LOS ANGELES HERALD

BY THE HERALD COMPANY.

FRANK G. FINLAYSON.....President
ROBT. M. YOST.....Editorial Manager
S. H. LAVERTY.....Business Manager

OLDEST MORNING PAPER IN LOS ANGELES.

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Population of Los Angeles 201,249

Today's Amusements

BELASCO—"Old Heidelberg."
GRAND—"Belle of New York."
HOTCHKISS—"A Tin Soldier."
BURBANK—"A Texas Steer."
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville.
NOVELTY—"Slaves of Russia."
FISCHER'S—"Monte Carlo."

Charles M. Schwab says he found San Francisco worse than Chicago. Well, as he's an expert, he ought to know.

The statehood agony being over, we will now be further entertained with the railroad rate bill row and the Smoot inquiry.

In the smashing of a newspaper photographer's camera, John R. Walsh of Chicago proves himself no better newspaper man than he is a banker.

It is now up to Arizona and New Mexico to prove that a case of single statehood is preferable, sometimes, even to marriage with one's nearest neighbor.

If that big gas well in Kansas, which has been burning since February 23, isn't capped soon, what'll Kansas do for the chief ingredient in her next political canvass?

Missouri's supreme court has finally ruled that the Standard Oil magnates must answer Attorney General Hadley's questions. But how far will that go toward making them answer?

Prof. E. C. Moore, superintendent-elect, declares he will make no radical changes in the Los Angeles schools. This is wise; none was or is needed. But more schools are in great demand.

I. W. Hellman, who is forming a big trust company here, says his one worry is to keep people from insisting on buying stock in it; there are not shares enough to go around. That speaks well for Los Angeles' "cash on hand" account.

Mr. Huntington has returned from New York and promptly denied the report that he had a disagreement with Harriman or that he had acquired the Los Angeles-Pacific railroad. He reports everybody in the east intensely interested in the wonderful growth and development of Los Angeles.

The Strang electric car has arrived in Chicago and is headed for Los Angeles with a party of railroad men. The car has already gone 3,000 miles without repair and is reported in good condition. Success of this trial trip may go a long way toward revolutionizing the motive power on railway lines.

A visitor from London, Eng., says "there is no city like Los Angeles." And that very fact gives assurance that within a very few years Los Angeles will be one of the great cities of the world. With the only perfect climate and a limited area, this section will soon be teeming with inhabitants, from the mountains to the sea.

The annual holdup of the dollar poll-tax has begun. This is one form of taxation that California ought to be ashamed of. It is glaringly unnecessary and a source of irritation out of all proportion to the results. It is even worse than the taxing locally of automobiles belonging to tourists and is wholly unworthy of this great state.

"The climate of California is so alluring," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "that it would be hard for the government to erect coast defenses sufficiently strong to keep the Chinese invaders out." Thanks for the compliment, but the Chinese are no respecters of climate and we are perfectly willing to have the government make a try at Pacific coast defense.

Indications now are that the month of March will exceed the same month of previous years in the record of building and improvements in Los Angeles. During the past nine days there were 340 building permits issued for improvements valued at $846,630. At this rate the month should foot up close to $1,500,000. The 340 permits issued since March 1 are distributed among the wards as follows, according to amounts: Sixth ward first with 91; Ninth ward (Boyle Heights) second, with 58; Fifth ward third, 51; First ward fourth, 36; Second ward fifth, 34; Fourth ward sixth, 32; Third ward seventh, 17; Seventh ward eighth, 15; Eighth ward ninth, 6. It is worthy of note as indicating the tremendous recent growth of Boyle Heights that the building permits for the Ninth ward show the highest valuation of proposed improvements of any ward, $286,522.

GROWERS AND RAILROADS

With the Southern California citrus fruit growers the question is not so much the personal attitude of the railroad companies for or against them as it is the power of the railroad companies.

The railroads themselves are now busy declaring, since the decision of the supreme court in the routing case, that they are friendly disposed toward the citrus fruit growers and have no present intention of taking advantage of the power conferred upon them by the supreme court. The presumption is, of course, that if the growers will hold off their convention of tomorrow or minimize its proceedings and results, the railroads will be good. This naturally leads to the assumption that if the citrus fruit growers make a very loud "holler" at tomorrow's convention, the railroads will know how to deal with their case.

A friendly disposition on the part of the railroads is of course desired by the people of Southern California. It is a valuable asset. But the people insist upon that friendly disposition on fair and equitable terms.

Giving the railroads absolute power to do as they please with the crops and then trusting to the friendliness of the railroads to do the routing and fix the rates is not fair. It is unbusinesslike, and the railroads themselves would not rest for a moment with their hands in the lion's mouth and trusting to the good nature of the lion not to bite them off.

As The Herald understands the situation, the conference of orange growers tomorrow is not a populistic movement, designed to voice a senseless or political outcry against corporate monopolies, but is rather a business conference, designed to take immediate and the most effective steps toward putting the orange growers on an equal business basis with the railroads. If the roads are friendly disposed, so much the better and easier for the success of the movement. But whether they are or are not will hardly interfere with the determination of the orange growers to urge upon congress and the president the enactment of some sort of law that will give the growers protection from the possible unfriendliness of the transportation companies.

Southern California has never been rabid on the all absorbing question of railway rates. It has taken its medicine quietly and stood for the exactions, in the hope that some day there would be competing lines to adjust and restore the equilibrium between crops and freight schedules. They have waited in vain. They have been patient to no effect. When the railroads got ready they formed a pooling agreement and routed shipments as they pleased, at any rate the traffic would bear. The growers mildly protested and asked protection from the interstate commerce commission. That body appealed to the United States court of California for help and that court came promptly to the rescue with a decision that will go down in history for appreciation of the law and the equities of the case. The railroads appealed to the supreme court of the United States, which reversed the able decision of the lower court and turned the people back to a reliance upon the "friendliness" of the railroad companies.

These are the facts in the case. Now the citrus fruit growers, finding themselves in the power of the transportation companies, are not willing to rest upon the absence of law, nor content themselves with making terms with the companies. They are in no position to make terms. The railroads are now possessed of all the law and all the power, and if the roads should want to take all the profits of orange growing in Southern California all they need do is to reach out their hands. There is now no court and no law to say them nay.

What should the citrus fruit growers do? Sit on their thumbs and grin like a Cheshire cat at the friendly disposition of the railroads? Not if they are business men. Their duty is to agree quickly upon the sort of law they need—whether of enlarged power to the interstate commerce commission or a special enactment to fit the case—and carry the resolutions thus adopted directly to Washington. In that line of action only is there safety for the growers and shippers.

DELINQUENT TAX LAWS

While it is good news, doubtless, to the harassed treasurer of the city of Los Angeles to learn that his exchequer may be increased by half a million dollars or more through the sale of lands held by the city for taxes, yet it behooves the lawmakers to give a little thought to the circumstances which make this possible. In which case they will find the good news not unmixed with grave and evil portents.

The tax laws governing in this city are peculiar. When real estate taxes are delinquent the city takes over the property and pays taxes to itself for five years. At any time within that period the property may be redeemed by the original owner. At the end of five years the city takes a deed to this property if unredeemed, and then for five years more no taxes accrue—the city cannot tax property it already owns. At the end of the second five years the city may proceed to sell the lands yet unredeemed, to which it holds title, and turn the cash into its treasury.

In a way this seems a very liberal proposition to the city. But is it? The "stinger" in the law makes one believe otherwise.

This "stinger" provides that any property owner whose land has been taken over by the city may redeem the same at any time within the ten-year period by paying all taxes, penalties and interest. This would look fair on its face, but, look you, the city may not tax property for which it holds title, and five of these ten years this land has been in the city's name. As it cannot tax its own land, neither can it assess it. Hence, when an original owner redeems he pays his taxes for the first five years on the annual assessments made in those years; then he pays for the subsequent five years on the basis of the last assessment, or at the value rate of five years back.

Now, in an old settled community where values change little this might be fair, but think for a moment of the snap one has who is taxed on the basis of land values here five years ago. Imagine the difference in values in Broadway, for instance, in 1901 and in 1906. Figure on the worth of property around Seventh street then and now. Then you can get a glimpse of this "stinger."

Of course if property which became delinquent for taxes ten years ago and is now about ready for sale were all to be disposed of for the city's treasury and profit at its values today, the gain to the city would be something very fine, and would make this law well worth while. And as about $750,000 worth is to be disposed of now, it being past redemption, the "stinger" is somewhat blunted. But what about the parcels which did become delinquent a decade ago, have been carried ten years by the city and have recently been redeemed, or now will be, on a tax basis five years old? Will not the loss in legitimate taxes ensuing more than equalize the city's gain?

And, too, what a way this opens to "beat" the city—especially one growing so rapidly as is Los Angeles. What's to prevent a man this year from becoming delinquent in his realty taxes, letting them run nearly ten years and then redeeming on a basis value of five years hence? And how about the man who has already a delinquency against him? Every year that it dates back, with the great increases now prevailing in this city, affords additional inducement for him to permit the city to carry him along till the decade is about up, that he may save a five-year increase in his assessable values.

Thus the "stinger" in this law becomes evident; it puts a decided premium on tax delinquency, deprives the city of annual running revenue, cuts down the ultimate taxes considerably, and leaves the city with only a speculative, tentative value in the end and a problematical chance to recoup itself by a sale of the property. In other words, the city is left to gamble on the owner's not redeeming within ten years, with the cards stacked against the city and its opponent in full possession of the pasteboards it holds—a plain case of "skin."

PRAISE FROM SAN FRANCISCO

The Herald is glad to call attention today to a page article on Los Angeles with pictures, which it reproduces from the San Francisco Chronicle of last Sunday, by the courtesy and consent of that newspaper. The page appeared in the magazine section of the Chronicle and was supplied to The Herald on request, with the Chronicle's compliments. The article descriptive of the city's rapid and solid growth is eminently just, fair and comprehensive, and a pleasing token of the fact that at least one of the northern city's newspapers is broad and decent enough to recognize what is going on here, its tremendous moment, the great good Los Angeles' growth will do the state and the signal success which the Angeleno has wrought out amid many difficulties and despite croaking opposition and illnatured "knocks."

Too often San Francisco has been the head center of the disparagement which Los Angeles has to combat, and her newspapers have too frequently voiced the jealousy of the metropolis to their own, their city's and the state's discredit and harm. This generous and fair tribute from the Chronicle is therefore all the more significant, in that it proves that newspaper too big and broad to be classed with the sheets that cavil and complain of progress here instead of trying to induce a modicum of it in their own communities.

Again The Herald thanks the Chronicle both for the article and its courtesy in enabling the reproduction.

Former Mayor Eaton emphatically disavows the alleged interview with him in yesterday's Hearst yellow. His denial was anticipated by the public, who did not believe that Mr. Eaton had said anything derogatory to the Owens river project. He has been and is a leading spirit in the enterprise and he will remain with it to a successful issue. The Hearst yellow again has earned the public contempt.

Heavy snowstorms in the east and middle west, with Los Angeles temperature at sixty and all the flowers abloom in all the yards and every hill, mountain and lawn covered with verdure. Do you wonder that everybody wants to come to Los Angeles?

Kansas is in the grasp of the worst snowstorm of the winter. But a snowstorm in Kansas always has one good feature: It "saves the wheat crop." This one did.

AGED COUPLE'S CLOSE CALL

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Davis Found Unconscious From the Effects of Illuminating Gas

Peter Davis and his aged wife were nearly asphyxiated Friday night by escaping gas in their room at 317 South Main street. Both were unconscious yesterday morning when the door to their room was broken down, but physicians say they will recover. It is believed the partial asphyxiation was purely accidental.

The husband is 64 years of age and the wife 78. According to the theory of the police, the couple failed to turn the gas off completely when they retired.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis keep a rooming house. Some of the lodgers noticed that neither of the proprietors was up yesterday morning, and upon going to the door the odor of escaping gas became evident. A policeman was summoned and the door was broken down.

Palm—Did you ever milk a cow before?

Pepper—No, but I write with a fountain pen, and it's much the same.

BUILD A HIGHWAY FROM LOS ANGELES TO THE SEA

Construction of a Perfect Road Southward Feasible and Its Results Upon the Development of This City, as Outlined by a Well Known Writer

By Frederick Crowe ("Crowquill")

If the mountain won't come to Mohomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain.

The sea won't come to Los Angeles, but Los Angeles will go to the sea.

Vessels today cannot unload their cargoes on wharves along Alameda street, but Alameda street can be built straight to our own free mole and wharves extending out into the waters of our harbor at San Pedro.

And it will be done, just as sure as there is a harbor at San Pedro and an Alameda street that points that way from the heart of the center of this great Los Angeles. It is only a question of time, and I might add that it is not so much a question of time as it is a question of willing to do it.

The necessary drinking water for Greater Los Angeles was not here, so we took twenty-three million dollars and went over the mountains and got it.

Picture to yourself the fair angel of Los Angeles holding in her left hand the cornucopia from which pours out upon this city the blessed waters from the Owens river, whose right hand upholds this little nursling of the future, and imagine the little finger to be Figueroa street; the ring finger Grand avenue and the great strong one South Main, below the junction of Spring and Broadway; the index finger is Central avenue and the thumb is Alameda street; then declare that all these five should be as one from the present city limits to the sea. Then build this grand boulevard and you have solved more problems for the future of this city and made more actual progress for its advancement and prosperity than the past twenty-six years of transcontinental railways or the past five years of interurban electric railway building.

In one short year we have seen the Owens river project become transformed from a possibility into a practical assurance and rapidly becoming an acknowledged fact. It is something that should always have been done—the wonder is that it has not been done before now. And in another year we can perform this new miracle, which will be but the nucleus, the pattern and the persuasive argument for its extension northward into Pasadena, westward from the end of Sunset boulevard to the sea at Santa Monica, southward along the Strand for fifty miles from beach to promontory, clear to San Pedro, there connecting with these five streets made into one grand boulevard, the El Commercial Rialto, that king's highway, which shall combine the speedway, the highway, the tramway, the byway and the causeway whereby and whereon Los Angeles in all its departments of commerce and industries shall march straight to the ocean, to its own free mole and wharf in its own free harbor.

This is as necessary for this city as it is for man to breathe and if we consider the Owens river as Los Angeles' left lung we should consider San Pedro harbor as her right, and when Los Angeles takes one long, good, deep breath with both its lungs expanded and lets out its first lusty cry, "I am consolidated from the mountains to the sea, I am the city, the grandest that is to be," it will be heard the whole world around and the wise men from the east will recognize the star that predicts future greatness and follow it to the west where it shines clear and steady over us, proclaiming "Here is the place to bring your gifts." And they will.

Huntington Park, Watts, Compton, Long Beach, Terminal Island, Wilmington and San Pedro, Naples, Huntington Beach and Newport all should be as interested in this El Commercial Rialto, this king's highway of commerce as is Los Angeles.

* * *

Rome had the viaducts and the good roads. New York had the good harbor, but Los Angeles stands alone in all the world as the city that was builded without a strike (the temple that was builded without sound of hammer), and combines the other three elements of greatness and adds thereto its greatest reason. "The best climate on earth" and the best lighted business streets on earth—Broadway, Spring and Main—which unite to make the beginning of El Commercial Rialto and continue all these things to the sea.

Good roads alone mean $100,000,000 of American money annually to France. Give us good roads, and turn the tide of travel to sunny Southern California.

Frank A. Munsey says in his December, 1905, magazine:

"Starting with a basis of $50,000,000 or thereabouts of the selling value of new cars for the present year it is a fully reasonable estimate that the total direct income to France from the automobile and automobiling, including all wages and the value of all materials, will reach up to well nigh $200,000,000.

"To turn the tide of travel to any section of the world is something that cannot be done by deliberate purpose and undertaking. It must come about from deeper and more fundamental causes than the scheme of statesmanship or organization, but once flowing into a country it is apt to remain until the great underlying causes or development turn it back or aside.

"Give us good roads, and a hundred million dollars of American money that now goes annually to enrich Europe will remain at home to build bigger and stronger our great country.

"We have here one hundred, perhaps five hundred to one of any other country who can afford to go in for automobiling. We have the money, the temperament and the country.

"It is estimated that there are today employed in France, in one way or another in the automobile industry, and all that pertains thereto, including the care and repair of cars, more than 200,000 people," or about the population of Los Angeles.

Oh, for the gift of Midas' touch that one might transform every page of every book in the Carnegie libraries of these United States, NOT into gold, but into paving stones to surface one grand El Commercial Rialto clear across the continent from San Pedro harbor to Long Island sound. When that road is done, and not until then, will humanity as one man walk abroad and read "sermons in stones, songs in running brooks and good in everything," and it is the duty of Los Angeles to be the first to build its end, for from here must come the initiative to the highest accomplishment of twentieth century civilization.

* * *

Let us begin El Commercial Rialto this year.

Frank Wiggins says that 500,000 people will be here in five short years. He met them at the world's fair in St. Louis and at the Portland exposition, therefore he ought to know.

Here are some "reasons why" for Los Angeles that have dawned upon us in one year.

Of course we have always known ever since we have been here that there is "only one" Southern California climate, and Los Angeles is its capital city, and there are 55,000,000 people on the other side of the Rockies, and every one of them is coming here some time, sooner or later, sure as fate. But—

One year ago our basis of evidence for future greatness was limited to our twelve-story buildings and our electric railways radiating in twelve directions to the skyline.

Today Los Angeles has burst the crysalis of the natural evolution of a city's growth and has reached one hand over the mountains, 400 miles away, and is transferring the wealth of water from Owens river to the uses of civilization, preparing Southern California, from the mountains to the sea, to become the possible home for one solid city.

Second. The movement is already on foot for the consolidation of probably the largest number of small towns and cities into one greater commonwealth than has ever been consummated upon the face of the globe.

Third. Three railroads are now publishing magazines of their own to tell the people to come to Southern California, and one of them is spending $100,000 within the year for this specific purpose, and all of these new individual efforts are on top of the regular chamber of commerce promotion committee, colonization company, individual business and personal letters written back home, that perpetual motion system of promotion work for Southern California that has always been going on and that always will be going on to convert the world to the acceptance of the climate of Southern California and induce them to contribute their lives, their work, their brains and their money to upbuilding the new capital city of the world, Los Angeles.

Why? Because in the minds of men since the dawn of civilization there has been gradually forming a picture of a city that should be the culmination of man's ideals. From the remotest days that picture has been the "cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night" before the civilization wandering ever westward in search of heaven upon earth, the Beulah land of perpetual happiness, flowing with milk and honey. As much of that picture as could be clearly seen by the minds of past generations has gradually taken form, crystalized and focused itself into the great cities of each nation, and become the heart, the source and center of the next succeeding dominant race.

* * *

As Athens signified the Greek, as Rome signified the Roman empire, as Paris and London signify the culmination of European civilizations, so Los Angeles is destined to stand, not only for the culmination of the ideal of America and these United States, but for the consummation of the efforts of past civilization for the realization of the ideal of man upon earth.

In the atmosphere overhanging Southern California these ideals rest in complete form, and hovering over the appropriate spot, floating secure at anchorage, awaiting alone the appearance of other Huntingtons—of men with the mind to see and recognize and do the one necessary thing to connect them with the solid ground—to will that they should be here and, with that connecting link, the dollar, transform them from out the atmosphere and plant a Venice here, a Naples there and combine all of them with the Mission de Los Angeles.

So let us Angelenos, who, as one man, joined hands in bringing water from the Owens river to make it flow through pleasant fields to homes where millions are to dwell—let us again strike hands for this grand highway from Los Angeles to the sea—this El Commercial Rialto which is to unite us to our free harbor and start the good work for good roads that will turn the tide of European automobile travelers hitherward and roll those good old-fashioned cart wheeled dollars—200,000,000 of them annually—o'er this king's road into our treasuries. "So say we all of us."

Pueblo Psalm

Los Angeles is as a dream
That grows—into reality.
We idly claim
That bare two thousand souls
Live here today,
But every man that dreams
He has a home
In Sunny California Land
Is here. For where the heart is
Helping to shape
The destinies of this
His chosen place
Of earthly habitation,
And if we have a dream
Or think we see a marble hall
Or princely Palace or hanging balcony
Or mustard covered hill
Or Stretch of poppy plain
We but recognize
Creations to be building here.
For—those out of the crowding millions
Who lived beyond the desert
And the mountains east of us
Will come and build them
On the very spot
Where you and I thus see them.
For every ideal home
That has been built in fancy
By mind of man
Or woman since the breeze first played
The strings of the Aeolian harps
Beside a southern sea
Is native to this clime.
And each new comer finds
In opalescent skies
And radiant sunshine
That which nourishes
The realization of his dream—
A home ideal
Upon an earth that's real.
And dotted o'er each hill and vale
From snow clad mountains to the purple sea.
In Sunny Southern California land
I see these homes
The fruiting of a blessing from above
Alighting—each new home
Each block and building
In its appropriate
And suitable abiding place
Filling the niche long dreamed of
By the man who came here
From the ruggedness of wintry climes
Hugging close unto himself
His life's dream
Seeking to be realized.
And hither all such men
Will come to tarry with us
And rejoice in life abundant
While yet they may
Before they pass into
That other world of dreams
To which this is the Western gate
Where, alone, on all the earth
The setting sun reveals
Reflected in the placid sea
Its counterpart "The City of the Angels."
Here all who will
May come and see and feel
And learn to know
The beauties of the life ideal
While yet on earth
Beneath our pleasant skies
And living here
In peace and plenty
We, as time rolls on
Into the twentieth century
Are destined to evolve
A sequence of the ages past
Into the phophecy
Of that which is to come.
Our labors, then,
Are not in vain
We but make paths of progress
To achieve the highest aim
Of man upon the Earth.
Los Angeles has just begun
To realize her destiny
And you and I are here
To do our part, my friend,
In pointing out the way to those
Who follow dreams, that grow—
Into reality.

Steinway Pianos

Say all the good things you can about other makes, there yet remains one thing true only of Steinway Pianos—

They Are the Best

That is not merely a statement. It is a fact disputed by none. For no one ever says "just as good as the STEINWAY." The STEINWAY difference is too distinctive, too universally acknowledged to permit of contradiction. No one attempts such a foolhardy task.

And this supremacy is not only acknowledged to be national in scope. It takes in the civilized world, from the crowned heads to the great discriminating center class. And why?

Four generations, all in the immediate STEINWAY family, have, during the past ninety years, devoted their entire material thought, energies and facilities to the one finality—the building of the mastertype of Piano—the STEINWAY.

There are other pianos, but only one STEINWAY. Strictly one price.

Vertigrand $550
Miniature Grand $875

Geo. J. Birkel Co.

Steinway Representatives for all of Southern California and Arizona.

345-347 South Spring Street

CHICAGO FUNNY MAN WRITES OF LOS ANGELES

S. E. KISER ON A WINTER VACATION TOUR

In Some Respects He Deals Seriously With Los Angeles and Gives This City a Few Unexpected Complimentary Remarks

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Herald.

LOS ANGELES, March 1.—For the traveler who starts this way remembering that Los Angeles figures in the latest census reports as a town of about 100,000 inhabitants there is waiting a great surprise. I expected before I reached this city to find here a place about the size of Albany, N. Y., but it became apparent soon after I had landed that I was in a well-built, bustling metropolis, where the streets were almost as full of people as they are in the crowded business district of Chicago. It did not take me long to discover that the census reports were wholly misleading as to the present population of Los Angeles. People came hurrying from all directions to tell me about it. I was assured that the city had over 200,000 permanent tourists who were helping to make the sidewalks seems almost too narrow for comfort.

Los Angeles is and has for the past ten years been growing much more rapidly than any other city in the world. Its population has doubled in half a decade, and at present the rate of increase is greater than it has ever been before. Building is carried on at an astonishing rate. Great business blocks are under construction everywhere through the rapidly spreading mercantile district. On many of these structures work goes forward at night as well as by day. Three big hotels, any one of which would be a credit to New York or Chicago, have been erected and opened for business here within a year or two. Office buildings ten, twelve and fourteen stories in height are plentiful, and many more of them are being projected daily. The growth of the city has for the past three years been far more rapid than its most enthusiastic inhabitant dared to hope at the beginning of the century it ever might be. Even the real estate dealers appear to have been too conservative. It is common to see in and around Los Angeles big billboards containing such announcements as this:

THESE LOTS FOR SALE.
BUY NOW.
POPULATION OF LOS ANGELES
IN 1910, 250,000.

In most cases black lines have been drawn through the figures "250,000." In some instances the revised estimate is 400,000, and the man who has building lots for sale in or near the town will enthusiatically assure you that in ten years from now it is sure to be the largest city on the Pacific coast. Whether this prediction is to be fulfilled or not, it is certain that such a consummation might be brought to pass without uncomfortable crowding.

It is but natural for people who come here from other parts of the country and see what is going on to shake their heads in doubt at first and predict that the bubble must soon burst. The Los Angeles boomers reply that the same prediction was made five years ago, and it is impossible to present proof that they are wrong when they add that there is no more reason for a collapse now than there was then. When they are asked what there is in or back of the city to make its phenomenal growth continue they refer to the great harbor which is being made at San Pedro—the seaport of Los Angeles—make vague references to wonderful developments that are to follow the completion of the Panama canal, and end with the declaration that the climate alone will be sufficient always to bring people hither in great numbers from all parts of the world.

Their enthusiasm is contagious too. The tourist soon begins to share it, and almost before he realizes that the virus is working within his system he is wondering if it is really too late to rush in and win for himself some of the benefits that come to them who have the luck to get established on the ground floor. He hears the complaints of men who assure him that they might be rich today if they had not been afraid the climax had been reached a year or a month ago. He looks about him and sees activity everywhere. He inhales the perfume of flowers, feasts his eyes upon the beauty that spreads in all directions, thinks of the cheerlessness that winter brings to the east, and begins to consider the possibility of having a piece of ground on which he may some day build a home here if he cannot do so now.

The result is that he presently begins to take a personal interest in the future of Los Angeles, and if he goes so far as to invest in a building lot another boomer is added to the many who insist with all the earnestness of sincere conviction that the rapid growth of the city is only natural and must continue.

WORK OF ROYCROFTERS NOW ON EXHIBITION

INTERESTING DISPLAY IN BLANCHARD BUILDING

Elegant Simplicity the Chief Aim of This Band of Craftsmen—Their Handicraft Ranges From Bookbinding to Rugs

Work of the Roycrofters, of which much has been said for and against, is on exhibition in the small salon adjoining the art gallery in the Blanchard building. The work, exhibited with the saliant characteristics of that band of craftsmen, covers a wide field from bookbinding to the making of chairs and rugs.

The local exhibit is in charge of Jefferson Walbridge, one of the Roycrofters, who has been associated with Elbert Hubbard for many years.

In the handicraft of the Roycrofters elegant simplicity is the chief aim. The little room, furnished entirely with their work, while in the greatest simplicity, lacks the austerity often imparted by that so-called style and has a cosy, homelike appearance. The furniture is in dark wood, with leather to match. Several pieces, including the sideboard and library table, have copper trimmings. The work is all done by hand and is exceptionally original.

"Fra Elbertus," after his trip abroad, reintroduced the bookmaking of long ago—the handwork and illuminating so long practiced by the monks. Each book shows a distinctive plan of design.

On the walls are the illumined sayings of "The Pastor of His Flock." "Be Yourself" is one of the most beautiful. It is in carved wood. Another, "The Love You Liberate in Your Work is the Love You Keep," is a keynote which is carried out in the work.

In his "credo" Fra Elbertus says:

"I believe that God is here and that we are as near him now as ever we shall be. I do not believe he started this world going and went away and left it to run itself."

Another that has called forth much comment, both for its sentiment and workmanship, is: "Never explain. Your friends do not require it and your enemies won't believe you anyway."

The exhibit will be open to the public one month.

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