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The Futile Endeavor of the State of California.

The statement of Governor Johnson and the telegram of President Wilson show all too plainly the doubt and hesitation of mind that still surround the question of treaty supremacy in the United States.

The text of President Wilson's message is regrettably lacking in any clear statement of the constitutional principles involved. He properly concedes the undoubted right of California to pass a law regulating land tenure by aliens.

It is true, as Governor Johnson points out, that a number of the states have to-day on their statute books laws limiting the right of aliens to hold land and that there is a similar federal law applying to the District of Columbia and federal territory.

But all these laws have been in large part set aside by the negotiation of treaties in line with the more liberal spirit of later years. To-day the citizens of most countries can take and hold land anywhere in the United States, regardless of what the state statutes declare.

Therefore the Legislature of California is in the position of embroiling the nation in an international quarrel all to pass a vain and futile act. Her legislators declare openly that Japan is the one nation aimed at. "The Japanese are the cause of the whole controversy and the relief sought is from the Japanese alone," said the administration leader in the state Senate.

There is certainly no recognition of this truth in the State of California. There is plenty of confusion of mind on the subject in the District of Columbia. The situation is a delicate one, and no one would urge President Wilson to adopt a tactless or belligerent attitude.

But the occasion surely calls for a clear and comprehensive declaration of the broad principles involved. If such a statement were made and digested by the citizens of California, we suspect that there would be an end of the present futile endeavor to detrate the foreign policy of the United States in the city of Sacramento.

Stephen A. Douglas.

To-day is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Stephen A. Douglas. In the decade preceding the Civil War he was the most commanding figure on the stage of national politics. Rhodes, the historian, says very justly that from 1858 to 1860 he was "the best known man in the United States."

Douglas was a marvel of precocity. He was born under a lucky star and won recognition with astonishing ease. He was elected a Supreme Court judge in Illinois at twenty-eight, a Representative in Congress at twenty-nine and a United States Senator at thirty-three. At thirty-nine he was a conspicuous candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. He died at forty-eight, after a career of national leadership which in dash and brilliancy has rarely been paralleled.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if Douglas had lived ten or twenty years longer. He became an ardent Unionist in 1861 and might have thrown in his lot with the Republicans. Lincoln is said to have favored giving him a place in the Cabinet, and with his remarkable vigor and magnetism he might eventually have won a Republican nomination for the Presidency.

"Abrogating Domestic Sovereignty."

Senator Bristow thinks that if the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is to be construed as its makers understood it and intended it to be, it "should be abrogated at once, because no self-respecting nation would abdicate its sovereignty over its domestic affairs." The abdication in question consists chiefly in our agreement to neutralize the Panama Canal to the extent of letting all well-disposed nations use it on the same terms as our own commerce.

Here, for example, is a treaty with France, of long standing, which declares that "no discriminating duty shall be levied upon the productions of the soil or industry of France imported in French bottoms into the ports of the United States for transit or re-exportation." Is not that an intolerable abdication of sovereignty over our domestic affairs? Here is another, with Great Britain, pledging us to surrender to British authorities fugitive murderers and thieves. How can a self-respecting nation thus abdicate its sovereignty? Here is a treaty with Italy, which says that Italian citizens shall have liberty to travel and reside in the United States and shall enjoy the same protection for their persons and property that American citizens enjoy. Ought not that instantly to be abrogated,

as an abdication of sovereignty over domestic affairs such as no self-respecting nation can endure?

And then, just look at this! Here is a treaty which says that Italians may live here and engage in commerce, "without paying other or higher duties or charges than are paid by the natives"—precisely as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty says that British and other ships may use the canal without paying other or higher tolls than our own ships pay.

Really, there seems to be nothing left for us to do but instantly to abrogate all treaties, repudiate all contracts and proclaim ourselves to be the Ishmael of nations.

Will They Head the Van or Bring Up the Rear?

In announcing that a Republican national conference of some sort will surely be held this fall Senator Cummins substantiates a prophecy which The Tribune has been making for some time past. We said that if Chairman Hilles and his associates did not wake up to the necessity of calling a convention for the purpose of changing the basis of representation in Republican national conventions a gathering of Republicans to help along that reform would probably be held without the national committee's assent.

Most Republicans who hope to see the party regain its lost strength are heartily in favor of putting control of future conventions into the hands of the actual voters. They are through with the old "rotten borough" system of representation. Senator Cummins speaks for the active, progressive element, which believes that the Republican party can be restored to its former power and usefulness. That element rightly demands that the present leadership shall co-operate in the work of reorganization. If it does not it is pretty certain to be swept aside.

The point for Chairman Hilles and his associates to consider is whether they will get in line now at the head of the procession or trail along later as high privates in the rear rank.

The Conspiracy in Restraint of Base Hits.

It is right and proper that Congress should investigate the infamous traffic in baseball slaves, and especially the harrowing life story of the now famous Tyrus Cobb, who lived in solitary and unassisted virtue on the miserly minimum wage of \$12,000 a summer.

But how can the work be done and the other business of the nation proceed? It is always hard to get a quorum in the House and Senate on a sunny spring afternoon. With a throng of angry and aroused investigators swarming to investigate as a matter of pure public duty, we fall to see how any legislation is likely to get beyond first base, at the furthest.

We can think of only one possible solution. That is to let the Vice-President of the United States investigate the conspiracy in behalf of the nation. In many respects he is ideally fitted to the task. He has the ready and active tongue of a "fan." He has the exact mental capacity for such a monumental task. He will enjoy it thoroughly.

What is more, if he forsakes the Capitol he will certainly not be missed.

Plans for Colombian Settlement.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the renewed efforts for a settlement of differences between Colombia and the United States will prove successful. That is partly because it would be a pity to have Colombian expectations again disappointed. That country has several times postponed making terms with the United States in the hope of securing more favorable conditions through delay. It was thus that she deferred negotiations from the last American administration to the present, looking for better terms from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan than Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox would give.

Apartment from that there ought to be a settlement, because the dispute has already dragged on many years too long, and because there are no obstacles to it which common sense and mutual sympathy ought not to be able easily to surmount. Colombia must recognize and acquiesce in the accomplished fact of the permanently changed status of the Isthmus. On the other hand, the United States cannot fail to recognize the strength of Colombia's claim to compensation for some of the loss which she sustained by the secession of Panama.

There was much that was commendable in the tripartite treaty which was negotiated a few years ago, and which was ratified by Panama and the United States, but not by Colombia. It ought to be practicable to revive that instrument, perhaps to amend it in some details, and to make it the basis of an equitable settlement of all differences among the three nations.

A Contrast Worth Emphasizing.

The Republicans in the House of Representatives have taken a sensible stand in deciding to offer an amendment to the wool schedule of the Wilson-Underwood bill. There was an element in the caucus, headed by Messrs. Moore, of Pennsylvania, and Fordney, of Michigan, which wanted to lay exaggerated stress on the maxim that it is the duty of an opposition merely to oppose. But to oppose without suggesting anything as a substitute savors too much of playing both ends against the middle.

The Republicans in Congress now have the opportunity to plant themselves on a sound theory of tariff revision. They stand for a scientific readjustment of the schedules with the aid of expert advice from a non-partisan tariff commission. It is well that they should emphasize their attitude by offering a wool schedule prepared in accordance with the recommendations of the Tariff Board created under the provisions of the Payne law. The country wants to know where the Republican party stands, as well as where the Democratic party stands. The Republican minority in the House has wisely decided to contrast its theory of gradual scientific revision with the rough and ready and injuriously sweeping method of Mr. Underwood.

Our Own Particular Fairy Tales.

"Each of us has his fairy tale when we are by ourselves. We hide it from strangers. We like to believe that we are rich or good looking or of great eminence. The imprisoned fairy guides our taste, "shapes our clothes and makes us sign our names "with a flourish."

So declared a distinguished Swiss psychiatrist before a clinic in Johns Hopkins Hospital the other day. None of us is very far from the insane, he added. Only our sense of reason that brings us safely back to reality distinguishes us from the cheerful victim of a fixed delusion inhabiting an insane asylum.

Let us not be discouraged and turn our backs upon our fairy tales, however. There is a long,

large part of life that these fictions alone can make. Your great man, be he poet or statesman or financier, has a greater fairy tale in his mind, not a lesser one, than plain John Smith, who never gets out of the treadmill. The mere dreamer never arrives, to be sure. But that is no reason for overlooking the important fact that a fixed faith in a very handsome fairy tale has gone hand in hand with about every great accomplishment that hard sense and hard work have to their credit.

That is the ideal fighting man, in fact. He has an infinite capacity for hard work, for applying his best ability to the job of the moment. He has also a rare bit of imagined future, as seemingly remote and impossible and absurd as any fairy tale that ever came out of a book.

By all means believe in your fairy tales. Unless you do, how can they ever come true!

Mayor Gaynor transmitted yesterday to the Board of Aldermen some very sensible recommendations on the subject of local cab regulations. We trust that they will impress the city fathers, just as much as if his honor had personally made "an address from the throne," containing the usual run of antimadversions on "ragbag" municipal legislators and the "ragbag" public.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a pamphlet setting forth sixty different modes of cooking mutton. This may or may not be a gracious attempt to temper the wind of tariff revision to the shorn mainstay of the wool producers.

That egg which dropped out a nickel discloses the possibility of a new though altogether minor by-product in this old manufacturing business.

AS I WAS SAYING

There is shocking news from Washington, where they are demolishing our innocent Protective Tariff and retaining a Tariff for Revenue. We sit in opposition to Revenue. We have seen where it goes—\$8,000,000 for a lighthouse on Spot Pond, \$12,000,000 for dikes on top of Foster's Mountain, \$15,000,000 to pension persons who "by special act of Congress are fancied to have been living at the time of the Civil War," and all this to re-elect the Congressman from the 87th District, which there isn't any!

With everybody else writing miniature character sketches of "The Wittiest Man I Ever Knew" we yearn to sit in the game.

Our Wittiest man is a New England farmer. One Sunday after church he said to us: "Haw! did ye like 'Square Lane's solo'?"

We replied: "Well, 'Square Lane' hasn't what you would call a cultivated voice."

"Dunno 'bout that," snapped our rustic genius. "Sounded 'me 's if he'd been over it at least once with a harrow."

Naturally it is of city planning that Mr. Raymond Unwin speaks when he declares: "Nothing is too expensive; it will be more expensive to-morrow," but his remark has a much wider application. Prices are rising. Beloved, blow your money while it will still buy something!

Writing to "Queries and Answers," E. M. inquires regarding the quotation, "The Lord tempteth the winds to the shorn lamb," and "Q. and A." supplies the usual version. Wrong again! When "Q. and A." has rested longer in these parts he will discover, to his great joy, that the true form is, "God tempteth the wind to the shorn sham."

As our poet has "gone to the synagogue" we are compelled to attempt doggerel of our own, thus: "Hang it!" roars the much aggrieved Obituary Man. "I'm up and trotting round and round his Vatican. Feeling finer every day, though I had thought perhaps this could afford a nice obliging, kind release."

"Ever thus it is, I find, and sad it is, indeed," Famous one recovers just when I have penned my creed.

Tolstoy dies; then come details from Tolstoy's heartless son: "Father's gone out skating; won't be back till half past one."

"I'm dead, I write him up. Before the ink is dry. News arrives that I'm eating seven slabs of pie. Then, too, I could mention, were it not a waste of breath.

Brother Twain's annoying, much exaggerated death: "Still, with patient waiting, comes my fun when there is past; Then it is quite, 'He laugheth best who laugheth last.' Thus he roars, yet never was there since the world began Kinder, gentler soul than this Obituary Man!"

You remember Miss Patricia O'Brien's tribute to the show: "We had good scenery—it was a relief to look at the scenery." Our heart went out to Patricia, and it positively hops as we read of the enchanting new opera at Nice, which is played by the scenery with orchestral accompaniment. No offense to the venerable fat folks of opera—none whatever—but, despite the excellent examples they set before the young and their melodiously realistic manners when dying—the stage is hardly their place when we so easily obtain them canned.

If it appears that all the Japs are boiling with hellish frenzy, remember Viscount Ichihichi and his appeal to reason: "First in war is first in pieces."

And still they come, these mythical Aesculapians! Having read our theft from "The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette" on the crime of judging a man's actions instead of his motives, Dr. Edward E. Thorpe drops in with news of a bewitching dipsonamic, whose excuse is that, when tipsy, he "knows so much." Which, so Dr. Thorpe assures us, throws light upon the hitherto obscure phrase, "a thirst for knowledge."

Once again we read: "Our art students are admitted absolutely free at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and receive instruction from the most celebrated masters." Oul, oul! Parfaitement! Every week comes a quaint little peaky-bearded Frenchman, with a red rosette in his buttonhole and a reputation that completely encircles the globe. He squints at your daub, says, "Not bad," and trots away. This is invaluable.

THEY ARE

From The Boston Herald. If William A. Day, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, is right in thinking that under the proposed income tax policy holders will have to pay four taxes on the same money, a good many other presidents should be swelling his protest.

VETERANS AND PUBLIC JOBS.

From The Springfield Republican. The Massachusetts Senate is entitled to particular credit for refusing to demoralize the public service by allowing extra civil service credits to the Spanish War veterans. That this House measure embodied a clear injustice to the people of the state has been amply demonstrated.

NOT LAND "SAILORS."

From The Boston Globe. Secretary Daniels's order, endorsed by the Naval General Board, abolishing the terms "starboard" and "port" and substituting "right" and "left" may go in the navy, but it will never be accepted by the man at the shore who has just acquired a yachting cap and hopes confidently some day to tread the quarter deck of his own catboat as a full fledged skipper.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.



The Horrid Truth, according to the gentleman from Georgia.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

WHY NOT LET THEM STARVE?

An American "Anti" Would Give Short Shrift to the Militants.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Not long since I received a copy of a publication styled "The Woman Voter." No better argument for "anti's" could be found. It is both puerile and scurrilous. Nausea would not allow of reading it through, but in that which was read not a trace could be found of dignity or self-respect.

There were a number of very vulgar cartoons, entitled "An Anti-Suffrage Parade," a thing which no one has yet seen, and, let us trust, no one ever will. Such things do not hurt the cause of anti-suffrage and true womanhood half as much as the apathy of the great majority of women throughout the land.

If the "hikers" and paraders do not make more headway soon it is only a question of time when they shall assume the roles of their English sisters. Will the American government prove as helpless as the English, going through the farce of arresting criminals with the knowledge that they are to be set at liberty in a few days? Why not let the dear creatures starve, if they want to? The world, on both sides of the ocean, would certainly be better off.

SIDNEY AMER. New York, April 21, 1913.

HOW GLOVERSVILLE VOTED

The Progressives Should Be Classed with the Protectionists.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: George E. Terry, of Waterbury, Conn., attempts to be humorous concerning the effect of the Wilson tariff bill on the glove manufacturing business in Sunday's New-York Tribune, and sacrifices truth for fiction in his criticism of Fulton County people for protesting against the glove schedule in that tariff bill. He says: "Did they not vote last November for free trade? Fulton County cast 5,796 against, and 3,741 in favor of a protective tariff—a majority of 2,055 for free trade."

In reaching his figures Mr. Terry places the Democratic, Progressive and Socialist candidates in the free trade column and against protection.

The actual vote in Fulton County for Presidential electors was as follows: Republican, 3,741; Democratic, 2,599; Progressive, 2,173; Socialist, 1,945, a Republican plurality of 1,191. I am somewhat in touch with the political situation in Fulton County, and I know that hundreds of the men who were Progressive last fall will be somewhat surprised at being classed as free traders by the outside world. I also know that hundreds who are led off by the frantic appeals of "the colonel" have had their eyes opened and declared they "will never do it again."

W. B. COLLINS. Gloversville, N. Y., April 21, 1913.

THE CIVIL WAR INCOME TAX

The Inquisition Blank Was Very Well Hated.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: If the party in power intends to force an income tax upon the country permit me to state how it was collected during the Civil War days, as I remember it. The assessor would call at your house and leave a blank for each member of the family over twenty-one years of age. That blank was something like a civil service examination paper, containing all sorts of questions relative to your possessions, including real estate and personal property, jewels, watches and silverware and a lot of other things which I

THE HUERTA RULE IS DOOMED

So Writes a Resident of Sonora, with a Warning for Us Thrown In.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The rebellion is spreading after the fashion of a prairie fire, despite reports of well informed Americans to the contrary. In proof of this I may state that deserters are coming in daily, and among them is Ambrosio Figueroa, former chief of rurales, and his immediate command of 600 sabres in Guerrero.

Already Huerta is down on all fours for recruits. The "padres" are being urged to induce their "flocks" to become something else other than "soldiers of the Lord," but to no purpose; for though the nullahs are willing enough to earn an honest puerbrito, the fleecings persist in "playing the goat." And as I am thoroughly acquainted in Spanish America, having been from San Antonio, Tex., to Tierra del Fuego, you may be assured that nothing less than a herd of papal bulls will make 'em toe the scratch.

Reports as to the advance of 10,000 loyalists are false, because, all told, the regiment cannot number 15,000 bayonets and sabres, and any movement of troops from the federal district or from the Diaz faction to spring to arms, threaten the palace and bring Emiliano Zapata to the gates of the capital.

Already the regicides are menacing one another, and were it not for the menace from the north and south they would go to a clinch after the fashion of los gatos de Kilkenny (the Kilkenny cats), and fight until nothing was left but their tails.

Meantime Carranza and his braves are sweeping all before them, and soon they will thunder at the portals of the palace, rid forever the nation of the Huerta-Diaz potique condottieri, wipe them out, even "attempting to escape." In a word, this regime is doomed. The Huerta dynasty, even if relieved by the Felixian faction, cannot last six months. I am so sure of this that I will stake my life on the result.

Regarding intervention, the moment American troops force the ditch there will be 75,000 knives at an equal number of Yankee throats inside of one hour. Mexico will counter with the horrors of La Vandeé, the terrors of St. Bartholomew, of the Sicilian Vespers; she will drown the earth with grog blood, pave it with northern skulls. The Mexicans will fight with the ferocity of Soudanese fanatics, like hyenas at bay, and the foe will have to make war all the way in and all the way out. There are no Hawaiians, no Samoans, no Colombians, no Nicaraguans, no Dominicans, no Cubans here, but seasoned veterans, who will and can make the purchase too dear.

For with the United States army tied to its base, who shall stay that the Monroe Doctrine will not be challenged; that the giant of the Orient will not make her sword leap from the scabbard, smash Manila with one blow, sweep on to the Ladrone, to Pango Pango, to Pearl Harbor, to Panama, to the Galapagos, threaten your Pacific Coast, place herself in a position to level her Schneider Canets in your teeth and carry them by a coup de main? Salutations! J. DORAN. Naco, Sonora, Mexico, April 15, 1913.

P. S.—Owing to tampering with mail this will be taken west in United States.

"SABOTAGE."

A Definition of Labor's New Weapon Is Requested and Submitted.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: We have noted in your publications on several different occasions you have used the word "sabotage" in connection with labor troubles. Will you kindly give us the definition of this word? I do not find it in the dictionary or in the late encyclopedia.

We have read The New-York Tribune for almost a lifetime and look upon it as an authority on all important matters. RAYMOND BROTHERS. South Norwalk, Conn., April 21, 1913.

[The word "sabotage" is derived from "sabor," a wooden shoe, and means literally the practice of kicking things around. In the last few years it has been applied to certain practices of labor organizations in France and elsewhere, including wanton neglect of duty, destruction of property, interference with operations and, indeed, almost anything calculated to disorganize and paralyze industry and commerce, to establish something like a reign of terror in the business world, and thus to obtain a compliance with the demands of labor.—EM.]

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

A New York merchant writing from Germany says that the murder and graft trials in which members of the New York Police Department figured have furnished food for moving pictures in that country, which are not pleasant to look upon. "A wretched story showing the alleged shady side of an American police department," he says, "was one of the attractions at a 'kino' theatre. We said: 'Give a dog a bad name' while we looked at it, but the sting was not so sharp as it might have been, for the costumes worn by the actors were more appropriate for Panama or Brazil and gave a funny turn to the scenes entitled 'Gratland!'"

"After all," said the ready-made philosopher, "murder and pathos are very closely allied."

"That's right," replied the comedian. "I don't know of anything sadder than to tell a funny story which doesn't get a laugh."—Washington Star.

The resignation of an organist in Pittsburgh because of the demand for "rag-time" music recalled to some elderly members of a New York church choir which had caused a small church choir war. It was in the Pinafore era of comic opera and airs and choruses from the Gilbert and Sullivan novelties were heard on all sides. One day when guests were assembling in the church in question to witness a marriage ceremony the organist wove snatches from the Sullivan music into his pre-festival performance with particular emphasis on

"It was, it was the cat: You're right, it was the cat." At first this was thought to be a musical coincidence, but when it recurred again and again with other Pinafore motifs some of the listeners became restive, and it required the efforts of influential members to avert a vacancy in the choir.

Impatient Owner of Broken-down Car: Where the mischief are you going now with that bump? Lately Converted Groom-Chauffeur: Well, sir, that shaver across 'ere just now told me as 'ow I'd lost my complexion, and I was just going back to see if I could find it along the road.—Punch.