

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

# Editorial Page of The Herald

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## LOS ANGELES HERALD

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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 doorways, 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 savantry. 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 265,789 square miles and about five millions of population. Again, the population of Germany is 63,886,000, 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. The population of France is 38,961,945; its area 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's 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 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 Kringle 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 Mannering, 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 Mannering 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 Mannering. "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, as 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 Mannering. "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 Mannering 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.

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.

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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'll show you an element devoid of

the very first principle of God reflection.

I will also prove that pain and death

are not imaginary to the 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.

I intend dwelling on the meat-eating

question so long as life remains to

me, for I have seen so much that

is abominable that I find other

reverent souls

assisting me in the spreading of the truth

that any so-called religious institution

upholding the killing of animals is a

farcie and a pharisaical monument to

a mankind made.

E. E. KUSEL,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

#### IS DEATH FINAL?

Editor Herald: I understand the an-

guish 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 "Cyclones and Sanctifica-

tion" in the Iconoclast.

The strongest evidence we can ad-

duce 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 not, consider the suns and

planets in fulfillment of a purpose, then

the suns of that plan, the originator of

that purpose is what we call God. If

without plan or purpose, it is as ridicu-

lous as an accephalous 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 insects

that crawl about, and some of them are