

LOS ANGELES HERALD

THOMAS E. GIBBON, President and Editor. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice in Los Angeles, California, October 4, 1879. Oldest Morning Paper in Los Angeles. Thirty-eighth Year. Founded October 4, 1872. Chamber of Commerce Building.

Phone—Sunset Main 5000; Home 10211. The only Democratic paper in Southern California receiving full Associated Press reports.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION WITH SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Daily, by mail or carrier, a month, \$1.50. Daily, by mail or carrier, three months, \$4.50. Daily, by mail or carrier, six months, \$8.50. Daily, by mail or carrier, one year, \$15.00. Sunday Herald, one year, \$2.00. Postage free United States and Mexico; elsewhere postage added.

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Population of Los Angeles, 319,198

He who never changes any of his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes.

GO TO THE AVIATION MEET

THE aviation meet at Dominguez is such a pronounced success, so ably managed and of such value from an educational standpoint that The Herald again urges the people of Southern California to go, at least once, and preferably as often as possible, to see the world's most famous birdmen in action. This is an exhibition that is marking an epoch in the history of man's fight for supremacy in the air, and these world stirring events are taking place almost in our own dooryards, yet many, we fear, have thus far failed to take advantage of the opportunity to see the aviators. Women and children should be particularly interested in these flights because of their educational value. A day at Aviation park will teach you more about the science of flying than you will gain from a volume of printed matter.

The aviation committee deserves the congratulations of all citizens for its excellent work in arranging and carrying out successfully such a magnificent exhibition. And now it is up to the people to take advantage of this opportunity and witness these flights, the news of which is being flashed daily to the four corners of the earth.

BANISH OLD MR. GROUCH

THIS holiday season of half rest is a splendid time for all of us to study the philosophy of cheerfulness and at least promise ourselves to make a New Year's resolution to abandon the grouch. Most of you will declare on the instant that such a reform is easy, but when you come to put it into practice you will begin to realize what a slave you are to the habit. Giving up tobacco or coffee or "cuss words" is easy when compared to the task of simply being pleasant. In fact "cuss words" are only part of the evidence of having the grouch.

There is no reason why any sane man or woman should reflect the unpleasant occurrences in their lives upon those of their friends and associates, and just a continuous recollection of this fact would make this dear old world a lot jollier and help to make everybody forget the things that nag at you and put you out of sorts.

Just because something happened at home to displease you, it is bad policy to carry it with you to your business and thereby detract that much from your convincing power. If something happens in your business to annoy you, there is no excuse for you carrying the grouch to your home and inflicting it upon your family, thereby destroying the restfulness that the home is supposed to give.

Grouches usually are caused by the trivial and the little things and should be quickly shoved out of the way like anything else that offends.

As a matter of fact the philosophy of cheerfulness is just another way of expressing the golden rule when it comes to dealing with the feelings of your fellowman.

Everyone will admit there is no joy in being grouchy, but all will just as readily admit there is a joy in being pleasing.

BUTLER'S LAND BUGABOO

WE are led to wonder whether eastern college presidents are not turning personal press agents when we read every day the vagaries that are paraded as facts by men with a great lot of "tail letters" to indicate their degrees of savantery. The actress who wants to break into print has to lose her diamonds or smash her automobile, but all the college president has to do is father a new notion.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, has the whole country talking about him and his school because he says we are menaced by too many people who "are overcrowding the land available for tillage." He could get a colonist ticket cheap at this time of the year and find room for everybody out here.

Now let President Butler stop worrying and take his slate. The population of France is 38,961,945; its area is 207,054 square miles. At that price we could tuck away the entire population of France in the state of Texas, which has 265,780 square miles and about five millions of population. Again, the population of Germany is 63,880,000, and its area is only about a thousand square miles larger than that of France. At that rate we could accommodate in the United States the trifle of 1,100,000,000 souls, which is very nearly the entire present population of the globe. After this it is hardly necessary to point out that Great Britain and Ireland, which have a population of 41,976,827 on 121,391 square miles, could be neatly tucked away either in California, Montana or New Mexico, without crowding the present population of those states.

It is really too bad that President Butler should worry so, when a little figuring would show him that, far from being in the same class with India and China, we are also far from being in the same class as congested Germany and England. The his slate is 207,054 square miles. At that rate we day of big bonanza farms and of unlimited free grazing lands may be past, but there is no famine of land as yet nor soon likely to come.

Burbank has created a new strawberry with a pineapple flavor. Why didn't he make a pineapple with a strawberry coating before he finished the job?

WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB

THIS city must be raked fore and aft to locate the desperadoes who are responsible for the dynamiting outrages of recent occurrence. There is no use in harboring the hope that something of the kind will not happen again, as these wretches who plunder and murder in the dark, probably already feel a sense of security as a result of there being so far no apprehension of those responsible for the Times outrage. Those responsible for the safety of the citizens of Los Angeles, as well as the property of this fair city, cannot afford to be idle a moment, but must put forth superhuman efforts to rid the city of this element. It must be done at all costs and at all hazards. If the present body of police is not sufficient it must be augmented. If the present police officials are not competent, others must take hold of the situation and meet it. It is fair to say, however, that The Herald believes the new chief of police is competent, with the proper kind of support and backing, to meet the situation squarely, and it is the duty of every citizen and every man connected with the police department to give the new chief every possible support and extend to him every co-operation.

The police of Los Angeles must be placed upon a basis of military discipline, something that is sadly lacking at the present time. No one but a trained policeman can bring about this happy condition, and we are optimistic enough to believe it will be done under the new regime. The police have already been given a pretty fair opportunity to cope with these criminals, and they will be given a further chance but the commissioners may as well understand now as any time that the citizens of Los Angeles do not intend to have the wonderful growth and prosperity of this community retarded by inefficiency—if not something worse—in the police department. The communities of the world are watching Los Angeles at this juncture. One or more such outrages as we have recently had would be a blot upon the fair name of this city that would take years to efface.

It would be a pity for the citizens to have to take the matter in their own hands and we hope it will not be necessary to resort to this.

OF COURSE WE ARE AMERICAN

THE New York Evening Post editorially takes the Asiatic Exclusion league of San Francisco to task for substituting the word "American" for the time honored "Anglo-Saxon" and says:

Its motives are not exactly those of scholarship. It is not a question of substituting "Old English." The point in this case is that the large numbers of Germans and Irish and, we suppose, Slavs who, with the league, are determined to keep the pure native stock of this country from being contaminated by Asiatic immigration, object to having our civilization described any longer as Anglo-Saxon. Hereafter it is to be known as "American"—though if anybody can tell what that word means, racially, he will be wiser than seven men that can render a reason.

Possibly to a man who always lives in New York the meaning of an "American" is a mystery. He lives in that great hopper where are dumped the misery and the discontent of Europe and possibly does not know what the human product is like after the races have passed through that melting pot and out into the rest of the country to become good citizens. It is a matter of 300 years since the first permanent settlements were started in America, and to them and their successors have come the men and women of every nation the world has known. The strain of every race has been woven into the fabric of the race that lives and thrives under the shadow of Old Glory, and we are proud of it.

Uncle Sam has proved himself the real alchemist of all ages, for from out of the dross of all the nations of the world he has evolved the sterling metal of our race. The family tree of the average American household will show branches that reach into half a dozen nationalities; where the suaveness of the Frank is blended with the energy of the Irish, the stolidity of the English, the sturdiness of the Hollander, perhaps with a dash of the Magyar fearlessness. Then why continue to cling alone to the Anglo-Saxon branches? Surely 300 years is long enough to make a national type and every nation but ourselves recognizes us as distinct.

Of course, the nation is still in the making, and America is more and more becoming pervaded with the spirit that recognizes as American every immigrant that lands in this country and announces his intention of becoming a citizen. Most of them are good ones, and the people of this land long since have awakened to the fact the Mayflower did not bring over all the best people from the other side of the sea in that one shipload.

Jersey women want to tag their husbands by compelling them to wear wedding rings on their thumbs. Most married men in Jersey can be picked out by their tired and haunted look without the aid of any further identification.

Lots of men are beginning to realize it was a mistake to give purses to their wives and daughters on Christmas. It creates a hallucination among womankind that they ought to have money.

Southern California is to get \$1,200,000 out of the government reclamation fund, and we are willing to wager that it is one of the best investments Uncle Sam ever made.

Aviator Hoxsey's feat is simply further proof of the general belief that one can get closer to heaven in Los Angeles than from any other spot on earth.

When one reads a list of guests at a Russian dinner party he wonders if they can call each other by their real names after the second bottle.

Thanks to mail trains belated by eastern blizzards the letter carrier is likely to bring Christmas cheer to homes here every day for a week to come.

After all, there was one unusual feature about the Christmas just passed. All the amateur Kris Kringles escaped the lighted candles.

MARY MANNERING, A BIT HOMESICK, TALKS OF XMAS, ART AND KIDDIES

LISTEN, COAST WRITERS! ACTRESS SEEKS COMEDY

Fair Player Lauds Footlight Career but Doesn't Want Her Daughter on the Stage

"Acting is a great profession for a woman who must earn her own living," said Mary Manning, playing this week at the Majestic theater, "but it has two terrible drawbacks. In the first place it is such a lonely life. It means months of time passed away from home and friends and family, and a constant living among strangers."

Miss Manning looked adorably pretty as she said this, and her great dark eyes had almost a tragic light as she thought of herself passing her holiday week here on this coast when close associates, both socially and professionally, were all so far away. A glance about the comfortable apartments in the Alexandria, where she is established, rather belied her loneliness, for on every side stood great jars and baskets filled with roses and poinsettias, Begonias and ferns were growing in a wide wicker box on the window seat and everywhere the Christmas colors of crimson and green were repeated in flowers.

"It is, perhaps, the greatest thing about acting that a woman has to win new friends, new audiences, so often," said Miss Manning. "This keeps her up to the pitch, and acts to her spirit like a spur to a mettlesome steed."

"Applause is to every actress the sign of her power. As the coquette glories over her power with one or two men, so the writer enjoys that ability which enables him to write a song to move whole nations to peace or sorrow or war, so the woman of the stage must know the strength of her magnetism, her personality and her art as she carries her audience with her to tragic gloom, riotous merriment or ecstatic bliss."

"But you cannot do that all alone, no matter how splendid your talent; you must have a playwright who can give you the situations to handle," was suggested.

"Oh, don't I know that! It is the bane of my existence that I cannot find a satisfactory play," said Miss Manning. "Last year I read three hundred plays and from that number I handed three to the Shuberts, and only one of that trio would do at all for me."

Miss Manning has a unique method by which she keeps a memorandum of the plays she reads, and her comment as to their worth and their possible success with an audience. In several cases she has found her judgment confirmed by the production, but, of course, has not always been able to know the ultimate fate of each.

"Just now I am looking for a comedy for use next season, for I have played this piece two seasons now, and want a change," she said.

Poor Miss Manning! Aspiring playwrights of the Pacific coast probably will haunt her steps from now on. They may rejoice in her own admission that once she promises she reads a play thoroughly.

"What do you regard as your most successful piece, according to the decision of the audiences, the critics, your own sentiments and that final judge, the box office?" the interviewer asked. "Oh, 'Glorious Betsy,' by all means, so far as the audiences and the box office went. Of course, it was a poor play, but the people liked it, even though the critics did say hard things about it."

While Miss Manning believes the stage to offer a great career to women, she hopes that her own little daughter will not want to undertake such a vocation.

"I hope that she will develop a talent for writing," she said, "but whatever ability she has I shall cultivate, for I believe that every child should be taught some profession or trade."

"The aversion to allowing children upon the stage seems most unexplainable to me," she continued, "for in the atmosphere provided by a reputable company a child is guarded and cared for as in no other place. Mrs. Short, who travels with her little girl in our company, is always with her child, and the manager's wife gives her two hours of school every evening. The child gets a practical knowledge of the world in traveling about and learns tact and the ability to strike a harmonious pitch in her work which cannot fail to make her most successful in whatever walk of life she may elect as she grows older."

"Do many children go on the stage whose parents are not already more or less in the profession?" she was asked.

"Not so many, perhaps, and in this case the mother of this little girl has two talented children. One is with Mrs. Fiske, and both are charming little actors. The children have earned sufficient money so that in another year they are to leave the stage and come to Los Angeles to go to school. Their parents have bought a home here and will live here while the children grow up in the every-day, prosaic atmosphere of a school room until they know what their life profession shall be."

"I think many young girls who are employed in shops as cash girls would be infinitely better off if they might be placed with good theatrical companies. Their mental and moral growth would be regarded more highly, and certainly their physical strength would be greatly conserved."



MARY MANNERING

PUBLIC LETTER BOX

THE SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS

Editor Herald: Show me a so-called religious (spiritual) element upholding the wanton slaughter of animals and I will show you an element devoid of the very first principle of God refection. I will also prove that poor helpless creature which man has "dominion" over, and I will indelibly impress that evil and sin are an absolute reality and predominant in the most advanced (carnivorous) Christian Scientist, despite the late lamented leader's teachings and her colossal following.

ANTI-SUFFRAGIST'S RECORD

Editor Herald: The statement that the Anti-suffragist association is "affiliated with the liquor interests" and is "mothered" by Miss Brunson, "a paid agent of the liquor interests," we deny absolutely from beginning to end. It would be as reasonable to say that the suffragist chickens are cherished by the wildest of anarchist fowls, being on the same side of the proverbial fence.

As a matter of fact and in spite of dark suspicions, Miss Brunson was introduced to Los Angeles anti-suffragists by anti-suffragists in the east—Richard Watson Root, Mrs. Fritz Achelis of New York; Mrs. Charles Elliot Guild, Mrs. Henry M. Whitney and Mrs. James M. Codman.

Holding a master's degree from the University of Iowa, she taught mathematics for several years in the high school of St. Paul, Minn. In 1899 she was attached to the United States commissioner general's staff, at the Paris exposition. At the close of the Paris exposition she brought the educational exhibit to Buffalo and superintended that department at the Pan-American exposition in 1901; was superintendent of the elementary and secondary educational exhibits at the St. Louis exposition and, later, assistant secretary of the international jury of awards at this exposition; was sent by the United States bureau of education to Belgium to report the great education.

ROOM FOR HIM!

O Son of God, O infant Christ, No room for thee in stable halls; At banquet board where feast is laid, No room, no room, the landlord calls.

But wrap 'em within thy swaddling clothes, Safe sheltered in thy mother's arms, The wise men' find thee, lovely one, And bring thee gifts to suit thy charms.

But gifts of gold are not thy case, Nor frankincense, nor yet the myrrh; Though flesh recoils at bitter cup, To wish of God thou wilt concur.

The days of youth soon slip away, Thy manhood's prime brings triumph rare, Thy garment fine both rich and fair, But worldly honors have no lure, Thy mission grand is not forgot; To teach all men the way of life, Though gates of death should be thy lot.

All honor to thy precious name This Christmas day—two thousand years— Eternity shall ring thy praise, For aye, for aye, thy human nature's tears, Christmas, 1910. IDA F. TRASK.

IS DEATH FINAL?

Editor Herald: I understand the anguish of the man's mind who in vain looks for proof of the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul. I have been there myself, and no Bible and no creed did give me any light until I read "Cyclopes and Sanctification" in the Iconoclast.

The strongest evidence we can adduce that the world is governed by a sentient being is the absolute necessity for his existence. Of what avail is the mighty universe without him? Why should matter resolve itself into being, become blazing suns and symmetrical planets and roll through space forever, if it did so in conformity to a plan, in fulfillment of a purpose, then the framer of that plan, the originator of that purpose is what we call God. If without plan or purpose, it is as ridiculous as an acrophalous rooster running about in a circle. If there be no reason in the universe, how comes it that there is sentience in the ridiculous little mites that cling to the shell of one relatively insignificant planet, like microbes to a mammoth cheese? If we are generated by the laws of blind force, we have achieved the impossible—the creature that is not become greater than its creator. If the universe is but a soulless machine, of what use are we to it? We can see no reason for the existence of the earth except the nourishment of life (including Mr. O'Brien's incompetents), and that presupposes a purpose; yet life that ends in universal death is a mistake—and the materialists tell us that Nature never errs. What boots it to be born if a few years of toil and travail, sorrow and suffering is to end it all? Why should women bring forth children in pain unpeppable only to feed the demon Death? Why should love burgeon and bloom only to be forever blasted? Why not adopt hedonism as the law of our lives instead of restraining the passions and sacrificing our ease, sometimes our fortunes and our lives for others' sake?

"Result of social education"—generated how? "By the laws of Nature." How came Nature to have laws? Isn't it lucky, to say the least, that all matter consents to obey the law of gravitation; that the collision of two bodies generates heat instead of cold? Supposing that self-generated force operating on nothing created something—matter and mind. Is the greater of the two generations ephemeral and the lesser only eternal? "Pure reason" is the cry of the materialists, who then assume that the slightest speck of dust swimming in the sunbeam is eternal, while the mind that conceived the Novum Organum has perished utterly; that the intellect of Caesar and Socrates has been destroyed, but the parings of Ham's toe nails are still here!

ARTHUR HOFFMAN, Redondo Beach, Cal.

Secretary Ballinger was slightly shaken up in a railroad wreck the other day, but managed to cling to his seat, possibly from force of habit.—Ohio State Journal.

His adhesive digits In St. Louis there is a robber who is known as "the candy kid." He probably got the name owing to his possession of sticky fingers.—Pratt (Kas.) Republican.

One redeeming feature Let it be said to the credit of the dethroned young king of Portugal that he saved his grandmother.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A kingly strike And now the king of Greece is going to abdicate the throne. A raise in wages all along the line seems to be necessary.—Detroit News.

Misunderstanding saved Collector Loeb might make a flat rate of \$5000 as the entrance fee.—Wall Street Journal.

A hearty laugh Being the day's best jokes from the news exchanges.

A member of an eminent St. Louis law firm went to Chicago to consult a client. When he arrived he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner: "What's our client's name?" The answer read, "Brown, Walter E. Yours is Allen, William E."—San Francisco Argonaut.

WITH THE PLAYERS

Harry Mestayer, formerly a member of the Burbank stock company, has an important role in "The Great Name," a new comedy by James Clarence Harvey from the German of Victor Leon and Leo Field, which was given its first American performance in Hartford, Conn., the old reliable "dog town," Monday evening. The play is based on incidents in the life of Franz Lehar, the Viennese composer of "The Merry Widow." Henry Kolker is the featured player and the cast seems to be a strong one.

Henry Arthur Jones and Charles Klein have agreed to collaborate on a play which will have scenes in America and England, Mr. Klein writing the dialogue of the American characters and Mr. Jones that of the English.

"The Foolish Virgin," adapted from M. Henri Battaille's "La Vierge Folle," and which Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced in New York last week, has been roundly scored by the critics and seems to be an unequivocal failure.

David Warfield will present David Belasco's latest play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," in Boston, January 2. Its central character, to be played, of course, by Mr. Warfield, dies and returns to earth again.

William Gillette's New York engagement has again been extended and "Held by the Enemy" has been added to his repertoire of revivals. Probably "Because She Loved Him So" will be offered later.

Henry W. Savage announces for early production a new American light comedy entitled "Excuse Me," by Rupert Hughes, author of "The Bridge" and "Two Women."

Ethel Barrymore will revive "Trelawney of the Wells" in New York city, the opening performance being announced for next Monday night.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

BUT THINK WHAT HE MUST SUFFER

The continued silence of Chancellor Day, under extreme provocation, can perhaps best be accounted for on the theory that he finds no words adequate to express his opinion of the present situation.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BERTILLOING BULLETS

Hereafter every bullet in every policeman's pistol in Chicago will be marked. We presume it is hoped thus to discover which officers are holding up citizens on the different thoroughfares of the town.—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

TRACING THE SOURCES

Dr. David Starr Jordan says the high cost of living is due to the late war between Russia and Japan, and the Savannah News wants to know why he didn't lay it on Noah and the flood, or upon Adam and the serpent.—Lincoln (Nebr.) Star.

WHY LONDON MUST GROW

Complaint is made in London that on Sunday the ladies' big hats block the narrow aisles of the old-fashioned churches. Of course there is no way to remedy the trouble except to widen the aisles.—Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

INCREASED INDUSTRY IN MAINE

A Maine newspaper reports that the use of oxen for plowing has been revived in that state. Somebody will be mean enough to intimate this is one of the blighting effects of the recent Democratic victory.—St. Paul Dispatch.

BROTHERS, BE DIVERTING

Called upon to explain why she shot her husband, a St. Louis woman said she did it for fun. Married men who neglect to provide their wives with entertainment should find a warning here.—Leavenworth (Kas.) Times.

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Campaign speakers who have been explaining how the high cost of living may be reduced will now have time to work out the problem for themselves.—Wall Street Journal.

CAN'T LOSE HIM

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