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H. G. LOBBELL, Vice President

J. KARL LOBBELL, Sec.-Treas.

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VESTIGIA NULLA RETORSUM

CLEAR, CRISP AND CLEAN

A MEAN REVENGE

IN spite of the well known fact that all over the United States there are plenty of unemployed telegraphers who could be hired without difficulty, the railroads stick by their statement—one of the most ridiculed but apparently one of the most robust campaign falsehoods ever invented—that there are so few telegraph operators that they cannot hire them for the purpose of putting the provisions of the nine-hour law into dutiful effect. In their projected attack upon President Roosevelt and union labor, the roads have advanced another step. Now they say that railway stations in communities of moderate size will have to be abandoned. The stations that will be affected by the railroad war on Roosevelt and the unions will be those at which there is a population of some consequence, those at which manufacturing plants are established. The stations which the railroads coolly propose to desert in order that the population may be stirred up against the president are those where it is necessary to have night and day operators. These men work in shifts of twelve hours, from 7 a. m. until 7 p. m., and from 7 p. m. until 7 a. m. The night operators at those points handle orders governing movements of trains, and during their twelve long hours of duty fill in the time with clerical work such as expense and way billings. When there are wrecks or washouts or other extraordinary disturbances of the daily routine these men perform exhaustive and exhausting physical as well as mental toil. Even under normal conditions their duties, in addition to tapping the telegraph key and writing messages received, are bewilderingly multifarious.

A man who cleans lamps, sells tickets, keeps account of them, checks baggage, answers a thousand questions, lifts heavy trunks into car doors, keeps posted or rates, looks out for excess baggage and makes the necessary charges, and occupies himself with scores of other duties which have nothing in common with telegraphy, must, at an hour when physically and mentally exhausted, receive and deliver to trainmen orders wherein the slightest mistake would mean loss of precious human lives. It was for the protection of the traveling public, by the removal of the extra risk produced by a brain-fagged and physically exhausted telegrapher, that the nine-hour law was passed. To dodge the law and inconvenience the public at the expense of President Roosevelt and the unions is a mean and petty revenge.

GRATUITOUS ATTACK

ATTACKS on the Bethlehem Institute and Rev. Dana Bartlett are foolish waste of energy. The assailant of such an institution or of such a man merely invites popular rebuke. No one could with sincerity abuse Bartlett and his work. The Rev. Dana Bartlett long ago won his place in the hearts of the good people of Los Angeles, and he needs have no fear that any attack, no matter what may be its source or its inspiration, can shake the faith of the people in him and his noble mission. Dana Bartlett is doing and has done magnificent work for the needy and suffering. The destitute may appeal to him with the certainty of being helped, and the applicant will never be turned away on account of race, religious belief, politics or creed. Any attempt to rob this great and sincere philanthropist of his only earthly reward, the respect, esteem and admiration in which his honored name is held by his fellow citizens, will react upon those responsible for such an ill advised attempt.

ANARCHY—MURDERER

ANARCHY is responsible for another tragedy in Chicago, if first reports are true. One of the dictionary definitions of anarchy is "political confusion." It is the opposite pole from Socialism. Anarchy waves red flags, insists that all government is wrong, offers no substitute for law and would inevitably restore the "old rule and simple plan that he should take who had the power and he should keep who can." There is nothing philosophical in anarchy. It is an outrage on philosophy. There is nothing sane in anarchy. It is madness. Founded on error, grounded on ignorance, fostered by prejudice, unreasoning and unreasoning, unless repressed and crushed out it will repress and crush out Americanism and the American republic. Opposed to all the teachings of Christianity, opposed to all the promptings of conscience, opposed to all the suggestions of reason, opposed to all that is lovely and true and of good report, anarchy would destroy civilized society, not reform it. Socialists hate it, reformers detest it. Radical as well as conservative Americans despise it. There is no place in the American republic for anarchy or its flag. Anarchy would not cure the ills of the body politic. It would kill the body politic and point with idiotic, ignorant pride to the fact that incidentally it had also ended the ills!

The flag of anarchy has no place in the esteem of the American people. It has nothing to do with Americanism, which repudiates it. Social or governmental reformers, and especially Socialists, who have suffered already from the confusion of mind of citizens who mistake them for "Reds" or "revolutionary anarchists," should beware of giving aid, countenance or support to any demonstration in which the honored place of the ensign of the free is usurped by a red flag.

The interests of all Americans who favor preservation of the right of free speech will be best protected by a most scrupulous carelessness on the part of those who are officially interested in parades or mass meetings, to refrain from using emblems that are associated with bloodshed and disturbance, mischief and murder. Americanism protects freedom of speech, but Americanism knows no flag save one—the star spangled banner, and long may it wave.

STILL UNANSWERED

OHIO has adopted an alliterative political slogan, "Taft and tariff reform." The state convention, which has not yet been held but has thoughtfully given out in advance its spontaneous program, will uphold the policies of Roosevelt, pledge support to Taft and declare for a "revision of the tariff along protective lines at a special meeting of the next congress." The revision announcement is somewhat obscure. It may mean that Ohio Republicans favor readjustment and reform of tariff schedules; a reform so radical that practical free trade will be the result, on it may mean that tariff rates are to be strengthened and the country committed to the steepest kind of high protection. When we think of Brother Taft in connection with fiscal or tariff or economic or financial measures of reform we cannot help recalling his not-so-gentle reply to the workingman who asked him what a fellow must do who can't get a job, has no money and is compelled by law to support his family. Perhaps Mr. Taft by this time may have excoated an answer to the inquiry, and if so his American fellow citizens would be glad to know what it is.

By the way, what IS a man, with a family that he is by law compelled to maintain and support and provide for, to do when his savings are exhausted, his valuables are in pawn, his furniture is mortgaged, his house rent overdue and his chance of earning money apparently about as good as his chance of traveling to our lunar satellite on a moonbeam?

A FRIENDLY GROWL

LOS ANGELES HERALD believes in being optimistic, and prints a cheer-up story whenever it can, realizing that that kind of reading is always useful as well as merely amusing, and that it was never as much needed in the United States as it is today. Hundreds of our contemporaries have recently reprinted extracts from our editorial columns, always with credit, and in acknowledgment of their courtesy we make a bow and invite them to help themselves. But it is painful to come across jokes, short stories and paragraphs which are taken from us without as much as a "thank you." We are glad that our friends value wit and humor, and beg to assure them that they are welcome to use ours. By reprinting it they undoubtedly add to the general joy and help along a good cause. But we would appreciate the courtesy if they would tell their readers that the reprinted article or story appeared first in Los Angeles Herald. We have found a number of waifs and strays from The Herald that had been taken in and treated hospitably—in scriptural phrase—but we recognized them merely by their good looks, for they did not wear identification tags. Among friends who entertained our Herald "angels unawares and unacknowledged" the Chino "Champ," and another brisk little breezy paper at Long Beach and several others here and there could be mentioned. But we believe that the lack of credit has been due to an oversight on the part of our hosts, and "we'll let it go at that."

GRATUITOUS ATTACK

There never was more urgent need for right thinking and right acting in corporate and political affairs than now," says Oscar Straus. Special emphasis should be placed on the word "acting." Faith without works is dead. So is right thinking without right acting.



"THE LAW ABIDING CITIZEN."

ROOSEVELT AND BLACK

EX-GOVERNOR FRANK BLACK of New York, who placed Theodore Roosevelt in nomination for the presidency four years ago, has uttered a remarkable series of epigrams, which show that he has had glimpses of the truth, but that he is not one of the altogether-illuminated, for he persists in trying to blame the accidents that have marred American prosperity on one man, instead of on conditions which have been attacked by that man in an outspoken manner that is happily not exceptional but characteristic.

Let us hear what Mr. Black has to say, without for a minute agreeing with him in his reference of the cause of the effects he describes to one man. It is a pity that Mr. Black is still so much of a politician that he has not altogether succeeded in being a social philosopher. But if he will eliminate his personal animus, his conclusions may help Americans to estimate conditions in this critical period of the history of the republic.

Speaking before the Home Market club of Boston, he said: "Un-American doctrines took away the courage of the Republican party and started her upon a career of wandering and hesitation. The decisions of our highest courts are criticised by men who never studied law and by lawyers who never tried a case. Policies consist now of a series of antics. Confidence, the basis on which all friendly intercourse depends, has been finally destroyed. The laborer, deprived of work, is now demanding government aid as the next and legitimate step in this frenzied dispensation. Prosperity, but yesterday at the flood, has leaked away. The most tyrannical trust in existence today is the political trust. High places do not always make great men. Foundations securely laid should not be uprooted in excitement. Plans conceived in the study should not be overruled in the stable. The best is none too good for us, and the best never was and never will be devised by those who do not think."

"Which nobody can deny." But Mr. Black assumes an absurdly illogical condition when he blames the chief executive for results which followed conditions combated by him when he was police commissioner of New York, when he was defeated for the mayoralty and even Henry George polled more votes than he, when he was civil service commissioner, when he was elected governor, and when he became president of the United States. During all of his life Mr. Roosevelt has been a radical Republican. He and his policies have nothing in common with the Republicanism of Blaine and Harrison. But he and his policies have a good deal in common with Abraham Lincoln and his policies, a fact which has not escaped observation and appreciation, expressed in the formation of Lincoln-Roosevelt clubs.

Mr. Black's perverid enthusiasm is ill directed when it is aggressively directed against the president. Mr. Roosevelt cannot be blamed for what has happened. The man who would blame him would have blamed Noah for the flood and would certainly exhibit and illustrate an antediluvian mode of thinking and reasoning. Much that President Roosevelt has said recently has been nothing but old time, true blue Democracy. He has reasserted certain Democratic and American first principles. Mr. Black should have no quarrel with the president because he is honestly outspoken. The fact is, Mr. Black, as far as his attitude to his party is concerned, is a Republican in name only. Mr. Roosevelt, according to Republicans who have found fault with his utterances, is a Republican in name only. If Mr. Black will get rid of his cantankerous delusion that Col. Roosevelt caused the conditions which irritate him, and if Mr. Roosevelt will assume a correct attitude of estimation of his present condition and relationship politically, both Roosevelt the criticised and Black the criticiser will become by declared allegiance, as well as in fact, members of the Democratic party.

NEW SOUTH ABOLITION

THE abolition of the bar room has saved civilization in the south. This is the testimony of Booker T. Washington, who says that the progress of the cause of temperance has been accompanied by progress of the cause of humanitarianism. Many of the atrocities which shocked the country, many of the inhuman, nay, inhuman burnings at the stake, strangulations, cuttings, gradual shootings to death and other cruelties that not only outraged American proprieties, but out-saved savagery, have been ABOLISHED with the abolition of the liquor traffic.

Mr. Washington said that two-thirds of the lynchings and burnings were the result of bad whisky getting into the stomachs of black men and white men and bringing into action all that was evil in their natures.

In Stevenson's greatest story, the tale that will never be rivaled because in it was struck the ultimate chord, and in it was revealed the last analysis of human nature, a powerful drug is the agency which transforms a good man into a bestial man, which disfigures a reputable citizen physically, mentally and morally. The story is an allegory, and the name of the drug is RUM. In the light of this suggestion read it again and you will become an aggressive advocate of every measure of reform that will tend to give good Dr. Jekyll a permanent place in the community and chase out evil Mr. Hyde forever and a day. IT CAN BE DONE!

In the bright lexicon of Americanism there is no such word as "CAN'T"; moreover, there is no such word as "CAN'T." Americanism does not give any encouragement to reformers of the whining canting kind, the men of words and not of deeds, who, according to the old rhyme, are just like gardens full of weeds. Let all who believe in the achievement of the best possible for the best possible country on earth be "up and doing with a heart for any fate." But—there's the rub. Have you a "heart for any fate"? The citizen with that kind of heart is the good American, who, with faith in his country and his fellow men, knows how to labor and also knows how to WAIT patiently for the results that will certainly follow his good work.

Four American educators have been sent at the expense of Uncle Sam to address eight hundred teachers in the Philippine islands. They will surely have plenty of time and opportunity in which to think up their extemporaneous remarks.

When the "imminent and inevitable European war" breaks loose, no one in California will be able to say that he was not prepared for news of it. Professor W. Lutostawski's lectures on the subject have aroused great interest.

Vile liquor sold by bootleggers caused two miserable Morongo Indians to commit murder. They will be punished. The liquor, the liquor maker and the liquor seller, who are the real murderers, will escape scot-free.

Consul General Bellows lectures. Yet he delivers them in an ordinary tone of voice. They are excellent, too. His remarks on "Our Relation with Japan" are timely and interesting.

Contemporary (esteemed, of course) asserts that heraldry has fallen into disuse. Not Los Angeles Heraldry. That is more and more in popular use every day. Nulla vestigia retrorsum.

Enos A. Mills, government forestry official, says that American forests will be extinct in fifteen or twenty years. Not if we plant new forests and do it now.

Seven terrorists hanged in Russia. Three of them were women. That, of course, will put an end to terrorism. (Laughter.)

SPARKS FROM A LIVE WIRE

When the Fleet Approaches

Mizzen Hatch—I think we are nearing San Pedro.

Weather Gaskets—Where away? I see no land.

Mizzen Hatch—Starboard bow, I see two long pennants flowing from a tall flagstaff.

W. Gaskets (takes glasses and after glance)—Oh, wake up! That's Frank Wiggins and his Donegals on the roof of the chamber of commerce.

Ole Mammy's Alarm

It was in a small town in the sunny south. A lyceum entertainment was billed for the evening, and as a magician and slight of hand performer was advertised as one of the principal features an old negro presented herself at the local opera house early and insisted on a seat in the front row of the part reserved for persons of her race, says the Lyceumite.

When the magician appeared he placed a piece of red flannel over a newspaper and read the news through the cloth.

The old mammy began to squirm about.

Then the magician doubled the flannel and read the paper through two thicknesses.

The old mammy turned to her neighbor and said:

"'Lor, chile, I got to get out o' dis." Her neighbor tried to reassure her, telling her the magician would not hurt her.

"I knows dat," she said, "but dis haint no place for a 'spectable cullud lady with only a calico dress on."

Daily Naval Report

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Naval orders issued today were as follows: Commander S. S. Wood, from aid to the admiral of the navy, Washington, D. C., etc., to the works of William Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building company, Philadelphia, Pa., in connection with the fitting out of the Idaho as executive officer on board that vessel when commissioned.

Lieutenant H. V. Butler, aid to the admiral of the navy and additional duty in connection with the general board, Washington, D. C.

Surgeon V. C. B. Means, retired, placed on the retired list of officers of the navy in accordance with the provisions of section 1453 of the Revised Statutes.

Assistant Surgeon E. W. Brown, to the United States Naval Medical school, Washington, D. C.

Warrant Machinist H. Lobitz, from the Pennsylvania to home and wait orders.

Warrant Machinist W. A. Morgan, to the Pennsylvania.

Warrant Machinist J. Fitton, from the works of the Fore River Shipbuilding company, Quincy, Mass., etc., to the Salem when commissioned.

Warrant Machinist R. J. Vickery, from the navy yard at Boston, Mass., to the Birmingham when commissioned.

Movements of Navy Vessels

The Supply is at Guam. The Des Moines has steamed from Hampton Roads for Guantanamo.

The Scorpion, the Porter, the Timney, the De Long, the Blakey and the Thornton have steamed from Charleston for Key West.

The Montgomery has left Key West for Pensacola.

The Cassara is at Hampton Roads. The Arcthusa, the Hopkins, the Hull, the Stewart, the Whipple, the Lawrence and the Truxton have left Talcahuano for Callao.

Navy Notes

Chief Boatswain C. J. Murphy, U. S. N., retired, died at Annapolis, Md., February 24, 1908.

Captain Badger, superintendent of the Naval Academy, was at the navy department and talked with officials about the summer cruise of the cadets. There are to be five vessels available for the cruise, which will begin about May 15 and probably will be made in Chesapeake bay.

OF WORLD WIDE INTEREST

CLOSE OF THE SOCIAL SEASON

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

THIS is Shrove Tuesday. When the midnight hour tolled it sounded the curfew of society for forty days. With the dawning of Ash Wednesday his satanic majesty will take up his long vigil outside the gates of the pavilion of social rest and plan new mischief for frivolity's gay votaries. Shrove Tuesday marks the end of the social season in the leading cities of the world, and from the calm sinking into rest that characterizes the entrance into Lent of the northern cities, to the spectacular court paid King Monus in New Orleans, the passing of the social season is marked in diverse ways.

To the nation in general this third of March will mark the close of the official social season in Washington. The four semi-public receptions given by the president and the first lady of the land are over, the official dinners have been eaten, the musicales have closed and a series of bright panoramas in the big east room, and the family of the chief executive will settle down to a period of well earned rest, for a time at least. "It is perfectly wonderful what the people will undergo and suffer in order to shake hands with the president at the White House receptions," wrote Tom Pender, for many years a member of the White House staff. And "Tom Fen," as little Tad Lincoln affectionately called him, was not far from the truth. The ordeal, however, is harder on the president who must stand in one place for two hours and shake the hands of rarely less than two thousand people. It takes a hardy, outdoor man, such as the present incumbent of the White House, with muscles toughened by tennis playing and by lifting hard-mouthed horses over hurdles, to stand such a test. General Grant, soldier as he was, is said to have suffered great pain in his arm for days after a large reception, while General Washington escaped all such tributes to popularity by never shaking hands at his principal levees.

There have been many other changes since President Washington and Mrs. Washington set up the American court in the mansion of Robert Morris in Philadelphia, which was added to and redecorated for the purpose and rented to the government for \$3000 a year. Here the first president received every other Tuesday from 3 to 4 in the afternoon, his guests forming his circle in the dining room, and passing around to bow to each in turn. He wore his sword and carried a cocked hat under his arm at these receptions when he appeared as the head of the nation, but when Mr. Washington received, he appeared at her levees as a private citizen with the hat and sword conspicuously absent.

But already the desire to have a voice in all matters had become evident in the people. In Washington's second term there were many who openly criticised his bow. It was too formal, and his manner was too reserved! He could be something of a dictator, it is true, for when William Genet refused to enter the executive mansion because a portrait of Louis XVI hung in the hall, offending his republican spirit, Washington promptly had him recalled. Before this, when New York was the capital of the United States and the executive mansion was on the corner of Cherry street and Franklin square, there were many dinners, private theatricals and a few balls, besides the levees, although Mrs. Washington did not care for balls. She preferred her afternoons, where coffee and cake and the first ice cream were served, and quiet dinners with Robert Morris, Benjamin Chew, Edward Shippen and Dr. Rush to enliven her guests.

When "Washington was a city without houses and Georgetown a city without streets," as a witty French traveler described it, John Adams and his clever wife braved the bottomless mud of the roads from the east and came to the unfinished White House. To see the great east room, with its dignified similes that graces each of the four great semi-official receptions each season, one smiles to recall a passage from Mrs. Adams' letters: "The great unfinished audience room I made a drying room of to hang clothes in." For there were only six chambers finished, not fires enough, and only a little oval room on the second floor for the public levees, the first being on New Year's day, 1801.

Jefferson, to accentuate the great democracy of his spirit, did away with the levees that he fancied savored too much of court life, and held each year two public receptions, one on January 1, and one on July 4. Mrs. Madison, fond of driving over to Cherry alley, Georgetown, or out to Blandensburg for tea, had her social season rather broken into by British intervention. Yet when the White House had been rendered uninhabitable by the fire, she moved her domestic court to the famous Octagon house, and so great was her hospitality the day that the Treaty of Ghent was signed in one of the upper rooms, that her servants, even, were incapacitated for work by

too frequent potatoes in the wine, that flowed freely in the cause of peace.

There were some warm times in the White House in Jackson's time because he championed the gay Peggy O'Neal, then Mrs. Eaton, wife of Jackson's secretary of war, he brought down the wrath of the cabinet ladies, and not being able to manage these as he managed all other people, Jackson suffered distress of spirit until his cabinet was welligh disrupted and he had sent his niece, Mrs. Donelson, then mistress of the White House, back to Tennessee in tears. Mrs. Fillmore, once a clever schoolmistress, eager for additional intellectual pabulum, was the one who first had books selected for a White House library. She held Friday evening levees, despite a weak ankle, and divided her home-loving heart with the public who clamored for receptions.

Poor Mrs. Lincoln, who came at a trying season, upon the disapproval of society by spending much of her time shopping in New York when the other women of the north were scraping lint and rolling up rags for the soldiers at the front, and while she cut out the state dinners for economical reasons, she gave a great \$20,000 reception that brought down the wrath of the cabinet on her head. It was too difficult a job and too parous a time for even the most finished hostess to find success perched on her banner, and the lines were hard for the little country woman from the west. Mrs. Hayes, fond of young girls, entertained beves of them at dinners and had them constantly in her house. Mrs. Cleveland began her remarkably successful reign with a ball, one of the last large ones in the White House, and Mrs. McKinley, frail and delicate, was able to give little time to social events, but the time she sat in her room patients combating pain, she knit hundreds of pairs of slippers for the poor.

With the growth of population and the increased interest of the country in its social life, many changes had to be made in the official life of the capital. In the days of the republic the world and his wife go unbidden to a White House reception, and that is New Year's day. On four other days there are crowded receptions, by invitation, for the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, the army and navy, and the members of congress. Even were the crowds smaller these branches could not be mixed in the long way for class distinction has grown up in this, presumably, most democratic court of the world. These form four separate and distinct social circles, and the "Cave Dweller" or old Georgetown and Washington residents form another, while the band of new and very rich that has captured the capital in the days of the republic, permeates the several strata in proportion to the distances that they as "climbers" have gone.

The law of precedence, as rigorous as in the older European courts, once caused some high judicial lights to start home in high indignation from a judiciary reception because a blundering officer sent some diplomats in ahead of them. Not long ago an officer of the navy asked to be excused from attending a banquet in the long way. He would have to meet some congressmen on terms of equality, a thing that did not comport with his ideas of his own dignity. And congress could put him down and out with a measure or two! Once a daughter of a judge calmly changed the cards at a luncheon given by a lady of the diplomatic corps, so that she and not the honoree sat at the hostess' right!

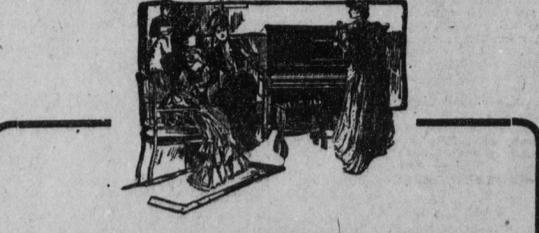
Washington is said to be the most cosmopolitan, yet the most provincial, of all eastern cities. The White House dances of 1825 are gone, the first inaugural ball, held by the Washington dancing assembly at Long's hotel on Capitol Hill on March 4, 1809, and the Garfield inaugural ball at the National museum, have been followed by more pretentious ones at the pension building. Hamilton's suggestion that the president return no visits and that he attend no dinners save those of an official nature, has been generally followed, until today, Tudor hall, the Highlands and the quaint homes of Cherry alley no longer attract the gay social crowds. Washington is becoming the home of the wealthy, Massachusetts avenue between Dupont circle and Sheridan circle is a second edition of upper Fifth avenue. The Belmonts, Letters, Walshes, Ryans and Boardmans have made homes here, and the Vanderbilts make it a more than temporary abiding place. But Lenten resorts are claiming these as well as the official society set; the Pavilion of Rest stands open and the 108th Shrove Tuesday has ended the winter's social season in Washington.

Hard Service

The Father—What is the hardest study they have at college, the football rules? Why, they're twice as long as they used to be!—Yonkers Statesman.

Some Throat Trouble

Styles—Ever have painter's colic? Miles—I guess it was colic. A painter made me cough up \$100 for a couple of pictures, once.—Yonkers Statesman.



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