

New York Tribune.

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The Tribune and Governor Sulzer.

The Tribune has received a number of letters from its readers finding fault with its attitude toward Governor Sulzer.

The Tribune, unlike "The World," "The Post" and most of the other New York papers, has not found Mr. Sulzer guilty.

The Tribune appreciates fully the evil character of Governor Sulzer's opponents and it understands the animus that inspires them.

As for the argument that the state should keep in office a Governor who is guilty of criminal offenses just because he is against Tammany, the Tribune has no sympathy with it.

When will the state trust Murphy to select another Governor? When has Tammany appeared more hateful than it does now, with the present laying bare of its motives in impeaching a Governor, not because he is corrupt, but because he stands in the way of its graft?

As for his opposition to Murphy, the Tribune applauded it as soon as it became definite and heartily supported him in it.

But if he fails to clear himself we do not see that the anti-Tammany cause will be irreparably damaged, as some of our readers appear to think, by his removal.

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That is why the Fund is able to show so great results, and that is a consideration which greatly commends the Fund to those who wish their benefactions to do the greatest possible amount of good.

The Protracted Disputation Over Pie.

No one would hurry statesmen engaged in the sacred ritual of their calling. So we accost the great man concerned in the fusion movement and at present hanging over the pie counter, in a spirit of extreme delicacy.

At the present rate of disputation, 'tis, 'tain't, I won't play, give me that, and you're another, we calculate that it will be in the neighborhood of Christmastide, 1914, before our fusion statesmen can get their pie divided.

Our point is this: Pie is great. But before it can be achieved there must come an election—and a successful election at that. You cannot eat your pie and have it, too. What is more, you cannot eat your pie at all unless you first get it.

Beware!

Beware of him who, having formed his opinion, goes about "investigating" in order to document it! Mr. Edward Bok, analyzing one hundred letters from 1913 graduates of several women's colleges, finds them shockingly spelled and incoherent.

It is a bad showing. But before sharing Mr. Bok's doubts as to the value of college training we should want to read that batch of letters for ourselves. How many of them, one wonders, were concocted by groups of merrily irresponsible maidens, anxious to see just how far they could go in "stringing" the Philadelphia editor without giving themselves away?

Solidifying the Farmer.

Amenia the beautiful, Amenia the home of more literary farmers than any other spot in Dutchess County, is out to make the life of the farmer blossom like the rose.

The recent field day seems to have been fairly jolly, with folk dancing, tug of war contests and the Hon. Moses E. Clapp as chief spouter. But it was not too jolly. Or, at any rate, we do not see how it could have been excessively gay while Professor Joel Elias Spingarn was in charge to utter strings of words like these:

Country life has never been properly organized. There has been the unorganized individualism of the American farmer through a century or more, a thin, meagre, barren life, with few rewards and fewer social attractions, and, least of all, with that social solidarity which joins all men and women in a common hope and a common purpose.

Personally, if we were a farmer and anybody talked that way to us, we should bury him into the family automobile, ride him out to the nearest irrigation ditch and roll him in the mud. Social solidarity, indeed! Where has Amenia been? Heaven knows that farming life was thin and meagre once. But that was before the telephone and the automobile and rural free delivery got in their fine work.

A Battle That Prelude Peace.

The published forecast of the Perry centennial celebration suggests the grateful reflection that this anniversary of a battle will be made an occasion of commemorating and confirming peace. This feature of it will be displayed and emphasized by the participation in it of a distinguished Canadian statesman, whose address will be bracketed with that of the President of the United States.

That this should be so is eminently fitting. The battle of Lake Erie may properly be considered to have marked the culmination of the War of 1812. There were some serious operations after that, including some of a most regrettable nature. But after Perry's victory the end was in sight, and the character of that end was assured. It was the Gettysburg of that war.

This centenary will therefore be in fact the prelude to the greater celebration of a year later which will mark the completion of a century of unbroken peace. It will be profitable to be reminded of the fact that that last war between Anglo-Saxon nations, while it was marked on both sides with splendid heroism, was also the occasion of conduct which both sides can remember only with shame; that it was a war which neither side wanted and in which neither side secured what it was fighting for; and that in brief it was one of the strongest indictments of war and one of the most convincing arguments for the wiser principles which have ever since prevailed in Anglo-American relations.

The French Colonial Army.

As the birth rate in France decreases the French colonial army becomes more and more important. The French War Office must in the future look to it, rather than to lengthier service, to supply the deficiencies in the French forces. To those who have watched the action of these troops, their endurance and energy, it seems that the trust France places in them will not be misplaced. They number 75,000 to-day, and the number is slowly and steadily increasing.

Slowly and patiently, by their heroism and the brilliant leadership of their French officers, France has built herself an empire. By their gallantry the tricolor floats on the shores of four of the world's great oceans. The concentration of the French fleet in the Mediterranean insures their speedy passage, in case of European war, to the scene of action. The cheers of the crowd that watched them at

Longchamps last July 14 voiced the grim realization that in a European war not France alone, but the French Empire, born of forty years of constant sacrifice and effort, would march forth for the nation's defence. In the belief of some competent critics the German military increases are due neither to the menace of Russia nor to the weakness of Austria, but rather to the "black peril" which France has formed from her African possessions.

Diplomatic issues may come and go, but the Chautauqua lectures must go on undisturbed.

The Citizens Union wants the aldermen abolished. The aldermen said it about the Citizens Union first.

How would a strong-arm or a night-stick do as a symbol for the Mayor's campaign?

The sad lot of Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit (Thaw), thrust into the limelight by circumstances beyond her control at the precise moment when she was seeking to forget the past, will bring tears of sympathy to the driest eyes.

With a trail of stiff necks to its credit, the hobble skirt now emerges as a real menace to life and limb in the broken collarbone tale from Lenox, Mass.

AS I WAS SAYING

"What is that which it is?" cries our dear Alphonse, as Pierre looks up amazed from his "Journal des Débats." "Revolution?"

"Yes, my gross rabbit of love!" exclaims Pierre, upsetting his bière blonde and astonishing the entire sidewalk. "It is a revolution in American conjugal life. Madame Sulzer's devotion would be affecting anywhere, but in New York it is sublime."

Alphonse snatches the paper, and reads aloud. "Hitherto we have thought the American husband a mere money-maker and check-signer, whose wife rained dollars in Europe and was almost unable to say what his profession was. We must now renounce this prejudice."

Well, well! How those foreigners do leap to conclusions—first one way, then another—whereas what do we Americans know about American life? Why, darn it, we can't even understand Smith next door or Brown in the flat above us or Jones around the corner, so devious is human nature! Yes, and so various! Hanged if we understand our own private selves! As for generalizing—oh, the folly!

Hence our sweet reasonableness toward the Europeans and our reluctance to say what sort of chaps they are. We suspend judgment—thus:

The English—A humorless race. Nothing short of a surgical operation can get a joke through an Englishman's head. Examples: Lewis Carroll, the librettist Gilbert, and that poor, dull-witted fellow W. W. Jacobs, to say nothing of our prosy friend the Earl of Pawtucket.

The French—Hopelessly frivolous and immoral. Witness Pascals—or, to take a modern instance, the wild, conscienceless, gay devil who sent us "The Simple Life."

Italians—Lazy. No other nation has such a passionate hatred of activity. Give them a pick and a shovel and a life of uninterrupted digging, and they ask but little of the world.

The latest of Brother Bok's conceptions fits has been brought on by the college girls' spelling. No wonder! Bad spelling hurts a girl's matrimonial prospects. You know Oliver Herford's question (here reproduced with a dash to denote the pause for rhetorical effect): "Why do men marry—Lillian Russell?" The answer is: For a spell.

However, we trust our fellow citizens will overlook spelling and continue the wise practice of marrying college girls. It is the only safe course. Girls will be girls, and sooner or later, soon their wild oats. Better sooner. Wretched the man who marries a pink-and-white Pussy-cat, only to have her take to Ibsen, Browning, Nietzsche, Bergson, Hauptmann, Bahalism and the Indo-American Publishing Society's Solar Biology later on.

"American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," said the King of the Bongo Islands, dictating to Miss McSweeney, "Dear Sirs: The last consignment of missionaries you sent me were old, tough and stringy. Unless the next load is more palatable I shall be obliged to order my missionaries elsewhere."

Other times, other customs. Few missionaries are at present fricasseed, though it is risky being a missionary even now. The Kurds shot one last week. Sorry, though the commotion has brought out remarks from the Rev. Dr. Barton, who has been a missionary himself, and in a region very nervous because of Kurds. Thereby hangs a tale.

A peculiarly sarcastic Kurd dropped in one Sunday while the Doctor was holding forth. Knives jangling, daggers gleaming, pistols swinging, the living arsenal swaggered up the aisle.

The congregation quaked. No one stirred. With a mighty jingle, the bandit sat down in a front pew. "Now, by Jiminy!" said the Doctor's inner consciousness, "it's up to you. Convert him or die."

We suppose that the brimstone in that sermon could be smelled a mile away, for it took less than fifteen minutes to bring the Kurd to his knees, blubbering for mercy, and a fine, zealous convert he became—not only returned for the evening service, but fetched along the ruins of an Armenian heretic.

As it turned out, the ruins were already won over to the Orthodox opinion. "Oh!" said the poor fellow, "it was most simple. When this Christian kicked me in the stomach and knocked me down and jumped on me, I began to believe, but when he bit me in the neck and hung on, shaking me like a rat, I knew for certain that his must be the true religion."

The September bulletin from our patient on the cover of "McClure's" is less favorable. The young lady has slipped back, though through no fault of ours. We did not prescribe the drugs whose use shows only too plainly to those dreary eyes. Nor was it we who skewed her chin violently to the right.

This is worrisome. At a glance, we seem to diagnose Pott's disease of the jaw, though possibly she has merely suffered what is known in the argot of the attesters as "a paste in the gob."

However, she appears to possess considerable latent vitality. Observing her ruby-red lips (same ink as her necktie), we predict she will pull through yet.

NEW YORK FROM THE SUBURBS.

A New York policeman just completed forty continuous years of service on the force. The new income tax law will no doubt hit him heavily.—Washington Herald.

If the anti-Tammany people in New York are going to bring out three or four candidates for Mayor and split up on them, Tammany, with its compact organization, could almost venture to nominate Leader Murphy and feel sure of taking the trick.—Philadelphia Press.

The "subway hermit" has been caught by the New York police. He had been fitting about the subway for months, defying capture. If all the hermits in New York were arrested the jails couldn't hold them.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Secretary McAdoo says he positively will not be a candidate for the mayoralty of New York City. Evidently Mr. McAdoo has a keen appreciation of the difference between an appointive and an elective office.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FREE!



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

IN DEFENCE OF THE GOVERNOR

"Every Honest Man Should Support William Sulzer."

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: A Legislature composed of Alders, Stilwells, Frawleys, "Al" Smiths, Glynn, Levis, Wagners, Browns, etc., will die hard, but die they will—and must. Every honest man should support William Sulzer, the Governor of the State of New York, who is fighting your battle against treason and graft by this gang of political pirates, from Barnes and Murphy down.

M. A. GAUNTLETT (a Democrat). Albany, Aug. 17, 1913.

A Fair Trial for the Governor.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I would like to know why Governor Sulzer cannot be given a fair trial by a jury of honest business men instead of a lot of dishonest politicians who are under Tammany Hall.

GEORGE B. WOLFSON. Brooklyn, Aug. 16, 1913.

"Dishonorable and Illegal."

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The impeachment of Governor Sulzer has exhibited a very extraordinary spectacle that has not been noticed in your columns, which, perhaps, may be decisive in the Governor's favor.

An impeachment must originate in the Assembly, and that body becomes the prosecuting party kindred to that of the plaintiff in an ordinary action at law. The Assembly prepares its charges against the accused officer and he presents his answer to them, and the issues thus raised are to be tried and disposed of by a court consisting of the members of the State Senate or a majority of them and the Judges of the Court of Appeals or a majority of them.

By all law, both human and divine, no party has a right to sit as either judge or juror to decide and dispose of the case in which he is interested; to do so would make the administration of justice a disgusting and audacious farce.

The movement against the Governor is one in which the Senate and the Assembly united in prosecuting. These two bodies, in mutual co-operation, appointed a joint committee, and James J. Frawley was made chairman; that committee made vigorous and industrious investigations, and as the joint representatives of the two houses instituted the proceedings in that transaction, the Senate is equally with the Assembly a party litigant prosecuting the Governor, and it has, by its own deliberate act, ousted itself from jurisdiction to determine and dispose of the issues that have been raised.

The Governor has not a more willful and malicious enemy on earth eager to do him any injury in his power than Mr. Frawley appears to be, and if he presents himself to sit as a member of the Court of Impeachment it will be indeed strange if he is not challenged. For similar reasons the whole Senate, or, at least, those members that voted to unite in the movement against the Governor, might well be challenged.

The impeachment is absolutely and conclusively invalid. The positive and conclusive terms of the state constitution are: "At extraordinary sessions no subject shall be acted on except such as the Governor shall recommend for consideration." That prohibition protects the Governor, and the proceedings that have been instituted are an audacious attempt to trample his rights into the dust.

His rights are as sacred as anybody's, and no well disposed and law-abiding citizen will attempt to deprive him of them. I voted against him, and hope to see him

displaced by a different man in the near future by fair and legitimate means, but not by any such dishonorable and illegal intrigue as the one that has been recently resorted to. WM. H. BALDWIN. Liberty, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1913.

The Mental Calibre of Editors.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I turned from "The New York Times" in disgust a few years ago to The Tribune, and now I turn from it also with the same feeling after reading its recent Sulzer editorials.

The next reform after Tammany should be the compelling of editors to sign their names to their editorials and to publish their pictures, so that we may scrutinize their faces and thus read their characters and their mental calibre, as one is able to do at a glance on that of McCabe and most of the others of his ilk recently published in The Tribune.

A NEW YORKER. New York, Aug. 14, 1913.

Barnes Would Have Furnished Votes.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: As a reader of The Tribune I do not approve of your attitude toward Governor Sulzer.

Your partisanship begets your perspicacity. I have been told by a prominent member of Tammany Hall that if Murphy didn't have enough votes to impeach Barnes would have furnished them.

SUFFRAGIST. New York, Aug. 15, 1913.

ST. PETER IS CALLED

And Rejected by a Suffragist for a Higher Authority.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: It was not the intention of your reader to enter upon a dissertation on all the Apostles in reference to suffrage, but since one of your correspondents has demanded it we may remark that St. Peter was called not because he was a saint already, but because he was capable of becoming one. He desired to walk on the water, and sank. He cut off the ear of the servant of the High Priest, and on the same night denied the Lord three times. He also slept on his watch three times before his denial. He, like St. Paul, was afterward converted and was intrusted with the office of opening the door of faith to the Jews and to the Gentiles—which is the meaning of the two keys.

But when it came time to admit Cornelius, the centurion, to the church, it required a vision three times repeated to convince Peter of his duty. He was the most prejudiced of the twelve Apostles, and for that very reason was selected for this office. It was not until he saw the evidence of supernatural possession in the family of Cornelius that his jealous pride broke down and he baptized them.

Now, we cannot take the example and teaching of fallible man in place of that of Christ, who was born of a Virgin, who instructed Mary and Martha, as well as His disciples, who conversed with the Samaritan woman and did not shrink from the outcast class, convicting their accusers of the wrong, and who appeared first after His resurrection to the women because they were first at the tomb.

As for St. Peter, all we know of his female relations is that his wife's mother lay sick of a fever. Is not that rather pitiful? Of course, the question of woman suffrage had not appeared in that day any more than the question of freeing the slaves; but if in Christ there is neither male nor female, that settles it. He distinctly said: "I have yet many

things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." How true that it is even still!

The disciple is not above his Master, but if any nominal Christian prefers St. Peter to Christ, let him remember that the man Peter looked upon the Gentile as without a soul and incapable of salvation, and would have regarded a clean shaven man with the same horror as an unveiled woman.

It is true that women have less muscle than men, but that is not exactly the same thing as mind. M. L. B. Westfield, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1913.

HALE IN MEXICO

So Long as He Is There the Muddle Will Continue.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Senator Penrose's resolution calling on the President and the State Department for information as to the status of William Bayard Hale in Mexico is timely—not only timely, but necessary—if there is to be a clearing up of the Mexican muddle.

Many Americans have asked themselves long before this why Hale was sent to Mexico, what are his powers and why he was given a copy of the State Department secret code—a most important document, that should under no circumstances be placed in the hands of a man who has taken no oath of office, who has no official responsibility, and who has no official responsibility in the sending of a man to their country who assumed a superior, patronizing air to a proud, sensitive people and on the first day of his arrival expressed himself fully and concisely as to how Mexico should be run. When the cat is let out of the bag it will be no surprise to many to learn that William Bayard Hale, the President's personal representative, is the deus ex machina of the muddled Mexican situation, and that his biased reports have caused the misunderstandings and strained relations between two friendly governments.

In order to believe this it is not necessary to recall the personal history of Hale's career in Ardmore, Penn.—some years ago, to the unfortunate incident of a later date, when "McClure's Magazine" published an alleged Hale interview with the Emperor of Germany.

It is more vitally bearing on the present affair to recall that last year Hale wrote for "The World's Work" a series of articles in connection with Secretary Knox's visit to Central American republics, in which articles he showed utter lack of sympathy with or understanding of the Latin-American races.

These articles found their way to Central America and aroused considerable resentment there, undoing much that was the object of Senator Hale's visit. Was this the kind of man to send to Mexico to "check up" on the Mexican government and the able and experienced Ambassador Wilson? Was the fact that Hale has written in the magazines fulsome biographies and appreciations of President Wilson sufficient reason for intrusting him with so much irresponsible power? He went down there with preconceived ideas, and it is quite obvious that he did not let any evidence against his preconceptions bother him in the least.

Perhaps this is why the President retained him, even to the extent of making him confidential adviser of John Lind. The President's preconceptions and theories on Mexico are precisely the same as William Bayard Hale's, and neither seems minded to change them in the light of evidence, international law or common sense. Perhaps John Lind may see a light and save the day.

OLIVER HERBERT THOMAS. Richmond Hill, Long Island, Aug. 18, 1913.