

LOS ANGELES HERALD

THOMAS E. GIBSON, President and Editor
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Population of Los Angeles.....319,198

HUMANS LIVING LIKE SWINE

SOME time ago The Herald printed an editorial review of a scathing report on the condition of the foreign labor in the Pennsylvania mines and steel works by The Survey.

Complaints had been made by Hungarian societies in this country. As a result of this inquiry it is believed that the Austro-Hungarian government will take steps to restrict emigration to America.

The investigator found thousands of his countrymen working long hours seven days in the week for 80 or 90 cents a day. He found some working for 60 cents a day and trying to support families.

Pennsylvania is the citadel of protection, the doctrine of high tariff "for the benefit of the American workmen." We feel like pausing at this point and awaiting some explanation of the conditions in Penrose's state from anyone who believes the present protective tariff makes living conditions any better for anybody in America except the owners of the means of production in industry.

GIVE THE CHILDREN A CHANCE

THE case of this Cornell university prodigy of 16 who astonishes the faculty with his precocity and mathematicians with his fourth dimension problems seems to be causing a good deal of unnecessary uneasiness to many paragraphs.

"PROTECTED" WORKERS

IF a high tariff makes a country prosperous, and especially if it protects workmen, will its champions kindly tell us why it is that at present in free trade England industries of all kinds are in a highly prosperous condition, while in protected Germany more than a hundred thousand workmen are seeking jobs?

But this is only one side of the picture. The imperial statistical office at Berlin has recently given out a set of figures containing a suggestive clue as to the amount of help to the wage-earner a protective tariff is.

An average of about \$10 a week for the labor of man, wife and children is certainly not an argument for any system of taxation under which the conditions exist. And note in connection with this that the average expenditures were \$10 in excess of the income for the year.

But it is not much different from American conditions. The Herald has recently shown from official census statistics that the majority of our wage-earners receive approximately \$10.26 a week, and that an investigation among the steel workers of Pittsburgh (highly protected) showed that the wage was under \$12 a week, and the living problem so acute that some families could spend only an average of 3 cents a week for recreation.

In the face of these figures what are statistics of exports, imports and government revenue worth to the wage-earner?

WORKERS PAY DOUBLE TRIBUTE

ALTHOUGH their fallacious claim has been many times exposed, the protectionist newspapers continue to assert that the high tariff benefits the workingman. The truth is that under protection, as it has come to be understood under the Dingley and Aldrich laws, labor is receiving year by year a constantly diminishing proportion of the value of its product.

In his speech in the senate in 1909 Senator Owen showed from calculations based upon the special census report, part I, 1905, and the figures of the twelfth census, 1900, that labor got a larger share of what it produced in 1890 than it did in 1905.

Thus in the textile industries labor received only 19.5 per cent of the product in 1905, as compared with 20.8 per cent in 1900 and 22 per cent in 1890. In the iron and steel industries it received 24 per cent in 1890, 21.2 per cent in 1900 and 22.10 per cent in 1905.

These figures contain the proof that under the guise of protection the manufacturer (which in most cases has come to mean the trust) is filching both from the workingman and the consumer, and as they are for the most part one and the same they are taxed out of both pockets to provide exorbitant profits for the real and only beneficiaries of the high tariff.

The trust buys its labor in the cheapest market and fixes its own price on its commodities. A fiscal system that permits this double tax is infamous and is doomed.

KEEPING THE PARK SACRED

THE park commission's attempt to keep unmarried or unrelated people apart in Central park is a highly meritorious venture in re-moralizing the universe, no doubt, and one can scarcely deny that the universe needs some such regulation. It is very annoying to some people to catch fleeting glimpses of young persons engaged in following the bent of their natures.

The objection to that, of course, is that the park really ought to have some people in it once in a while just to add to its scenic value. How would it be, then, for the park commission to issue cards of admission to only eminently respectable persons, of course? A board of police officials and detectives might be invoked to canvass the homes of the city and inquire into the moral status of the families, examine the marriage certificates and the birth records—really something like that is needed in every large city where you are apt to meet all kinds of people if you are not very careful.

Or a corps of octogenarians might be employed to maintain constant espionage upon all who enter the park. Under this plan the iron fence could be dispensed with. Persons who enter the park could be required to fix their thoughts on mathematical or commercial problems, or the president's message, say. And an ordinance should be passed at once prohibiting the birds from mating in the park. Their cooing love songs are very distasteful to some ears, and no one can defend them on moral grounds. And the carrying of pollen from one flower to another should be prohibited by law. It is a highly indelicate performance, to say the least. And on moonlight nights the park should be covered with canvas to shut out those seductive silvery rays of the wanton moon.

All this mating is highly wrong, you know. This pairing of opposites, this seeking of the negative for the positive and the centrifugal for the centrifetal—it's all wrong—and not one of them with a marriage certificate to show. It's all wrong, and it's been wrong for some time—ever since the first life cell split itself in two, which science calls fissure. It's high time that something was done to stop it. The park commission is on the right tack.

Jersey City has adopted an ordinance calling the saloons "cafes." A good old English term would be better—say "joy emporium."

If Crippen had done it in America, they would about this time be just preparing to begin to get ready to start to think about his trial.

A New York girl complains that she cannot go on the stage because she has no clothes. Oh, we don't know about that.

The largest real estate owner in the country is believed to be Governor Charles Haskell. He owns the state of Oklahoma.

Senator Bailey of Texas has bought \$11,000 worth of horses. Intends, perhaps, to nag the new insurgent senators.

Wish it would hurry up and rain hard. Our umbrella is in poor condition and we'd like to "borrow" some friend's.

Last summer the slogan was "swat the fly." Now the thrifty fly-men have adapted it to "swat the treasuries."

A butcher in St. Louis was robbed by a burglar but he was fair enough to admit that he had no kick coming.

When the Los Angeles aviation meet is held it will be sure to be a tip-top one.

'THE OTHER WOMAN' FAR FETCHED BUT DIVERTING; ACTING GOOD

BLANCHE WALSH SAVES IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION

Poor Wife Must Do Poorly So Star May Shine All the Brighter

BY SIDLE LAWRENCE

Having employed the greater part of three acts in an effort to prove that a man and his wife can no longer live together, Frederic Arnold Kummer, in his play, "The Other Woman," deftly executes an about-face and with military precision expands two or three minutes in tumbling his own arguments about our ears, which may be good playwrighting, though it is scarcely good logic.

Throughout the play Mrs. James Harrington is shown as a somewhat shallow woman but still a woman capable of two loves—love for children and love for her husband. She seizes upon every little thing which she thinks may be of advantage to her in her efforts to retain her husband's affection, even resorting to the trick of exhibiting before him the baby clothes and the baby rattle which had belonged to the dead little one.

HITCH IN LOGIC HERE

All this is understandable and believable; but it is demanding too much of credulity to ask us to believe that such a woman would have concealed until the very last her most effective weapon. Rather would she have cried it from the houseposts.

The play was presented for the first time in Los Angeles at the Mason opera house last night by Blanche Walsh and her company, Miss Walsh assuming the identity of "the other woman," the woman whom James Harrington loves and who loves him with so great a love that when she comes to believe his duty demands a return to his wife and unborn child.

There is much brilliant sophistry in the drama, intermixed with truths epigrammatically expressed; and there is much curious psychology. Mr. Kummer at least has the merit of knowing when he comes to an impasse. When his dialogue brings him into an argumentative morass from which there is no escape some one of his characters remarks candidly: "I don't know; I don't know." The wife says it. Her husband says it, and so does "the other woman." What is more it is quite the truest thing any one of them says anywhere in the play, and the audience agrees with its every utterance.

PLAY PROVES INTERESTING

However, all of this does not prevent "The Other Woman" from being an interesting play, regarded merely as a play and not with too close an examination into its life variety. Miss Walsh does a truly admirable piece of acting as Eleanor Gates, quiet and repressed until her final speech delivered to the husband at the curtain's fall and which comes with tremendous force in consequence. It is a simple speech. "Go," she says, "for God's sake, go," but there is in it a poignant anguish of renunciation.

The role of the wife is necessarily subordinated to that of "the other woman," and doubtless Anne Cleveland plays it as it was intended to be played, but her very acting in the part discloses the drama's greatest weakness. Handled humanly this would be the big part of the play. Consequently it must not be so handled. Our sympathies are required, if you please, for "the other woman."

George W. Howard, cast as the husband, is excellent; and we have to thank Nellie Butler for several welcome bits of comedy. Her observations about matrimony, coming from a woman to whom divorce has become a pastime if not a habit, prove diverting if not profound.

"The Other Woman" remains at the Mason through the week with matinees tomorrow and Saturday.

Los Angeles, Cal.

PEOPLE BLAMED FOR EVIL

Editor Herald: Where should the blame rest for existing evils in government? Are not the people who wear the party collar responsible? Does a business man who owns a large department store or a manufacturer hire a clerk and turn him loose in his establishment to do just as he pleases? No; he engages him for certain important work and tells him what is expected at his hands. If he does not follow instructions he will be discharged. Now a man selects himself for the legislature and the people elect him. Of course he is a lawyer. It does not necessarily follow that he is required to know much about law. He may not be able to tell the difference between a writ of certiorari and a casus belli. The courts will decide whether or not the acts of the legislature are constitutional and this gives employment to the legal fraternity.

Take it right here in California. Who have the people demanded at the hands of the next legislature in the way of needed laws and reforms? Not a reader of these lines but can think of some need. Let me suggest just one and then see if a newspaper or individual will take up the question and begin an agitation. By way of preface, I will ask if it is not a fact that the farmer wants good seed for his field and garden? Upon the quality depends his success in raising a crop. Likewise does the fruit grower select with care the nursery stock to plant. He wants well formed, thrifty trees. The cattleman and the horseman exercise great care in the breeding of live stock. We take great pride in our grain, fruit, flowers and blooded stock. Now what about the human family? What kind of a man is he who will look at the pedigree of a stallion, bull, or even that of a

LETTER FOR JOHN FOSTER

The editor of The Head Tether Box has received a letter addressed to John Foster. If Mr. Foster will call or send his address the letter will be delivered to him.



BLANCHE WALSH

Editorials by the People

THE CASE OF FRED D. WARREN

Editor Herald: The lovers of justice and fair play everywhere will be pleased and encouraged by your splendid editorial in Sunday's Herald in which you clearly and fairly set forth the facts of the most brutal violation of the constitutional guarantee of free speech by a federal judge that has yet been committed by the United States courts.

Yes, you are right. Such shameless violation of law, such brazen anarchy as manifested in the decision of the court in the Warren case, will cause a multitude of men to turn to Socialism as the only refuge from the storm that threatens to founder the ship of state.

Dr. GEORGE W. CAREY, Pasadena, Cal.

MARRIAGE AND THE MALE

Editor Herald: I wonder how many women know that the word "marriage" is a masculine one and means "joined to a male," and in the good old days of our fathers that they did not care to become "joined to a male" or were too homely to merit the male's attentions were despised by their more fortunate sisters and dubbed by that tear-inspiring title "old maid."

The term "marriage" comes from the Latin "maritus," a husband, the feminine "marita," literally by this a husband or joined to a male, the Latin "mari" being a crude form of "mas," a male.

The word "husband" is a corruption of the term "houseband," denoting the protection a man should be to a woman, and comes from Scandinavian sources, "husbonde, husbonde," and signifies "master of the house."

The meaning of the word "wife" is obscure, but it is noticed that the term "woman" in its original spelling was "wif-man," the wifman; and "woman" is the corruption of this word, which in its literal significance is "wife-man." So, according to this, the word "woman" simply characterizes her as the wife of man.

Los Angeles, Cal.

DISCUSSES VAGRANT LAW

Editor Herald: The refusal of the council to change the ordinance relating to jail sentence for speeding along the streets more than 30 miles an hour was certainly a good move in the right direction, or rather a refusal to move in the wrong direction.

The mayor, as quoted in your paper a few mornings since, said, in regard to the abolishing of the jail sentence for more than 30 mile speeders. "As far as I know there have been but two jail sentences since the ordinance was in effect. The judges don't like to impose jail sentences and when such a sentence is involved it is difficult to convict an offender."

The records do not bear out the fact that a judge here so dislikes to send to jail to properly finish his statement, for he should have added, when it involves the rich or near-rich, the principal classes who would be affected by such an ordinance. Probably most of them would dislike to send to jail their fellow clubmen and other rich and honorable members of society with whom they hobnob. But show me (I'm not from Missouri but I came through) where is the judge in this county who dislikes to send a poor man to jail, a man existing beneath the stratum where fear and favor dominate.

The records do not bear out the fact that a judge here so dislikes to send to jail when the victim belongs, or at least exists, in the lower stratum of society. Two convictions these several months, under this 30-mile speed ordinance, according to the mayor's statement, while most any day's court record as published in the papers tell of vagrants sent up. Who are these vagrants? Many, no doubt, are men who came here with little money. Their money melted away and they became "broke," and this made them vagrants. Then the police, the judge, the jail and the bitterness. Probably most of them are honest men, as honest or more so than the judge they face. If they were not honest men they probably would not be down, as rascals will appropriate other people's goods, or as necessary to the committing of one, under the constitution? It is certainly a bad system of slavery to destroy the chances of men earning a living and then jailing them because they don't. E. L. B. Los Angeles, Cal.

SHOP EARLY? THIS WOMAN SAYS NO

Editor Herald: I have three views I wish to express, and shall take advantage of your columns to do so. I am a law-abiding citizen and taxpayer of the female persuasion, and dutifully do as I am bid. I pay my taxes early to help the clerks in the tax offices, and by the same token I shopped early last year, because all the papers told us to do so and save the clerks in the stores. Do I get repaid? I do not. In the first place, by going early in the morning I am treated with a morning lassitude peculiar to all indoor people. The girl clerks want to talk over last night's fun, and the man clerks want to talk over kicks and chances of advance in salary with the other clerks near at hand. I have patiently spent the whole early morning hours getting waited upon, while the same amount of goods purchased would take less than an hour to transact after noon. In regard to shopping early in the season: Last year I went dutifully as soon as the papers began their annual howl for us to do so. I had so many presents to get and so much money to expend. I got the presents and spent the money three weeks before Christmas, but just for fun, to see the crowds and the holiday spirit I went into town the last few days before the final wind-up. What was my amazement and chagrin to see the very articles I had purchased three weeks before at good solid prices marked down from one-third to one-half the price I paid for mine. Now would a man call it good business policy to follow such a proceeding? I do not call it good business, and this year I shall wait until the last few days, and thereby save on what I get, and have more to spend for more presents. If one does not look out for one's own expenses I do not know who will.

Does it not seem a shame that the spirit of Santa Claus is being so commercialized that all of the quaint and delicious fancy of the myth has escaped? Do you readers know that the little tots in school who should yet be believing in a Santa have figured it out to themselves that when they see a Santa Claus in each and every store where they are taken that something is wrong. They have believed in one Santa Claus who knows all about the good little children in all the world, a wonderful being who by his very greatness may know about every good and bad girl or boy without any reason for its being startling. But when they see dozens of Santa Claus wandering about the stores they begin to question the wonder of it, and very wisely their little minds come to a logical conclusion that Santa Claus is just a man dressed up and make believe, and therefore there is no Santa Claus. It seems too bad, for the baby days of belief are so short at best that it is a pity to force the commercial side of life upon the minds of tots.

The smoke question burned and faded away in the columns, and I did not add my mite, although like the old man in the story I kept up a heap of thinking. The other day I went early to the nearest postoffice to send off a package. I was the only one in line, but while waiting for the register to be made out a man came in, strode up to my shoulder and stood there waiting for me to finish, and blew his cigar smoke in my face. I've stood untold numbers of insults on the street cars from the cigar hog, but this was certainly unwarranted. I turned to look at him. He appeared to be a gentleman. I was tempted to tell him what I thought of him, but did not. Sometimes it is very uncomfortable for a woman to be a lady. But as I left the office I fell to wondering. What would men think, I wonder, if women, just to protect themselves from the filthy habit of mankind, provided themselves say with one of these little things we used to call kiki guns, with which bicyclists used to squirt ammonia at snapping dogs; load one with as foul an odor as tobacco smoke is to every woman and to many men themselves, and when men unconcernedly sat down and blew smoke into a woman's face she drew this forth and blew it in the face of the offender? Laws! Men would be legislating against a woman carrying such an article within a month's time.

And yet by what right has the man any more right to blow offensive odors in a woman's face than a woman has to blow offensive odors in a man's face? Why, I have heard men grumble like anything when a woman with the poor taste or expensive perfumes came too near them. But wouldn't it be fun if we all dared to arm ourselves with a little kiki gun and fill it with something horrid and retaliatory when the cigar hog forgot he ever had any manners? MRS. S. T.

Editor Herald: A single statement suffices to prove to the unprejudiced mind the value of vaccination as a preventive for smallpox. Germany, which since 1874 has had not only compulsory vaccination at the end of the first year of life, but also compulsory vaccination at the age of 12, since that year has suffered not a single epidemic of smallpox. From 1887 to 1897 there were in the whole German empire only 287 deaths from smallpox. During the same period there died from this disease in the Russian empire 275,022 persons; in Spain, 23,000; in Hungary, 12,000; in Austria and Italy, 11,000. In Philadelphia alone, from 1801 to 1865, 5,000 persons had the disease and 200 died. There was no death of persons who had been successfully vaccinated within ten years.

In view of these statistical facts it does not become any man to term vaccination "the great delusion," as did a correspondent recently; and after the medical profession has well nigh vaccinated one of the greatest scourges of the human race out of existence, criticism, prompted by prejudice and ignorance, cannot do it much harm. G. G. BROCK, Redlands, Cal.

Editor Herald: The refusal of the council to change the ordinance relating to jail sentence for speeding along the streets more than 30 miles an hour was certainly a good move in the right direction, or rather a refusal to move in the wrong direction.

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The records do not bear out the fact that a judge here so dislikes to send to jail when the victim belongs, or at least exists, in the lower stratum of society. Two convictions these several months, under this 30-mile speed ordinance, according to the mayor's statement, while most any day's court record as published in the papers tell of vagrants sent up. Who are these vagrants? Many, no doubt, are men who came here with little money. Their money melted away and they became "broke," and this made them vagrants. Then the police, the judge, the jail and the bitterness. Probably most of them are honest men, as honest or more so than the judge they face. If they were not honest men they probably would not be down, as rascals will appropriate other people's goods, or as necessary to the committing of one, under the constitution? It is certainly a bad system of slavery to destroy the chances of men earning a living and then jailing them because they don't. E. L. B. Los Angeles, Cal.

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A HEARTY LAUGH

Being the day's best joke from the news exchanges.

A St. Louis merchant had made use of one of his young clerks in the stead of his regular collector, who was ill. When the young man returned from his rounds, his employer observed that he looked rather down in the mouth. "Have any luck?" asked the merchant. "So-so," replied the young man listlessly.

"How about that Jones bill? I suppose you collected that. You said that Mr. Jones was a friend of yours." "Well, sir," said the clerk, "I don't know whether to rejoice or not at my success with Mr. Jones." "What do you mean?" "This, sir: When I went in and said, 'Mr. Jones, I called to speak about a matter...' he interrupted me before I could proceed further with, 'That's all right, my boy; she's yours. Take her and be happy.'—Lippincott.