

LOS ANGELES HERALD

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Population of Los Angeles.....319,198

JOHNSON & SHORT, BARRISTERS

WHEN the subject of changing the criminal law to make a verdict of nine jurors effective instead of the full twelve was before the State Bar association at its meeting in Los Angeles last Tuesday, did you notice who it was that took the lead in opposing the change and protesting against the assault on the sacred institutions handed down by the fathers? Ever hear of Grove Johnson of Sacramento or Frank H. Short of Fresno? Ever follow their careers as attorneys for the Southern Pacific and see how faithfully, even ardently, they have served their mutual client? These were the gentlemen who didn't want it made easier to convict criminals. Mr. Short trembled with apprehension—let no cynical person say he may have had in mind the possible peril of some wealthy client at some future time—with apprehension lest the "time-honored safeguard thrown about the individual" be broken down to the irretrievable harm of society.

The widely different attitude of the Johnson-Short kind of lawyer and a new school that has grown up and is even now in majority in the California Bar association was shown by this colloquy that took place between Grove Johnson and Judge Bledsoe:

"You boast that the three-fourths verdict will cheapen the cost of prosecutions," said Johnson. "My, has it come to the point that we are measuring the rights of the individual by what it costs to give him justice? I suppose Mr. Bledsoe would favor a majority verdict from a jury of seven."

"I have given you no right to suppose that," retorted Judge Bledsoe, "but I want to say, now that you have brought the question squarely up, that I am emphatically in favor of majority rule in all branches of government. That is the very foundation of our institutions."

As the majority took the view of Judge Bledsoe there was nothing left for the S. P. attorneys to do but shake their saddened heads and bewail the degenerate days on which the bench and bar have fallen. When the temple of justice parleys with the "mob" and makes it easier to convict rich and poor criminals to satisfy popular "clamor," where can we be sure this March-hare madness will end?

The Saturday Evening Post, under today's date, prints a leading article entitled "Can Taft Come Back?" It will take two years to answer the question but unless the unexpected happens it seems very evident that Mr. Taft can Go Back, away back, and sit down.

LOS ANGELES AND AVIATION

LOS ANGELES is to be congratulated upon her prospects for a successful aviation meet in the early part of the coming year. It would have been little short of a calamity if the city which held the original aviation meet in the United States and made the wonderful success of it that it did, should not have had another and a greater aviation meet for the new year. The fact that Mr. William Garland has consented to head the movement for bringing about the meet is in itself a guarantee of success.

With Mr. Garland's well-known energy and ability, supplemented by the efforts of the strong men with whom he will surround himself on the committee, there should be no difficulty in securing a fund necessary to make the meet a very pronounced success. And the meet when held should, in our opinion, be more successful even from a financial standpoint than was the meet of a year ago. While the latter accomplished the wonderful result of taking in about \$140,000, the meet to be held during the next year should exceed this.

There is a disposition in some quarters to think that the meet may be less successful financially because it will be less of a novelty. But it does not follow by any means that the exhibition which will be given will be any less a novelty than was the meet originally held here. Our readers will remember very well that during the ten days of the last meet there were but three really dramatic occurrences, and those were all furnished by one aviator. One was Paulhan's flight to the mountains, another his flight to the ocean and the third and greatest his record breaking high flight. Barring these three occurrences, the people day after day went to the meet for the purpose of seeing one or two machines circling the course and felt abundantly repaid at that. The most interesting machine, the Bleriot monoplane, while on the ground, took practically no part in the exhibition. Compare the exhibition as witnessed by our people here last year with that to which New Yorkers have just been treated at Belmont park, where, during every day, there were a number of machines of the various types in the air at one time, and on one occasion eleven machines were in the air at once.

If Los Angeles can secure the presence of ten or a dozen trained aviators, using all the various types of machines, and using them, as they now do, so much better than ever before, the exhibition will not lack the novelty which should secure greater crowds than that of a year ago.

We believe that the exhibition will be most successful and that the citizens who subscribe to the fund will not only receive all their money back but will have the satisfaction at the windup of knowing that a very considerable profit has been realized, which will be devoted to the purpose of making a playground for the children of the city.

A WORLD'S RECORD OF GROWTH

THE growth of the city of Los Angeles from 102,000 population in 1900 to 319,000 in 1910, an increase of 211 per cent, has been characterized by Mr. Durand, the supervisor of the census, as the greatest growth ever shown by a city of its class in the census records of the world. But this marvelous growth does not begin to tell all of the story of what Los Angeles has done in the past ten years. We can begin to get some idea of it when we know that the 216,519 increase in population which the city has shown is the fourth largest actual increase in number of population shown by any city in the United States; the actual growth of Los Angeles in population only being exceeded by the great cities of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, the smallest of which had in the census of 1900 over a million and a quarter population. In other words, the city which began the last decade with 102,000 inhabitants has added to its population a larger number than other cities which at that time had more than half a million population each, and a larger number than any other city in the United States, excepting the three largest, the smallest of which had over a million and a quarter ten years ago.

There is a superstition among some of our eastern friends that while the city of Los Angeles is increasing largely in population, the population consists to such an extent of pleasure seekers, invalids, etc., that the population increase does not mean a proportionate increase in business.

An inspection of the records of the three great departments of business, the postoffice, building and banking, shows that not only is this erroneous but that the increase in business in Los Angeles has been tremendously greater than in population.

To illustrate: In the year 1901 the total amount of postal receipts in this city were in round figures \$281,000. In the year 1910, if the same ratio continues for December as has characterized the eleven months of the year, the total postal receipts will be \$1,372,000, showing an increase for the decade of the business of the United States postoffice at the rate of 490 per cent.

The total bank clearings of the city of Los Angeles for the year 1900 was \$122,692,000. Should the present month show the same ratio of clearings as has been shown by the first eleven months of the year, the total clearings will be \$813,198,000, or an increase for the ten years of 632 per cent.

In the year 1900 the value of the building permits issued in the city of Los Angeles was \$2,519,000. Should December show the same ratio of increase in building permits as has been shown for the past eleven months of the current year, the total value of building permits for 1910 will aggregate \$21,000,000, showing an increase of 833 per cent.

Thus, while the population of the city has increased for the past decade at the rate of 211 per cent, the great lines of business, such as the postoffice, banking and building, show increases of from 490 per cent to 833 per cent within the ten years.

AFTER THE MUCKRAKERS

THE president is on more solid ground when he bases his recommendation for higher magazine postage on the advertising they carry. What he now proposes is to make the advertisers pay a reasonable tax (as they should) for the privilege of using the mails to promote their business.

Whatever of the increase the publishers can shift they will probably pass along to the advertisers, chiefly by raising prices to them. But under Hitchcock's original plan to "soak" the magazines for muckraking and showing up his kind the penalty would doubtless have been passed along to the innocent consumer in the form of high subscription rates.

The magazine publishers are fortunate not to live in Russia, where the Hitchcock of the czar's dominions wouldn't stop at an increase in rates.

Nearly 200 cases of bad eggs shipped from Dallas to a Kansas City candy factory were seized by officers and showed 150,000,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter. This is probably the largest number of arrests ever made in a single raid by an American police squad.

An Indiana man has reached the age of 90 years without ever having had his hair cut. He has a long start on Elbert Hubbard, but we are inclined to bet on Elbert's aurora borealis if quantity and quality are to be considered with the matter of age.

Official figures show that the consumption of booze and tobacco largely increased last year. Election returns show that the "dry" territory was largely extended. Figure it out for yourself.

Happy the Christmas shopper who has all her purchases made, and twice happy the family for whom she can now devote her sole thought to preparing a smashing good Christmas dinner.

Pierp. Morgan wants the government to give him longer piers at New York. Uncle Sam had better do it, to keep up the appearance of authority, for Pierp. will get the piers anyway.

A minister in Illinois has quit the pulpit to become an editor, but it must be admitted, in justice to the clergy, that only a small proportion of them go wrong.

If the postoffice department puts a tax on the advertising in the magazines the day may come when some of those publications can be lifted with one hand.

Life is being made easier and pleasanter every day. In a Georgia town you don't have to go to jail. They have one on wheels and it comes to you.

In Pennsylvania an ossified man has just been married. There are a few cynics who say all men who commit matrimony are boneheads.

It has got to the stage where you have to look the second time to be sure whether that Mexican thingumbob is still revolving.

This year Texas has raised \$700,000,000 worth of stuff, not to speak of the hades it raised in lynching that Mexican.

U.S. MELTING POT FOR NATIONS, WHY NOT FOR MUSIC, ASKS COMPOSER

Gifted Los Angeles Woman Hopes for National Form of Melody in America, but Not in This Generation. Includes musical notation and a portrait of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McLaughry.

Gifted Los Angeles Woman Hopes for National Form of Melody in America, but Not in This Generation

"Hope for a national form of music in America? Oh, yes," said Anita Baldwin McLaughry. "I have the greatest hopes for the establishment of such a school. Why should we not have it? The Italians have not only a definite and well defined old school, but also among the younger men there has grown up the modern Italian style, which music lovers all over the world are finding of great interest."

Mrs. McLaughry turned away from the piano, where a pile of manuscript music bespoke activity of pen and mind, as she told of her special interests in music.

"Although my own creative work was for some time confined almost entirely to the Spanish and Mexican styles," she said, "still I confess to a great fondness and enjoyment in Puccini, Mascagni and Leoncavallo. To my mind they suggest the spirit of our day with the best results. They bring thought of conflict, and growth, without the tiring energy some of the younger Russian writers convey, and they have a fresher, more youthful outlook on life than some of the French and German writers whose recent arrival on the musical field has been accompanied by accusations of degeneracy."

MELTING POT FOR MUSIC Mrs. McLaughry believes that when a school of American music is established it will be through a gradual modification and adaptation of the more definite musical forms already recognized here.

"The Mexican and Spanish of our own locality," she said, "when colored by the strange intervals and quaint rhythm of the American Indian music, may become a dominant feature, or writers may find that they can combine to good effect something of the barbaric dignity of the negro folk songs with the chants used by Chinese in religious ceremonies."

"It may seem rather strange," continued this writer, "to suggest the incorporation of such diverse qualities in our music of the future, but America is a nation of many races. Playwrights have recognized it as the melting pot whence folk from all nations come to be fused into the fine, stalwart Americans in whom we glory; and when musicians realize the significance of this fact, they too will study and assimilate the best from the folk music of all these visitors. In this way they will evolve a colorful, vivid, wonderful music which in another generation or so may put our nation in that eminent place musically which it has attained already in many other artistic spheres."

LOSS OF FATHER A BLOW A favorite daughter of the late E. J. Baldwin, Mrs. McLaughry was encouraged in every way to pursue her work in composition during his lifetime. Since losing him she confesses to a lack of interest in this work, and said that for many months it was impossible to go to the piano where she had sat so often at his request, playing the songs he loved, and working on new thoughts and musical ideas to give him pleasure in her effort.

She hesitated about the musical value of these works, and so far has published only a few of her earlier works, one of these a Hindu "Lament," she dedicated to her father, and it was published in San Francisco, where it proved successful and became a favorite number with Mr. Baldwin, who always insisted upon hearing

HINDOO LAMENT

Ah! Woe is me, my love is dead, And grief and I are once more wed, This heart is cold and who e'er tries To warm it sees its ghost arise. Oh, Brahma, I beseech, my love restore, For without love, life is no more. What were it worth to me if here alone I long for death and weep and moan.

Is woe my lot? Is my love dead? Are grief and I not divorced? Oh, warm this heart with love's fond sighs And make to open closed eyes. Haste, Brahma, save me from the worse than death. Love me, oh, hear my faltering breath, Grim woe lurks here; to love I fain would fly; Help me! Heed my despairing cry.

In her girlhood the musical talent of Mrs. McLaughry was demonstrated by a fine pianistic attainment, but an accident which affected the muscles of her left wrist to such an extent that any technical work of difficulty was prohibited, interfered, and she turned to composition to find an outlet for those emotions which demanded musical expression.

NEEDS GUIDING MIND

"Piano and voice I studied seriously in San Francisco," she said, "but all my writing has been done without other instruction than that early training in harmony which accompanied the conventional musical education. I realize now that I stand in need of a guiding mind, for I have reached a stage in my work where further advance seems difficult. The creative idea I get is so forceful and compelling that I find a lack of knowledge in presenting it with its full power and significance."

"What poets do I find most inspirational? Well, I think the India Love Lyrics of Laurence Hope have given me ideas for some of the best work I have done along the Hindu and East Indian line of composition."

One of the most brilliant of the later works by Mrs. McLaughry is a "Song of Death," which has attracted every listener. The Countess Tamara de Swirsky, whose strong rhythmic sense responds readily to musical novelty, has expressed great interest in this song, and may use it in her programs this winter.

The beautiful home which Mr. and Mrs. McLaughry are occupying this winter commands a wonderful view of the mountains and the pass to the sea, and here the grand piano stands in a windowed recess which offers to the writer every inspiration that nature can give from the sequestered nooks of blossoming garden to wider sweep of plain and eminence of mountain.

The malefactors of Wall street have also organized, fed and fostered a political machine, entrenched in decrees of feudalistic courts and fortified by the criminal negligence of the department of justice, and now defines the federal government in its efforts to secure legislative relief for the despotism of trust corporations which have been able to secure the signature of the president, who confessed that the tariff law contained indefensible provisions which he signed for the alleged reason that the emissaries of corporations are more powerful than the government—a plea made by the man who holds in his hand the veto power of the whole nation.

Therefore the pending issue is shall the people rule or shall the corporations of Wall street rule?

Neither the president nor any other corporation boss can obscure this issue or complicate it by his pneumatic message to congress, nor can he by state dinners to Cannon clothe his administration with mystery, for his own hand has unveiled before the people the true character of the high priest and stuffed prophet.

The peril, visible in the pending struggle for supremacy in 1912, is that the sovereignty of the people will remain subverted by the corporation process, distinguished for its insidious corruption in official supremacy at Washington by the aid of the reactionary Republican machine. Is this concrete disaster to popular government to be followed by another equally fatal in its perversion of representative democracy. These perils concern every citizen of this republic.

T. J. THORP, A veteran who served the republic from 1861 to 1865. Los Angeles, Cal.

A POEM WORTH WHILE

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER

BY FLORENCE PERCY

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again just for tonight! Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair; Over my slumbers your loving watch keep. Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears—Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—Take them, and give me childhood again! I have grown weary of dust and decay, Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away; Weary of sowing for others to reap—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded our faces between, Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain Long I tonight for your presence again. Come from the silence so long and so deep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown, No love like mother-love ever has shown; No other worship abides and endures—Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours; None like a mother can charm away pain. Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again as of old; Let it drop over my forehead tonight, Shading my faint eyes away from the light; For with its sunny-edged shadows once more Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore; Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long Since I last listened to your lullaby song; Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been only a dream, Clasp to your heart in a loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep—Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Public Letter Box

TO CORRESPONDENTS—Letters intended for publication must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. The Herald gives the widest latitude to correspondents, but assumes no responsibility for their views. Letters must not exceed 200 words.

NOT A LEMON DEALER, HE SAYS

Editor Herald: Mr. Blanco's complaint about his treatment from Arthur Baker of Chicago, secretary of the American Esperanto society, does not fit my experience with that gentleman. Some time ago, when in the east, I took advantage of the same offer made by Mr. Baker, wrote to him and received promptly the book he promised. It is true he sent me a list of other publications, and that I bought some, but I felt that it was entirely proper for him to solicit my trade. MONROE, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRESH PAINT

Editor Herald: Is there not an ordinance requiring a notice thus, "FRESH PAINT" when such is put on in exposed places on our streets? If so, the law seems to have been utterly disregarded by those who are painting the fire boxes and posts. At Moneta and Vernon avenues today fresh paint was put on and no notice to that effect, yet the post stands at a place where many school children pass as well as women, and they all wear clothes, and good ones, too. Why do not the men put up a notice? Is it laziness, or indifference, or both? WITNESS, Los Angeles, Cal.

A WORKINGMAN'S COMPLAINT

Editor Herald: Please give me space to call public attention to a very grave injustice being done to the workingmen of this city by allowing employment offices to exist. This morning one of these agents had on his bulletin board: "Wanted—Six rough carpenters, \$3 per day, eight hours' work; must be able to lay floors." On applying for this job I was informed I must first pay a fee of \$3.50 before I would be even informed who my employer was to be. In the vast majority of cases of this kind the order is placed by a foreman, who divides the fee obtained from the workingman with the agent. Nor is this the worst of the matter. The common practice with such foremen is to discharge men as fast as the agent can supply others, for no reason except the pocketing of additional fees. So long as employment offices are allowed to exist so long will such injustice continue. Why not advertise these jobs in the public newspapers of the city and create municipal employment offices as well? Los Angeles, Cal. CARPENTER.

THE PERILS OF 1912

Editor Herald: The history of the Anglo-Saxon race furnishes no parallel to the present day combinations of predatory corporations. The financial and industrial fate of individuals, states and territories is at the disposal of pirates of Wall street as completely as the commerce of the Mediterranean was ruled and dominated by the pirates of Algiers.

The malefactors of Wall street have also organized, fed and fostered a political machine, entrenched in decrees of feudalistic courts and fortified by the criminal negligence of the department of justice, and now defines the federal government in its efforts to secure legislative relief for the despotism of trust corporations which have been able to secure the signature of the president, who confessed that the tariff law contained indefensible provisions which he signed for the alleged reason that the emissaries of corporations are more powerful than the government—a plea made by the man who holds in his hand the veto power of the whole nation.

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T. J. THORP, A veteran who served the republic from 1861 to 1865. Los Angeles, Cal.

A HEARTY LAUGH

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

The teacher in a West Philadelphia school had called upon Freddy to tell the class a story in fifty words. Accordingly Freddy arose and began as follows:

"I have a little sister. Her name is May. May likes pussies and dollies. One day May saw a pussy in our garden and she said, 'Here, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!'" And Freddy sat down with much satisfaction. There was a moment's pause, and then a voice, evidently that of the class mathematician, called out from a rear corner of the room: "That's only thirty-eight words." "Up stood Freddy again, unperturbed, and continued: "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!" Then he sat down.