

New York Tribune

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If the Citizens' Committee Is Looking for the Weakest Candidate It Will Choose Mr. Mitchel.

If the fusion managers are taking Mr. John Purroy Mitchel's candidacy seriously they are being misled by the claims of political organizations which exist in name only.

His record upon subways makes him weak. He realizes this himself. In his statement yesterday he felt compelled to assure the public that if he were elected Mayor he would not do anything to block the carrying out of the dual subway plans.

But that assurance will not be enough. The people will remember the utter impracticability of Mr. Mitchel's past attitude. They will judge Mr. Mitchel's fitness by his failure to take a sensible view of the subway problem.

The Citizens' Committee should consider very carefully these sources of weakness in Mr. Mitchel before making him its candidate. Indeed, his promise not to disturb the subway plans that have been adopted leaves him in a dubious light.

And Mr. Mitchel, if nominated, is likely to have brought up against him his proposed arrangement with the New York Central Railroad for removing its tracks from Eleventh avenue.

Mr. Mitchel is not without ability as a campaigner, and there is a certain appeal in his personality and in parts of his record, but whatever paper organizations may be marshalled in his behalf, he is a weaker candidate than Mr. McAneny and a much weaker candidate than Mr. Whitman.

Arms for Both or Neither? The intimation is given that our government may reverse its policy concerning the shipment of arms and ammunition to Mexico, and instead of forbidding such traffic with either faction may authorize it with both.

That might be the case. But many will view with extreme repugnance a proposal to supply munitions to two factions, both of which have been guilty of murder and which are waging a war of destruction and desolation.

There is another grave objection. It would be setting the precedent of supplying munitions of war to unrecognized belligerents. This country has recognized neither Huerta nor Carranza.

On the ground of humanity, and also on that of consistency and a desire to avoid future embarrassment, the policy of selling arms to neither seems preferable to that of selling them to both.

The Mounting Municipal Payroll.

It must be a little staggering to the average citizen to have figures presented to him, as the Bureau of Municipal Research has just done, showing an increase of \$20,000,000 in the city's payroll in three years.

Up here, of course, we heard of it, shuddered and thanked God that we were not as other men, even as those savage Central Americans.

Yet the other day we heard of people out in New Jersey who had kept a demented brother chained to a post for many years, and still later, just over the river in Hoboken, of a well-to-do man and his fashionable daughter who kept another daughter and a son bound with ropes in a dark and dirty room for a year and a half, in indescribable squalor.

Meet the Charges Fully. The accusation that Governor Sulzer expended in his campaign for election sums of money for which he rendered no sworn accounting, thus violating the state's laws, has not been proved.

each dollar of the payroll, as would any concern selling its products against keen competition and so keeping its costs at rock bottom.

The Astor House Site for the Postoffice.

The suggestion of the Astor House site for the new downtown postoffice which is now taken up by the Merchants' Association is worthy of thoughtful consideration.

There is indisputably need of a new postoffice, or rather, a new federal building for postoffice, courts, etc. The present building was never satisfactory and is now quite obsolete.

The new building must not be on the old site, which, indeed, never should have been used for that purpose and which should be restored to the City Hall Park. But it may be advantageous to have it in that immediate neighborhood.

The Astor House site is the nearest to the old one of all that are available. It is well situated in relation to lines of travel and transportation, and it would afford admirable opportunity for architectural achievement.

There are many who would like to see the old Astor House retained and rehabilitated as a hotel. But if that is not to be, the historic site may well be utilized for a federal building worthy of the name, though it should not be adopted without careful consideration of the plan to make such a building part of the civic centre that is forming to the north about the site of the new county courthouse.

Trapping the Wild Auto.

The State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles in New Jersey, who has charge of the licensing of automobile drivers and the general inspection and regulation of such traffic, makes the extraordinary request of the police of all municipalities that they shall establish "speed traps" for the detection and capture of law-breakers.

Hitherto such devices have been derided as "not cricket." Doubtless they were lawful, and aimed at discouragement of lawless speeding. But even the courts regarded them with disfavor, as a mean method of doing a good thing.

The recommendation of them, now, by the highest authority in the state, indicates how great is the abuse of the highways and how urgent the need of abating it, even through recourse to extreme measures.

The Panama Canal—a Noble Monument as It Stands.

The mere thought of "beautifying" the Panama Canal is enough to send shivers down one's back. Luckily, the nation's Commission of Fine Arts seems to realize the danger of such a project.

Truth to tell, there is more real beauty in the great engineering works at Panama than in much of the so-called "architecture" which adorns Europe and the states. It has been all too often the notion of the modern architect that he must conceal the structural facts of his building by plastering ornamentation all over its exterior.

Oh, yes; we know what you are saying. You point to the medical colleges. You argue that raw recruits rush to the front as fast as the veterans kill themselves off.

The "King of the Weather."

The new chief of the Weather Bureau is the right man in the right place. Professor Marvin has been connected with this branch of the government service from the time it was a military bureau under the War Department.

It is gratifying to learn that under the new chief more attention will be given to making the bureau's reports of practical value to agriculture. That is the bureau's most important function, and it was lost sight of to some extent during the incumbency of Professor Marvin's predecessor.

It is not necessary for the head of the bureau to figure as a sort of moving picture Weather King, enthroned in his palace on Mount Weather. There will probably be less spurge and more practicality in forecast work under Professor Marvin's administration.

The Strain of Savagery.

They used to tell a story of a Central American dictator who had his own brother, who was his political rival, chained to a post in the compound adjoining his house, and kept him there for weeks.

Up here, of course, we heard of it, shuddered and thanked God that we were not as other men, even as those savage Central Americans.

Then begins war. When peace sets in it is due to no mere craven, ignoble aesthetic enlightenment on the client's part. If he agrees to walls, it is from necessity; and if he relinquishes twiddles, it is because he finds they will cost so much that, while doubtless he can retain his present squadron of automobiles, he will have to abandon all hope of breeding them.

NEW YORK FROM THE SUBURBS.

Even for Europe, New York sets the fashions. Far away Lisbon is getting the bomb habit—Charleston News and Courier.

As a candidate for re-election to the office of Mayor, Judge Gaynor would be compelled to accept the support of some of the New York newspapers he has so indignantly rebuked—Washington Star.

There was a fire in a tall building in New York two years ago, when the standpipes were found to be clogged. At a test on Saturday, the same conditions were found to exist. That looks like inexcusable negligence on the part of all concerned—the owners, the municipal authorities and the underwriters.—Buffalo Express.

Murphy plot. The question of the legal right of the committee to take evidence on this subject even is not material now, for the committee has made the matter public, and quibbling over a technicality will not meet the issue thus created.

The new weather man certainly made a warm start yesterday.

The Hon. W. J. Bryan has resumed his lectures, which were unfortunately interrupted for a day or so by business in Washington.

Castro is inconsiderate. He should have waited until Huerta is settled.

Nine months for arson is letting a militant off easily.

AS I WAS SAYING

Our Latin, we confess, is the brand old man Vergil described as "exceedingly punk"—punctus in excelsis, in childhood's happy hour we snubbed Latin. We dreaded meeting the Roman divinities, every man Jack of whom (and every girl Gill, for that matter) will be jailed when caught.

But somehow we have not forgotten "ter die," the physician's phrase for "terce daily." Lucky we haven't, since thereby hangs a joke.

It appears that a patient "as 'orrified a London 'orspittle by bouncing out of bed, 'opping into 'is trousers and miking for the wilds of 'Ampstead 'Eath. When captured 'e explained: "I looks on the nurse's card and sees me death warrant—'Ter die.' 'Lor' lumme! I says, 'Fly, 'Erbert!'"

We met this truthful yarn while perusing a piece on the decay of English by the new Poet Laureate, who is not only a handsome old chap and a weaver of delicate verses, but a jolly fine wag into the bargain. Thinks 'Erbert's point was well taken, as the patient pronounced "ter die" after the manner now prevalent in Belgravia and Mayfair.

We weep for the decay of English, though we cannot own up to much surprise. Long have Britons adhered to the English of Parliament, and cannot shed 'abit, now the 'Ouse is hoverrun with those "orny-landed tons of soil."

And speaking of things medical, they tell us a doctor famine is impending over yonder, and we begin to ask how soon it will reach these shores. Shortly, we guess. Can't you hear that blood-curdling sound? Z-z-z-z! It is the doctors cutting their own throats.

Just when Eddyism and psychotherapy are stealing their business with a rapacious paw, what do these simple souls do? Whip out a jackknife, and, in seventeen minutes, tinker an invalid who would otherwise pay tribute for seventy-seven joyous years, give away science and operations in lectures, magazines and free schilthenflats; open fire on their oldest and best friend, the fly; and then, to make a clean job of suicide, shave off their beards!

How we miss those beards! The Methusalem pose inspired confidence by seeming to connect a doctor with the most advanced of the ancient Assyrian practitioners. Besides, it concealed his perplexity.

Hear him now: "Maybe it's locomotor-ataxia, and maybe it's croup or paranoia or spavin, or perhaps shingles complicated with pellagra, sleeping sickness, insomnia and Pott's disease of the spine. Hanged if I can tell. But don't you worry, my boy—there's always the autopsy."

Oh, yes; we know what you are saying. You point to the medical colleges. You argue that raw recruits rush to the front as fast as the veterans kill themselves off.

Sounds logical, but you forget the automobile, and what raw recruit can afford one? The lack seals his doom at the very outset. Your raw recruit settles down opposite the Sea Grill and waits for somebody to choke on a fish bone.

But, even as the tyro is reaching for his tongue, comes the dread honk! honk! of the victim's family physician, who not only extracts the fish bone, but diagnoses a priceless outfit of diseases, ranging all the way from an invaluable broken arch to a highly remunerative neurasthenia.

Over at the District Attorney's office they inform us that President Wilson's future son-in-law has been made First Lord of the Abandonment Bureau. Scandalous! And such a nice girl, too! We trust that when the news reaches Washington the President will take the proper course and give him Jessie.

Beneath Mr. Flagg's clever cartoon it said, "It's risky to want things—you wanted to vote," and the lone dame in the picture found herself in dreadful company at the polls—Bowery bad men, tough darkies, barroom bruners, and plenty more as uncongential.

We have puzzled about that all the week, and conclude Brother Flagg should wade again. Next time give us a poor, lone, terrified male, wriggling toward the voting booth amid menads who have fitted themselves for citizenship by ten thousand awful battles at the bargain counter.

That charming foreigner in "The Metropolitan" for August belauds American architecture for its absence of "twiddles," and thinks this speaks well for the restraint he beholds everywhere in America; and so it does.

Comes the architect's client and says: "Hello, old chap! I have acquired Nos. 452-468 Blank avenue. Sketch me a house. Something swell! Plenty of loggias and turrets and gargoyles and arpeggios and ric-rac. Build her fancy!"

But the first drawing is never satisfactory. "Geewhizz!" cries the client. "Where are the show-cases for my girls? Where is the open-face banquet hall? And didn't I tell you to build the drawing room entirely of plate glass, and leave space up top for Bessie's studio?"

"Thought you wanted some kind of mansion," says the architect, "but I get your idea now. You want a greenhouse."

Then begins war. When peace sets in it is due to no mere craven, ignoble aesthetic enlightenment on the client's part. If he agrees to walls, it is from necessity; and if he relinquishes twiddles, it is because he finds they will cost so much that, while doubtless he can retain his present squadron of automobiles, he will have to abandon all hope of breeding them.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

We Do Nothing for Mexico, Yet We Keep Off Other Nations. To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The United States and Mexico remind one of the dog in the manger. The dog could not eat the hay himself, nor would he let the cow or ox eat it. This country will not, or cannot, settle things in Mexico and it will not allow other nations to interfere.

The President of the United States says he is going to investigate the matter. The Secretary of State, at \$12,000



Will give a child two weeks of fresh air and good food in the country.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

WHITMAN FOR MAYOR

He Fits the Office and Is Widely Known.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In my humble judgment, Mr. McAneny is an honest and capable man, who in the last four years has become familiar with the duties of his office.

THE CHANGE OF NAME

A Prediction and a Warning to the "Catholic" Party.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Touching the vexatious scheme of the "Catholic" party to foster its name on the Church, I predict that if it shall accomplish its design disastrous consequences to the Church will closely follow.

"AN ORGY OF UNDRRESSING"

How the Fashions of the Day Strike an Observer in London.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I have written to a London paper in praise of an article, "An Orgy of Undressing." I remarked that the term is most appropos—the well-dressed woman is obsolete.

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THE LATEST BRAND

A Gentleman True has just come into view, and he wears as a label a button of blue. With politeness replete he will offer his seat.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"What queer things people do to kill time in the vacation season!" writes Mr. Kurgast from Nauehm.

MR. HACKETT'S TENNIS

A Reader Feels the Veteran Deserves Praise Along with the Youngsters.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I have been for a long time an admirer of your sporting page, particularly your accounts of tennis matches.

Teacher of Hygiene—Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat? Little Girl—Because company may walk in at any moment.—Judge.

Francis C. Cantine, Houston, Va., July 24, 1913.

John Henry Smith, New York, July 29, 1913.

William H. Falconer, No. 701 Madison Avenue, New York, July 29, 1913.

Mary Scott Rowland, Savoy Hotel, London, July 23, 1913.

C. W. MacCullen, New York, July 29, 1913.

George B. Morewood, Teacher of Hygiene—Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat? Little Girl—Because company may walk in at any moment.—Judge.

With a bow to each lady he sees on her feet.

It's an excellent plan, and this true gentleman is entitled to get all the glory he can.

Though I hate to detract, some like gentlemen act without caring a button to publish the fact.

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