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The Impeachment Trial.

One result of the impeachment trial that begins to-day is already plain. Murphy has overreached himself. Whether he will succeed in destroying Governor Sulzer or not, the boss has already succeeded in destroying himself.

That fact was written large in the primary elections up the state, where Murphy's sub-boss of Erie County has been defeated by the Sulzer leader and "Packy" McCabe has narrowly escaped defeat in Albany, while Murphy henchmen everywhere except in New York County have fallen under public disapproval.

The people have been unable to tolerate the spectacle of the shameful boss of Tammany Hall as the upholder of public morality. Murphy's motive in it all has been too plain to deceive any one. He is not taking up the cudgels for public decency but for his own authority. Tammany has not suddenly become concerned about stealing. Tammany is only concerned about organization discipline.

That is the reason for the terrorism. That is the reason why false charges have been made. The mind that set a woman with scandalous accusations after the Governor launched the impeachment. In their origin and in their motive the woman with her foul charges and this most solemn of judicial proceedings are on a par, mere instruments to serve the boss in crushing an enemy.

It is that which stings. It is that which has dragged down to defeat the boss's allies in communities less servile than New York County. It is that which makes many thousands of decent citizens say however bad Sulzer may be Murphy is a thousand times worse.

And so he is. If Sulzer is a thief and a perjurer he is what Tammany made him. If he pocketed campaign funds he exemplified the Tammany spirit, for Tammany is a vast system for the misappropriation of public moneys for private purposes.

But those who would keep Sulzer in office even if he is guilty take a cowardly view of their duty toward the state. Murphy can be defeated without such cost to public morals as that. Murphy has struck a deadly blow at himself. He has indicted Tammany. He has exhibited to the state the sort of Governors that may be expected from Tammany. If the picture of Tammany's best presented in the impeachment articles is a true one. He has revealed Tammany as a political blackmailing organization, dealing in threats of old scandals and inciting women to destroy reputations. Whether he wins or loses he has split his party. The revolt in the upstate primaries shows that.

Decent and independent members of the Senate must forget the bad character of Sulzer's accusers and the desperate nature of their undertaking. The issue must be decided upon their merits. If Sulzer is guilty he should be removed, even though that may be a victory for Murphy. It will be a costly victory. If he is innocent he should be acquitted.

The first consideration must be to keep the Governorship clean. New York does not need to enter into an alliance with a thief and perjurer. If Governor Sulzer is one, in order to be able to attend to the case of Murphy.

New Jersey and the Navy Yard.

Another effort is now being made to convince the Secretary of the Navy of the desirability of removing the local navy yard from Brooklyn to Jersey City or Bayonne. The chief question at issue would seem to be whether any removal at all is necessary or desirable. If the Brooklyn site is or can be made satisfactory for future occupancy it should, of course, be retained. But if not, and if the welfare of the navy requires a change, there is little doubt of the conspicuous merits of the New Jersey site.

Such a transfer would be of great interest to commercial New York. It would transform the appearance of the harbor and probably produce important changes other than in appearance. We do not know that in any respect it would be injurious, and it is quite possible that in some it might be materially advantageous to this port.

But in case our enterprising New Jersey friends do succeed in getting the navy yard transferred to their bailiwick, will they persist in their plans for pouring a vast river of sewage into what will then be the water fronting upon that establishment? And will the navy yard authorities relish being seated just over the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima?

'Save Us from a Censor.

A London publisher arriving in this city yesterday remarked that we seemed to be having a lot of trouble with questionable plays, and asked: "Why don't you establish a censorship on plays as well as books, as we do?"

Heaven forbid! The fearful and wonderful workings of the London censor have made him a byword in his native land. Plays of the highest art and utterly free from salaciousness have been barred in London. And the most suggestive of French farces have been triumphantly approved.

duced to absurdity by the London example. Far better to muddle along in our present uncertain method—with the police usually minding their own business and only stepping in when egregiously shocked—than to place our morals in the daily keeping of any one wisecracker.

The public is a pretty competent censor when left to itself. At any rate, it is immeasurably better than any Anthony Comstock of the drama.

Fair Play for Mrs. Pankhurst.

The news that Mrs. Pankhurst has not been daunted by rumors of a clash with American immigration authorities is hardly surprising. Courage in the highest degree is the one quality that friends and enemies alike must concede to the leader of British militancy.

It remains for America to give Mrs. Pankhurst the fair play that she expects. Our immigration authorities can undoubtedly detain Mrs. Pankhurst at Ellis Island for a time if they desire. But they will be inviting a storm of ridicule and criticism and certain rebuke from the courts if they do so. Mrs. Pankhurst is clearly not a "fugitive from justice," being at large with the entire consent, not to say the delighted approbation, of the British government. Nor does her "criminal" record involve moral turpitude any more than do other political crimes.

Mrs. Pankhurst should have the freedom of the country, however misguided and unwise we may consider her efforts in behalf of the cause to which she has devoted her life.

Arant Cowardice and the Game of Golf.

When our Mr. Jerome Travers feels like it he uses his iron clubs from the tee instead of the conventional wood. And he plays the game with considerable success, it must be admitted.

But what duffer would dream of taking such liberties with the sacred ritual of the game? Go out and watch any hole of moderate driving length, say 175 yards, for example. Each duffer as he steps up takes out his iron or cleek. Not one in ten gets anywhere near the green. With a driver probably half would get the necessary distance. But these haughty gentlemen would rather use a dozen strokes for the hole than take out an unconventional club and win.

This is a peculiarity of golf. In other games Americans are cheerfully regardless of rule and form. Golf seems to possess some strange, hypnotizing magic that dulls a man's common sense and makes him bow down in awestruck silence before its ancient ritual.

"Golf and Dogma"—we commend the subject to the philosophers of the Nineteenth Hole.

Our Navy in Mexican Waters.

General Huerta's suggestion that American naval vessels should be excluded from Mexican waters after the expiration of their six months' lease of entry is technically in accord with international law. It is an established principle that a nation has a right to define the conditions under which, and the times for which, foreign men-of-war may enter and remain in its ports. The United States has itself made use of that principle, though generally its practice of it is the most liberal in the world.

But there is a better, surer and quicker way for Mexico to get our warships out of her waters, if she can and will pursue it. That is to make it no longer necessary for them to be there. They are not there from choice. They would come away more readily than they went thither. They are there because their presence is believed to be necessary for the protection of American citizens. The moment such protection is no longer needed they will leave. But we do not suppose that General Huerta himself would suggest that they should leave while they are still needed. The United States is in the habit of giving its citizens protection whenever and wherever they need it, and it is not to be restrained from so doing even by the municipal laws of a country in which such need is obvious and notorious.

To Show Who Is Who.

The failure promptly to identify the body of Timothy D. Sullivan was deplorable. Possibly it was culpable, though that is a matter for consideration. But the incident, entirely apart from the judgment which may be passed upon those who failed to recognize Mr. Sullivan's body, conveys a striking reminder of the possibility of many persons thus meeting with mysterious ends and a suggestion of the desirability of every one's taking a simple but quite effective measure to prevent it.

Nothing is needed but that every one shall carry upon his person an identification card, bearing his name and address, and perhaps the name and address of some one who should be notified in case of need. Not once in a million times, perhaps, would such a card be useful; but when there was use for it it would be very great. Statute law could scarcely require all men thus to be marked, but the law of personal welfare and of regard for the convenience and the feelings of relatives and friends might well constrain every one to procure and to maintain such equipment.

Keep Politics Out of the Parks.

Not because they are suffragists any more than it would be because they were anti-suffragists, but on general principles of fitness and public welfare, such as we are sure the ladies themselves will be first to appreciate, we must disapprove the announced purpose of making next Saturday a "Suffrage Park Day," on which political meetings will be held and political buttons and banners will be sold by the advocates of "votes for women" in fifty public parks throughout this city.

As a matter of fitness, parks are not proper places for partisan political meetings, or indeed for meetings of any kind. Trafalgar Square, in London, has long been a meeting place, but it is not a park. The northern end of Union Square, in this city, has seen many big gatherings on its pavement, but neither is it a sylvan retreat. As for the space adjacent to the effigy of Benjamin Franklin, we are resigned to its occupancy by all sorts and conditions of propagandists. But a real park is no place for such things.

Consider, too, the precedent. If these ladies should thus invade the parks, on the basis of consistency and equal rights so dear to them what next might happen? Why, there might be a Republican Park Day and a Bull Moose Park Day and a Tammany Park Day, and so on through the whole fifty-seven varieties of metropolitan factions, and—since religion is no less worthy than politics—a Methodist Park Day and a Swedenborgian Park Day and a Winebrenerian Park Day, until the calendar was insufficient to hold them all, and we should have left not so much as one single Park Day in which our pleasure grounds would be

reserved for the purpose for which they were created.

No, ladies. Adorn Fifth avenue with parades at your own sweet will, but do not set the pernicious precedent of invading the parks with trumpet and drum. Let us have some spots left in which with Prosper Merimee we may "enjoy pure nature and lumbago" without being importuned to pledge ourselves to even so engaging a cause as that of "votes for women."

"Canada may claim Thaw." But will she guarantee to keep him?

With a shrewd weather eye open to 1916, it may be that Mr. Wilson regards with Christian fortitude the spectacle of Mr. Bryan knocking himself into a cocked hat.

The Senate Public Lands Committee has arranged for a final vote next Wednesday on the Hatchery bill. That is, on the question whether a single city, for its own pecuniary profit, is to be permitted to seize and despoil, without compensation, an important and priceless part of the property of the whole nation.

Tammany seems to have just awakened to the fact that the affair at Albany is to be a trial, not a walkover.

The voteless primary promises to be the next advance in politics.

AS I WAS SAYING

We love our country, and are ready to make sacrifices, so will publish the new Bryan scandal, though it is indeed blubbersome.

No mere twitter about his contortionists and trained gas lions this time. Thanks to his silvery and adroit argument, we perceive how dignified they are. Better yet, we appreciate his patriotic eagerness to desert the Department of State whenever duty calls. But—but—

How does he occupy himself while there? Ah! brethren, that is the scandal. Do not imagine that oratory spouts from his lips like seltzer from a siphon. These gushes require preparation. Which solemn and awful fact brings us face to face with the scandal.

You read his latest little sermon, of course, so you recall his words: "We find an unfinished work when we arrive; we leave an unfinished work when we are called hence." Where, we ask, could those words have been written if not at his desk in Washington? To what can they refer if not to official business?

Caught! Doesn't he find an unfinished work whenever his stop-over ticket lets him off in Washington? Doesn't he leave an unfinished work whenever he is called thence? Beloved, the time has passed for joking. Think of our Secretary of State scribbling, scribbling, while Ambassador Chinda whimpers outside and is told by the office boy that the parson is at his sermon and cannot be disturbed; out with your handkerchiefs! Join us in a long and passionate boo-hoo!

The revolting prevalence of bachelors has roused the thinkers to great activity, and they are coming forward with explanations—not singly, as you might suppose, but one by one. For instance, Dr. Eliza T. Ransom, who thinks apartment houses breed bachelors. Cramped and crowded, these rookeries afford inadequate territory for a fine, big, rousing courtship.

Personally, however, we attribute the pestilence of bachelors to automobiles. Say what you like, the modern sparking plug is simply not in it with the one we used to hire at the livery stable.

How can these things be? We have just read a wonderful piece entitled "Housework as Cure for Nerves," and then, in the very same paper, encountered the sad, sad story of Concert-Meister Gregor Skoinik, whose wife made him cook, and who has been to court about it in Chicago.

We hate to cavil, but it does seem that Gregor's nerves need curing yet, as he reports himself an awfully uncomfortable man. We learn that "as a result Skoinik said he had fallen off in weight from 1,755 pounds to 130."

Here we pause to relate what the guillotine artist said to a client: "Come along! It won't cost much. In fact, I promise you a little reduction."

It was a nervous way of "reducing," we have always thought, yet a trivial reduction compared to Brother Skoinik's descent "from 1,755 pounds to 130." And consider how nervous the poor Concert-Meister must be about the future. Awful!

With half an eye he can see himself swooped down upon by ten thousand frenzied women at once. What a reduction! What a bargain!

We understand from his publisher that one James J. Foley is "the poet laureate of North Dakota," and shall not rest till New York is similarly supplied. Gentlemen, we nominate the Sweet Singer of Broadway, Mr. George M. Cohan.

The Chambers Encyclopedia of Improprieties has added another volume. Title: "The Business of Life." Very helpful, we hear. As usual, Robert sounds "a warning against low moral standards." We wish him well, and trust that others will begin warning. Especially the stage!

How timely the republication of the American engineer's remarks to Rudyard Kipling: "Sometimes we guess ourselves into the station and sometimes we guess ourselves into hell!"

Rough talk, however, and lacking in cheerfulness. We prefer the epigram that sums up an engineer's problem in the sunny verbiage: "Puzzle: Find the railroad."

Come along, Mrs. Pankhurst! Dr. Crippen did.

And speaking of these international difficulties, we hear that the Prince of Monaco is intending to return by way of Canada. Hero! And yet would not discretion suggest a preliminary correspondence with some experienced traveller? For instance, Mr. Jerome.

They tell us that brevity is the soul of wit, and we have now expended nearly six months in abbreviating our happiest paragraph. After many discouragements we have reduced it to a single glowing word. Hurdle the intervening asterisks, brethren, and behold our masterpiece!

FINIS!!!! R. L. H.

DON'T FORGET THE CODFISH.

From The Boston Transcript. As a design for Boston's proposed municipal flag what's the matter with a pot of beans rampant on a field of rye, in the form, say, of a big yellow pumpkin pie?

ELECTION REFORM.

From The Albany Argus. The next Legislature ought to pass a law stipulating that the world's series shall be played in the spring, so as not to interfere with interest in the fall campaigns.

GETTING EVEN.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer. A London court has just decided that women may not practise law in England. Bang goes another window!

TICKLISH BUSINESS FOR THE BOSS



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

HOW MUCH LONGER?

When Will Our Grape Juice Secretary of State Resign?

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: How much longer is this great nation, with its memories of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Lincoln, Grant, McKinley and Taft and all the great, brilliant, brave, talented, refined Secretaries of State daringly an exception until the present poverty-making administration, to be humiliated and made the laughing stock of all foreign nations, and its important state business neglected and the lives and fortunes of American citizens in Mexico sacrificed while the "Premier" sates out the large salary, which he does not earn, by lecturing to teachers and artists.

It seems to the writer (and I urge millions of others) that the President, having fully paid his political debts to the advocate of "crap" juice," should heed the advice and criticisms of voters and merchants and financiers and politely ask for his (not our) Prime Minister's resignation ever under fire. I rest as a voter from Lincoln to Taft; never as officeholder. COLONEL EDWIN HARRY WILCOX, New York, Sept. 15, 1913.

HOW TO STOP GAMBLING

Make the Offence Punishable by Imprisonment, It Is Urged.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Apropos of your editorial in issue of 7th ult., "The Way to Close Gambling Houses," would it not be better to adopt the method that was in vogue in Boston several years ago? I stopped this notorious propaganda conversation between two men, apparently of "sporting" proclivities, in which one said to his friend: "Now that they have got gambling on the statute books as a penal offense, punishable by imprisonment in the pen," there is not a gambling house in Boston, and as well posted as I am I wouldn't know where to find one." Wouldn't this be the best method to exterminate this or any other obnoxious evil? Spectacular raids and placing policemen on guard in front of known resorts I am told have not only proved to be a colossal failure, but have been the means of propagation, corruption and graft in this stupendous propaganda. MARY SCOTT ROWLAND, Savoy Hotel, London, Sept. 8, 1913.

THE AUTO HULLABALOO

How End the Noisy Muffler Cut-Out and the Terrible Horn?

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Can anything be done to terminate the alarm and noise caused by willful and heedless misuse of the automobile cut-out and horn? Your correspondent, B. R. Blanchard, in to-day's Tribune, has raised the question and presented it fairly. To stop this hullabaloo seems easy to me, but no city administration has seriously sought to work to do it. I asked the late Mayor Gaynor to consider it; the matter was referred to the Police Commissioner, and there it ended. Apparently refined persons riding through city streets take delight in bedlam, to the distress or injury of men and women struggling for a living at their work or invalids confined to their room or bed. The automobile will operate almost noiselessly if carefully managed, and rarely will it be necessary to shatter ears and nerves with siren or klaxon. The law against misuse of cut-out and horn is unenforced. Is it not the duty of the Police Commissioner to enforce the city laws against needless automobile noise? The injury to health from noise

affects all of us consciously or unconsciously. The Tribune has had editorials and correspondence on automobile bedlam again and again. How much longer will pleasure riders in automobiles disregard city law? How much longer will people permit the automobile, as an instrument of death and injury, to abuse the privilege of the city streets? ELMER LEE, M. D., New York, Sept. 13, 1913.

THE HUERTA VIEW

A Detailed Statement in Defence of the Mexican Leader.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: There are some features of the Mexican situation that never see the light of day. While the Wilson administration is busying itself with doing nothing down in the neighboring republic except annoy the existing administration there, and thereby indirectly encouraging rebellion and anarchy, why does no newspaper tell the truth about the origin of the deplorable situation?

It is the habit of the newspapers and of the politicians to speak of Huerta as having waded through slaughter to power. Huerta is described as an assassin. He is accused of the killing of Madero. Therefore, his administration must not be recognized.

Why is Madero never referred to as an assassin? Why is all the sympathy always with Madero and never with Huerta? Assume the following to be the facts—and they are easily susceptible of investigation and verification—and then what is the logic of the situation?

Francisco Madero was a visionary and a fanatic. He upset the rule of Diaz by promising to an ignorant electorate a great deal of something for nothing, much on the principle of the old rallying cry of certain carpet bag reconstructionists in this country half a century ago, who promised to every negro forty acres and a mule of the confiscated property of the citizens of the South. The one promise was just as futile as the other. Neither was possible of accomplishment. In this country the attempt to execute the promise was fortunately never made. In Mexico Madero was elected, and of course he could not deliver the goods. Naturally, there was dissatisfaction, and worse.

When Ambassador Wilson came back from Mexico he said he did not care to answer Señora Madero's accusations against him on the ground that she was a woman. But why should not the truth behind that remark be ferreted out, since it involves a whole nation's welfare—perhaps the welfare of two nations?

The point behind that remark was the fact that Señora Madero was responsible for her husband's death as well as for his downfall. This was accomplished through the fact that Señora Madero is a spiritualistic medium and the President believed in her. Nothing was done of importance except through the influence of "controls," as dictated by her in her trances. For instance, when one of General Huerta's aids was sent north to subvert an insurrection a "control" was invoked, and it turned out to be George Washington; so Washington was enlisted in the Mexican army victoriously to lead the campaign. President Huerta himself had two "controls"—Napoleon Bonaparte and Benito Juarez, the old Aztec President of Mexico, who executed Maximilian. Not only that, but President Macmillan, sent to Switzerland and secured the services of a celebrated spiritualistic medium to come to Mexico, and installed at government expense as head of a department of spiritualism in the University of Mexico.

After Ambassador Wilson had brought about a truce in the terrible bombardment across the city between the forces of Madero in the palace and Diaz in the citadel, the army sent a delegation to

Madero to suggest that he resign. The delegation consisted of three—one each from the infantry, cavalry and artillery—headed by Colonel Riveroll, a lifelong friend of Madero.

The petition represented that the soldiers were without food, had not been paid, were mutinous and would no longer fight. Many accounts agree that when Colonel Riveroll presented the petition in the palace in the Presidential office and suggested the word *Federa* Madero drew a revolver from his pocket and shot his lifetime friend through the head. His own life was saved only through the physical interposition of his own Generals Huerta and Blanquet, who placed him under arrest and demanded his resignation.

At the behest of Ambassador Wilson free transport out of the country was promised for Madero, but Señora Madero telegraphed to the Governor of Vera Cruz asking if her husband would be recognized as President of Mexico when he arrived in that jurisdiction. The answer was that such recognition would be accorded. Then followed Madero's death, whether at the hands of friends of the murdered Riveroll or as an extra-constitutional "accident," excused by national exigencies, history has not yet recorded.

What, then, of the attitude of the Government of the United States? Huerta was elected President in legal form by the Congress of Mexico. He is admittedly the strongest man in the situation. He is not recognized by the United States, and thereby his hands were tied and further insurrection was encouraged, and now he has no money and cannot much longer carry on the government. What then? Chaos, followed by armed intervention on the part of the United States and a bloody struggle of many years at great sacrifice of life and property and civilization.

Two reasons suggest themselves as an explanation of this situation.

First—Some year or two ago the Latin American republics assembled in a love feast promoted by John Barrett, and solemnly signed an agreement to abolish revolutions and follow constitutional methods of government. It is now suggested that since Mexico has broken that agreement she should be made an example to before the world by being incriminated in a fight herself to death in internecine warfare to teach coming generations the folly of such strife. Upholders of this hypothesis admit that recognition of the Huerta government by the United States might have postponed such a struggle to the death, but are not sure that it would have averted it forever. Therefore, better have it over now. Much on the same principle as to say that if a man is suffering from tuberculosis and is seemingly sure to die the doctors should not use every effort to prolong his life on the principle that while there is life there is always hope.

Second—It is an axiom that no administration was ever defeated while it had a war on its hands. If there should be a war on with Mexico in 1916, to accomplish the annexation of Mexico and Central America to the United States a tariff longer fame than the passage of a tariff or a currency bill; or still again perhaps the Huerta drinks too much brandy. The same complaint was once made about Grant, which gave Lincoln an opportunity to make one of his famous remarks. New York, Sept. 12, 1913. B. S. O.

ONE REASON WHY IT'S HIGHER.

From The Philadelphia Ledger. The price of food has risen 50 per cent. in thirteen years and the quality of it in the average family about 100 per cent.

LET'S HAVE BOTH.

From The Utica Observer. "Care, not steel," to prevent accidents & the theory of the railroads. Excellent; but let's have both, and then when care fails steel will step in to protect.