

New York Tribune.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York...

FOREIGN RATES. CANADIAN RATES. DAILY AND SUNDAY...

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter.

The Tribune will guarantee the integrity of its advertisements...

Murphy Undisguised.

The issue of Tammany or anti-Tammany is clear this year...

This year Murphy wears no mask. His ticket is an organization ticket...

In the McCall ticket there is a plain notice of what to expect...

And if the people elect the present Murphy ticket that is all they have a right to expect...

If Mayor Gaynor should make up his mind to run he should not be permitted to confuse the issue...

Judge Parker the Prosecutor.

In retaining Judge Parker as counsel in the Sulzer impeachment proceedings...

It is true that Mr. Bryan at Baltimore opposed Judge Parker as the representative of the very reactionaries...

The Raid on the Diplomatic Corps.

The Tribune's Washington correspondent presented yesterday a graphic view of the havoc being wrought in the diplomatic service...

The Wilson-Bryan policy of ousting those who have accepted the government's suggestion to make a profession of diplomacy...

But with a ruthlessness which even Josiah Quincy failed to show when he looted the foreign service in 1863...

every diplomat who had earned promotion by service in the secretarial grades.

It is proper enough to send representative Americans to a few of the highest posts abroad...

Mr. Wilson has unfortunately done his worst to postpone that better day...

Ruined by Prosperity.

Murphy's case can be summed up in the epitaph so common in political graveyards...

The nomination of Mr. McCall for Mayor this year, when Tammany is being hard pushed on every side...

Murphy began with great caution. His rape of the fusion candidates for Controller and President of the Board of Aldermen in 1901...

"O wisdom, thou art fled to brutish beasts!" The great boss who now rashly challenges public opinion...

Alas! The Dutch Standard.

Something like consternation will, we are sure, strike the country with the announcement that under the new tariff law the Dutch Standard will be abolished...

Think, however, of the loss to tariff debates and to all discussions of the sugar industry from the disappearance of that immemorial landmark!

Goodby, old friend! "What should I do," exclaimed a pious Mother in Israel...

The Clearer Vision of a Distressed Philosopher.

Affliction brings a man closer to the realities of life. How much nearer the truth, therefore, are Mayor Gaynor's embittered reflections...

Now the pose of condescension is dropped. Instead of setting an example in the way of showering "kind words" on Brother Murphy...

I have not turned them (the taxpayers and taxpayers) over to the spoliation of any organized band who made that their pursuit in life...

Great are the uses of adversity, and greatest among them is the sure adjustment of the sufferer's vision to fundamental truths.

Ruling Out the American Service.

It is reported, we hope incorrectly, that the International Lawn Tennis Association intends to adopt rules making the American service impossible...

We have no sympathy with the facile and rather cheap assertion, which will certainly be directed at our rivals, that the English, finding the American serve difficult, deliberately set about getting rid of it...

The answer to these contentions, we think, should go deeper than the rather cynical observation that tennis is not played for the spectators nor for any ideal considerations concerning grace or style...

made broader or more diverse by abolishing one of its most diverse forms, the success of which has in part at least been due to its novelty...

The good of tennis does not require the abolition of the American game. It demands of our rivals that they develop games of their own.

The Gaynor Leaguers want to use a shovel as their ballot emblem. Wouldn't a curfew bell be more picturesque and more appropriate?

The framers of the Tammany platform forgot to add that vice under the control of a separate commission would remain as rich a revenue producer as ever.

AS I WAS SAYING

Gentle Alice Stone Blackwell has put on her pink sunbonnet and-gone botanizing among the flowers of rhetoric, and it is a captivating nosegay she brings home:

From a patriot's address on the school board ballot for women: "If we make this experiment the race will be blasted by Almighty God."

From remarks on the founding of Vassar: "The mere fact that it is called 'a college for women' is enough. No refined Christian mother will send her daughters."

From a protest against women on school boards: "This threatens the home, threatens the sacredness of the marriage tie, threatens the Church and undermines the foundations of our great republic."

And finally this shy blossom from a speech on the bill to give wives a right to their own earnings: "These unsexed women would overthrow the divine law and establish on its ruins a species of legalized vice."

Dainty flowers, all, but woman's place is in the home, and we wish gentle Alice would stay there. She is not to be trusted among the flowers of rhetoric. Too plainly she aims to pull them up by the roots.

Whereas, they are precious; and so, by jingo! is the genius that produced them. Getting scarcer every day, too. We must keep our eye on the few surviving geniuses. Already we have lost Harry.

But do not despair. Frantic efforts are being made to recover that blossoming bud of hope, and we can only applaud his retort, "Who's loony now?"

At this point we avoid an abrupt transition by introducing our timely friend, the giraffe. Are you stunned by the advance of woman, knocked incredulous by the legal marvels revealed in the Harry Hunt? Then consider the giraffe. Time was—or so it says in an English paper—when "our discriminating ancestors" declined to believe in that "improbable beast!"

So very lofty at the front. So dwindling at the tail!—as noble a tribute, almost, as the remark we once overheard: "Gosh, his dinner must come down with a thump!"

And while we are delving among the antiquities, behold this crumb of comfort for the Non-Smokers' League! Old man Benzoni is discoursing of the wicked Guatemalans and the weed:

"Some there are who take so much of it that their senses whirl from this cruel perfume, and they fall down dead, as though stark dead. I do not believe that devils could belch forth a more penetrating stench."

Oh, encouraging! This was in 1565, and just see how the weed has been curbed in the brief period since then.

Yes, brethren, there are Englishmen who cannot see a joke, even when it is offered them in all its flagrancy. For instance, his lordship of Strathcona. "It is high time," writes he, naively, "that the spirit of fun was introduced into furniture."

Ah! here comes Brother Dell's enchanting treatise, "Women as World Builders." We open at random. Gracious! Chapter on Mrs. Pankhurst!

Quite a shock, consider her record among the edifices, though—the longer we reflect, the less we demur. What woman of our era has done more for the building trade? At this rate, old England will hardly know herself.

Or America, either! Here, too, we face the question, Shall the universe be rebuilt? It began with car steps. Many a company is rebuilding its cars to provide low steps for hobbled ladies. And when our Broadway belles find themselves X-rayed by an advertiser's searchlight, hear how they scream for a new Broadway with searchlights left out!

All very proper, no doubt, but there are hints of a different solution. So subtle! "I simply am not going to allow these costumes!" roars the Chief of Police in Attleboro, Mass. "What I want in this town is that women shall dress like human beings."

Drastic! Revolutionary! Yet, reluctant to rebuild its new station, the Pennsylvania Railroad threatens to publish descriptions of any lady who catches a tumble on its premises. It will delineate her skirt and her heels and—oh, the brutality!—her age.

Since this blood-curdling announcement we have searched in vain for such reports. Why? We can guess.

Which leads up to an awfully jolly consideration. Who is it that scares us with those shocking clothes, nine times out of ten? The sweet young thing? A bud of the last century, even? No, beloved; in at least two senses she looks like sixty. Hence a still jollier observation.

Madam, you think you are exhibiting your pretty feet and your dainty coleshillipsy ankles. Instead, you are challenging us to detect silver threads among the gold, and, though it grieves us to mention them, wrinkles. Ergo:

INCOME TAX CLASS LEGISLATION.

From Leslie's. In the proposed income tax we have a clear case of class legislation. By placing the exemption at \$4,000 it would create a small class of people not to receive favors from the government, but upon whom would be placed a burden that ought to be borne by all.

SCRIPTURAL.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer. A man by the name of Meek has been appointed to a postmastership in Illinois, which strikes us as evidence that the family is really beginning to inherit the earth.



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

WOULD REBUILD POSTOFFICE

A Larger Park Would Hold More Undesirables.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In your issue of even date I noticed an article with the heading "Will Halve Astor House." In part you say: "If Congress should take the necessary action the old federal building and post-office would be torn down and the triangular plot between Broadway, Park Row and what is now Mail street would revert to the city. This would make City Hall Park a real park, of greatly enhanced beauty and utility, according to those who want to see the unsightly old federal building removed."

I have seen old prints showing how the park looked before the federal building was erected. It must indeed have been very beautiful, I admit, in those days, with the little buildings surrounding the park; but now, with the skyscrapers in that vicinity, I can only see, if the city should reclaim that land and lay out the park, that it would be the resting place of just such characters as now inhabit it, as may be seen day and night.

I fully appreciate the fact that we have not sufficient parks in the city, but this particular space should not be given over for a long time to a class of persons who now infest most of our parks.

I love our city, and feel proud to be a citizen of this, to me, the only city on earth where the welfare of its inhabitants is so much in evidence.

I am satisfied that a very large portion, however, do not realize what is being done for them at no small cost, and to give such more space does not by any means meet with my approval, and I sincerely trust The Tribune concurs in this opinion.

Unless the federal authorities can acquire the Astor House entire, some other and larger tract should be selected, or rebuild the old postoffice to suit the requirements of the time.

H. M. PHILLIPS. New York, Aug. 22, 1913.

SINCERITY AND DOLLARS

Some Comments on Public Officials and Public Morals.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Are the heads of public offices sincere citizens? This is a question I have often reflected on, in view of present day events, and I would like to know who can give an impartial answer.

When a man is elected to a public office he knows what the salary is and what are the duties and responsibilities of the office, and in accepting the position he gives an assurance to the people that he will perform the duties honestly, irrespective of any other consideration. Yet we find in general, state and city government men when elected to office forgetting those guarantees and starting out in search of ambition and the accumulation of dollars.

When Mr. Bryan was made Secretary of State he knew what the responsibilities and the income were, but he is hardly installed when he tells the people that the salary is inadequate, and he goes on a tour through the country giving lectures as a business enterprise.

When Mr. Sulzer was elected Governor of the State of New York he also knew what he was selected for and what were the emoluments he should receive, yet according to the recent revelations of the Frawley investigating committee he embarked on Wall Street transactions from checks belonging to the election fund of his political party.

The police captains and police officers who are selected to enforce law, protect the public and keep down crime know the payment they are to receive, yet we find many of them are not content until they accept bribes from criminals, enrich themselves and become real estate owners, neglect the people's business, throw duty to the winds, and, in fact, become aiders and abettors in crime, instead of suppressing it.

When the very judges of our courts are elected to give honest decisions and put

THOSE 'SUFFRAGE SHUDDERS'

Seem Based on Sentiment, Not Fact, Writer Thinks.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Wasn't that dreadful about Mrs. Rupp making a suffragette speech when she ought to have been cooking her husband's supper? It would have been a fight if the husband had been loafing around a saloon while the wife was waiting for him to come home to his supper. This is so common. But the reason that Mrs. Rupp was making a speech at that time was because she was not allowed to vote. If she were permitted to vote it would take only a few minutes once a year, while she was out marketing, to vote, and it would not interfere with her duties one hundredth part as much as the holiday on Election Day does with his.

Poor old Mr. Tullman, who "shudders at woman suffrage"! No doubt he "shudders" at abolition of slavery and the Union. If he would take the trouble to reason honestly or investigate a little he would know beyond any question of doubt that he could not go into a convention of women and pick out those who are permitted to vote from those who are not, nor could he discover any difference in the character of any woman by reason of her being allowed to vote.

Women have voted in churches and clubs for all time, have voted in town elections in many towns for many years and in some states for some years, and none of those dreadful things which some people pretend to anticipate ever have happened.

This war will continue until every person of legal age and sound mind who has enough public spirit to want a voice in his or her government will have it. Will this state be next to Illinois or next to South Carolina?

Are there not a great many women in this city who would like to vote in the next election in this city? Who has a moral right to prevent it? If the women could combine with the decent men we would get decent city officials.

M. B. GEORGE. New York, Aug. 22, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

Beware of being "as brown as a berry!" It's dangerous, according to "The American Practitioner," which warns against tan and sunburn. Says this medical authority: "There can be no doubt but that a continued exposure of the skin to the hot, fierce rays of the sun disturbs the control of the nerves as well as the vasomotor system, and all to what end? That the individual may become as brown as a berry; be in the fashion—a foolish as well as a dangerous fashion. The fad of going bareheaded in the sun cannot be regarded in any other light than that of great recklessness, if not of positive danger. Indeed, it has been asserted that the reckless driving of autocars and the number of deaths which result therefrom are in large part due to a brain disturbance caused by going bareheaded in the sun when touring."

"I can't understand why that man isn't more popular with the ladies." "Look at him. He has no manners. He is coarse and vulgar and as homely as a railroad roundhouse." "I know; but he has an automobile." Chicago Record-Herald.

Two guests missed the first courses of a dinner which had been arranged partly in their honor. Handbags had been searched, distant home called on the telephone for information, much nerve energy had been expended—all because the key to the trunk containing the necessary dinner rations could not be found. Finally a locksmith from the town four miles away came by automobile, was led to the trunk and in less than a minute the lid was turned back. "Good work," said the maid. "Dead easy," said the locksmith; "the thing wasn't locked at all."

"I shall never take my vacation in June again." "Why not?" "Because the fellows who go in August think I ought to have earned enough money to be able to lend them some when they get back."—Detroit Free Press.

THE CURSE UPON WOMAN.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Have the curses recorded in the third chapter of Genesis been repealed? Is there no longer enmity between the serpent and the seed of the woman? Does the earth no longer bring forth thorns and thistles? If man has ceased to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, few of us are aware of the fact. Certainly the first part of the curse on woman has not been removed as yet. Why, then, shall we assume that the second part has? "M. L. B." naturally prefers the Elohist to the Jehovistic account of the creation of human beings, but is one really more authoritative than the other?

GEORGE B. MOREWOOD. New York, Aug. 21, 1913.