

DISMAL.

PICKETS HUNT DARK CORNERS.

False Courage Oozes When Drastic Steps Taken.

Karlson's Fate Strikes Terror Into Laborites.

Hired Lawyers Desert Cause to Fight Contractors.

While the union laborites in Los Angeles gloomily contemplate the dismal perspective of a beerless Labor Day celebration at the beaches, the more or less brilliant array of legal talent imported from San Francisco to duck around and under anti-riot laws, silently folded tents and hiked sadly back to San Francisco, to prepare for the rout that is awaiting them at the hands of the angry contractors of the northern city.

More grim than this opera-bouffe side of the situation was the beginning of preparations yesterday to haul pickets into the Superior Court by wholesale for open violations of the injunction. The news spread rapidly among the laborites and yesterday not a single picket was seen in the city, according to reports made to Capt. Lehnhausen by his scouting squad of plainclothesmen.

The bread line at the Labor Temple is not a success. With the exception of a few threats of slugging, folled by vigilant policemen and special officers, the laborites allowed Los Angeles to rest in peace yesterday.

Karlson's fate in the Superior Court, where he was sentenced to jail for 109 days in default of a fine of \$200, has taken the false courage out of the pickets. When they heard that preparations were being made to cinch more pickets a la Karlson, picketing immediately became one of the most unpopular pursuits ever attempted in Los Angeles.

Austin Lewis, the little socialistic agitator, who was the red standard-bearer of the socialist party some time ago, is the only one of the San Francisco lawyers left to help out Fred Spring and Job Harriman with the scores of strike cases in the local courts.

George Appel is gone, and so is Daniel O'Donnell and ex-Judge James G. McGuire, who objects to being called "Cuspidor" McGuire. Also gone are Tveitmoe and McCarthy, Gallagher and the bunch of misleaders of labor.

URNS THE TABLES.

The situation in Los Angeles offered to them nothing enticing. It was rather humiliating when, during the tedious task of empanelling a jury in the Hunter picket case, now pending in the police court, Attorney Earl Rogers of the prosecution, tired of hearing the lawyers for the defense asking venemen if they ever had dealings with members of the law firm of Gray, Barker, Bowen, Allen, Van Dyke & Jutten, adopted their own tactics. He asked jurors if they had ever heard of George Appel of San Francisco who came to Los Angeles to defend strikers; or of Daniel O'Donnell, a San Francisco lawyer, who came to Los Angeles to defend strikers; did they ever hear of James J. McGuire, a San Francisco lawyer, who came to Los Angeles to defend strikers; or of Austin Lewis, a San Francisco lawyer who came to Los Angeles to defend strikers.

Rogers was as solicitous in inquiring into the possible acquaintance of the venemen with Tveitmoe, the San Francisco labor boss; Gallagher and McCarthy, his lieutenants, and as many other tools and satellites of Tveitmoe as happened to be in the city working against the best interest of the industrial life of Los Angeles.

Always the answer was that the venemen had never heard, or else had never had any dealings with these men. This repeated turning down seemed to distress the lawyers for the defense.

The "fair" beer question confronting the labor agitators on the eve of Labor Day is exquisitely funny. Also, it is a well-earned tribute to the excellence of Los Angeles products.

Labor Day, with the unions, calls for a celebration. It would be hard to discover what the unions in this end of the State may have to celebrate and make merry over, with the bread line still so fresh a memory and dozens of ruffians in the toils of the law. But there was to be a celebration, and a labor union celebration without beer would be the flattest thing on record.

Bearing this in mind, the Labor Temple authorities began to cast about for a place in which they might celebrate with a grand and glorious picnic.

SCOUTS TURNED DOWN.

"Scouts" were sent out to locate the picnic grounds, if not here, then at one of the beach towns. The beer was impressed upon the "scouts" as an essential; nothing was to be done without beer.

"Us scouts are lookin' for a cache in which we can store fair beer for the labor union blowout on Labor Day," whispered a delegation to the ice man in Venice.

"Nothin' doin'," replied the ice man.

"Wot'ell!" exclaimed the scouts.

"You heard me," said the ice man, closing the argument.

The scouts visited one seaside resort after the other. Nowhere could they find the much-desired cache. Everywhere they were assured that Los Angeles beer could be had from any of the retailers, and that the customers of these retailers seemed to consider it quite fair enough.

That left the scouts with nothing to do but report back to the Labor Temple powers. The beach towns seemed to think that the Labor Day beer guzzling festival would be the cause of more or less trouble, and that ended it.