

LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY
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OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN
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THE HERALD IN SAN FRANCISCO
AND OAKLAND—Los Angeles and
Southern California visitors to San
Francisco and Oakland will find The
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the San Francisco ferry building and
on the streets in Oakland by Wheatley
and by Amos News Co.

Population of Los Angeles, 251,463

"We done it,"—Abe Ruef.

"Where am I at?"—Hahn.

Now hear Hearst yell "fraud!"

Eldridge is elected. So is Ascat.

Hearst and Herrin are to blame.

No more "Dear Walter" letters for
Hahn.

The Democratic motto is: "Don't give
up the ship."

Hearst is "Hoist" in New York now
by his own mine.

"Will somebody kindly tell me who
hit me?"—Hahn.

Will Hearst put the stripes back on
Murphy once more?

Harriman wears "the smile that
won't come off" now.

No, Hearst will not run again—not
if the people know it.

With eggs at 50 cents a dozen, even
"ham" actors feel safe.

Next we vote to take in more territory
and add to our greatness.

Just what will Abe Ruef get from
the incoming administration?

Boni says divorce will ruin him.
Funny: married life about ruined his
wife.

Next, interest will center in the process
of retiring "Doc" Houghton to
private life.

Don't you like the S. P. machine to
run over you? Then why did you vote
to permit it?

The Standard Oil is raising wages.
The raise in prices to meet it will be
announced soon.

The S. P. is handing San Pedro lemons
just now. The S. P. feels haughty
since its victory.

But if the Standard Oil really wants
to be philanthropic, let it reduce the
price of its products to the consumer.

A cablegram from Honolulu states
that "Democratic gains were made
everywhere in Hawaii." Thanks—
thanks.

Young Garfield is to enter the cabinet.
It is to be hoped he will do better
there than he did in "getting" the
beef trust.

Only 55 per cent of those registered
voted Tuesday. That shows how dis-
gusted good Republicans were over the
machine ticket.

Chief Weather Sharp Moore is to be
reprimanded. Considering the brand of
weather he hands out to the east he
should be—or worse.

The Republican machine is worried,
even though victorious. Think what it
would feel like had it been beaten—
and be sorry it wasn't.

Theodore A. Bell conducted a magnifi-
cent campaign and so impressed him-
self upon the good opinion of the peo-
ple that everybody has a word of praise
for him.

However, Chief Weatherman Moore
can take bitter revenge for the reprimand
he is to get. Think of the weather
he can turn on if his dander
gets up.

New York is to spend \$161,000,000 to
bring water into that city from above
Peekskill. Los Angeles will spend
\$23,000,000 to bring water many times as
far. Will the Snooze kindly note?

Hearst and Herrin, the twin iniquities
of California, defeated the state
Democratic ticket in spite of the public
sentiment against them. Another
illustration of bossism and machinery.

The non-partisan campaign will be
formally opened tomorrow night at
Simpson auditorium, where Lee C.
Gates and other nominees will address
the people. There should be a rousing
meeting.

The opening last night of the splen-
did new edifice, the Temple auditorium,
was a local event of great importance
and significance. The building is the
finest and largest of its kind west of
Chicago and its completion enables Los
Angeles once more to point out to the
truly metropolitan character of this
city.

GOVERNOR GILLET

The plurality for Mr. Gillett is "not as
wide as a church door, nor as deep as
a well, but 'tis enough."

He will be the next governor of Cal-
ifornia.

James N. Gillett, by reason of his at-
tainments as a lawyer and his experi-
ence in congress, is eminently fitted to
occupy the chief executive office of this
great state. His opportunities are al-
most unlimited and he is able to give
the people an administration that will
be clean, wholesome and progressive.

California needs a governor who can
appreciate her needs and her splendid
future. She requires a chief executive
who will, regardless of partisanship,
do those things which are necessary to
the upbuilding and development of
every section, north and south.

Mr. Gillett will go into office with the
plaudits of his Republican friends and
with the good wishes of every Demo-
crat. He need fear no enemies from
Southern California, where the fight
was made, not so much upon Gillett
personally as upon the disreputable
machine that dominates his party, and
he will find all his good deeds heartily
supported by all Californians.

Theodore A. Bell, the Democratic
nominee, though defeated at the polls,
has enshrined himself in the hearts of
the people. By a dignified, fearless and
splendid campaign, he more than just-
ified the wisdom of his nomination by
the state Democratic convention. From
first to last he bore himself bravely
and conspicuously as a gentleman and
particularly endeared himself to the
southland. His party congratulates
him.

So, "With malice toward none and
charity for all," let the great work of
upbuilding California be at once re-
newed, with greater vigor than before.

MORE ELECTIONS IN SIGHT

When death takes a monarch from
the throne and a successor is installed
the cry goes forth, "The king is dead—
long live the king!" That is called to
mind by a Los Angeles habit that may
be given expression thus: "The elec-
tion is over—prepare for the election."

Almost before the counting of ballots
is completed, following last Tuesday's
election, it is necessary to prepare for
another election next Monday. That is
the day fixed for a decision by ballot on
the question of linking Los Angeles
with San Pedro by a strip of territory
half a mile wide. In that question is
involved the basic issue of consolida-
tion of the two cities, as no such junc-
ture is possible except by making the
territory of the cities contiguous.

Even before the date of the connect-
ing link election we are warming up for
its electoral successor which will occur
December 4. That is the city election,
which already gives promise of being
the most exciting event of its kind that
Los Angeles has experienced in many
years. Four tickets have been nomi-
nated for city office, and the chief sup-
porters of each proclaim confidence of
winning.

By the time the debris of the city
election is swept out a county bond elec-
tion calling for \$1,000,000, approximately,
probably will be in sight. Before that
is out of the way, quite likely, we shall
be ready for the big Owens river water
bond election, involving from \$3,000,000
to \$5,000,000. That call will be made,
as understood, directly after the con-
sulting board of engineers make their
report on the great water project.

It may be assumed that no break of
considerable length will occur in the
voting program. The voters of Los An-
geles are so frequently called upon to
appear at the polls that voting has
become almost a confirmed habit—a sort
of diversion to be expected at brief in-
tervals.

Bond elections form the staple elec-
toral issues in this city and their fre-
quency causes the average of them to
be treated with indifference by a large
majority of voters. The system is
democratic, however, based on the prin-
ciple of home rule. It gives the peo-
ple an opportunity to decide upon the
important matter of incurring com-
munity obligations for borrowed money,
and they have no right to complain if
they fail to express their will at the
polls.

WELL DONE, CITY COUNCIL

The city council, as is said of good
wine, improves with age. As it nears
the end of its official career it is doing
some things that are especially meri-
torious. For example, there are not
many acts in its record of nearly two
years that are more creditable than one
adopted last Monday—namely, the ad-
dition of more than one-third to the
effective force of the police service.
And the conspicuously good feature
of that act is the provision whereby
the entire expense of the increase will
be borne by the saloon and wholesale
liquor trade.

Only the most feeble "kick" was
raised from the outside when that
proposition was under discussion by the
council. That was a single-voiced pro-
test from the wholesale liquor deal-
ers, based on the ground that the old
license tax was "all the traffic would
bear," to borrow a favorite Southern
Pacific railway maxim. But the undis-
puted fact that would-be wholesalers
are tumbling over one another in ef-
forts to procure licenses and that ex-
traordinary prices are demanded for
those already in force proves the fal-
lacy of that plea.

It is a righteous provision which
makes the chief source of crime in Los
Angeles pay the cost of protecting so-
ciety from crime literally stimulated
by that source. The experience of San
Francisco during the suspension of

liquor traffic following the calamity
proves beyond question that the traf-
fic is chiefly responsible for crime. It is
a fact of court record that San Fran-
cisco was relatively free from crime
during the period of enforced temper-
ance, and it also is a matter of record
that crime was unbribed there when
the liquor traffic was renewed.

But the increase of one-third in the
available police force of this city, com-
paratively large as that increase is,
will be less than really is demanded
by the needs of the service. It will
bring the total effective force up to
about 250 men available for service, a
figure equal to less than one police
officer for every thousand of popula-
tion. The proportion of officers to po-
pulation will still be small as compared
with other large cities and the de-
ficiency is more noticeable when the ex-
ceptionally large area of the city is
considered.

The way to increase the strength of
the police force as needed, and to pay
the cost thereof, has been marked out
by the council. A mark-up in liquor
license tax will "come handy" in fur-
ther expansion of the police force.

A VICTORY FOR "US"

"It was a great victory for US," says
Abe Ruef.

And who is US?
Why, the bunch photographed at that
little "social function" at Santa Cruz,
of course—and several others just over
the margin.

US consists of Abe Ruef, first and
foremost—the little boss of San Fran-
cisco.

It was a victory for Abe, all right.
Also a decided victory for William F.
Herrin, the representative of E. H.
Harriman in California. The minor
boss had his orders from his superior
boss and he obeyed.

Also a victory for Walter Parker,
sub-boss in the Southern Pacific
machine.

Also a victory for William R. Hearst,
who combined with Abe Ruef and Wil-
liam F. Herrin to put a dummy in
the field in order to defeat the Demo-
cratic ticket.

Yes, it was "a great victory for
US."

We hope the people like it. We hope
everybody is pleased with the triumph
of Abe Ruef and the Southern Pacific
machine. There is no reason why they
should not be highly gratified over the
result.

To use one of Abraham Lincoln's
famous sayings, "It's a great thing for
those who like that sort of thing."

OTHER ATTRACTIONS NOW

From the attraction of election re-
turns Los Angeles readers now will
turn to another feature of the news-
papers. This is the feature which tells
of store and shop displays of goods nec-
essary for the change in weather condi-
tions that is likely to occur at any time.
The autumn thus far has been prac-
tically a continuation of summer, but
we are well along in November now and
chilly weather with rain accompani-
ment is due.

It is a fact which inspection quickly
demonstrates, that the Los Angeles
shopping districts never were so at-
tractive as they are this fall. There
are more stores and shops than there
before, caused by the establishment of
many new ones during the present year,
and several of the old ones have been
enlarged and improved recently. The
stocks of goods also appear to be larger
and more varied, more alluring to the
eyes of customers. It is a fair infer-
ence, also, that the sharp competition
caused by the great rivalry among
dealers will insure prices satisfactory
to buyers.

Progressive retail dealers understand
the importance of the scriptural in-
junction that it is folly to "put a light
under a bushel." Instead they illumi-
nate newspaper pages with attractive
descriptions of the handsome and use-
ful goods adorning their shelves and
counters, together with frequent state-
ments of prices as guides to prudent
purchasers.

In determining just where the lum-
inous announcements shall be placed
the discerning dealer selects the kind
of newspaper that is recognized as a
welcome family visitor, fit to be read
by every member of the family, and
with an established character for hon-
esty, truthfulness and a reputation for
printing all news suitable for the home
circle.

These circumstances lead to the large
and rapidly growing use of The
Herald's advertising columns by pro-
gressive dealers who have learned by
experience in what channels the light
of newspaper publicity is most ef-
fective.

Every return that comes in from New
York makes Hearst's repudiation the
more decisive and emphatic.

Non-partisans can get considerable
comfort out of the election, even if not
a complete victory.

MAN'S WEAK-WILL YEARS

At some time between the age of 55
and 62 men lose their will power, their
judgment in a moment of crisis. The
loss is only temporary, making a psy-
chological change between the meri-
dian and the commencement of age.

Dr. Dabbs, in the London, Eng., Ar-
gus, contributes this explanation of
the "Grantham" disaster, citing the
parallel case at Stroud some years ago.
He says he has collected data to sub-
stantiate his point, and asks the ages
of the Salisbury and Grantham en-
gineers, to see whether they fit in
with his theory. He is inclined to
rule that no man between 55 and 62
should be allowed to drive an express
engine, as not "master of that un-
clouded will which makes the greatest
emergency his obedient slave."
Grave errors of commanders in the
field and of captains at sea, he ex-
plains in the same way, hinting at a
recent national experience—apparently
the South African war. Business men
also show similar signs of weakness. Ir-
resolution, suspicion and irritability
at a certain time of middle life. A little
older and they again become reliable,
tractable and wiser in counsel. With
age and patience all comes right
again.

LIVING IN CONSTANT DREAD OF DEATH

Men of the Powder Mills Who Work Steadily in the Shadow of an Awful
Destruction
From the Kansas City Star.

Within ten miles of Kansas City is a
village whose people live in continual
dread of a terrible death. It is Holmes
Park, three miles south of Swope park.
Near this little village is a powder
mill in which are made each day 1000
kegs of the most powerful blasting
powder.

Within a few rods of the little white
schoolhouse around which the children
of the village romp and play is a great
magazine in which are stored 20,000
kegs of powder. If this should explode
it would wreck every house in the little
village and would cause the buildings in
Kansas City to tremble as if an earth-
quake shook them.

In this powder plant twenty-four men
work. Death, stark and fearful, stares
them in the face every moment. The
finest spark, struck from a bit of iron
anywhere, would cause the explosion
that everyone dreads.

These men who work eye to eye with
death have faces sober and drawn with
anxiety and fear and a continual brood-
ing over what might happen. No man
ever becomes accustomed to it so that
he forgets and is care free as work-
men in other trades are. In or around
this powder mill is never heard a snatch
of a song or a merry laugh. The men
work in silence.

The mental strain is hard and the men
do not stay long. They come and go.
Some stay for a year, more stay for
six months, but the majority quit after
a few weeks of it. There are always
new men to take the places of those
who go. The high wages tempt them.

Men who do common labor are paid \$2
a day. Others, who work in the "corn-
ing" mill, where the liability of explo-
sion is ever present, are paid \$3.50 a
day.

A man may be daredevil, he might
have the courage to fight his weight in
wildcats, and he might begin work in
the powder mill without fear in his
heart. But everywhere he would see
the utmost precautions against the
dreaded explosion, and soon this would
begin to tell upon him. He would see
the rules before his nose at every turn:

"No matches allowed anywhere upon
the place, no smoking, no striking of
iron against iron, no drinking of intoxi-
cants." He would see men moving
slowly, lifting things gingerly and lay-
ing them down with care, even putting
their feet down tenderly upon the pow-
der-strewn floors, always fearful of the
spark that might strike. But more than
all else he would be impressed uncon-
sciously with the strained look upon the
men's faces, and soon the same haggard
look would come into his face, he
would dream of the awful thing at
night, he would brood over it by day,
and then he would come to a point
where he could stand it no longer and
he would quit the job.

Their Wives Are Fearful, Too

They tell a story of a man who had
worked in the powder mill until he was
almost a nervous wreck. He had
dreamed hundreds of times of being
torn to atoms by the explosion of the
mill. One day at his work beneath
huge cylinders in which tons of powder
were revolving he turned and saw a
parcel in a red bandana handkerchief
which a fellow workman had laid in a
corner. To his imagination it looked
like red blood splashes of a torn and
mangled body and he turned and ran
and did not stop until he was beyond
sight of the powder mill.

The fear of the powder makers suf-
fers with the nervous strain fully as
much as their husbands. They know
that if the explosion comes it will be
without a moment's warning or time
for thought.

But the children play around the
school house as cheerily as children
anywhere. They are the only ones who
do not feel the burden and the gloom
in the powder village.

Not long ago a spark some way
touched the clothing of a man who
worked in the powder mill. His cloth-
ing was saturated with powder. There
was no explosion, but every thread
upon him went up in a flash and he
died from the burns. Luckily for the
others in the mill his death was not an
explosion might happen.

To Prevent Explosions

There are sixty acres in the powder
mill grounds. It is very hilly. The

"mill" has twenty different houses,
each of them small and built of sheet
iron. Each is built into an excavation
dug in the side of the hill and each is
far enough from the other so that if
one explodes it might not cause any of
the other nineteen to explode, too.

A man who was "quitting the job"
last week said: "The thing that kept
me worried was the fact that the little
sheet-iron building in which I worked
was set into a hole in the hillside so
that if it exploded it would all go
straight up in the air. That kept the
dread of an explosion before me all the
time and I imagine myself going up in
the air in a sheet of flame. I just had
to quit or I'd gone crazy."

To minimize the danger of "hot
boxes" all the journal bearings of the
machinery are of brass, the tools of the
workmen are of brass so that no spark
may be struck. There are twenty tons
of brass upon the plant.

How Powder is Made

The powder is made of sodium nitrate,
which comes from Peru; sulphur from
Louisiana and charcoal from Missouri.
The charcoal and sulphur are put into
great iron drums and chunks of steel
are put in with them. They revolve
all night and by morning the steel balls
have reduced the charcoal and sulphur
to an impalpable black powder. This is
put in bags and goes up the hillside
to the four incorporating mills.

Each mill has a "pan" nine feet
across, shaped exactly like a milk pan,
with a floor of steel plate. In this pan
two great steel rollers, six feet in di-
ameter, each with a 24-inch face and
weighing thirteen tons apiece, roll
around and around upon the bed plate.

The charcoal, sulphur and nitrate so-
dium is dumped into the pan. For two
hours the rollers revolve and thoroughly
mixes and "incorporates" it.

The mixture goes next to the press
where it is poured into a long box set
full of aluminum plates two inches
apart. Hydraulic pressure squeezes it
into cakes twenty-four inches square
and an inch thick.

The cakes go to the corning mill
where they are ground into grains of
different size, the largest about the size
of kernels of corn. These are shoveled
into bags and are wheeled around the
hillside to another mill where they go
into cylinders and revolve in plumbago
until they generate a heat of 160 to 200
degrees. Each grain takes on a high
polish from the coating of plumbago
which preserves the powder grain and
makes it sell more readily. Next they
go to the separator which sorts the
grain into nine different sizes. Here the
powder is packed into metal cans each
holding twenty-five pounds, and these
cans are stored in the magazine, ready
for market.

W. H. Caffett is the superintendent of
this plant of the Excelsior Powder com-
pany. He has been making powder all
his life.

BALLOON LAW NEEDED

Two women were talking over their
tea in a woman's club.

"This balloon fad is all right," said
the first. "I see that George Bernard
Shaw, Pinero, the Gouds, Harry Lehr,
all sorts of celebrities, make occasional
ascensions. But at the same time—
She made a gesture of repudiation
and horror.

"At the same time," said the other
woman, "it's risky business, eh? Well,
that is the truth. My husband went
up in a balloon last week, and I haven't
spoken to him since. What right had
he to risk his life like that? He has
nothing save me and we live at a \$700
rate. Suppose anything had happened
to him, what would then become of
me, with nothing in the world but a
\$15,000 insurance?"

"In Vienna," said the first woman,
"they have a law that is needed here.
No married Viennese male is allowed to
go up in a balloon without the formal
consent, before witnesses, of his wife.
That is as it should be. I am positive,
if the ballooning craze continues, that
some such law will be adopted in
America."

"It should be," said the second woman,
"and if it is, it will bar my hus-
band out, rest assured."

Fall Tonics

BY VOKES



LOCK 'EM OUT.
Hiram Hayrick (the country store)—
I see that this here Panama canal is
sold to the U. S. Government. They
say it's a good thing. They
they kin lock these darned furniers
out.

MORE TO THE POINT.
Jiggs—The courts have decided that a
passenger carrying on a pass can re-
cover damages for injuries due to ne-
gligence of the train crew.
Society—X's know; but how do you
get the pass?

WHITE WIVES OF CHINAMEN

About 200 white girls in Chicago are
married to Chinamen. On an average
of over one month the Celestials of
the Windy City continue to win white
brides.

The downfall of the white race before
the yellow in the Japanese war seems
to have inspired not only the Japs but
the Chinese with new claims of equality.
One result is the increase of marriages
between white girls and Chinamen,
which has been noticed in all our large
cities during the last year.

But the Chicago Tribune, which has
been investigating the matter, finds
that this wiping out of racial prejudice
is not given by the brides themselves
as their reason for choosing Chinamen.
Twenty-five of the most recently wedded
gave the following as the object of
their action: Love, money, opium, a
home, kindness.

Back of these assigned reasons is an-
other and deeper reason. That is, that
a Chinaman, when he takes a white
bride, wipes out her past entirely, and,
no matter what she might have been,
she, as his wife, is honored.

The Chinaman never considers mar-
riage until he is financially able to sup-
port a wife, in which he differs from
believers in the power of money to make
courtship easy—and he spends lavishly.
It may take him weeks to attract the
attention of the object of his love to
himself, but once he has made her
acquaintance and broken down the
racial barrier his progress is rapid.

He spends money, he banquets her in
the private rooms of chop suey restau-
rants, and—if it is alleged—if then she
does not agree to marry him he does
not surrender and mourn the loss, but
he invests her into smoking opium—
and, having once tasted the charms of
"the pipe," she is his. For a few weeks
she smokes.

Then, perhaps, she is arrested in some
Chinese house, dazed and filled with
opium dreams. When she is bailed out
by the Chinaman who does a profes-
sional bond business, she returns. She
knows the police will pick her up if
she is found in the Chinese haunts, and
then comes a proposal of marriage.

The girl knows that once married she
can smoke hop as long as she pleases,
in her own home, free from molestation
by the police, secure and certain of
opium as long as she may want it. So
she becomes the bride of the China-
man and lounges in the gilded den he
fits up for her, scarcely ever caring to
go out—even were she permitted, which
she seldom is, except in company with
her lord and master, who during his
leisure moments delights in taking her
out, attired in her most gorgeous
gowns, to dine with him.

SARTORIAL SORROWS

Are men to return to the knee
trousers, silk stockings and ruffled
shirts of our forefathers? The dress-
makers assembled at Chicago say so.
At first, thought it seems absurd, but,
after all, why not?

Leave the decision to a man from
Mars and he would declare in favor of
the old-time costume. What is there
about the clothes of the men of today
that commends itself to common sense?
One cannot imagine Solomon of old,
in all his glory, evolving such queer
things from his inner consciousness.

Take the hats. What excuse is there
for the shape of the "plug" or "derby"?
And these new telescope soft
hats—why about as pretty as the
tomato can top pieces the funny artists
put on their Weary Willies.

And the stiff collar, the stiff shirt
bosom and the stiff cuffs. What are
they for? They might as well be of
sheetiron, painted white and varnished.
The ordinary coat is no more than it
claims to be. It is a sack with two
big wads of cotton at the top that de-
ceive nobody.

The man who first wore long trousers
must have had the kind of legs that
would not stop a pig in an alley. But
that excuse would not be valid today.
The gentle art of padding has been re-
duced to an exact science, owing to the
exigencies of the comic opera and the
ballet. The long trousers soon bag at
the knees, the bottoms become frayed
and muddy, and they give the sensation
produced by surgeon's plaster over a
cut every time the wearer sits down.

Who among the thousands that wore
knickerbockers during the time of the
bicycling craze cannot remember with
what regret they were laid aside to put
on ordinary clothes?

Avant the bag kneed trousers, the
clammy cuffs, the starched breast plate,
the unyielding neck chafers, eyes, and
the collar buttons, too, the metamorphosed
sack, the fearful and wonderful plug
hat and the unexplainable derby! Hail
the knee trousers, the long hose, the
pumps, the ruffled shirt, the coat with
curves in it, and the wide brimmed, soft