

# Are You a Land Owner? Some Information for You

Are you taking THE HERALD? If you are not you had better subscribe for it at once and get a lot 100x25 feet free. Consider the great possibilities in a lot anywhere in Southern California. Any one can see that the time is approaching—perhaps ten years off—when every available foot of land will be utilized. When that time occurs the results will be plain. Lots in Lancaster will be valuable, as they must grow to be, to those who hold on to them.

If you do not care for a lot yourself, think of your boy or girl or some Eastern friend and make them a present. There is none that can equal it.

Just so surely as the sun shines these lots will be worth \$500 each inside of the next five years.

In making up your mind about the matter you should not delay in making an early selection, as already several hundred have been taken and they are going at the rate of

75 to 100 a Day

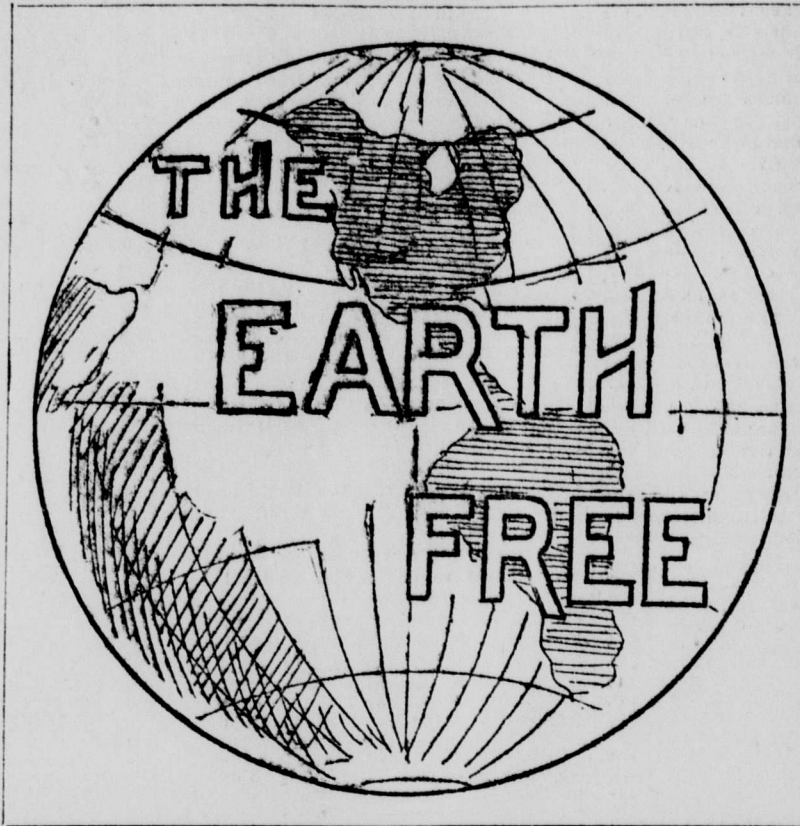
## Remember the Conditions

Every yearly subscriber paying six months (\$4.80) in advance and \$1 for notary fees gets one of these choice lots free. They are simple conditions and within the reach of all, and those who do not avail themselves of the greatest opportunity of the age will regret it.

Plats are on file in this office, showing where this town is located.

## A Lot At Lancaster

Free to every new subscriber of THE HERALD, the best newspaper in California. It is the People's Paper.



People cannot afford to wait on this proposition, as the lots are going off at a very rapid gait. They will soon be gone.

Read what the papers say about the land. Talk to those who have been to see the land. This conveys the proper idea of its value. There is no disguising the fact that it is the biggest offer of a newspaper ever made the public.

Lancaster will grow to be a big town. It will have two railroads soon. It is the only place for a town between Los Angeles and Bakersfield.

## A Word About the Land

As every one knows, Lancaster is a comparatively new town, located in the center of Antelope Valley, along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 75 miles north of Los Angeles, in Los Angeles county. It is new for the reason that up until a few years ago water was supposed to exist only in the mountains, and that it would require large sums to bring water upon the land for irrigation purposes. But this theory has been exploded during the past few months by striking artesian water at a depth of only 132 feet. These wells are now to be found everywhere, pouring up the clearest of pure water, and vegetation of all descriptions is springing into sight. Activity is apparent in all directions. New settlements are being made throughout the valley, and in a few years more the entire region of which Lancaster is the center, will be the most populous and thriving part of Los Angeles county. Where the town is situated, and where THE HERALD lots are laid out, the land is level as a floor. They are easily worth from \$50 to \$100. The town of Lancaster is a thriving town of 250 or 300 inhabitants, and will, within a few years, grow into a place of much prominence. The surrounding country is receiving an influx of settlers who will open homes and improve the land in the best possible manner. The character of the products grown in this region indicates most clearly that a very large population can and will be sustained in Antelope Valley, with Lancaster as its center. Mail subscribers can have the same opportunity as those who live in the city. The price of THE HERALD is as follows:

CITY—Daily, one year, by carrier	\$9.60
Daily, six months	4.80
Daily, one month	.80
BY MAIL—Daily, one year	8.00
Daily, six months	4.25

Ask any citizen of Antelope Valley if he does not consider Lancaster has the brightest prospects of any town in Southern California. Plats are on file in this office showing where the town is located

Address

# THE HERALD

Bradbury Block

Los Angeles

## TROLLEYS OF MANY TYPES

### Progress of the Electric Car Over in Europe

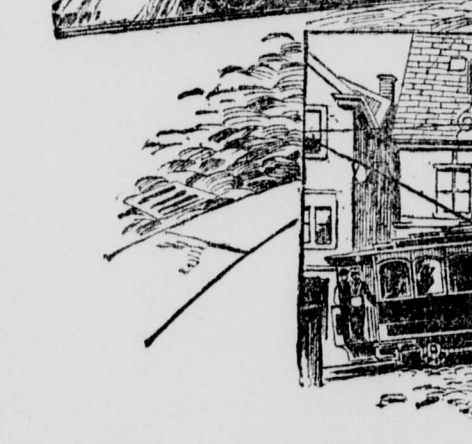
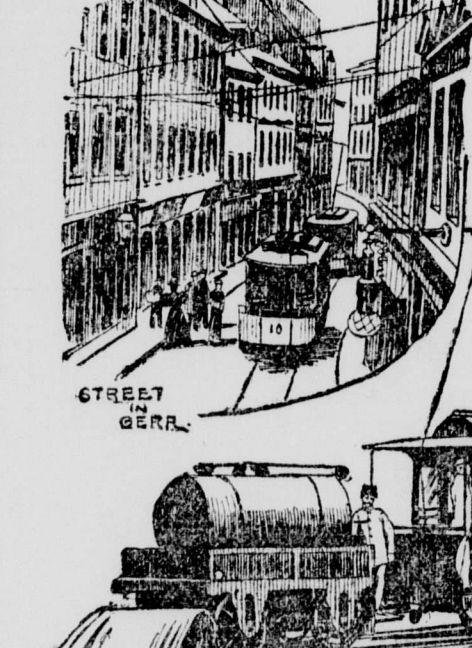
### MANY PROJECTS UNDER WAY

### Foreign Cities Have Had the Benefit of American Expenditure and Experience—Berlin's Proposed Road

The fares of all the foreign trolley roads are much cheaper than in any of the cities here. In Halle, for instance, the passenger pays the equivalent of two and a half cents for four rides. This is but a fraction over half a cent for each fare. Yet the trolley roads all pay handsome profits. Of course labor is much cheaper there than here, but the difference does not compensate for the greatly reduced rates as compared with the average rates charged in this country. In Budapest a trolley road has been in operation some time with an underground contact. It is more costly than the overhead system but has been successful since the first—so successful that in many of the larger cities on the continent projects are now under way for building similar roads.

Berlin expects to have two complete underground trolley roads in the near future, which will be a huge improvement over the Budapest system. If the Berlin engineers solve this problem it will be more than the experts in the employ of the City of New York have been able to do after five years of figuring, experimenting and spending of tens of thousands of dollars.

Of course, the great obstacle in an undertaking of this kind is the vast amount of tunneling which must be done. In New York it has been figured that the work will cost about \$1,000,000 a mile for the excavation. In Berlin, an engineer named Mackensen, who is also the royal railroad director of Germany, has devised a system by which, it is claimed, the necessary tunneling can be done at such a low cost figure that the total cost per mile of constructing the underground road will be but \$300,000.



Only rough details of this system have as yet reached the public. The principal feature of it is an iron tube 10½ feet high and 9 feet wide and 2 feet in depth. It is claimed that with the aid of machinery these tubes can be pushed into place, the excavating going on at the same time. It is likewise claimed that they can be made high and wide enough to permit of the passage of the regulation steam locomotive and passenger cars.

and in consequence the foreign towns have had all the benefit without the cost of experimenting expense. In Germany the first trolley road was built fourteen years ago, but it was a very crude affair, and the people of Berlin did not regard it with much favor. The inventor, Werner von Siemens, has been working constantly at the problem of trolley construction since then, and has made some important progress. His first test road was built at Leichterfeld, just outside of Berlin, and today the German capital has a number of trolley roads. The trolley roads in this country cover above fifteen thousand miles of ground, and nearly forty five thousand cars are in use. In all of Germany there are but 270 miles of trolley roads and about 800 cars in use. In the other continental countries the proportion is about the same, but there are so many projects now underway, particularly in Germany, that the number of cars will be more than quadrupled within two years.

At present the overhead system, the same as used in all the cities of this country, has been adopted on the other

ing does not predominate in European cities. A merchant prince named Lanen has recently become the financial backer of Siemens, the builder of the first German trolley road, for the construction of a road in Berlin which will be a unique affair. It is of the elevated kind, but the cars hang down from the tracks. The running gear is on the roof of the car and the trolley wire comes in immediate contact with it.

A test road has been built in the vast court of the military casino at Dantz, and it has been operated successfully. The track is supported at regular intervals by two iron uprights, connected at the top by a cross bar, the car passing between the uprights.

In Paris particular attention is paid to a development of the storage battery system, and two lines are in successful operation. Heretofore this system has proven very costly because of the great weight of the battery and the impossibility of constructing a car which would stand the strain for any length of time.

ened up, and the death rattle sounded in the throat. The glazed eyes opened, and the good physician interpreted the look as meaning that the dying man wanted to leave his last farewell with his aged wife. She was led weeping at the bedside. The dying one cast upon her a look of ineffable tenderness, which seemed to beckon her closer. She bent so near that her car brushed his lips. The husband appeared to make a convulsive effort to speak once again to the life partner of his joys and sorrows, ere he passed away to the green fields and babbling brooks.

His had been a life of vicissitudes and experience. Perhaps he had some guilty secret to confess. Perhaps he was guilty to some of those last words which are the most precious inheritance of our race. Which the story of life's battle is summed up in a disjointed sentence. He spoke at last. In a quivering whisper, which was audible only because of the intense stillness in the room, the dying man asked: "What gives more milk than a cow?"—Buffalo Express.

A Judge's Retort  
Two capital retorts which are well worth remembering are attributed to the venerable chief justice of the New York court of common pleas, His Honor, Charles E. Daly. At one time a delicate question as to the construction of a statute was discussed before him, and, after elaborate arguments on each side, the chief justice decided the question in open court, giving his reasons in a few well-timed remarks which caused a lull in the court room.

The silence was speedily broken by the successful attorney, who stood up and said, with an air of patronizing approval: "May it please your honor, I for one, agree with you entirely."

## STORIES OF SOLDIERS

In one of the battles about Resaca I had the scare of my life," said General H. C. Hobart. "Late one night the regimental commanders of our brigade were roused from a sleep we were hungry for and ordered to headquarters. The division had been ordered to make a demonstration at daylight. We knew what that meant. The enemy was near and alert. Sherman had kept him on a hot griddle. Pocketing our orders we looked over the ground where the charging line was to form. That done, it was time for the men to be up, get breakfast and be ready to move. The order was for the right to proceed through the woods to a certain point and halt. Mine was the right regiment. I was in place ahead of time. The next regiment was to connect with my left, and so on until the division was in line. My left became hotly engaged. I rode down there. Half of the left company was on a knoll, exposed to a sniping fire. By about-facing and a three-quarter right wheel, then facing to the front, the men would be under cover. That was done. The other troops had not yet come up.

"Returning to the right I heard troops marching in front of my left. What could it mean? Was the enemy stealing up to surprise us? Soon a hot fight was on. While trying to find out what was

the matter I thought of that change in my left company. I was in a cold perspiration at once. That wheeling had changed the formation of the balance of the division. I had endangered the safety of the division, possibly the corps, and maybe the army. These thoughts ran through my mind as fast as the sweat rushed through my pores. I was dumbfounded—paralyzed. It was too late to correct the mistake. In great agony I rode down the line, feeling like a criminal. The firing ceased. I was sure the division had been captured or driven back in disorder. If a cannon ball had come that way I would have invited it to tarry with me. I was the most unhappy man in the army, when a staff officer rode up and excitedly exclaimed:

"Colonel Hobart, the enemy has been flanked and defeated. Push your regiment to the vacated works and wait for orders."

"See that little German?" asked General Oscar H. La Grange, the dashing cavalryman, now a New York City official. "Sheriff Richter of St. Paul. I know him very well."

"Then you know a very brave man. He didn't look like a sheriff when our regiment was organized at Kenosha. He was young, small, modest and green, but learned rapidly. A tiger cat could not be fiercer than that little German in battle."

General Joe Wheeler's cavalrymen were making the First Wisconsin cavalry extra work; had checked it several times. A squad of boys in gray across a field, banked by a heavy forest, peeped into it like a hailstorm. It was plain that they were trying to draw the First into a charge—to ambush it. Volunteers were called for to make a dash at the Wheeler detachment. The first to ride forward and report was the stubby little German, followed by Ed Troxell and two others.

"Take to the saber, boys," said La Grange, and the two others followed. Troxell was first to overtake a man. He rode up to the man, and gave him a charge to ambush it. Volunteers were called for to make a dash at the Wheeler detachment. The first to ride forward and report was the stubby little German, followed by Ed Troxell and two others.

"Where is Ed," asked the little German. "They killed him, Fred." The news upset the little German fellow; he couldn't be comforted. Troxell and Richter had been bunkmates ever since they enlisted. They were the Damon and Pythias of the troop.

"That evening Troxell rode into camp, bringing with him the man he had taken him in to the Confederate ranks, but in the excitement he had escaped. The wounded man pitifully pleaded to be taken into our lines, where he could be cared for. His plea was not in vain. There was a touching scene when Richter and Troxell met that night. "They told me you were killed, Ed," "I could swear I saw you fall from your horse, Fred."

## Terrors of a Polar Night

Constantin Nossloff, reporting in La Tour du Monde his scientific researches in Nova Zembla, furnishes an interesting description of his sensations and experiences during the long Arctic night, which began in November and ended January 20. September was pretty comfortable, he says. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyedes, his only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth, and heavy snow fell. Winter had come in earnest. On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only. For a few days longer there was a morning twilight, then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole twenty-four hours. The huts of the colony were hurriedly constructed, snow of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundation. Sometimes for days together the inmates of different huts could hear no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side. If anyone went out he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes.

In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color that Mr. Nossloff tries in vain to describe. To enjoy the spectacle he used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind.

"I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the polar night," says Mr. Nossloff. "Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity. When there came a lull in the storm the men ventured out to breathe the air and charge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil."

"Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were as feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun."

—Youth's Companion.

## A Determined Reformer

"I hate to lose dot time," said the leader of the German band. "But it's got to be done, dot's all about it."

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman.

"Day has been engaged so much of dose campaign music dot dey can't play nodings but Maryland. My Maryland, and Der Campbell's is Already Coming. Dey taste is spoiled. Dey can't play Mackie Murphy's songs mit any more expression dan a Chinese fiddle."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it? I'm going to elevate dose yellers' musical taste again. I'm goin' to hold back salaries. I keep dem on bread and water and Die Gotterdammerung for six weeks, if necessary."

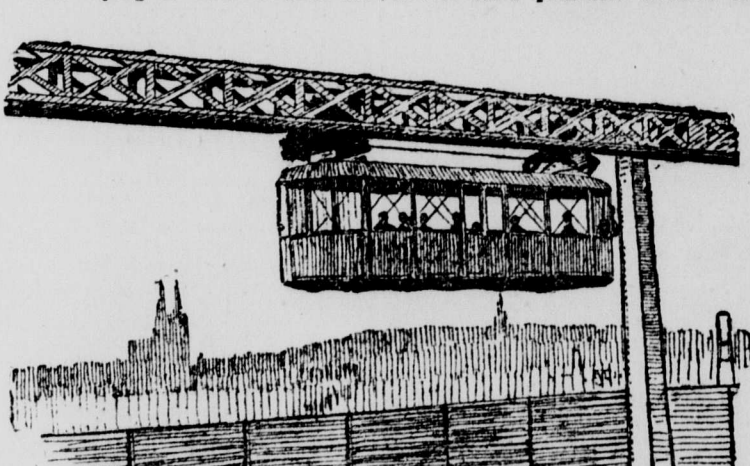
—Washington Star.

## RUPTURE

To the people who are suffering from rupture, Professor Joseph Pandry, formerly of Berlin, Germany, now of Santa Barbara, is a practical rupture specialist and truss manufacturer. Information free whereby you can be cured. Those having tried all kinds of patent trusses and found no relief, also have given up all hope, to those people I am calling their attention, and especially ask them to send me their addresses.

Magaw's Penn. Cheese is the purest, richest and finest flavored cheese made, and can be obtained of E. W. Grannis, grocer, West Adams and Hoover streets.

The wall paper dealer of the city is Eckstrom, 324 South Spring street.



SUSPENSION TROLLEY AT DUETZ

TYPES OF THE TROLLEY

### The Ruling Passion

The old minstrel was dying. He had bequeathed his priceless store of tests to his children and grandchildren, who now stood about him in weeping groups. For hours the moribund man had not spoken. He lay with his eyes closed and a beatific smile on his half-parted lips. To the on-lookers it seemed as if he were already tasting the delights of the pleasant valley of Avilion.

Suddenly the figure on the bed straight-