

New York Tribune.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1913.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, 6 New York corporation; Oden M. Reid, President; Condé Hinlin, Secretary; James M. Barrett, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, No. 154 Nassau street, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York. Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$5.00; 3 mos. \$13.50; 6 mos. \$25.00; 1 year \$45.00. Daily and Sunday, 6 mos. \$12.50; 3 mos. \$6.50; 1 year \$12.00. Daily and Sunday, 1 year \$30.00; 6 mos. \$16.00; 3 mos. \$8.50. Daily only, 1 year \$20.00; 6 mos. \$11.00; 3 mos. \$6.00.

Table with columns for FOREIGN RATES, CANADIAN RATES, and DAILY AND SUNDAY rates for various durations.

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

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Impachment of Governor Sulzer Is the Only Course Possible.

On the evidence produced by the Frawley legislative committee in its investigation of Governor Sulzer's campaign contributions there is just one thing to be done. A prima facie case of perjury and of misuse of funds has been made out against William Sulzer. The committee must report these facts to the Legislature, and the Assembly, having received such a report, can not and should not do less than adopt a resolution impeaching the Governor.

Necessity for such action has never before arisen in the history of this state. It is a disgraceful and a shocking state of affairs, which every citizen must lament. Yet such action will be the best thing for William Sulzer and the best thing for the State of New York.

The Governor had an opportunity to appear before the committee and testify regarding the charges brought against him. He chose not to do so. He had the fullest opportunity to answer the charges to the public. He preferred to make counter charges against the investigating body and Tammany Hall. He was entirely within his rights in following this course, whether or not he was wise. Yet it left the case with his side unrepresented. Now the issue will go to a tribunal where the Governor must present his answer.

The court of impeachment will be made up of the Senate and a majority of the Court of Appeals, presided over by the chief judge of the Court of Appeals. It has been evident on various occasions that a majority of the Senate was inimical to the Governor. Yet not even Governor Sulzer himself might say with shadow of plausibility that the Senate as a part of the court of impeachment can be swayed by partisan motives. The case against the Governor, at the moment an impeachment resolution is adopted, will be lifted to a stage of importance and solemnity where personal enmity and political partisanship may not follow. If the Governor be impeached and removed from office it will be because the facts warrant it. If he be acquitted it will be because the prima facie case made against him by the committee breaks down, and in either event a verdict from the court of impeachment will be far-reaching and final as not even a decision of the law courts could be in satisfying the public of justice rendered.

Before this court Governor Sulzer will have the fullest and fairest possible opportunity to defend his personal integrity and his official honor. The State of New York will have an equal opportunity to redeem itself from the disgrace into which, as the record stands, its highest official has plunged it. Impeachment offers the speediest, fairest and most simple and dignified way of trying the issue so regrettably thrust upon the people of the state. And for the sake of all concerned, 'twere well it were done quickly.

The Capacity of an Executor.

There will be much dispute, to the accompaniment of bending elbow, over the highball decision of Surrogate Cohan. But we think that testators and plungers alike will be generally inclined to approve the view that seven or eight highballs, in reasonably close concatenation, do not, as a matter of law, establish the incompetence of an executor.

The executor in question admitted on the stand that he had consumed highballs at the rate of eight per three hours. For this way of living the beneficiaries sought to have him removed. The court, however, put the crucial query: "Did these highballs ever render you incapable of taking care of yourself?" And being satisfied with a negative answer, the Surrogate dismissed the complaint.

The question is one not of consumption, but of capacity, in short. Fabled heroes have existed at all times and places to whom strong liquor was as so much rainwater. Who that drinks has not been such a hero himself, with every breeze favoring? For plain mortals, however, there is always a clear point beyond which lies destruction.

Not so long ago this point existed only to be passed—amid much cheering and hilarity. To-day, with moderate drinking the rule, capacity is a vital matter which the man who drinks watches for himself and takes excellent care not to exceed. Liquor is as liquor does is the new motto.

Fusion's Good Prospects.

Tammany has only once been successful over a united opposition such as exists against it this year. A genuine fusion elected Mayor Strong. Division resulted in the election of his Tammany successor, Van Wyck, over Low and Tracy. At the end of Van Wyck's term there was a union among anti-Tammany forces upon Mr. Low, and he was elected. A united opposition to Tammany put Mr. Low forward to succeed himself, but he was defeated, George B. McClellan being elected. This is the single victory of Tammany over a united opposition since the early 90's. It was due to the unpopularity of Mr. Low's administration.

When Mayor McClellan ran a second time the opposition was divided, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Ivis being candidates. The Tammany candidate was barely elected over his leading competitor. Again in 1909 there were three candidates (Mr. Mayor, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bannard) both anti-Tammany. Over this divided opposition Mayor Gaynor won. Where there was a union upon the other city and county offices the anti-Tammany candidates were easily victorious, even in the Democratic borough of Manhattan.

There is a real union this year. Such disaffection as exists is only what is always to be expected. Some one must invariably be disappointed. At no

time has the realization of the greatness of the anti-Tammany cause been stronger than it is to-day. Tammany never appeared more hateful than the scandals at Albany and the revelations of the "System," with its roots in Fourteenth Street, have made it.

The President and Mexico.

The delay in Mr. Lind's arrival in Mexico was well utilized at Washington last evening in a conference between the President and the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. It is to be hoped that General Huerta and his friends are employing it as profitably, in a reconsideration of the wild and whirling words with which last week they were adding fuel to the flames.

The Washington conference may be supposed to have consolidated Senatorial support of the President's policy, regardless of party lines. To that end it was, of course, desirable that the President should take Senators into his confidence to a degree to which the general public could not yet be taken. The terms of the message which Mr. Lind carries must first be made known to General Huerta. But they need not be withheld from the President's constitutional advisers.

With regard to the message, there is reason for supposing that better counsels are prevailing in Mexico than those which flared up so furiously last week. It must be obvious to General Huerta that it would be a tactical mistake, as well as a gross breach of courtesy, for him to reject a communication from the President of the United States unread and unheard.

The Morality of Food.

It is indeed sad to see the courts demonstrate their inability to comprehend a great moral reform so conclusively as they have done in overturning Mayor Gaynor's edict that nobody may eat in this city after 1 a. m. They had the Mayor's own word for it that people who frequented restaurants after that hour were not, as a rule, decent, but were vulgar, roystering, immodest, frequently intoxicated. People could eat enough, and especially guzzle enough, before that hour. The slightest consideration for their physical and moral natures demanded that they be thrown out into the gutters if they persisted in seeking food.

Yet the Court of Special Sessions, notwithstanding all this, solemnly holds that people may eat as much as they can pay for at 2 a. m. or 3 a. m., or even at sunrise. Its justices venture the opinion that a person might want a meal at 2:30 and still be tolerably decent. It is manifest that they haven't studied Lecky's "European Morals" or assimilated Epictetus. They are certainly no better than they ought to be, and maybe are stuffers and guzzlers themselves. The whole episode is discouraging to the moralists. It will undoubtedly give a great impetus to the demand for the recall of the Judiciary by the greatest of the moralists—our Mayor.

Romance—and Then Some.

It is a long way from the Hellespont to Greenbrier River, West Virginia, and a long jump in time from Leander and his Hero to Henry Hoover Adkinson and Miss Lillian Myrtle Blithen. But reading the news of the latter pair, the hardest cycle of this materialistic age must admit that romance is far from a dead bird.

In this latest and most splendid of elopements we can see no lessening of adventure whatever from the Hellespont days. In some respects it steps on a bit. Take the start of the Greenbrier affair. Leander arrived by night in his trusty four-cylinder car. Hero escaped from her home, and they were off and away, purring down the road at a thirty-mile clip. Father followed as swiftly as he could crank his car. Here is surely a thrill and a stir which not even Lochlinvar could approach.

Then, when the car broke down, as cars will, there came the Greenbrier stream. Hero and Leander swam it together, it is related, while father honked with rage on the nether bank. Could any "movie" do more?

One great difference we gladly admit. Our modern Hero and Leander were successful. They took out a license and were duly wedded. This will disappoint those artistic souls who refuse to be interested unless some one is stabbed or shot or drowned. Maybe there is not much of a poem in the swimming of the Greenbrier River. For sheer romance, however, Henry and Lillian need not fear the rivalry of any earlier competitors.

The Humiliation of Bulgaria.

The most striking feature of the peace arrangement in the Balkans, as so far disclosed, is the territorial humiliation of Bulgaria. This is so great that it must make the ambitious Bulgarian sovereign wish that he had left well enough alone and had assented to the demands of Serbia and Greece in the division of the spoils of war.

Apart from the Egean islands the territory conquered by the allies from Turkey measured about 169,000 square kilometers. (A square kilometre contains 247 acres.) Of this Bulgaria proposed to take 87,000 for herself and to give Serbia 24,000, Greece 11,000 and Montenegro 7,200, the remainder going to Albania. Serbia and Greece demanded that Bulgaria should be content with 61,000, and that Serbia should have 36,000, Greece 27,000 and Montenegro 7,000. This would still have been giving Bulgaria the lion's share, although as a matter of fact Serbia conquered in the war at least 1,000 kilometers more than did Bulgaria.

Moreover, as before the war the areas were Bulgaria 96,345, Serbia 48,550, Greece 64,657 and Montenegro 9,200, it is obvious that under the Serbo-Greek plan Bulgaria would still have been much larger than any other of the states. Now, however, she apparently gets much less Turkish territory than Serbia and Greece were at first willing to give her, besides having to surrender a large slice of her own territory to Rumania. Instead of getting the whole Egean littoral to the mouth of the Vardar River, she gets only an insignificant piece of it between the Mesta and the Maritza. Instead of getting the bulk of Macedonia, she gets only a little of its north-east corner. For these results, which reduce her to third or fourth rank in area, it will be her bitter reflection that she has only her own self to blame.

Mr. Bryan Begins at the Bottom.

After four months Mr. Bryan's peace plans are accepted by one nation. It is the smallest state on the American continent, and with one or two exceptions the smallest in the world. However, it is one of the most orderly and progressive of the Central American States. And next after Salvador, as the second to adopt Mr. Bryan's plan, promises to come Costa Rica, which is the next to the smallest American state, but is also one of the more orderly and stable. Beginning this at the bottom, Mr. Bryan may

work his way upward until the great powers themselves accept his irenic proposals. There is no good reason why they should not. For his plan provides merely that before two powers fight they shall let their differences be considered by an impartial commission, whose findings they may accept or reject at will, and that in the mean time—say, sixteen months—they shall not increase their warlike preparations. All that seems quite easy and rational, and it really might in some cases result in a lot of good.

The street called Straight seems to be a hard road to travel.

Jefferson Market's cells may be better lighted and more sanitary than many tenements, as one who has tried them avers, but they'll never be popular.

Honesty seems to be the best policy even for a Governor.

And now our Julius has appointed Special Delegates Deputies!

Another argument in favor of laundering soiled paper money is found in the fact that counterfeit bills won't wash without being spotted.

About that resemblance to Henry Clay, Governor: was it physical or moral?

AS I WAS SAYING

Only laughter has greeted the new Royal Academy of Etiquette, whereas our tourists will find it a great comfort. Especially the course in Correct Dress for Men.

One never knows what to wear in England. Such delicate distinctions, such niceties, such regard for time and place! What said Lord Chesterfield? "A celluloid collar in lodgings, well and good; but in a boarding establishment, a thousand times NO!"

Or consider the Marquis of Aldgate's dying words: "All my life I have deemed it a jolly nasty howler to wear a stovepipe with one's bottail coat and knickers on the first and third Tuesdays of the month."

Deep mysteries, these. Which reminds us.

Those corduroys! Over here no one addressed a kind word to them. We were accused of anarchism, grand opera, the Black Hand and leanings toward art, so fled the country.

Picking out a notoriously effulgent London hotel, we burst into the grand dining room for luncheon, corduroys and all. Will you believe it?—the head waiter seated us in his best window—yes, dearly beloved, the very showcase!

This puzzled us till, consulting our prayer book, we saw that it was the twenty-second Saturday after Candlemas.

And speaking of etiquette, there is suave President Wilson arranging for his Mexican bullfight. Watch him! He commands the cunningest little manners ever allowed at large in America. Régular Parisian, that man!

See how the Parisians manage when it comes time to break heads! Ten thousand wild curmudgeons assemble in a big square. Then come the Dragons. The curmudgeons draw back, emptying the square. Like was troopers on stuffed naks, the Dragons await developments. Voilà! A barricade.

Trumpets blare. Will messieurs the curmudgeons kindly give themselves the pain to skedaddle? Not much! They hoot.

A pause. Five minutes. More trumpets. With absolute politeness the Dragons ride slowly to the barricade and halt. Please! please! will messieurs the curmudgeons skedaddle now? Instead, a rain of stones. The cavalry retire to their end of the square. Trumpets again. Another pause. Then, oh gosh! oh gosh! But—

Didn't every one hear the trumpet of doom, and see the rehearsal in force, and receive polite invitations to skedaddle, and wasn't there time? Well then!

This decorous little ceremony accounts for Uncle John Lind. By all we learn he is a trump.

Blow, Uncle, and may the gods give Mexico an open ear! For Woodrow the Suave has been a college president. Bad scrappers, the college presidents! With our heart in our mouth we read the correspondence between Professor Spingarn and President Nicholas Murray Butler. In a flash we caught the meaning of that phrase, "the academic shades." Hist! We will tell you. Black and blue.

Temperance note. The Colonel refused a third cup of coffee, and, though a pitiful slave to habit, our Lady of the Codfish is stealing her heart against a fourth lemon Foss fate.

Which was a vile pun, of course, but do consider the influences to which we are exposed! For instance, Toodlums. "Do you know why Bridget goes to church before breakfast?" says Toodlums. "She's a Cadillac."

And besides, Theophrastus. This desperate wag avoids puns, it is true, but indulges a wit too often marred by ferocity. We dread his influence, though you must not believe the sensational report that we have kissed the Blarney Stone. We ate it. Imagine, then, our indignation when, hearing that lovely Anna Pavlova had fought with her latest Mordkine Theophrastus called her "the Eva Tanguay of her sex."

Personally, we cannot see that either lady will be pleased, and we denounce Theophrastus for the monster of gratuitous impudence he is.

We have long yearned to be abominable ourself, and the uprising against literary scandals bids us hasten. So we have prepared something in the nature of a detective story.

Chapter I.—Smith seen dining alone with a married woman.

Chapter II.—Mrs. Smith seen dining alone with a married man.

Chapter III.—Enter our detective. Dreadful chapter, all shudders. For he is the very dickens of a detective. Halts at nothing.

Chapter IV.—Introducing false clues to befuddle the reader.

Chapter V.—Our detective identifies Smith's companion; also Mrs. Smith's. But do we let out the cat? Not till

Chapter VI.—In which we shamelessly print the names, Mr. and Mrs. Smith. R. L. H.

NEW YORK FROM THE SUBURBS.

The Richmond woman who announced after she had been fined \$25 for wearing a silk skirt that she would remove to New York knew the metropolis well, at any rate by reputation.—Rocheater Democrat and Chronicle.

George Gordon Battle, a self-expatriated Tar Heel residing in New York, is a man of the highest character, according to Colonel Muihall. Colonel Muihall tells the truth in this instance, but it would have been better for Battle if the colonel had proclaimed him a wallah.—Houston Post.

Republicans do things differently. Paris has just sent a former chief of police to Parliament. New York's plan is to send him to Sing Sing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

New York's Fifth Avenue Commission, still endeavoring to insist upon a limitation of the height of buildings to be erected along that famous thoroughfare, finds support in Boston's record of success in making the inhibition against height stick, as it were. New York sneers at the Hub for a provincial village, but it is quite possible that she takes lessons in wisdom from this town quite frequently.—Boston Globe.



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN An Open Forum for Public Debate.

THE RACING AUTOMOBILIST

The Railroad Cannot Be Blamed for His Recklessness.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: It would seem that racing in an automobile in order to reach a railroad crossing ahead of an approaching train has not proved to be a profitable method of saving a few seconds.

It would seem to be only sensible for any motorist, when approaching a railroad crossing to slow up, or stop, in order to be assured that no trains are near.

Evidently the train, on fixed rails, cannot deviate from its path. This being so, it is incumbent on drivers, whether of horse or motor vehicles, and of pedestrians to take necessary precautions for their safety.

Even had there been gates at the Long Beach crossing it is probable that a car racing with a train for the crossing would have smashed through them.

While the railroads should be compelled to take reasonable precautions for the safety of the general public at grade crossings, as elsewhere, it does not appear that they are chargeable with accidents due to other people's recklessness. WALTER G. THORNTON. Pittston, Penn., Aug. 8, 1913.

A VOTE AGAINST MR. MITCHEL

This Republican Prefers Mayor Gaynor and Tammany.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The writer was considerably interested this morning when reading the letter signed "An Active Oldtime Republican." I, too, am an oldtimer. I have voted the Republican ticket regularly since 1862, and have not during that period missed an election, and I expect to continue to do so; but I do not consider that loyalty to party involves any obligation to support a Socialist candidate for Mayor or to vote for a puppet of William R. Hearst, and I am not, therefore, going to cast a vote for Mitchel.

I hope and believe Mr. Gaynor may and will receive a re-nomination, and if he does, though he is not of my party, my duty is clear. I shall vote for the Mayor. I think all Republicans should turn down the Socialist candidate. I shall, however, vote for Mr. Whitman, and with great pleasure. BLACK REPUBLICAN. New York, Aug. 8, 1913.

A DEFENCE OF SKYSCRAPPERS

They Have Wonderfully Improved the Condition of Countless Workers.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: We are being constantly regaled with the lure of dreams of a modern Utopia for our city. I have been guilty myself of participating in the enticing pastime, but in reference to the letter in to-day's Tribune on "Skyscrapers and Health" there is another view regarding them which is not referred to by Dr. Knopf or Mr. Donovan.

The great fields of massive business structures which we commonly designate as skyscrapers represent the latest development in all the arts applied to the construction of modern buildings of this character—style, adaptability, safety, comfort, luxury even, and last, but not least, the perfection of system and efficiency in the sanitary arrangements for the convenience of those housed within them. This is true also of all the elaborate provisions for the heating and ventilation of the structures. These buildings rise a number of hundred feet into a circumscribed volume of air, always in motion, rarefied by elevation and freed to a noticeable degree from the impurities of dust, smoke, etc., from many sources in the lower level. Have you ever estimated the number of persons who dwell within these structures for from eight to twelve hours every day? How many of them, employer and

employed, under conditions of physical comfort which must prove advantageous to their general health?

The number of these structures which have given a new aspect and significance to the city's landscape has increased notably each year, meeting a demand for which no other form of design or utilization of city area could provide, and beyond peradventure, as I believe, their perfection of provision for the health and comfort of those thus daily housed has had a greater effect for good on the general health than they heretofore have been credited with. They have vastly improved conditions under which hundreds of thousands of human beings live out a considerable and important part of their lives, and they prevent disease.

JOHN Y. CULYER. New York, Aug. 6, 1913.

"WITCH BURNING" IN SALEM

There Wasn't Any, as a Matter of Plain History.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: With reference to your editorial in this morning's Tribune, entitled "America Not Unpatriotic," and your reference to the Pilgrims and the Puritans, accusing the latter of "witch burning," will you be kind enough to enlighten me in the matter? I should like very much to learn the dates and places of any such "burnings" in New England. JOHN L. MERRILL. New York, Aug. 7, 1913.

WITCH BURNING IN SALEM

There never was a "witch burning" in New England, and, of course, we made no such accusation. The phrase in our article was a citation from an ill informed speech at Buffalo which we specifically criticised as ignorant and untrue.—Ed.]

THE FIGHT AGAINST VICE

Mrs. Pankhurst Is a Martyr in the Cause, Asserts a Suffragist.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Any one who has carefully studied the Parliamentary blue books of the last fifty years in following up the legislative aspects of the social evil and traffic in women and girls will not be surprised at the partial revelations now called to our newspapers as to the "Piccadilly flat case," for such students will have known that the chief stronghold of these evils has long been right in the House of Commons itself, and can indorse the words pronounced at a recent meeting by Mrs. Pankhurst when she accused the British government of being foremost of "white slavers."

It is the powerful presence of this deadly influence in the House of Commons that gives the key to the terrible intensity of the struggle of English women for the Parliamentary vote and is the real explanation of militancy.

As St. George, attacking the dragon, had to close with it in a life-and-death duel, so the militants, more clear-sighted and fearless than other women, perceive the denial of political power to women by the government to be a vital necessity to traffickers in women, and they have closed with the government in a death grip, while the whole world watches the unparallelled spectacle.

The militants are mobbed, hated, imprisoned and tortured by the same type of Englishmen who formerly detested, often mobbed and once almost murdered Mrs. Josephine Butler, who led the protest against legalized vice. For this reason it is inexpressibly lamentable that any woman suffragist should deny the militants, or by her silence appear to deny them.

They who are dying before our eyes for the liberation of womankind in all future ages should at least receive the outspoken gratitude and recognition of every woman, even if we others are not called upon to face the lions in the open arena.

When we look back to ante-slavery

THE BIBLE AND "ANTIS"

Texts Were Cited by the Slavery Advocates, It Is Recalled.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Marjorie Dorman quotes the Bible against equal suffrage as glibly as the anti-abolitionists of the period before the war quoted it in behalf of slavery. A book of so multifarious contents may be made to justify or to oppose anything by a judicious selection of texts.

The United States is avowedly a democratic, not a theocratic, country. Its citizens are of all shades of religious belief, and the American principle of the separation of Church and State requires the state to maintain an absolute neutrality in these matters of private conscience. The question of equal suffrage is to be decided, like all other public issues, on grounds of justice and welfare and on principles of justice and democracy, and the appeal to religious prejudice is unwarranted and impertinent. An anti-suffragist cannot be overly confident of the righteousness of her cause when she draws such a manifest red herring across the track. JAMES F. MORTON, JR. New York, Aug. 8, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

Many are the charms adopted by society women with a grain of superstition in their make-up, and one of the most unique is that worn by a young matron who spends much of her time at Atlantic City. Attention being called to her curious pendant—a polished substance set in pearls and suspended from a slender gold chain—she was asked what manner of stone it might be. "Stone," she laughed. "It's just plain, ordinary water. You see, I have a most unfortunate tendency to boast, and at such times caution tells me to knock wood." Oftentimes there is no wood at hand, so all I have to do to save myself from my rashness is to tap my little locket. Simple, ain't it?"

"What do you think? Maybe's affinity is a shoemaker?" "Take the very man to be a sole mate!"—Baltimore American.

"Let us resolve to live long," said a German cavalry officer, addressing comrades who had assembled to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of Count Zoppelin. "The evening shadows were already gathering when this man surprised the world with his work. That sometimes happens to a man whose morning and noon were quiet and devoid of adventure, but his has not been a life of that kind. In the Civil War in the United States he barely escaped with his life. In the war of 1866 he plunged into the River Main, horse and man fully accoutred, and swam the stream; in the war of 1870 he risked his life by riding unaccompanied into the camp of the enemy, and as a retired general of cavalry entitled to rest he appeared in a new role, allowed himself to be laughed at and then, with a great leap into the air, became the most popular man in Germany."

Lord Avebury, in spite of his advanced age, was an enthusiastic golfer, and when he was installed as rector of St. Andrew's University in the room of Mr. Andrew Carnegie applied the maxims of his favorite game to real life: Keep your eye on the ball. Keep straight. Keep on the course. Do not lose heart. Do not lose hope. Keep your temper or you will lose your game.

No man was better qualified to offer this advice, for through a long life he constantly followed it.—Dundee Advertiser.