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LOS ANGELES HERALD
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President and Editor.
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OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN
LOS ANGELES.
Founded Oct. 2, 1873. Thirty-sixth Year.
Chamber of Commerce Building.
Phones—Sunset Main 5000; Home 10211.
The only Democratic paper in Southern
California receiving full Associated Press
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California visitors to San Francisco and
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news stands in the San Francisco ferry
building and on the streets in Oakland and
Wheatley and by Amos News Co.
A file of The Los Angeles Herald can be
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tives, Messrs. E. and J. Hardy & Co., 20,
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to receive news, subscriptions and advertise-
ments on our behalf.
On all matters pertaining to advertising
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Population of Los Angeles 327,685
CLEAR, CRISP AND CLEAN



VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM

Barnes said Teddy was "a dangerous man." He was—For Barnes and his ilk.
Conventions that hold their sessions in Los Angeles are always glad they come.
American exports to China show a great falling off. Score another for the best tariff ever.
Now that he is emphatically under a cloud, we will have to use some other name for him than "Sunny Jim."

Come to think, that's what happened to them in California and a lot of other states—beaten to a frazzle.
The Bellows Store has not been very successful in reviving their controversy with Roosevelt. It is a dead one.
The next claimant to some of the Lucky Baldwin money may be somebody with a story that Lucky never paid him a \$50,000 wager on a horse race.

Will the Sacramento team please unlock the padlock on that cellar door? The Los Angeles club would like to see what's down there that makes it so attractive.
Mr. Sherman could find no insurgency in the west. It would be interesting to know whether the situation in the east has yet penetrated his spectacles.

When he gets foot loose, Mr. Ballinger says, he will tell some secrets about his enemies. Then there is some slight hope of his loosening his foot-hold, we take it.
British explorers who recently ascended to the summit of Mount Ararat make no mention of having found a brass tube containing a flag and other "proofs" by Dr. Noah.

Senator Burrows is proud to have stayed "in the harness" for thirty years. He fails to refer to the fact that a good share of that time one Aldrich held the reins.
Mr. Roosevelt once wrote a book on the "Winning of the West." The time is about ripe for a companion book relating his experience with the bulls and bears of New York.

Mr. Harding, the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio, praises the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. Mr. Harding appears to be running simply as a recreation and doesn't care what happens to him.
Mr. Aldrich said he could save the government \$300,000,000 a year, and as he is credited with saving about ten millions out of his senatorial salary he would seem to be a good man to put on the job.

Smith college, in Massachusetts, has opened with 1700 young women on the rolls, and it is not a matter of doubt that the fudge factories of the vicinity are counting on one of the best seasons they ever had.
Great is the power of filthy lucre. Yielding to a \$5000 salary, the great Sarah Bernhardt has gone into vaudeville in London. Yet they will all go on telling how they love their "art" above everything.

A Connecticut convention delegate publicly accused Senator Bulkeley, president of a big insurance company, with diverting \$60,000 of its money to use in politics, but the senator seems in no hurry to sue the man for libel and get a shown-down and vindication.

Be Just to Mr. Bell

OUR Republican evening contemporary in reporting a political speech made by Mr. Pinchot in this city on Monday night represents him as saying, "Bell's election as governor of California would be a national misfortune. Johnson's defeat would be accepted in every city of this land as a victory on the part of the railroad."

We all have a high regard for Mr. Pinchot as an advocate of national reservation, but it does appear, if he made the statement with which he is credited, that he must in the heat of making a political speech have transcended what is permitted to even partisan enthusiasm. Mr. Pinchot is either badly informed on the political developments in California within the past eight years, or he had evidently forgotten something of these developments. Upon no other theory could such a statement be explained.

The idea that the election of Mr. Bell to the governorship of the state would be taken by the people of the land as a Southern Pacific victory would be absurd, and the subject would be amusingly ridiculous were it not so unparadoxically unjust. The truth is that Mr. Bell was making the fight against the Southern Pacific machine as a factor in the politics of this state when a large majority of the Republican forces now mustered against that machine were either part of it or were supinely consenting to its domination in the political affairs of the state of California. We do not for a moment discredit the Republicans who are fighting the Southern Pacific machine at the present time. We are glad that they are fighting it, and we welcome them to the battle, but when they enter the battle they must not forget that they enter a fight begun by a Democratic leader long before any considerable number of men in the Republican party were brave enough to undertake that fight.

Mr. Bell has been a constant and consistent opponent of the Southern Pacific machine in politics ever since he had a voice in the politics of the state. Four years ago he made it the battle cry with which he led his party in the campaign of that year.

Ever since that time he has continued to make it the principal issue in every political speech that he has made in the state of California. He is making it the issue today, as he has always made it the issue. And if our Republican friends will permit us to say so, it is poor politics to insinuate that if Mr. Bell is elected governor of the state of California such election will be by Southern Pacific votes. Why, in Heaven's name, should any adherent of the Southern Pacific machine vote for Mr. Bell? He is the first leader of any party with sufficient prominence to secure a party nomination for governor that has dared make this fight the leading issue of his campaign within the memory of living men in this state. He has never swerved since he began his fight against the Southern Pacific machine. He has never abandoned it or let up on it in any way.

He is making the fight today as earnestly as he ever made it, and any attempt to suggest that Mr. Bell's election will be a Southern Pacific machine victory, or that he expects to be elected by Southern Pacific machine votes, will, unless our Republican friends are careful, be interpreted as the cry of wolf for the purpose of diverting the attention of the people from any possible Southern Pacific machine adherents who may want to climb into the insurgent Republican band wagon at whose head rides Mr. Johnson.

Let our Republican friends support their candidate with all the enthusiasm that they wish. We do not want to detract in the least from Mr. Johnson as the champion of the people and the opponent of the Southern Pacific machine. BUT IN THE INTEREST OF FAIR PLAY AND DECENCY IN POLITICS, LET THEM NOT DARE SUGGEST THAT A VICTORY FOR MR. BELL WOULD MEAN A VICTORY FOR THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC MACHINE, OR THAT MR. BELL IS DEPENDING UPON SOUTHERN PACIFIC MACHINE VOTES TO ACHIEVE HIS SUCCESS IN THIS CAMPAIGN.

ANOTHER HEARST HORROR

ON SUNDAY of this week it was learned through the confession of a nurse that Miss Eva Swan of San Francisco, whose dead body was found last week under a floor in that city, was the victim of a criminal operation performed by Dr. J. E. Grant, who, to hide the evidence, had severed the feet at the ankles to get the body in a trunk, and then hid it under flooring. The case was one of the most shocking and revolting in the history of San Francisco.

Thereby hangs a tale. The San Francisco Examiner, William R. Hearst's paper, announced the finding of the Swan girl's body in its edition of Saturday. In the SAME ISSUE appeared in column 3, page 13, the regular advertisement of the same murderous malpractitioner, Dr. Grant. If there had been no way of knowing who and what this Dr. Grant was, Mr. Hearst might have such an excuse; but read the advertisement that was accepted by the Examiner and run week after week, and decide:

DR. J. E. AND DR. MARY GRANT FEMALE SPECIALISTS FOR 15 YEARS ANTISEPTIC, SAFE AND PAINLESS TREATMENT GUARANTEED CONSULT US FREELY AND CONFIDENTIALLY; IT WILL SAVE YOU TIME AND MONEY. PHONES MARKET 271, HOME 8439, 1232 Golden Gate Ave., cor. Fillmore.

OF this kind of advertising the Hearst papers, the San Francisco Examiner and Los Angeles Examiner, regularly print columns weekly, and the Sunday issues specialize on the filthy and dangerous business. A glance over their files will show that nothing is too criminal or nasty in this line to be accepted. If it is not an announcement like that of Grant's, telling where criminal operations are performed "antiseptically" and "scientifically," then it is a bait from quacks purporting to cure unspeakable vice diseases, or to banish maladies for which medical research has never found remedies.

William R. Hearst is persistently, for the dollars he gets from them, a partner with the criminal doctors, and as such is a deliberate violator of section 37 of the penal code, which is punishable with a prison term of five years. Of course Hearst is now in Europe, cabing over abuse of William J. Gaynor and Theodore Roosevelt, and "fighting the bosses" (as he calls it) at long range; but all his papers print these filthy and criminal advertisements—in Boston, New York and Chicago—and he is well aware of it.

How well he knows his moral and legal criminality may be seen from this fact: IN THE EDITION OF THE EXAMINER FOLLOWING THE FINDING OF THE MURDERED MISS SWAN THE ABOVE ADVERTISEMENT WAS ELIMINATED. BUT FIVE OTHER ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE SAME CHARACTER WERE RUN UNDER THE HEAD OF "PHYSICIANS!"

The San Francisco Sun has been counting up these filthy and criminal advertisements in the San Francisco Examiner files, and computes that if Hearst were made to serve one day in

prison for each day's publication of illegal advertising in his San Francisco newspaper, he would remain in prison for something like 7500 days; or if fined \$10 for each illegal advertisement appearing in the Examiner he would be compelled to pay something like twenty times \$20,000 for his offenses during the last twenty years.

This is the William R. Hearst who a few years ago, simply because of business jealousy, brought about the prosecution of James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald for printing his nasty "personals," for which Bennett justly had to pay a fine of \$20,000. After doing this simply to spite Bennett, Hearst boasted of his morality, even as he printed at nauseating length pictures of the Reno prize fight and then claimed recognition as a moral agency for opposing fight film pictures.

Still Swinging



IN NEW YORK

NO better evidence could be had that the east—at least the masses of the east—are as insurgent as any other part of the country than the victory of Colonel Roosevelt in the New York Republican convention against all the resources of a powerful machine under the combined leadership of a half-dozen of the most astute bosses in the country.

The archaic convention system, which gives to the bosses a tremendous advantage, as we know very well here in California, still prevails in the Empire state, and those practiced political crooks, Barnes, Odell, Ward, Woodruff, Aldridge and Wadsworth, well know how to make the most of it. When this convention system, fortified by the immense financial interests of New York that were willing to spend any amount of money to down the hated Roosevelt and all he stood for, proved such a weak citadel, after it has been for years impregnable, the force of insurgency must be something to reckon with in the state last expected to show it.

Apparently Roosevelt won his fight by a majority of 125. But consider the circumstances. The convention—after the manner of most nominating conventions in the past—was packed with as choice a bunch of heelers and pap-suckers as might be expected from the roster of bosses. Some of them might object to such characterization, but they were all engaged in the business of defying and trying to defeat the will of the people, all meekly subservient to the same bossism, and must go on a level together. Read this list of federal officeholders who sat in the convention and of whom the majority acted as the mainstay of Barnes, et al:

Michael H. Blake, port warden; Frederick L. Marshall, collector internal revenue; Marcus Braun, port warden; George W. Wannaker, appraiser of the port; William Henkel, United States marshal; Anthony P. Ludden, special agent, custom house; Daniel Kelly, custodian postoffice building; William J. Whitaker, paymaster, custom house; Charles K. Lexow, deputy appraiser, custom house; John H. Gunner, port warden; Henry R. Wise, United States district attorney; Robert C. Morris, referee in bankruptcy; Charles W. Anderson, collector of internal revenue; Richard Parr, deputy surveyor, custom house; Morris Levy, port warden; Chauncey M. Depew, United States senator; Henry L. Stimson, special United States prosecutor; Henry B. Stowell, appraiser, custom house; Samuel Krulewitch, appraiser, custom house; William M. Ward, federal receiver; John F. O'Brien, collector, port of Plattsburg; George W. Dunn, federal receiver; Joseph E. Nejd, paymaster, custom house; John A. Merritt, collector port of Niagara Falls; Fred Greiner, postmaster, Buffalo.

These men rallied to the bosses' summons in plain violation of the federal civil service rules, but let that pass. What we wish to show is that if you subtract these henchmen who represented nobody and nothing but their own pockets and a desire to perpetuate a system of chicanery, the majority of delegates representing real, thinking constituencies that were back of Roosevelt was overwhelming.

It will be apparent from this list that there is something for insurgency to do besides electing a governor. It has a job to do in cleaning out a large political rats' nest that extends all the way from New York to Washington. To all the friends of good government there is, despite the defeat of the New York bosses, a large fly in the ointment. It consisted of the apparent desire of the insurgent element to temporize, to throw sops to the vanquished in the platform and otherwise

for the sake of party harmony. We believe that on election day this will prove a fatal weakness of the ticket and the platform chosen at Saratoga. Insurgency of a wobbly kind the people have no patience with. We expect to see a Democratic victory in New York state in November.

Then there will be passed a direct primary law, and with it will come a restoration of the people's government, and an assurance that it will not again be in the power of a clique of bosses to stand out in brazen defiance of progressive reforms in behalf of the people at large.

Chief Moore of the weather bureau is going to lecture in England on a few waffles. If he could take along a few samples of this year's American brand he would astonish even the Brits, who are themselves used to weather.

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.

POLICE PLAY FAUVES
Editor Herald: Last Saturday the old gentleman selling The Herald at the corner of Sixth and Olive was notified by the policeman that he would have to discontinue the use of his camp chair. This morning I noticed at the corner of Fifth and Hill Fifth and Fourth and Spring the camp chairs being used by those selling papers. Why the discrimination?
O. PATRONS.
Los Angeles, September 27.

TOBACCO AND PERFUMES
Editor Herald: The ladies keep hammering away at smokers in the cars, entirely forgetful of the comfort of others. They may know, but do not, that a powerful disinfectant and therefore also a preventive of disease. Many non-smokers would rather put up with a cigar than tobacco for a while than with the artificial, sometimes powerfully offensive perfumes of the ladies crowding the cars, especially with the advantage of a puff of air. Oh, wad some Fay's the girls give us. To see ourselves as others see us!
C. FISHER.
Los Angeles, Sept. 25.

A WORD ABOUT ARCADIA
Editor Herald: I would like to use your valuable paper to express the opinion of the undesirable in Arcadia. As a property owner in Arcadia, I have been ashamed to tell anyone I had property that was associated with the name of Baldwin. I am indeed glad if the Baldwin heirs have at last seen the error of their part at Arcadia and become converted.
I hope they will be successful in eliminating the undesirable from Arcadia, and close the Oakwood hotel, Bonita saloon and all places where the undesirable meet.
I would also suggest that we should have Los Angeles police and city marshal for the protection of Arcadia citizens.
W. STONE of Arcadia.
Los Angeles, Sept. 25.

A REPUBLICAN FOR BELL
Editor Herald: I was one of the thousands that filled the auditorium Saturday. I thoroughly enjoyed and approved Mr. Bell's speech and am of opinion that no better man can fill the place of governor. Therefore also I shall vote for him, though a progressive Republican. When speaking of the S. P. he truly said: "There is no more insidious foe than the railroad passes to lead to corruption." I have known but one man that withstood the temptation from corporations that hold city franchises, and that is Mr. Bell. Refuse the money, bribery is hard to refuse. They know it and make the best of it.
The law is supposed to punish the giver as well as the taker of bribes, but when the lawyer that can and will convict?
C. FISHER.
Los Angeles, September 26.

BAD SIDEWALK HABITS
Editor Herald: The display of fashionable costumes in the show windows on Broadway is very attractive, but I do not think the people observe the proper mode of walking—viz: right hand to the wall?
Sunday evening, with wife on arm, I attempted to traverse the route from Second street to Eighth, having, as we fondly supposed, the right of way, with others going in the same direction, but, and to our surprise, from the opposite direction would bear down upon us and force us away from our rightly coveted position near the inside. It was a case of bluff all the way, and we had to hold time and time again or risk being jostled by those who should keep to the outside of the walk. Is there no ordinance governing such a matter?
E. W. COMBER.
Los Angeles, September 27.

QUESTIONS FOR WOMEN
Editor Herald: May I ask a few questions of the sisters who harp on smoking?
Did you ever give as much thought to correcting your own faults?
Do you ever say "thank you" with a pleasant smile to the tired working man, who gives you his seat in a crowded car?
Does a man compel women "to share his cigar" when law has assigned him a place and women crowd that section, so that the man has to stand on his feet eight to ten hours must still stand if he would enjoy his smoke which is forbidden at his work and for which he may be called down by his wife?
Should a man say "ardon me," when his hat is knocked off, his face torn, or he is obliged to ride with his head out of the car, because of the things called hats women wear on more or less "sharp hair" secured by pins strong and sharp enough to kill a man?
I went to town last night on a Central avenue car. The doors were all shut. Several ladies, unaccompanied by men, passed through to the smoking section, closing the doors after them.
Do you know a spot on earth where a man can get a woman to follow if she can?
S. J. BINNS.
Los Angeles, Sept. 26.

POOH-POOHS MISS KELLERMAN
Editor Herald: I read with amusement "arrick Morris" article on Miss Kellerman being the cause of the revival of physical culture among the ladies. 'Tis good, but 'tis not true. A few weeks' aimless wiggling of fat arms and bobbing of unwieldy bodies, are too lazy to stand the long, hard experience necessary to effectually reduce unhealthy fat. Any competent physical trainer knows and will testify that it is the hardest kind of work to reduce fat, and it is just hard work that fat ladies desire to avoid. Do not consider Miss Kellerman by any means a perfect woman; that is a press agent's yarn swallowed whole by the gaping public. Her hips, in common with 99 per cent of American womanhood, are abnormally and repulsively large. Her photos and dress show that plainly. The development of her calf muscles is a lack of vitality and stamina apparent to all physical trainers. Broadway is filled every day with hundreds of women far better built. Consider her exhibition very poor for a champion swimmer, consisting of a childish game fit only for immature kindergartners, and a "swimming exhibition" that any baby lost in a bathtub could duplicate. Furthermore, I consider the exhibition of unclothed female forms on the stage as degrading and loathsome, and is the one great cause for the rotten morals of the present day young men and women. I need only point the moral by asking any man or woman, would you care to see your mother or sister exhibit herself on the stage in such garb as Miss Kellerman's?
E. R. JOHNSON.
Los Angeles, September 27.

Merely in Jest

TANTALIZING
In searching for the location of the gas range, Mr. Stubb had stumbled over the kitchen table.
"Oh, John!" called Mrs. Stubb, sweetly, "I know what's the trouble. You went what they have on the battleships."
"Whatever that?" demanded Mr. Stubb, rubbing his bruised toe.
"Who? A range fender."
And what Mr. Stubb said about feminine wit used at wrong times would be a caution.—Chicago News.

THE POST AGAIN
He had long hair and a pensive look. He wrote a poem entitled "Why I Live." He signed it "Augustus," and sent it to a magazine.
The editor wrote him as follows: "My dear Augustus, the reason why you live is because you sent the poem by mail instead of bringing it personally."—Paris Modes.

STARTED THEM THINKING
During the recent convulse of Knights Templar in Chicago the hospitable and willingly helpful residents of the Illinois city wore a button inscribed: "Ask Me; I Live Here." Unfortunately, it is reported, the question most commonly provided by this signal of kindness was: "Why?"—Argonaut.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH
SI (whispering)—Let's sneak out an' git a cigar an' have a smoke.
SI (whispering also)—Gosh, SI, we ain't got time!
SI—Yes we hev. The preacher jest said, "One more word, an' I am done."—Cleveland Leader.

BITING WORDS
The argument was fast coming to blows. "Let me tell ye something, Murphy," said Mulligan; "ye're navvies' but a big chaw!"
"True for ye, Mulligan," warmly retorted Murphy; "an' I'm a much bigger chaw than ye can chew, do ye mind, now?"

DANNY'S WEAKNESS
"Will, Missus Mulcahey, Ojsee be the papers Danny's been discharged from the pinstriped chery," observed Mrs. Mulcahey, "Danny never could build anny kind of a job."—Harper's Weekly.

SOMETHING LACKING
"How did you like Venice?"
"Well, I dunno. Plenty of lagoons, but no place to shoot the chutes."—Kansas City Journal.

Far and Wide

CORPORATION'S CORPORAL INDEX
Parents living in apartment houses in New York are said to be placed under a disadvantage in maintaining proper discipline among their offspring because the cries of children under punishment disturb the other tenants. The installation of a few sound-proof booths like those used by the telephone companies would overcome this difficulty.—Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

"AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"
A boy's toy balloon kept the aviators and conquered the Alps, passing over them from Turin, Italy. It covered 600 miles in its flight within a period of twenty-four hours.—Rochester (N. Y.) Times-Democrat.

THE GENESIS OF "MY POLICIES"
President Taft claims that he came by "my policies" by inheritance. Mr. Bryan claimed the same thing two years ago. But Mr. Bryan was wrong. He merely originated them.—New Bedford Standard.

LONG ENOUGH TO HOLD 'EM
If the interstate commerce commission reads all the records at the rate hearings, the whangoodle can mean several times before a decision need be expected.—Wall Street Journal.

SUPERFLUOUS STYLES
Suffragettes of the East are to adopt a costume to distinguish themselves. Photographs of the leaders make that appear a needless precaution.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

IN NEW YORK

WHO FOUGHT THE FIGHT?
BY T. SHELLY SUTTON
"When the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican league, six months ago, assured Hiram W. Johnson that if he would come out and wage a vigorous fight against the Southern Pacific political machine, which fight Mr. Bell had been waging for more than four years, and which Mr. Bell had brought to what promised to be a successful issue, Mr. Johnson would receive the endorsement of the league for governor, and for six months has been seeking the election as governor on the same platform which supported Mr. Bell four years ago. Seems to us as if the man who helps to finish it, should get the glory."—News item.

Who was it, friend, that in the years gone by,
When Right and Truth lay vanquished in the dust,
Upraised his voice, and, with undaunted eye,
Defied the corporate tyrants and their lust?
Who laid them cease, when they, alone,
Had power
To make or mar the destinies of men?
Refused to heed their warnings, or to cover
Before the threat of knives? Who was it then?
Think long, think well—
Who was it? Bell!

Who was it, friend, when Herrin ruled the state,
And council, court and school and senate hall
Were poisoned by his purpose, daring Fate,
And gave us death, the despot to the wall?
Who gave us a towering giant, firm and strong,
Ignored the sneer—the laugh of fellow men?
And sought to break the fetters of the throng,
To save to cleanse our state? Who was it then?
Again think well—
Who was it? Bell!

Who, fearing not the hatred of the boss,
Who, courting not the friendship of the knave,
The Stood firm and fast, nor reckoned of the
But fought for Right, while gazing at his grave?
Denounced the railroad octopus, the scheme
By which the state subserved its every end?—
Who was the first to rouse us from the Dream?
The first to warn, the first one to defend?
Think well—think well—
Who was it? Bell!

And in the years of that heroic fight,
When all was dark and desolate and bleak,
Who stood apart from Truth and Right,
And sought no sign, and did not dare to speak,
And watched the fray, and helpless to command,
Remained aloof until the fight was won,
And Triumph stood, with laurels in her hand,
To crown the man by whom the work was done?
The square—confess—
'Twas Johnson—yes!

And who shall win the conquest of the hour?
The last of all the long and bitter war?
Shall it be he would usurp the power,
Or he who bears the trophy and the scar?
Injure shall not triumph. On this land
Shall never rest the stigma of that wrong,
Believe me, sir, our people understand—
We wait our verdict from the silent throng.
And all is well—
IT SHALL BE BELL!

IMAGININGS
The optimist may live in dreams,
Whose beauty all unreal seems;
But, then, the pessimist, in sooth,
Has nightmares quite as void of truth.
—Yonkers Statesman.