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A Noble Record for Life and Health in the Philippines.

One of the most inspiring and convincing demonstrations of the value of American government to the Philippines is found in the plain record of the sanitary regeneration of those islands.

What does it mean that, as Dr. Worcester reports elsewhere in our columns to-day, in these years of American occupation the yearly death roll from smallpox has been diminished from more than forty thousand to a few hundreds?

The answer is plain. It means that American administration has done and is doing a practical work for the welfare of the Filipino people such as never before was dreamed of in the history of those islands.

The Triumph of the Safe and Sane.

Fourth of July reports which were published promptly after that holiday indicated the lifesaving value of the safe and sane scheme of celebration.

The comparison is made with 1903, ten years ago, the first year in which the association undertook the work of compiling the statistics of Fourth of July casualties.

Folly and the Flag.

A silly and un-American thought it smart to flaunt a Stars and Stripes under the noses of Canadian soldiers on parade, and one of the soldiers, resenting the act, snatched the flag and trampled upon it.

If some bumptious Britisher were to flourish a Union Jack in the faces of American troops on parade, almost slashing their faces with it, there would be an outcry, and if some soldier was foolish enough to resent it by seizing and trampling upon the flag he would get a lot of unthinking applause.

It is a good thing to require respectful treatment for our flag wherever it is displayed. But such treatment should begin with the bearers of the flag. If they misuse and degrade it they have a mighty poor case against any one else for insulting it.

Another Phase of the Dock Problem.

The question of providing ample dock berths for the biggest ships that may come to this port having been satisfactorily disposed of, another important phase of the general terminal problem is now taken up.

They ought to receive it, for they are essential to the welfare of the port. They involve the construction here of a wet and dry dock which shall be capable of receiving for repairs the largest vessels afloat.

It should certainly go without saying, as we have frequently urged in these columns, that such a port as New York should not only have a depth of water sufficient to give safe entry and exit to all ships that may visit it, and adequate pier and dock berths for their accommodation while here, but also drydock facilities for their examination and repair in case of need.

docked. That reproach would be removed if some such plans were adopted as those which Mr. Smith is said to have in hand.

Glad to Get Back.

To-morrow will be something of an Old Home Day. The railroads have made preparations to handle about three-quarters of a million New Yorkers coming back from their vacations.

Shore and mountain resorts boast their charms vainly thereafter, for the city's call is louder. Full of fresh energy, the vacationists hurry back to plunge themselves in the tense, busy life of the metropolis, with its variety of interests, pleasures, absorptions and duties.

Are they glad to get back? Of course they are. The long, care-free summer days are well enough in their way. But every New Yorker who is a New Yorker at heart is resigned to see them end and eager to get back to the big city, the stimulus and variety of whose life have become to him or her an inalienable habit.

Why Not Indorse Tammany Outright?

Why don't the persons who want Mayor Gaynor substituted on the fusion ticket for Mr. Mitchell propose to withdraw all opposition to Murphy and make the election of his ticket unanimous?

If he had been a real foe of Murphy in office he would have had an experience similar to that of Suizer. But, instead, Murphy has always been only too glad to give Gaynor everything he wanted at Albany, passing his charter for him and other legislation as he asked for it.

Moreover, Gaynor stands for the worst feature of Tammanyism, the police "System." Is it proposed that the fusionists should reward his successful efforts in opposition to District Attorney Whitman by making him their candidate for Mayor?

The Mayor has minimized the existence of graft in the Police Department. Is it proposed that fusion should minimize its existence also? Does fusion want to stand on the issue that the grafters can be counted on the fingers of one hand, that they number only "one little lieutenant" and a few little captains?

Why don't the gentlemen who want Gaynor as the anti-Tammany candidate propose instead to pass a resolution praising the purity and beneficence of Tammany Hall and declaring Tammany to be "only a nickname" for good government, and let it go at that?

How Science Won the Ball Game.

Baseball is a sport full of delicate applied science. The curve ball was a subtle deduction from the principles of physics. Modern "inside baseball," we are told, is so scientific that few teams ever master it and the "insiders" themselves often get tangled up demonstrating its superiority to the primitive "line-her-out" method, which still appeals to the crude tastes of the uninitiated.

For putting scientific knowledge to practical use no rival ever gets the edge on the doughty leader of New York's ex-and-near world's champions. He has won many critical games by means of "inside" baseball, but none in so old masterly a style as the one plucked from the burning on Saturday in Philadelphia. With his team on the brink of the chasm, he evolved the in-the-neck-of-time theory that the sun's rays, reflected from the straw hats of the denizens of the distant centrefield bleachers, blinded his batters' eyes, and he refused to let the game go on unless that diversion of the sun's glare to unholy purposes was stopped by the Philadelphia management.

Since the bleacher occupants had paid for the seats which they occupied, and room could be found for them nowhere else, the solar interference could not be remedied, and the umpire not only upheld the scientific contention of the New York manager, but awarded his team the game by a score of 9 to 0.

How can the Giants ever lose? Is it too late to put in a back claim for the world's series of 1912 on the ground that some offending straw hat in the Boston grandstand shot a ray of ruin into "Fred" Snodgrass's eyes when he dropped the fly ball which gave the Red Sox the victory?

The Difference There and Here.

It is too bad Police Commissioner Waldo was not able to give more attention to the details of the police situation in Paris when he made his six weeks' tour of discovery in Europe. He might have found it profitable to investigate the conduct of the members of the Paris police force when some of the men rest under charges of grafting and compare it with conditions here.

There some plainclothes men, supposed to belong to an organization known as "Sons of Tammany," and having characteristics proving them to be chips of the old block, have been blackmailing storekeepers and others. The disclosures aroused public indignation, but nowhere so much as within the membership of the policemen's association. This body has held two huge mass meetings of protest and has urged the expulsion of every suspected detective. Dishonorable conduct by one policeman, these men argue, is a stain on the entire force.

At a public dinner given by a policemen's association in this city not so long ago one of the honored guests was an inspector then under indictment in the graft cases. His fellows swarmed around him, assuring him of their sympathy and support. He is now serving his sentence.

There is a considerable difference between the spirit manifested by the Paris policemen and by ours. Undoubtedly the average man in blue is as honest here as there. It is a pity that collectively our policemen don't seem to resent more bitterly the corruption of the few crooks as a stain on their personal honor and the honor of their uniform.

Boston reports that Charles S. McJen is to continue at a large compensation on the New Haven's payroll. Stockholders, rueful over reductions in dividends already made or still to come, will be cheered up by this comforting evidence that the New Haven doesn't

really "need the money" represented by the allowance made to its ex-president.

Tammany is for "economy." That means that no city money should be spent in channels which Tammany cannot tap.

Maybe Mr. Hearst will come around to the support of the Gaynor ticket eventually.

Hereafter the inhabitants of the bleachers all around the league circuit will be expected to sit or stand uncovered when our Giants go to bat.

It is taking an unconscionably long time for Messrs. Appleton and Ridder to forge the shovel of the people's hope.

AS I WAS SAYING

Up betimes, to light our little gas range and cook our pannikin of intellectual breakfast food for the family, we notice a great stillness all through the house.

No snores from President Wilson's room. He is away, as Mexico has promised not to do it again till next time. And we miss the silvery music of Mr. Bryan lecturing in his sleep. This was found too arduous, lecturing and sleeping at the same time, so he has taken to the Chautauqua again, hoping for a division of labor.

Meanwhile Mr. Jerome has left us, though we understand he will soon be back—and Harry, too. For the Canadians are becoming less vindictive. Somehow news has reached them that the Revolution and the War of 1812 are adjourned sine die.

And how still it is outside the house! Even his imperial highness Alexander Michailovitch seems not to be accompanied by the usual sounds of dynamite, perhaps because he looks an awfully nice chap and remarkably well preserved for a Grand Duke of twenty-four.

"We have attended the entirely new street parade of Dr. George L. Walton's entirely new book, "Calm Yourself," and greatly enjoyed the open cages:

Cage I—"Good spirits are like lost spectacles—it is hard to find them without them."

Cage II—"Some people think they are bearing one another's burdens when they are only worrying about them."

Cage III—"We all know the expression 'mad as a wet hen.' Suppose you were asked what makes a hen mad, you probably would answer, 'Why, because she is wet'; but for the real reason we must go further back—she is mad because she insists upon being dry."

Oh, enticing! Now for the stupendous aggregation of monster shows inside the main tent, with the flags of all nations on top! Never such a grand, philosophic circus, we conclude, and are saving up for it.

But dear! dear! yonder comes grave Miss Agnes Reppier, in "The Atlantic," looking daggers at circuses and bewailing our "Loss of Nerve." What with Dr. George pulling one way and Miss Agnes pulling the other, we feel like a human wishbone. For there is a lot in what Agnes says.

Life is real, life is earnest, by jimmies! and the main tent with the flags on top is not its goal. Guess the age is headed for the bow-wows—and pretty effeminate toy bow-wows at that—when we can't tolerate education without bagpipe accompaniment, or morals without chewing gum, or science without peanuts, and when the monkeys have got right in among our best sellers.

That way ruin lies, beloved. Work, duty, conscience—hurray for those blamed nuisances! You will find, as you wade through this vale of tears, that you will want to do ten thousand things you don't want to do. Better prepare yourselves.

So let us screw up our nerve and trot along with Agnes—and yet—oh! can't you hear the steam callopo discoursing sweet music outside the main tent?

One thing is clear, though. We must be lenient with our little shavers. No duties for them, no tasks, no commands, no discipline, no denials. We have seen a great light. Our sphere is to make the little shavers "happy." What says wizardy Woods' Hutchinson in "Good Housekeeping"?

"Obviously, the simplest and most effectual way of making a child happy is to let him do as he likes. As a matter of actual, scientific fact, a healthy, unspoiled child is nearer right in his preferences as to food, meal hours, sleep, play, clothing, soap, truth or convention, honesty or the best policy, than his conventionalized parent or guardian."

Bully! We have seen it tried. Real estate values dropped 65 per cent in the neighborhood. It is true, but isn't the child happy? Barring chronic appendicitis, mania of persecution, bandy legs and St. Vitus's dance, he wallows in unalloyed bliss.

So do his proud parents, for he has followed Stevenson's maxim, "The proper training of parents should be begun early." Instead of subjecting them to a slow and painful education, the precious infant knocked them into a state of highly contemporaneous scientific imbecility while the dawn of his career was still rosy.

Eight million bachelors—think of it! And we know the reason. Says one of them: "I feel that I ought not to marry till I have saved up \$90,000. Then, if I should lose my job, the income at 5 per cent would be enough to support two."

Sapient, this; also courageous! But who ever heard of a bachelor's saving \$90,000?

Hark! a voice! "I was born an American; I will live an American, I shall die an American."

To which we might answer, "Pshaw, you don't say!"—except that Daniel Webster is enjoying a quiet little century and we remember our manners, so shall not poke fun at the above twaddle. On the 17th of July, 1850, it brought down the house.

One on the house, doubtless, yet a credit to Daniel. It took oratory to gas like that. So we cannot join with those who call it shameful to dig up the old gentleman's funny speeches, now times have changed, and print them around for folks to snort at. No, indeed! The more we read the great spellbinders the more we realize what magnificent, dazzling, stupendous chaps they must have been to "get away with it!"

NEW YORK FROM THE SUBURBS.

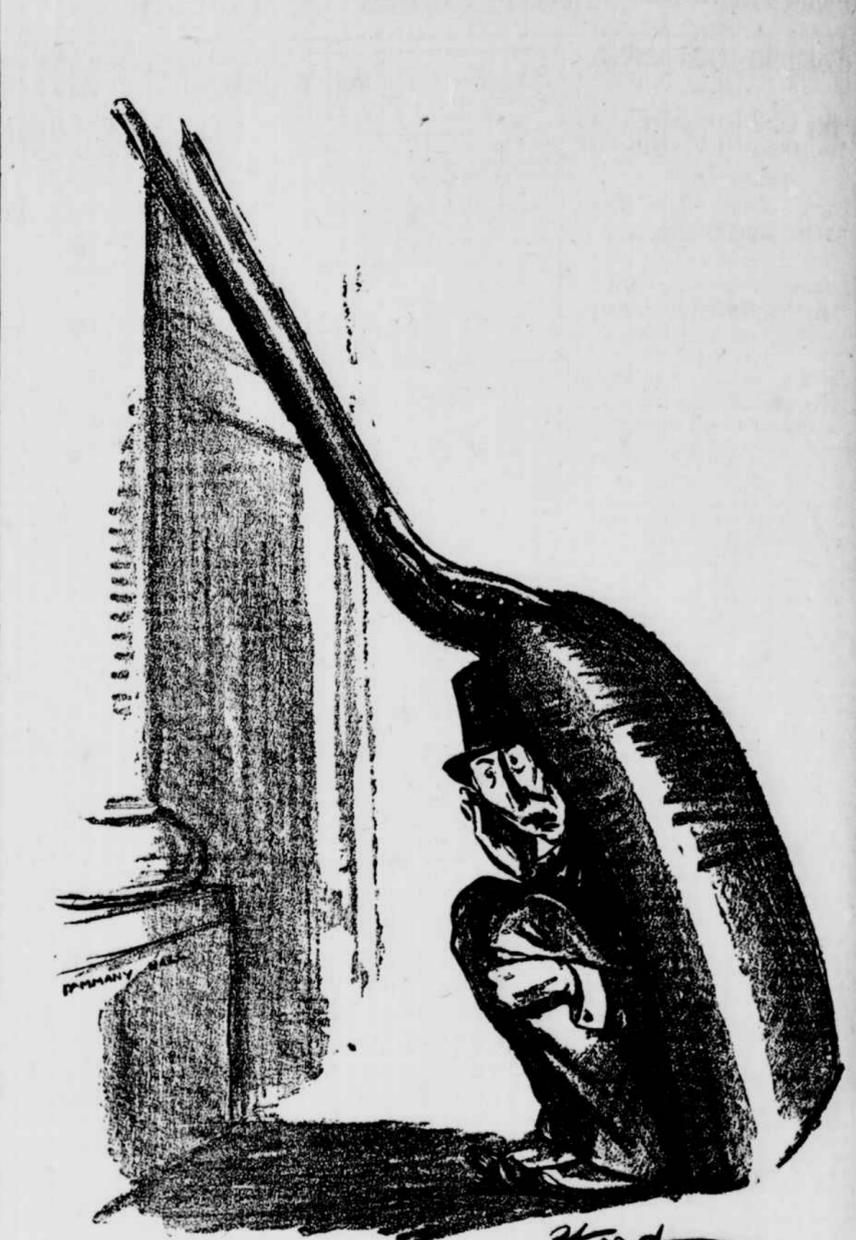
What New York needs is a few New Hampshire sheriffs on its police force.—Charleston News and Courier.

New York has about the biggest of everything, including a public debt which beats that of the United States.—Philadelphia Press.

There can no longer be any doubt that John Armstrong Chaloner is sane. He has announced that never again will he live in New York.—Cleveland Leader.

Why not make New York City a separate state? The people of that city can then have just what they want. If they are satisfied with Tammany the other states can find no fault.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

"THE CALL."



Here Socrates! Here Epictetus! (News item—Gaynor to pick his own mates.)

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

WHITMAN A DISRUPTER

Tammany Victory Might Justly Be Laid at His Door.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Setting all sophistries aside, Tammany's victory in the approaching campaign will be laid where it justly and squarely belongs—on Mr. Whitman's shoulders, the disrupter of the fusion forces. This fact will be indelibly carved in the heart of every anti-Tammany person.

MORE HISTORY NEEDED

Correspondent Thinks It Could Replace Some Theology.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: If Protestantism in general would only wake up a bit and teach the young and the unlearned the meaning of the word "Protestant" and why we are such and enlighten us thoroughly as to the teachings of Jesus Christ and how and when we got our Bible and make us entirely familiar with certain sayings of the Master which go far to prove the significance of the word in question, and if she would tell us the history of the early Christian Church and the Apostle Fathers down to the time of Rede and Alfred the Great and the Dark Ages, and then begin with the lives of John Wycliffe and John Huss and grind the whole history of the Reformation down to the year 1707 into us—just as David Brainerd with the help of a certain Scottish society did grind the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments into the Indians—then she would have accomplished a very great deal indeed to cause us to love, cherish and respect the word, obey its principles and commands and put it on the same plane as those other three most beautiful of all words, Jesus, Home and Mother. A little less theology, a great deal more history.

MRS. CATT PROTESTS

Is No Militant, but Is Not Against Mrs. Pankhurst.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: A few days ago an interview with me was printed in The Tribune under the headline, "Mrs. Catt has no use for Mrs. Pankhurst," and the remarks purporting to be mine were in similar tone. The whole is so far from my point of view that I venture to request a correction. I am not a militant, and believe in evolutionary rather than revolutionary methods for obtaining reforms. Consequently, I do not indorse the policy of the militants, but, on the contrary, I have much admiration for Mrs. Pankhurst, whose sincerity of purpose and willingness to sacrifice herself no one who knows her can question. Further, I freely acknowledge that the situation created by a vacillating, short-sighted government on the one hand and sharp, clever, militant women on the other has resulted in much useful agitation the world over.

THE EXODUS FROM MEXICO

Most Forlorn Feature of This Government's Attitude.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: "The Saturday Review" says: "The President's tone of cold superiority will only outrage Mexican pride and stimulate President Huerta, and also his rivals, to take a bold stand as champions of Mexican dignity against American insolence to bring about hostilities which Mr. Wilson professes he is most anxious to avoid. A frontier incident, and the thing is done." "The Economist" says, in effect, that, as provisional President, General Huerta, in common with all provisional Presidents of Mexico, cannot be a Presidential candidate for election, because it is not constitutional. This throws a powerful gleam upon the puerility of the statesmanship, so called, that now exercises itself in this Mexican moot mischief—a gleam that really startles those who, being unfamiliar with established constitutionalities in Mexico, naturally took it for granted that the United States State Department had fully informed itself, but which we now perceive they did not, else how could President Wilson and his advisers have ever stipulated and sought to enforce Huerta's abstention from such candidacy? Diplomatically regarded, it is all a mess and jumble of ignorant assertiveness gone

bad by order of utterly overweening political parcelling of high authority at Washington, the like of which never heretofore obtained in anything that at all involved such immensely far-reaching responsibility—a mess that is fraught with the utmost danger everywhere, fruitfully increased by the inabilities of impracticability in our United States President and his Secretary of State (or, for those who prefer taproot politics, say, our United States Secretary of State and his President)—impracticability the most forlorn feature of which is the proposed exodus from Mexico of from 25,000 to 50,000 Americans now there in lawful possession of tens of millions in property, one kind and another, which they must abandon on the fool proposal made by the American government that their huge losses will be made good to them eventually by this government somehow forcing a future Mexican government to pay for all damages.

ALFRED LAURENS BRENNAN. New York, Aug. 30, 1913.

MRS. CATT PROTESTS. Is No Militant, but Is Not Against Mrs. Pankhurst.

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Instead of saying that our government should prevent Mrs. Pankhurst from landing here, I expressed to your representative quite an opposite opinion. Here offences against the law have had political and not criminal motives, as all the world knows. Even the British government admitted a difference between her case and ordinary offenders when it allowed her to escape. During my stay in London the Home Secretary in response to a Parliamentary question virtually announced that the gates were open and that he would be delighted to have Mrs. Pankhurst pass through them to another land. The United States has long been the haven for political exiles from all lands, and as an American I should be heartily ashamed if it should now make an exception to its honored custom by excluding Mrs. Pankhurst. To admit her and to grant her freedom of speech in our country could not be construed into an indorsement of burning private property and destroying private mail as a means of propaganda. Even though her coming would postpone the establishment of women suffrage here, I should still think it to be the duty of this government to be consistent with its record and to admit her. Nor have I volunteered the stupid assertion that I would not give Mrs. Pankhurst a reception. There are societies here whose sympathy with the British militants has led them to adopt their name, colors and form of organization. They would be the logical hostesses of Mrs. Pankhurst should she

come to America, and to one would suggest that I should act in this capacity, since it is well known that I am non-militant. Nevertheless, I wish to go on record with the statement that I shall never publicly nor privately repudiate the militants. I do not like nor approve of their form of campaign, nor do I share a common opinion that they have set the woman suffrage movement ahead tremendously, but when a wrong is to be righted and millions of people are aroused to action in behalf of the movement, it is pusillanimous and contemptible for those who work in one way to condemn those who work in another. Since war is not yet eliminated from civilized lands, it is not a crime for women to make war and virtue for men to do so. Nor is it consistent for those who work for peace to "fight" those who prefer war. I prefer to expend my hostility on opponents of woman suffrage rather than on those who are travelling my way, even though I do not like the method of their journeying.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT. New York, Aug. 25, 1913.

[The reporter who obtained the interview with Mrs. Catt insists she was not misquoted or misrepresented in what was printed in The Tribune.—Editor.]

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

One of the sights of Brussels is a fountain by François Duquenois in the Rue de l'Étoile, of which a nude boy is the central figure. King Louis XV was as well pleased with it that he donated a magnificent robe "for the protection of the boy in bad weather." "This robe is used on national holidays," writes a tourist, "but is so fashioned that it does not interfere with the fountain. But the anti-nude-in-art people now object to the presence of the little fellow in the plaza near the courthouse, and early rises one morning recently saw the figure covered with a shirt, on which this notice was fixed: "By order of his Eminence Cardinal Mercier." The Mayor, Adolf Max, had the shirt removed and issued an order warning "any person, regardless of rank," against tampering with the town's little pet.

"I shall not see that interviewer again," said the actress. "Why not?" inquired the press agent. "He kept talking about art and never said a word concerning my dog, my diamonds or my previous husband!"—Washington Star.

The Newton Center (Mass.) Squash Tennis Club has equipped its courts with electric lamps to permit play at night, according to "The Electrical World." In the first few evenings of play under the electric light a bank of one end of the court was covered with a black cloth, as the ground showed by light and it was not easy to see a swiftly moving ball; but dark gravel has now been substituted and no screening is necessary. The net is black, to facilitate play still further. Tournaments in which the best players from outside compete with the local membership are frequently held, and the court is in almost constant demand in the summer evenings. The cost of the installation was approximately \$250.

An Irishman was one day engaged in stonebreaking on the roadside, and, not being used to the work, could not get on very fast. A friend of his who chanced to pass by as Pat was belaboring a large stone with renewed vigor tried to assist him the right way, and, taking the hammer from him, broke the stone with ease. Said Pat: "Sure, now, and it was for ye to break the stone after I had been softening it for the last half hour."—Tit-Bits.