

New York Tribune

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1913.

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"Honest Graft" in Bill Drafting in the Legislature. When Senator Stilwell sent Kendall, who wanted to have a bill drafted, to Lewis, the Senate revision clerk, he was engaged in an improper transaction.

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Common Sense Wins at Buffalo. The Buffalo streetcar strike yielded quickly to mediation. Both sides agreed to arbitrate their differences and both made concessions.

The Noble Art of Dining. Music and dancing have spoiled a noble art. People used to come in to get good food. Now they expect a bite to eat, with a theatrical performance and a dash of Barnum and Bailey on the side.

Taking Chances with the Third Rail. The Tribune gave the exclusive news yesterday that the temporary equipment in the subway loop connecting the East River bridges will include a naked third rail.

Park Dairying and Agriculture. Race tracks, art galleries and soap factories have been excluded from Central Park. It is now proposed to introduce there a cow pasture and stable; to afford to the urban population ocular demonstration that tin cans and glass bottles are not the original sources of milk.

Clean Out the Rubbish! The city's spring cleaning is about to begin. Wait for the final notice! But in the mean time, to quote the words of our Mayor, "get together in your houses or tenements all old bedding, beds, rags, paper, furniture, broken up boxes and barrels, tins, stoves, bottles, dishes, crockery, glassware and all other rubbish and waste material."

A Panacea Petering Out. The railway strike in Australia threatens to become one of the most serious and disastrous ever known. There is imminent danger of a total suspension of service, both passenger and freight, and a consequent paralysis of business throughout the commonwealth.

Flats Versus "Castles." A Chicago sociologist has been venting his spleen on dwellers in flats. He says that flat life has "degenerated the human mind" and exaggerated the natural human vices of indolence, recklessness and discontent.

It's an Ill Wind, Etc. In Indiana and Ohio the bridge builders are now as happy as were lately the masons in Mexico City and the glaziers in London.

RAH FOR THE FREE LIST! Phenolphthalein, binitrobenzol, benzaldehyde, nitrotofuol and diamidostilbendisulfonate are dutiable in the new tariff bill.

ARE THE SCOTS IRISH? Here is one who protests at length against the honor. To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Neither the Scot nor the Ulster Scot is of Irish origin, nor were the Picts or Caledonians ever conquered, not even by the Romans, nor does a Scotchman ever attempt to be an Englishman, or any other person than a Scot.

AND MAYBE IT WILL. Recalling, as we do, Washington's experience, when in a rage he walked out of the Senate chamber, after seeing one of his pet measures killed, it begins to look as though President Wilson was inviting history to repeat itself.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN. An Open Forum for Public Debate. AN AMERICAN EDITORIAL. The Tribune is Praised for Its Impartial Attitude. To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: What with its fully comprehensive news report of the proposed "administrative" tariff bill and your most admirable impartial and truly American editorial thereon, to-day's Tribune stands first and foremost in journalistic excellence.

WHEN WAS I SAYING. Even a dog will sometimes go back on his publisher, and Mr. George H. Miffin is still holding out inducements to a prodigal pup, though, as we think, not altogether wisely. He began by offering \$10. Point by point, the figure advanced to \$50. Then, gaining nothing by the bull movement, Mr. Miffin steadily reduced his offer.

On separate measures wool votes would neutralize sugar votes, but on a combination bill both elements would join in opposition, as would the citrus fruits interests and those which oppose free lumber.

Our Forgiving Governor. The tender, friendly, all-embracing spirit of our Governor has been the matter of much comment at Albany.

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conveniences and labor waste involved in trying to maintain individual establishments of the kind which an Englishman delights to describe in the historic phrase, "Every man's house is his castle."

"Hobson for Single Term." The insatiable ambition of these Democrats!

They can't rattle "Plain Bill" by suggesting that he deliver an "address from the throne." He can line them out equally well from the plain executive office or from the throne room of the People's Palace.

As the English militants turn the torch upon a cricket grandstand the whole empire trembles at its foundations. Why can't these women confine their attention to Windsor Castle or something else of minor importance?

Colonel Henry Watterson says that his "through a slaughterhouse to an open grave" prophecy of 1892 was "the single guess of its author in forty-two years that seemed to be contradicted by the event."

One of Maryland's great constitutional lawyers has made the awful discovery that Senator William P. Jackson, of that state, has no right to sit in the Senate, since he was not "chosen" to that body in the sense of the word as used in the new Seventeenth Amendment.

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It will go hard with Post-Impressionism, now that the National Child Labor Committee is aroused.

Whereas, we ourselves are accustomed to wake up like a little flower, our poet wakes up like a little bird. Thus he sings:

Though I prophesy only with scrupulous care, Being far less audacious than good Mother Shipton, I still feel inspired to arise and declare That there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Lip-ton.

With "philosophy picking up" and "theology doing fine," as the booksellers report, there is said to be hope even for the essay. Much encouraged, we shall continue to follow Montaigne, Addison, Lamb, Hazlett and Stevenson—at a devoutly respectful distance.

We have always hesitated to attack profanity, for fear it would break out in some worse form, and evidently our fears were justified. Of late the prudery of the ear and tongue and pen has been assailed till there is scarcely a verbal decency left alive in America.

"Everybody's family," writes Mr. Ellis O. Jones, "is exactly as old as everybody else's family."

As this is the open season for Mr. Walter H. Page, we forgive ourselves for stealing another of his stories. In Georgia, so he relates, there was once an indigent genius who conceived a brilliant and highly lucrative idea.

"EDITORIAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST GEORGIA! NORTHERN PREJUDICE SPURNS SOUTHERN TALENT!"

"This is why YOUR poems, essays, stories are systematically rejected. 'Stand it no longer!'"

"Send them to ME, along with PHOTO and AUTOBIOGRAPHY, for publication in the newly instituted GEORGIA MAGAZINE!"

"N. B.—As this enterprise is a patriotic one, you will of course not ask for pay; and please observe that my offer is necessarily limited to subscribers. Subscription, One Dollar."

In poured free fiction, free articles, free poems, free autobiographies, free photographs, and a perfect raging, warring deluge of free silver. Moral: The shell game has been greatly over-praised.

Dear, good Lina Cavalieri says New York is "wickedier than Paris." Naughty, frisky Lina Cavalieri says New York is a "Puritan village." At first glance these remarks seem to indicate that one presages id enough. On further reflection, however, the apparent dissonance vanishes.

WRITE TO HIM—AND NOTE RESULT! From The Providence Journal.

In closing up the New York dancing teas is Mayor Gaynor trying to steal some of his opponents' thunder?

AND MAYBE IT WILL. From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

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IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC. From The Boston Herald.

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SEVENTH DAY SABBATH BILL. A Plea Is Made for Its Passage as a Matter of Justice.

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: On Wednesday, the 2d inst., the bill introduced in the Legislature at Albany at the request of the Jewish Sabbath Association by the Hon. Aaron J. Levy, permitting persons who observe the seventh day Sabbath to attend to their business on the first day of the week, was rejected by the Assembly.

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