

LOS ANGELES HERALD

ISSUED EVERY MORNING BY THE HERALD CO.

THOMAS E. GIBBON, President and Editor.

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Los Angeles.

OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES.

Founded Oct. 2, 1872. Thirty-sixth Year. Chamber of Commerce Building.

Phones—Sunset Main 3905; Home 10211. The only Democratic newspaper in Southern California receiving full Associated Press reports.

NEWS SERVICE—Member of the Associated Press, receiving its full report, averaging 25,000 words a day.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION WITH SUNDAY MAGAZINE

Daily, by mail or carrier, a month, \$3.50

Daily, by mail or carrier, three months, \$10.00

Daily, by mail or carrier, six months, \$18.00

Daily, by mail or carrier, one year, \$32.00

Sunday Herald, one year, \$5.00

Postage free in United States and Mexico; elsewhere postage added.

THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND—Los Angeles and Southern California visitors to San Francisco and Oakland will find The Herald on sale at the news stands in the San Francisco ferry building and on the streets in Oakland by Wheatley and by Amos News Co.

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Population of Los Angeles 327,685

CLEAR, CRISP AND CLEAN



MRS. GIOIA NULLA RETROSUM

AT THE THEATERS

AUDITORIUM—Dark.

BEASCO—'The Dollar Mark'

BURBANK—'Faid in Full'

GRAND—'The Parish Priest'

LOS ANGELES—Vaudeville.

MAJESTIC—James K. Hickey.

MASON—Dark.

OLYMPIA—Musical farce.

ORHEUM—Vaudeville.

PRINCESS—Musical farce.

Good morning; have you signed any referendum petitions this morning?

Los Angeles welcomes everybody between now and election day but old Gen. Apathy.

Pretty near time to lay in a supply of arnica and bandages for Willie's Fourth of July.

Wait until Teddy lands, and then you'll see who are the regulars and who the insurgents.

That is to say, Mayor Alexander would like to have 'em throw some of their light on his intentions.

Experts say the county is paying too much for the new court house elevator. That is to say, elevators are "going up."

Rev. H. B. Barton of Brooklyn says there is no hell. Well, nobody can dispute his assertion from absolute knowledge.

If Charles K. Hamilton is going to try a transatlantic airplane voyage, let him look to it that he is immune to seasickness.

Dispatches say the boys at the colleges have taken up aerobatics. However, it is nothing new for some college chaps to fly pretty high.

Let the Los Angeles baseball club read over the building figures and the bank clearings and act accordingly. It is time to make that percentage figure grow.

With the temperature at Yuma 120 while it is snowing on Lake Michigan, the weather of this big land is about as homogeneous as the Republicans in congress.

Cooking school teacher in Illinois insists that the doughnut is healthy. Our experience with sinkers is that the only healthy part of the blamed thing is the hole.

President Taft is going to pay \$7000 out of his own pocket for the privilege of visiting Georgia. Now, it would be worth that to visit Southern California, but Georgia—

Some one asks what has become of those large, old-fashioned penskies. Don't know. What would be like to ask what has become of those new St. Gaudens \$20 gold pieces?

Chicago has passed a new hatpin ordinance, limiting the length of pins women shall wear in headgear. There should be many applicants for the job of inspector under that ordinance.

Since Governor Gillett never did propose to do anything about what he calls a frame up, the Hon. Jack Johnson's opinion of Gillett is about as important as Gillett's opinion of the fight.

The exchange that suggests Mr. LaFollette is the "salt of the senate" will not find unanimous acceptance of its eulogy. Some of the mossback senators think he is entirely too fresh.

ONE MORE

GRAFT cases, even those involving millions, no longer cause us to sit up and take notice, and the looting of the Illinois Central railroad of \$2,000,000 by its high officials is read with languid interest by a public surfeited with news of the kind.

It may, however, provoke some thoughtful people to wonder why so many other people are found robbing their fellows; to seek the cause of the epidemic of thieving and betrayal of trust that has extended from San Francisco to Albany. Why have a good proportion of Americans come to believe the cynical maxim, "Every man has his price?"

Human nature was always weak and the readiest answer is that never before in the history of the world were men tempted with such great sums as today, because never was the world so prosperous, and it is not surprising that many fall. But is that the true explanation? Is it not a fact that some men resist the temptation, or never harbor the temptation, to steal \$1000 to whom that amount is as great as \$100,000 to another who yields?

Is not the real explanation to be found in the weakened moral fiber of the people due to the luxury of the age? There are many parallels for the present widespread corruption in the history of other nations that have grown rich and lost their moral stamina in self-indulgence. Is history repeating itself and is Dr. Henry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago right in saying that we have come upon the most decadent days in the world's annals with the exception of the last of the Roman empire?

The readiness with which men today seem to betray self, friends, business associates, state or nation for gain of gold, and usually only to satisfy the cravings for selfish pleasure, may well lead to the conclusion that what we most need is not laws to punish, but a revival of old-fashioned conscience that could find no pleasure in gain that came by dishonest means or the sacrifice or suffering of others.

MORE PLEBESCIDES

WE have exclusive information to the effect that the example of the local lighting companies in invoking a referendum to see if the people would not prefer to pay 9 cents rather than 7 cents a kilowatt hour has aroused others to use of like means to invoke popular sanction upon a boosting of prices.

The butchers of the city, being convinced that the people are entirely dissatisfied with the present low prices of meat, are about to circulate a petition asking the council to call a special election in order that the people may vote 5 cents a pound more for that commodity.

Although we are unable to confirm the report, it is givings for what it is worth—the proprietors of the soda fountains are seriously considering the calling of a plebescite among their fair customers to see whether they would not like to have the price of ice cream sundaes doubled.

Hurrah for higher prices! The lighting companies say the public wants 'em bad enough to go to the expense of a \$6000 election to say so, and it must be so.

THEY NEED IT

THE effort of the Los Angeles public school teachers to build a clubhouse ought to succeed. The exacting duties of teachers deprive them of many of the social opportunities enjoyed by people in other vocations; the routine is apt to make one self-centered when long followed, and something like the proposed clubhouse, that would divert the mind from a work likely to be too engrossing, would wonderfully brighten the horizon and broaden the scope of those who had its privileges.

In these days it has come to be the practice of many parents to throw upon the teachers much of the work, not only of education but of character building, that in the old-fashioned days used to be and still ought to be done by the parents. Thus the teachers bear a moral responsibility on their shoulders out of all proportion to that carried by others save perhaps the clergy.

It is greatly to their credit that so many of them measure up to the responsibility. But its weight often bears heavily upon some and ages them before their time, and something like the diversion of the proposed clubhouse, with its probable manifold attractions and its opportunities for social privileges, is needed to counteract the bad effects on mind and body of a sometimes too arduous work.

Many of our clubhouses are pure luxuries, but the teachers' clubhouse is a necessity.

REAL ESTATE

GRAND AVENUE property, the value of which in twenty years was increased from \$3500 to \$65,000, affords a typical illustration of the increase in property values that has attended the wonderful growth of Los Angeles. Property that was almost valueless has become valuable; property that was fairly valuable has become immensely valuable.

Los Angeles prosperity has ceased to be "phenomenal" because it is steady. But it is steadily wonderful. The days of fortune making in Los Angeles real estate are not over. They have only begun. The chances are as good as ever—nay, in view of harbor development and possibilities, better than ever.

The opportunities are as many as ever. The citizen who keeps his eyes open and uses his reasoning faculties may "clean up" big sums from increases of value in periods of far less than twenty years. Property holding in Los Angeles has no element of risk in it. A piece of real estate is as safe as money in a safety deposit vault, and unlike stored cash will become more and more valuable.

What We May Expect if the People Vote for an Increase in the Lighting Rates



ROOSEVELT AND JOHN

WHILE the press of Great Britain is inclined to criticize Col. Roosevelt for daring to call John Bull's attention to his duty in Egypt, the majority of the progressive newspapers in the United States see nothing amiss in the former president's address regarding John's foreign policy.

Some of the distinguished gentry elected to the Ananias club or chased into the "undesirable citizen" category before Roosevelt turned his attention to another and less formidable jungle may be expected to make themselves heard.

Another rush is on for the Alaska gold fields. The percentage to make a strike will be small. The majority of those prospectors would get better results by coming to the Tucson district and developing the mines here.—Tucson Citizen.

The skeptics who doubted Teddy's African lion stories may now cease their mutterings, for he has even bearded the British lion in his den.—Globe Daily Globe.

The Republicans didn't revise the tariff downward, but no one will deny that the tariff has revised the Republican ranks downward.—Tucson Star.

Lorimer says it's false—and the bribed continue to confess.—Globe Daily Globe.

The Herald heartily indorses the Call's statement that true Americans will not feel called upon to make any apologies for the speech or the speaker. As a representative of America and Americanism we need not fear that Theodore Roosevelt ever will bring the blush of shame to Columbia's cheek.

The Humboldt Times has issued a forty-eight page booster edition that is eloquent of the progress that Eureka is making; for no town that wasn't aggressive and progressive would support so good a paper as the Times is daily showing itself to be.

Oscar Lawler's bitter experience while "acting as though he was president" ought to convince him that Taft's job is not as much of a snap as some had supposed.

War is something awful, according to the late General Sherman, but if the lighting companies insist on a fight, the city administration will try to accommodate them.

"Three congressmen lose seats," says a headline. Yes, and before the insurgent voters get through with some of them they will lose the rest of their official trousers.

Arizona Editors

The Bisbee Review throws a fit because Dr. Edmundson, the newly elected mayor, is not willing to sit up all night to listen to the councilman's over questions which could be settled in five minutes. 'Twas ever thus: "Give us something to kick about, O Lord!" (from the Litany of the Rev.)—Douglas Dispatch.

The secret service should be reformed. It is inadequate, incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. A detective who the odds they can't hold the fight there, anyhow.—Prescott Journal-Miner.

A Salt Lake man who has reached the age of discretion, 100 years, predicts the destruction of the town by a convulsion of nature. But what's the odds? They can't hold the fight there, anyhow.—Prescott Journal-Miner.

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Public Letter Box

TO CORRESPONDENTS—Letters intended for publication must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The Herald gives the widest latitude to correspondents, but assumes no responsibility for their views. Letters must not exceed 300 words.

AGREES THERE IS NO MATERIAL IMMORTALITY

LOS ANGELES, June 6.—[Editor Herald:] Permit me here to present a few remarks relative to R. N.'s letter in the Herald of June 5. I fully agree that the idea of natural immortality is spurious.

"Except you eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood you have no life in you." John 6:53. This must not be taken to mean literal cannibalism, but a union with the crucified and resurrected Savior, through faith in the operations of God, who raised him from the dead.

Adam, the progenitor of the fleshly race, was a type of Christ (Rom. 5:14). The progenitor of God's true children. By a new birth of water and spirit; not by water alone nor by spirit alone, but by both—and in no other way—can man become related to eternal life.

But R. N. is sadly in the dark when saying that Adam was a counterfeit, misnamed man, and not created by God. "So God created man in his own image; male and female created he them." Gen. 1:27. And no other way—can I will destroy the man whom I have created." Gen. 6:7.

God did not, however, fully destroy the earth-born family; He left Noah, also a flesh and blood man, again to multiply and fill the earth. The deluge, as also the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, were merely types of God's great and final judgment, teaching us that life shall, in that great day, be wiped out in all who willfully trample God's edict under their feet, thus fall to reach a designed standard. READER.

HERALD TREATS LONG BEACH WITH FAIRNESS

LONG BEACH, June 6.—[Editor Herald:] After fifty years of reading Republican newspapers, I find myself getting the news from the Herald. If the majority of your newspapers correctly represent the sentiment of "Lovely Los Angeles," then she sure ought to be credited with a most despicable disposition, in that she never misses an opportunity to slap "her little sister," Long Beach. As an example, a resident householder here wrote a book published by Harper's. It was highly extolled by retired United States military officers of proven ability, but it had to go to England and Germany to become famous. Then the papers said "Gen. ... of Los Angeles."

Again, one paper published a map showing the newly-selected Southern California Edison location to be in Los Angeles, and by inference included the Craig ship plant. And one more, a prominent Los Angeles speaker at a banquet here praised the great achievements of the Long Beach harbor people, but when reported, to the papers, he only talked about "Los Angeles harbor." Of course we all know (from the papers) that Los Angeles harbor commences at Magdalena bay on the south and ends at San Francisco on the north and even there they haven't much of a harbor, because vessels going in or out have to cross the bar at high tide, whereas at Los Angeles harbor, twenty miles inland, thousands of "schooners" pass over the bars at all hours of the day and part of the night. The "bar" is growing, and in ten years more her big sister will doubtless say, "Oh, you dear Long Beach, you are great, all right! But you know, dear, I raised you, and that's the why—that you're a peach."

Yours for "the all around square deal," R. L. SNODGRASS.

CONFESSION OF WASTE

You think you are very busy. We can convince you that you waste half your time. We do, and everyone does.—Atchison Globe.

"Chantecler"—the Barnyard Drama

IN his celebrated "Chantecler" Edmond Rostand has written not merely a delightful drama of barnyard life, but an allegory which will rank with those of Aristotle. This is apparent after reading the first act of the English version which appears in the June issue of Hampton's Magazine, which has obtained the exclusive English serial rights. Human nature in its various phases, with all its weaknesses, its casual loves, its amusing conceits, is expressed dramatically by means of the fowls of the farm. The English version, which has been translated by the publisher of Hampton's Magazine, is a masterpiece of dramatic art, and is one of the greatest of French poets. Egmont, colossal as all-absorbing, has possibly never been so concretely expressed as in the vainglorious cock. In his guard-illouquent conceit he approaches the role of Voltaire in the opening scene.

How adroitly and masterfully Rostand accomplishes the difficult task of humanizing these fowls can be appreciated only by a careful reading of the play. One can prophesy, from reading the first installment, that "Chantecler" is a play to be read rather than seen played. It is an intellectual pleasure for the library, for family reading, rather than a spectacle. For the joy of "Chantecler" lies in Rostand's marvelous lines, in his swift-tongued, trenchant and delicately insinuating suggestion. The marvel of it is that the French master conjures in his episodes human parallels—as, for instance, in the scene of the garrulous hen pecking corn one sees the vision of a bridge party of gossiping women; that he shows one, in the characters of the various animals who are jealous of "Chantecler," the anxious, ill-tempered critics in life who always chat at people who do things. Usually the translation of such matter, because of the oddities of the French language, is almost impossible. In the case of "Chantecler" the publishers of Hampton's were extremely fortunate in securing Miss Gertrude Hall, who did so excellently by "Cyrano" the translation is entirely adequate and the marvelous lines of the French by the alchemy of a gifted pen are transmuted into just as marvelous English. "Chantecler" is literature—great literature. Not only of this country, it is one of the greatest allegories of the ages.

In the first installment, which is entitled "The Evening of the Pheasant Hen," Chantecler, lord of the barnyard, appears. Chantecler is the small domain. Hens, pecking the ground, gossip about him. He is heralded by the excited comments of hens, ducks and turkeys. A pigcock, who has arrived, properly humble, longs for the favor of seeing only his comb. The blackbird, who takes prominence in the play, appears as a sort of master about town, talks slang and superciliously sneers at Chantecler. Chantecler is admired by the dog, hated by the cat. Chantecler is the adored of his old foster mother, an ancient hen who sits in a nest and, at every convenient opportunity, pops her head from her retreat and gives voice to the wise adages and enigmas of her bits of startling wisdom peculiar to sharp old hens. Chantecler is beloved by the hens, each of whom, man-wise, he has led to believe in his own worth and haughty, loves none of these from

whom he so complacently accepts adulation. His fate arrives in the golden hen pheasant, noble, suggestive, a hunting dog, takes refuge in the barnyard.

In the hen pheasant Rostand embodies the type of the dramatic woman. She is the surrogate of the animal world. She appears clothed in the gaudy garb of the male. And at first her, are misled as to her sex. Later she explains that she has left off laying and hatching eggs, and nature being by his given her back "her phoe" and her gold. One suspects, on this episode, that Rostand is symbolizing an inevitable relation of the "lord of creation" with the fair advocate of "ballots for women."

It would be unfair to the reader to recapitulate the subsequent events which follow the meeting of the two. It is a romance, subtle, suggestive, delightful, which must be read to be enjoyed. Chantecler, of course, falls violently in love—the golden lady bird, the first indeed to do so, makes fun of Chantecler, who, however, believes that his song makes the sun rise—the pheasant hen, woman-wise, determines to learn his secret. Will she? Throughout the drama is the subsequent installments of the play will appear in the July, August and September numbers of Hampton's.

In the first installment appears the famous hymn to the sun, which follows:

"Oh thou that dost shed the tears of the meaneast And dost of a dead flower make a living butterfly. Thy miracle, wherever almond trees Shower down the wind their scented shreds, Dead petals dancing in a living swarm—"

"I worship thee, O Sun, whose ample light, Blessing every forehead, ripening every fruit, Entering every flower and every leaf, Pours itself forth and yet is never less. Still spending and unspent—like mother's love!—"

"I sing of thee, and will be thy high priest, Who didst not seek to gild thy shining face In the humble basin of blue seas, Or see the lightning of thy last farewell Reflected in a humble cottage pane!"

"Thou smilest on the sunflower craning after thee, And burlesques my brother of the vane, And softly stirring through the linden trees Streeted the ground—thou art my shade, O Sun, without whose more walking where it lies. Through thee the earthen pot is an enamelled urn. The clod hung out to dry a noble banner, The harrowed furrow a favoring a golden cape, And the rick's little sister, the tattered hie, Wears, by thy grace, a hood of gold!"

"Glorious to thee in the vineyards! Glory to thee in the fields! Glory among the grass and on the roofs, In eyes of lizards and on wings of swans— Artist who making splendid the great things Forgets not to make exquisite the small!"

"Tis thou that cutting out a silhouette, To all thy beamed on dust falls this dark twin, Doubling the number of delightful shapes, Apportioning every flower and every leaf, More charming often than itself."

"I praise thee, Sun! Thou sheedest roses on the air, Diamonds on the stream, enchantment on the hill; A poor, dull tree thou takest and turnest to green renown, O Sun, without whose golden magic things Would be no more than what they are!"

Club News

MRS. WILLIAM H. HOUSH presided at the reciprocity luncheon at Christopher's yesterday, and also had charge of the program. Mrs. Chalmers Smith and Mrs. A. L. Hamilton, president of the State Mothers' congress, talked at the luncheon and his history. Mrs. Hamilton told the welcome news of the ordinance which has been passed in Pasadena prohibiting the use of fireworks on the Fourth of July. A military and patriotic concert at the Municipal band, athletics in the afternoon and fireworks at park in the evening will be substituted. Mrs. Hamilton extended cordial welcome to the mothers who are attending the Fourth in safety to pass the day in Pasadena.

Mrs. Roland Herbert Jackson, founder and manager of the fine arts gallery in the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach, gave an interesting lecture on American art and artists. She said: "America has living producing artists, who are worthy of our most sincere thought and appreciation, and our patronage is due them. At the recent exhibition in Berlin it was proved that American artists led the world in landscape painting, and among the works exhibited in America it is found that many painters are real masters of the art. For instance, a photograph of the painting, 'A Witches' Pool,' by Jonas Lee, cannot be distinguished from the photograph of the original scene. This picture was exhibited in Seattle and later at the gallery in Long Beach.

"The financial side of the fine arts question was shown in the case of Joseph Jefferson, who was often known to mortgage his home, second and third time in order to buy a rare painting. His friends, of course, scoffed at the idea, but at his death the pictures for which he had paid \$40,000 were sold at a profit of \$100,000.

The modern home with its high wainscoting and low ceilings does not allow the exhibition of beautiful paintings, and Mrs. Jackson made a plea to those who are building new homes to make them so that pictures of any size may be hung. In conclusion Mrs. Jackson said, "I want the world to know that in America we have art, that we know art and that we appreciate it."

Mrs. Amelia M. Calkins, prominent for her lectures on the "Fine Art of Speech," gave an interesting talk, using as her argument in favor of the cultivation of the speaking voice the active part which women of all classes are taking in club work. Her talk was of clear, distinct voices. Her talk was appreciated so much that she responded to request for readings with a little tone poem, "The Prayer Cure in the Pine Woods," and two little verses by Riley, "The Earthquake" and "At Aunt's House." Plans were discussed for the reception to be given in honor of the Alexandria, June 28.

Several paintings from the Kanet art gallery South Spring street were exhibited after the luncheon. They were: "A Passing Shower," by D. J. Gue, the oldest marine painter in America; "Evening Among the Oaks," by Grayville Redmond; "Eucalyptus," by Benjamin C. Brown; "The Hunters' Return," by E. Irving Cause; "Baby Is King," by Charles C. Curran; colored etchings, by Martin Van Der Lee of Brussels; "The Harp," by F. F. English, and "Oriental," by G. Garguilo.

Miss Florence Mills of Chicago, who has been a guest of the city for some time, will make this her home for the immediate present, at least, and will be associated with the Civic American Revolution, in the Executive of the association, has intimated that Miss Mills may be asked to accept the chairmanship of a committee of city planning.

Mrs. Stephen A. Randall read an interesting paper about the George Junior republic at the meeting of the Eschscholtz chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in the Elbe club house yesterday afternoon, with Mrs. S. Grant Goucher presiding.

Definite plans were made and committees were formed for the reception to be given in honor of Mrs. W. W. Stilson, the new state regent, June 21, in the Elbe club house. Mrs. Mary Banning was appointed chairman of the hostess committee, Mrs. Henry Dillon chairman of arrangements and Mrs. John V. Peabody

Music Notes

MONDAY MUSICAL CLUB met this week at the home of Mrs. George R. Marygold, 928 New Hampshire street. Guests of honor were Signor G. Bolli and Mrs. Bolli, who gave songs from Lucia de Lammermoor and Chanticleer. Other numbers on the program were piano solo, Charles F. Marygold; "Amaranthus (Clider) Club orchestra; songs, "I'm wearin' awa' Scotch," "Joy and Laughter" (Chadwick), Mrs. Anna Metcalf Hecker; trio, Andante (Reisecker); Mrs. Sidney West; Mrs. E. W. Martindale and Miss Helen Thresher; Nocturne (Kleiniedl), Madame Menasco; three songs (Neidinger), Mrs. Mary Shallert; cello duet (Leo), Mrs. Menasco and Mrs. Edward Reese; piano solo, Nocturne (Chopin), Autumn (Moskowsky), Miss Ella Schroeder.

Members of the orchestra are: Violin, Miss Mary Mullis, Miss Sadie Stanton, Miss Lois Burns, Miss Evelyn Mason; cellos, Madame Menasco, Mrs. Sidney Exley; contras, Miss Jennie Jones; piano, Mrs. Harry Greene, Mrs. Jack Gregg was accompanist.

cock chairman of the hospitality committee. Committees for the year were appointed as follows: Lecturer, Mrs. Taylor English; secretary, Mrs. Harry Hazard, Mrs. Remnitz, Miss Eugenia Hobbs, Mrs. Keller, Mrs. Brunson Prudholm and Mrs. Charles Dennis; printing and year book, Mrs. Charles V. Peabody and Mrs. A. F. Levitt; interexchange lecturers, Miss Elizabeth Pepper, Miss Elizabeth Marble and Miss Eugenia Hobbs; Mrs. Edgar Beam is chairman of the current year's committee, and the committee on patriotic work is composed of Mrs. Gideon Moody, Mrs. Silas Burns, Mrs. W. E. Clifford, Mrs. Runyon, Mrs. W. H. Dudley and Mrs. W. W. Stilson. The program for the year will be in charge of Mrs. C. C. Cottle, Miss Eugenie Burbank, Mrs. Henry Martin and Mrs. E. W. Martindale. Mrs. Mary Hill will be the custodian, and Mrs. Allan Aldrich and Mrs. Charles Eastman will be the doorknockers. George Junior republic work will be in charge of Mrs. Henry Dillon, Mrs. William Banning, Mrs. Harry Banning and Mrs. Stephen A. Randall.

An excellent musical program was given, and those who took part were Mrs. Pauline Eastman, Mrs. S. Grant Goucher, Mrs. W. W. Smith and Miss Eva Oney.

Members of the executive board of the Southern California Women's Press club entertained with a box party and tea in honor of Mrs. David Chambers McCan, the club president, yesterday afternoon. The theater party was at the Elbe club, where the club members, many of whom are writers of plays, sketches and other dramatic works, were interested particularly in Miss Helen Grantley's sketch, "The Anitator." After the matter was served at the Elbe club, with covers for the members of the board and their guests, Mrs. McCan, Miss Laura Grover Smith, Mrs. M. F. Bridgman, Miss Martha Dietrichson, Mrs. Harriet Barry, Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, Mrs. John W. Mitchell, Mrs. George Edward Graham, Miss Adeline Stanton, Mrs. A. A. Stowe, Mrs. Caroline Crawford Williamson, Miss Jeannette Converse and Miss Elsie Smith.

JIU JITSU ROBBER AND PREVENTS THEFT OF WATCH

His knowledge of Jiu Jitsu tactics saved D. Yutani, a Japanese produce dealer, from robbery late last night, but during the encounter he received a severe beating. Yutani was near Alameda and Aliso streets when approached by Mexican, later identified as Jacinto Torres.

Yutani was ordered to throw up his hands, but instead of complying embraced the holdup man and a fierce fight followed. Patrolman Poutz and North, after a chase of four blocks, captured Torres. He was identified by Yutani and charged with highway robbery.