship of wealth and the sound principles of Christian healing. Socialism has shown a greater growth in England than in America. Christian Science has gained considerable footing there. Wonder if J. Pierpont Morgan or Henry Clews thought to call the reverend prelate's attention to these points?

That was a pitiful plaint heard in the court room at San Francisco when Railway Commissioner Wilson declared he had been promised by the railway bribers \$12,000 and had received only \$10,000. Do these self-confessed boodlers know no shame?

Lillian Russell is said to be hard up, which reminds us that many of our best rewarded players, improvident in youth, have trouble with the wolf in their old age. Of course, however, this does not reflect upon the perennially juvenile Lillian.

That new battleship will be called the North Dakota instead of the New York, but as North Dakota has a strict prohibition law it probably will be christened with artesian well water.

The fact that the Jamestown exposition has proved such a financial fizzle will go a long way toward preventing the government from making ill-advised loans in the future.

Marconi is making more promises of sending ethergrams without wires. If he will fix it so the telegraph trust can send some telegrams with wires he will do some real good.

It is said the council will be asked to pass an anti-cigarette ordinance. If someone only would introduce an anti-freak legislation ordinance it would help some.

Perhaps those burglars who robbed the house of a local coal man remembered last winter's prices and thought their larceny only retributive justice.

One of the prisoners in police court yesterday is named George Skirte. You can't pronounce it without the aid of a pinch of snuff.

Cleveland ministers are talking of forming a union. It is to be hoped this is not the precursor to the eight-hour sermon.

Doesn't Boodler Wilson's case prove beyond all doubt the necessity of the recall in the constitution of California? It begins to look as though Fairbanks can't even be elected delegate to a church conference.

ALL ABOARD!

Said the boarding house keeper, "Ah, me! I should love to sail over the sea, but I never can go on the ocean, and so I must always land lody be."

"Though this boarding house may be my pride It is not like a ship on the tide, Yet I notice today there is one stowaway! Right here, on the star-board side." —J. A. Strawton in Harper's Weekly.

LATE BOOK NEWS

ONE of the commonest experiences in the mental life of the average man is irritation at his inability to remember what so tremendously amused him yesterday. He knows it was funny. He even grins at the recollection of the grin that is gone. And yet he can't for the life of him recall the cause of it all. Just recall how often you have said, "I wish Thompson told a perfectly killing story at luncheon yesterday; I can't just think of it now, but it was a screamer." It looks almost idiotic in cold type—a statement like that—and yet it is a commonplace for most of us. The reason lies for the psychologist to fathom; the irritation remains and should make popular such a book as Good Stories from the Ladies' Home Journal (Henry Altemus company, Philadelphia), which, to no uncertain point, is pretty sure to contain the anecdote that you have forgotten.

The Ladies' Home Journal is one of the most popular magazines in the country, and one of the most popular departments which it has ever run was that devoted to the good stories, the bright jokes and the sparkling anecdotes which its readers in every nook and cranny of the United States—in busy and up-to-date New York as well as in keen Kansas—have heard and sent in to the editors. Thus the magazine has procured the cream of the living humor of the American people by a special arrangement with the publishers, the present attractive little volume includes the very cream of that store.

Good Stories from the Ladies' Home Journal. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus company.

In essaying to give place within the brief compass of thirty-four pages to the authors of "the pure gold of nineteenth century literature," Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale university has, of course, omitted many names which many of his critics, no doubt, will think should have been included in his list. The poets whom he establishes in his hall of fame are Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Byron, Shelley and Tennyson; the writers of prose, Stevenson, Dickens, Thackeray, Austen, Elliot, Hardy, Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Lamb and Landor. He devotes only a page or two to each author whom he deems representative. At the end he says:

"There is only one period of English literature that can compare in creative activity with the nineteenth century, and that is the Elizabethan. But that age found its chief expression in the drama; while the age of Victoria bewilders the critic fully as much by the splendid variety of its literary production as by its extraordinary excellence. Poetry, fiction and criticism—in these three great departments the last century reveals masters." The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature. By Professor William Lyon Phelps. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

In "The Romance of a Mystic Ring," Constance M. Allen has given us a love story, the jewel of the ring, set in the solid gold of so-called occult and mysterious truths, practically demonstrated. The author has aimed high and if she has not struck the mark she has, at least, fallen far short of it. It was Cyrano de Bergerac who said that a man "to hit the moon must aim at it," and Cyrano's philosophy has found in Constance Allen an enthusiastic devotee.

In her introduction the writer explains the interest that she has in the subject. "I have endeavored to present the fact that many of these occult and mysterious truths are capable of practical demonstration; and that the struggles and sacrifices of which they are largely made up, are not altogether unprofitable. Such experiences refine our sensibilities as well as broaden our charity and invite tolerance to all. Living in harmony with the laws of human kindness and sympathy, the occult forces which surround us are the better able to shape our destinies into smoother and happier lines. Science has not exhausted all. And not only that, but science recognizes that there are many existing facts, so far not altogether demonstrable, which are gradually coming to our knowledge."

The book is a distinct and valuable addition to modern transcendental literature. The thread of a delightful love affair runs through the story and serves to hold the interest to the end. The Romance of a Mystic Ring. By Constance M. Allen. Los Angeles: The Baumgardt Publishing Co.

In his preface to "The Better City," the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Los Angeles says: "In the following pages a study has been made of a particular city—the one which the writer knows best—in whose welfare his life is bound up. While discussing the problems of this city, he has had a consciousness that he was discussing the problems of city life in general. For while every city has its own peculiar problems, every city life in all its essential features everywhere the same. The average modern city expresses its highest ideals in terms of greatness: Greater New York, Greater Los Angeles. It is the purpose of this book to concentrate thought upon the ethical ideal—believing that a city may become as noted for its righteousness, its moralities, its virtues, its artistic life, as for its material resources. A better city means a better

country. May we each have a part in the building of the Better City." The Rev. Mr. Bartlett's book contains much of interest to the sociologist, whether he resides in Los Angeles or elsewhere. It is the religious history of a community, so far as that religion has made itself manifest in the public service. It is the story of a constant endeavor for the social uplift of the people, for the betterment of conditions among the poor for political honesty and decency, and its record of accomplishment is a lengthy one.

Perhaps the chapter subheadings epitomize the book's contents as well as may be in the brief space available. They are: "The City of Our Lady of the Angels," "The City Beautiful," "Civic Betterment," "Social Centers," "Women's Work," "The Child in the Midst," "Positive Temperance," "Seeking Health," "The Non-Partisan," "Industrial Life," "Organized Religion Socialized," "The Other Fellow."

The book is copiously illustrated and both text and illustrations go to prove that Los Angeles is an admirable place in which to make a home. The Better City. By the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett. Los Angeles: The Neuner Company Press.

"Exercising in Bed" is the novel title of a new book on physical development, recently published by the Edward Hilton company, San Francisco. The author, Sanford Bennett, is one of the athletic "remarkables" of the present time. He is 67 years old, and though, as he explains in the opening chapter, he did not begin his working out of his physical salvation until he had reached the age of fifty, at which time he was very much of an old man, he has effected in these seventeen years is complete rejuvenation. It is interesting to note that his measurements are identical with those of the pugilist, Jimmy Britt.

Another curious thing to be noted, about the system, is the fact that it is in reality a lazy man's one. Everywhere, throughout the book, it is impressed upon the reader that "these exercises are all performed in bed, under cover of the bed clothes." The book is tastefully bound in cloth and contains fifty-six inserts illustrating all the exercises posed by the author within the last year.

Exercising in Bed. By Sanford Bennett. San Francisco: The Edward Hilton company.

BOOK WORLD NOTES

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in October the fourth edition of Einar Svedenborg's theological works in thirty-two volumes. This is the first complete edition of Swedenborg's theological works and the first edition of his works published in this country.

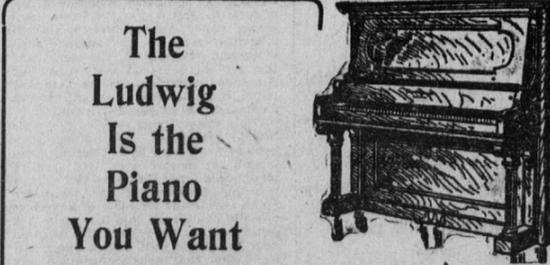
Cyrus Townsend Brady's new novel, which H. F. & Co. will publish under the title of "The Blue Ocean's Daughter," goes back to the revolutionary time for its setting. Mr. Brady probably never made a heroine so folksy as the girl who controls the destinies of the American merchantman in this story. The book is appropriately illustrated by George Gibbs.

Readers of Prof. Percival Lowell's book, "Mars and Its Canals," which was published last winter, have awaited with interest the results of his observations of the planet in the last six months, when the conditions have been favorable for further discoveries. A condensed statement of these results communicated by Prof. Lowell to the English periodical Nature has just been called in this country. Prof. Lowell asserts more positively than ever before that Mars is the abode of intelligent constructive life. Observations of the polar ice caps of Mars have confirmed his theory of their origin. A notable result of the season's work at the Lowell observatory is a series of successful photographs of the planet yet taken.

Among the interesting announcements for fall is one to the effect that Agnes and Egerton Castle will have a new book ready—"My Merry Rockaways." The Castles are known as rapid workers, yet it is more than two years since their latest book, "If Youth but Knew," was published. As they have for many years been among the authors whose works are assured in advance of popularity, it may be that the long interval will have served to whet the appetites of their readers.

George Sylvester Viereck's first work in fiction will appear at once under the title of "The House of the Vampire." This is a very powerful story, symbolic of literary symbolism in much the same way that Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is symbolic of the dual nature in man. It is a remarkable work in many ways, chiefly in its insight. Mr. Viereck, by the way, holds that most great writers, from Shakespeares down, were, in greater or less degree, vampires.

An important biography is just announced for publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this autumn in "Augustus St. Gaudens: A Memorial," by Royal Cortissoz. This handsome volume will contain a memoir of the great sculptor and a study of his work by a distinguished art critic who was his intimate friend. It will be illustrated with fine photographic reproductions of St. Gaudens' work. These publishers will also bring out "More than a Young Man: Personal Religion." It is a book that men would be particularly valuable in the hands of one who has to discuss with an intelligent group of hearers some of the many phases of religious and social life. In their consciousness of utterance, depth of spirituality, and the directness of the personal appeal to readers, it would be hard to excel these short addresses.



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AMUSEMENTS

THE CHUTES Admission 10c Lehigh Investment Company. VENTURA DAY at Chutes park, SUNDAY, SEPT. 29, '07. SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE VENTURA CITY BAND, L. SANSONE, DIRECTOR For the occasion the citizens of Ventura have arranged a special excursion. Last appearance in Los Angeles of the beautiful and fascinating GILMAN SISTERS Sisters of the famous Mabelle Gilman, who married Corey, the Steel King MISS DARLINE COLE, the world's greatest female baritone soloist.

Balloon Ascension by the Daring Leroyez. Sensational High Dive by Reckless Lewis. Slide for Life by Signor Peppi. The Great Trunk Mystery by "Wayne the Wizard." Visit Heidelberg Castle, the largest summer garden in the world.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 29, ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY OF JOE GANS The conqueror of the white race. Sunday and Monday, Oct. 6 and 7, German Days at Chutes Park.

COMING ATTRACTIONS "FIGHTING THE FLAMES" "WILD WEST SHOW." MASON OPERA HOUSE H. C. WYATT, Lessee and Manager. Matinee today 2:15, last time tonight, Joseph Grismer and Wm. A. Brady present

THE MAN OF THE HOUR By GEORGE BROADHURST. Prices: 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. SEATS SELLING For the engagement of the distinguished English artist, OLGA NETHERSOLE Supported by her London company, including FRANK MILLS MISS NETHERSOLE'S REPERTOIRE! Monday, Friday evenings and Saturday matinee.... The Awakening Tuesday, Saturday evening and Wednesday matinee.... Sapho Wednesday evening..... The Labyrinth Thursday evening..... Carmen

ORPHEUM THEATER Spring St., bet. Second and Third. Both Phones 1447. ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE Houdini—The Rupperts—Mueller and Mueller—Guyer and Crisp—Farrell Taylor Trio—Chris Richards—Fred's Monkey Actors—Orpheum Motion Pictures—Fred Ray & Co. Matinee Daily Except Monday. This theater does not advertise in the Los Angeles Express.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE Main st., bet. 1st and 2d. Main 1967—Phones—Home A5137. The Family Theater. THE ULRICH STOCK COMPANY Presenting Dion Boucicault's Great Southern Drama, The Octoroon Matinee Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday. Next week "A Millionaire's Revenge." This theater does not advertise in the Evening Express.

LOS ANGELES THEATER 340 S. Spring St. Phone Main 612, A512. NORTHWESTERN THEATRICAL ASSOCIATION, LESSEES AND MANAGERS. Last Time Tonight of "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL." Matinee Today at 2:15. Commenting tomorrow evening for one week, Matinee Wed. and Sat.

The San Francisco Opera Company In the merry, mingling musical comedy by Smith and Englander, THE STROLLERS EVENING PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c. This theater does not advertise in the Evening Express.

BELASCO THEATER HOME OF THE ONLY HIGH CLASS STOCK COMPANY IN THIS CITY. MATINEE TODAY AT 2:15 THE BELASCO THEATER STOCK COMPANY'S GREAT LAUGHING HIT, The Man From Mexico Nothing but fun—genuine, hearty, spontaneous, fun—lots of it. NEXT WEEK—Henry Miller's notable romantic success, "THE ONLY WAY." Seats now on sale. This theater does not advertise in the Evening Express.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Highest high class stock company in Los Angeles. MATINEE TODAY, PERFORMANCE TONIGHT, LAST TIMES OF "PRINCE OTTO." Next week, beginning tomorrow afternoon, WILLIAM GILLETTE'S FARCE, ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME Souvenir night Monday, when every lady in the audience will receive a handsome picture of Byron Beasley. NOTE—This theater does not advertise in the Evening Express.

GRAND AVENUE DANCING AUDITORIUM Formerly Morley's skating rink, Grand ave., bet. 9th and 10th sts. WILL OPEN SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 28, 7:30 P. M. and continue every evening except Sundays. Free matinee Saturday for children only. Largest dancing floor in California. Admission by card only. Card can be secured at rink. Box office open daily from 8:30 a. m. to 5 p. m. Blue Ribbon Society night every Friday evening following opening. F. LIMOUSE, formerly of Venice and Ocean Park, floor manager. Both phones.

UNIQUE THEATER 619 S. Broadway. HENTZ & ZALLEE, Props. Refined vaudeville. Comedy. Moving Pictures. Ladies' souvenir matinee Wednesday. Children's souvenir and Ladies' surprise matinee Saturday. The Amateurs Thursday evening. Matinee Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday. Evening prices—General admission, 10c; reserved, 15c; orchestra, 20c; loges, 25c.

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