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Mayor Kline Would Show No Overhaste or Partisanship in Promptly Getting Rid of Waldo.

Mayor Kline's desire to move slowly in the way of replacing Gaynor appointees or reversing Gaynor policies is on the whole commendable. Though not a political supporter of Mr. Gaynor, he has shown much more respect for the latter's memory than have the managers of the Gaynor League. They lost just about sixty minutes in finding a substitute to head the Gaynor ticket, only to be emphatically rebuked by that substitute. General Kline and his predecessor were warm personal friends, and the proprieties of that friendship would require a maintenance of the status quo in the city administration at least until after the Gaynor funeral.

The new Mayor takes a common sense view when he says that he will not make wholesale removals for partisan reasons. The time between now and January 1 next is too short to permit a general reorganization of the city service, and few men of the right character and capacity would care to become administrators for so brief a period. We fully approve this statement which the Mayor made on Saturday: "No head of a department now in office will lose his place unless he be proved to be unfit, and no man will be discharged because of his politics."

There is one important department, however, to which this pledge of non-interference cannot apply. That is the Police Department. Mayor Kline was a member of the Board of Aldermen which investigated conditions in the Police Department. He is fully aware of the efforts made by the Commissioner and his aids to shield police inefficiency and corruption. Not only has the head of the department given no aid to District Attorney Whitman in the latter's campaign against the police grafters, but all the influence of the department has been used in behalf of the men and interests threatened by Mr. Whitman's exposures. Mr. Waldo has been the public eulogist of the police associations which ostracized Waldo because he was willing to make some public atonement for his crimes and which manipulated their bylaws so as to cut off the benefits due to Waldo's widow.

We cannot imagine that the new Mayor will leave Waldo undisturbed in office for the next three and a half months. To do so would be to ignore abundant evidence of his unfitness for the place and to discredit the issue on which the Republican party earnestly desired to make Mr. Whitman the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor. No "offensive partisanship" could possibly be involved in putting the Police Department in the hands of a Commissioner who would not regard the District Attorney as the force's "enemy."

Buying Athletic Supremacy.

The great scheme for raising \$100,000 and buying an Olympic victory for England at Berlin in 1916 seems to be having hard sledding. The Duke of Westminster and his associates sent forth a glowing appeal. But the money is exceedingly slow to come in and bitter opposition has been aroused in very solid quarters.

The sum demanded was far beyond what would be needed to finance the actual expedition to Berlin in the fashion of the American invasion of Stockholm. So the committee now announces that it is planned to build running tracks throughout the United Kingdom and otherwise develop the physique of the nation.

There can be no question that the Duke of Westminster has stirred the national pride by his list of British defeats—at polo, tennis, yachting and a score of other games and events. But the strongest argument against the project is the obvious one that this avowed imitation of American practices actually has no parallel whatever in this country. We have no national fund for sports in this country. The development of our champions has come through the agency of countless schools and colleges and athletic clubs. Our success is the result of a national keenness and zest and skill, and not of any organized athletic propaganda.

We very much fear that the critics of the Duke of Westminster are right, and that success at Berlin in 1916 cannot be bought in any such simple fashion as our envious cousins imagine.

The Small Post Makes Inexperienced Officers.

Small army posts increase the cost of the army and reduce its efficiency. They multiply problems of maintenance, administration and supply, and every such problem represents a fresh outlay of public money. By isolating divisions in widely separated parts of the country they make manœuvres on the large scale impossible, or at least prohibitively expensive. The small post is a bribe to local political interests, and the Congressmen who have thwarted its abolition are robbing the country to insure their tenure of office.

Mexican possibilities throw a grim light on the result.

In case of war we should take the field without officers who have handled a corps and with few who have handled, at any one time, more than five thousand men. Most of them would never have handled together the three arms of the service. The commissariat and medical departments, however adequate to the strain of small manœuvres, would be in grave danger of collapse under the pressure of the new and larger problems of supplying 100,000 men. We should, in brief, be pitting an untried organization against the enemy, or, rather, demanding of the army that it would itself into an organization, attainable only through large scale manœuvres, in the face of the enemy.

The history of our wars is the record of this de-

mand, made of raw officers and men. It is the record of regiments and divisions stealing themselves, at times through appalling disaster, into machines capable of victory. The small post makes such organization before war impossible, and on those who have supported it rests the responsibility for the slaughter and disease which, in the past, lack of organization has cost us. The small post should go and the army be grouped in such a way as to facilitate large manœuvres.

Arc They All Turning "Tories"?

Secretary Bryan has been trying to console himself with the notion that criticism of his one-night-stand efforts to keep the wolf from the door has come only from his natural enemies. At Phoenixville, Penn., he said in an interval between Saturday's tent engagements: "The domestic newspapers that have attacked me all wear the 'Tory stripe.' According to the way he likes to look at it, the 'reactionaries' are merely trying to get even with him for 'putting the man above the dollar' away back in 1896.

But what is he going to say when a voice reaches him from out the inner sanctuary of Tammany—an association of the Plain People which stood by him even in the dark days when he was fighting for the heaven-given ratio of 16 to 1? The Hon. J. Sergeant Cram has just told The Tribune's London correspondent that "Secretary Bryan is making himself ridiculous by running around the country performing in a circus tent while great affairs of state are left to look after themselves."

"Great is Tammany," Mr. Bryan once said, "and Croker is its Prophet." Mr. Cram is one of the prophets of Croker's successor in the Prophet's job. He cannot, therefore, be a "Tory."

Seditious ideas seem to be spreading even in the Dollar Dinner ranks.

On with the Dance.

Has the craze for the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the grizzly bear, the one-step and various other forms of jumpy-ragtime dancing brought about a reaction which will carry the fashion in dances back to the old, formal contra dances? There are indications of it, which should carry joy to the hearts of the sticklers for dignity who have never been able to adapt themselves to the shoulder-bobbing, body-wriggling "destroyers of decency" which have been so popular for the last year or two.

The turkey trot and its adaptations early migrated to Europe and became highly popular—for a time. Now, it is said, Paris, where once they flourished, has ousted them—ousted them even from the Moulin Rouge and the Moulin de la Galette. The tango, with its complicated, graceful figures, and the old quadrille have supplanted them. Here they are giving place to the tango, a dance far prettier than they ever were and less objectionable. And dancing teachers are discussing the revival of the formal quadrille and contra dances, which, they argue, possessed freedom and rhythm, and grace and beauty in their figures as well. After the giddy hopping and jumping of the ragtime dances grace and a certain amount of dignity would prove a welcome relief.

Skin and Bones vs. Pink-and-Plumpness.

It is the oldest quarrel in history. Eve and Lilith very likely had their first quarrel over waist lines. What woman could expect Queen Elizabeth to forgive the comfortably encased Mary? The great Bony no doubt regretted his paunched figure far more than the fatal cage at Waterloo. About fat and thin has raged a veritable storm of jealousy, sighs, hate and tears.

So it is easy to picture Mrs. John S. Flannery, president of the Housekeepers' Co-operative Association, of Pittsburgh, leading a delegation of embattled fat women into the department stores of her city with this battle cry:

What chance has a fat woman got with such styles? Slim and scrawny women have a monopoly. Whoever started the theory that skin and bones constituted beauty, anyway? This thing has gone on long enough and it has now got to stop.

"Slim and scrawny," indeed! Shades of Diana. What can be so beautiful as bones? Only, we hasten to add with entire partiality, the charming trimness of the long race of Venuses from Melos to date.

We fear, however, that Mrs. Flannery has poor ground to stand on when it comes to her clothes crusade. At the risk of squinting slightly in a particular direction we boldly assert that a really fat woman has no chance with any style. If that be treason, let the Heavy Brigade of Pittsburgh make the most of it.

The Plutocratic Farmers.

The Department of Agriculture has announced that it is about to issue a monthly magazine on crops, soil conditions and the like, to help the farmers of the nation. Along with that comes another announcement that the farmers have been making more money on most of their produce this year than they did a year ago. Potatoes, butter, eggs, chickens, oats, barley and cotton bring in more money for their producers than they did a year ago. Increased profits on hogs, calves and sheep help to fatten the farmer's bank roll.

It is perfectly well known that the farmers now ride in automobiles and own most of the railroad and bank stock of the country. The various food "trusts" and the middlemen all aver that the farmer is the real cause of the high cost of living. Under the circumstances it really seems as if the government ought to discourage rather than encourage his swollen fortune. Why not have a Congressional investigation of the farmers' trust, or bring a suit against it for restitution of profits to the ultimate consumer?

Commission Government for States.

Feeling that another system would be more efficient and cheaper, the East Side Business Men's Club, of Portland, Ore., has begun a campaign for the abolishment of the Legislature. It wants to substitute for that honored body a commission, thus adapting to the state's business the "commission form of government" applied with much success to municipal affairs throughout the country. The question is to be submitted to the voters in November.

Oregon has never been afraid to do something along new lines, so it is possible it may take the lead in devising a state's lawmaking machinery on an improved plan. There is no question about popular dissatisfaction with legislative efforts and demands for improvements, even in the conservative East, where more attention has been paid to methods of improving the personnel than of altering the system. In this state, although everybody knows there are some able legislators and many whose character is above reproach in personal and official life, the Legislature as a body is pretty much an object of contempt and suspicion. It is notorious

that year after year this state's lawmakers have become more lazy or inefficient in the routine work of the session and less careful of the state's funds, whether the money went into political grabs or merely was spent foolishly and wastefully. In spite of all this, the public here would hesitate to jump to a commission government, or even the degree of direct legislation which Oregon is trying. It hopes some day that there will be in power a political party with enough sense of decency to make a few changes in legislative methods which would minimize the chief evils now existing. A scientific state budget, a permanent bill drafting and legislative study bureau, the limitation of special and local legislation by rule and a general loosening up of committee power would work wonders. A Legislature under those conditions might become a credit to the state and itself.

Perhaps Mr. Sulzer wanted to guard against the possibility of being driven into the Chautauquas.

"Progress from Poverty," suggestions for an autobiography by William J. Bryan, is understood to be the favorite best seller of our one-night-stand Secretary of State.

AS I WAS SAYING

Only laughter has greeted Count Villari's new treatise on "Spaghettiquette," though we find it a work of the highest archeological value, as it begins by tracing spaghetti to its origin on Mount Spagheta.

Another riddle solved! Now we can interpret the marble group mistakenly called "The Laocoon." Long regarded as representing a battle with serpents, it is in reality the sculptor's idea of humanity's first encounter with spaghetti.

How simple, how clear, once we have the key to the mystery! Those three nude, writhing figures, those cruel, terrifying coils—why, brethren, what else can they mean? Haven't we been there ourselves?

Spaghettiquette has progressed wonderfully since then. Thanks to this humane science, it is now possible to plunge in fully dressed.

Risky, though! Also a matter of some delicacy, as the rules are pretty strict. Climbing on chairs and lifting the spaghetti to the ceiling, in the hope of intercepting it on its way down, is a subterfuge that has not been tolerated among the best spaghetti-tasters since the middle of the twelfth century, though the vulgar still employ it. Nor will the true sportsman cut up his spaghetti. This is cowardly.

As for the usual method, that of letting the spaghetti run and overtaking it when it is fatigued, Count Villari condemns it as too much of a cat-and-mouse act, and so do we.

The right way? Complicated, we admit, but effective. With the tip of your fork snare three spears of spaghetti. Coax them into the palm of a tablespoon. Keeping the tip of the fork in contact with the palm of the spoon, swirl patiently. Continue this until the three spears are wound into a ball around the fork. Then pounce.

Such is the Villari system—polite, scientific, and from a military point of view, magnificent. The star of victory sits upon its brow. We cannot be too grateful. A great servant of humanity is the Count, and we predict a jubilant reception for his forthcoming work on "Chilantics."

We understand that the book will answer a question that has always perplexed us—i. e., Why is it that we hear so much about Chianti and so little about Chintuice?

Honors are even. No sooner have we planned to snub the British Empire by excluding Sister Emeline as an undesirable anarchist than British justice shakes its fist at Sister Evelyn and threatens to forbid her Canadian tour.

Hurrah for British justice! If Sister Evelyn should visit Canada, is there a ghost of a chance that an adoring populace would ever permit her to return to the land of her birth?

Mr. McDougall, of Oxford, is declaring that we should laugh at our friends' troubles, and the remark calls forth its share of protests. Not from paragraphs, though. Theirs is a generous, forgiving nature. They don't mind if you laugh at the sorest, deepest, bitterest of their troubles—namely, paragraphs.

"Good God! When is this going to stop?" cries "A Mother" in a letter to the editor about the prevailing deluge of sex-twadde, and we hear that it is doing more harm than good. Doubtless! But personally we have a refuge. Back to Paris!

"I have sinned grievously," writes D. T. N. "While a guest at Mrs. Desmond Lamoreux's seashore villa I had the indiscretion to tell her that the mattress on my bed was phenomenally soft and comfortable. I little realized my crime till I came to reflect. Then I saw that I had been guilty of a grim injustice to the next guest."

Prechely! Never tell a hostess you found the mattress comfortable. She will transfer it to her own room.

A great deal has been said about Mr. and Mrs. Hood, of Plainfield, N. J., who have told the court their ingenious, but ineffectual, rules for securing domestic peace. Mr. H. was to "plainly and sweetly apprise Mrs. H. of any of her faults, and she was to do likewise."

Now, we have no quarrel with the main principle. Let candor rage unchecked. Be "plain," ye married folks. But, if you value your happy homes, do not be "sweet" about it. That, brethren, is the point beyond which!

It is insufferable. Rather rolling pins and golf sticks, hot curling tongs and razors. Motto for the wall: "In time of war there is nothing so nasty as sweetness."

Despite his kicks and squeals, Mr. Robert J. Fitzsimmons has been forced to join the jury, though he argued that he had a professional engagement—something in the Chautauqua line, we infer.

Yet it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Considering the gentleman's resources in an argument and the vigorous way he has of employing them when roused, what object is there left in detaining the eleven other jurors? R. L. H.

NEW YORK FROM THE SUBURBS.

Taxicab fares are so high in New York that most people find it cheaper to ride in their own automobiles.—Philadelphia Press.

New York proudly announces that it is going to build a \$12,500,000 hotel. And probably about \$10,000,000 of the expense will go toward providing dancing rooms for the turkey-trotters.—Denver Republican.

Mitchel, the fusion candidate for Mayor of New York, is distinguished by having a single instead of a double letter on the end of his name. It is to be noted, however, that no political opponent knocked the other letter out of him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The morality of the drama is creating as much concern in New York now as the cabaret caused a few months ago. The metropolis no sooner settles down to be good than it finds Satan plotting some new iniquity.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"Tammany," says "The Houston Post," "appears to be the only political organization that has ever been able to manage the municipal affairs of New York with even a measurable degree of success." Yes, "Boss" Tweed was some manager and Murphy's not an odd man yet.—Charleston News and Courier.



Ha! That means Waldo, too!

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

THE SIDEWALK POLICY

Mr. McAneny Is Damned for His Removal of Encroachments.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I wonder if Mr. McAneny, in running again for office, has taken into account the many enemies he has made by what is known as his "controversial encroachment order"?

Can he count upon the support of realty holders in the several streets and avenues in which it is proposed to carry out this order? Besides being put to large expense in making the alterations called for, property owners would be deprived of the rentals of basement stores eliminated by these alterations; and in some instances I know of rentals of these basements represent the net income from the basement tenants who would be forced out of business or driven to side streets, where they could not have advantage of avenue trade? Can he hope to be favored by storekeepers who depend on their outside showcases to attract and induce business?

These property owners and shopkeepers, with their employes and relatives and friends, must aggregate fully fifty thousand in number, and that many votes would be sufficient to turn an election for or against a candidate.

Candidates for offices concerned in the enactment of this obnoxious order will do well to pledge themselves to have it rescinded. The removal of the "encroachments" named in the order is entirely unnecessary, as the sidewalks from the "stoop line" to the curb are wide enough in all the avenues to accommodate pedestrians; and the order is in conflict with the law relative to "adverse possession," which, after this long lapse of years, would seem to convey to owners of abutting land the right to the use of the area space between the "house line" and the "stoop line." REAL ESTATE AGENT. New York, Sept. 7, 1913.

THE DISAPPEARING MOTHER

Despite the Pessimists the Maternal Instinct Persists.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Even those who question the efficacy of medical treatment must admit that the members of the medical profession have their place in the economy of the world, adding as they frequently do to the safety of the nation. We have seen them giving expert medical testimony on the side which paid the fees—and now we find them at Colorado Springs discussing with becoming humor that ever humorous topic, race suicide.

If the newspaper accounts be accurate, one of the grave and learned doctors advanced the proposition that within a century the last American child would have availed itself of the privilege of being born. By that time women would, presumably, have lost their maternal function. Even the instinct of maternity would by that time have departed, for we are not seriously concerned with the capacity for motherhood, and a few generations will suffice to produce a large class of women for whom marriage will be interdicted, and who will be by society, as well as by nature, set apart as a working class!

It is possible for even medical men to take themselves too seriously. Patients have been known to survive after several medical men have pronounced their cases hopeless. The race may survive despite this pessimistic expression which, perhaps logical enough, takes no account of constantly changing conditions. Women are not in large measure losing the maternal

instinct. They are, however, displaying qualities of wisdom in connection with matrimony and motherhood which they did not display in the past. Intelligent women realize that quality is to be preferred to quantity in the matter of children as well as in other things. They are coming to realize that woman has some place in the world beyond the mere perpetuation of the race. They are discovering that they have a right to a career, that they have a right not to burden themselves with more children than they can properly care for. They are coming to appreciate that the child has certain rights—the right to comfort and education—which could not be granted if children were numerous.

Some people who are not unduly concerned over the fate of that hazy institution known as the state, who are not overly interested in the creation of what the striking German mothers referred to as food for bullets, who regard the individual as the first consideration and know that under present conditions large famines are economic crimes, will find the situation hopeful rather than discouraging. A hundred years may witness the disappearance of the type of intellect which some would-be authorities on race suicide display, but it will not witness the disappearance of the mother or the mother instinct. Let us hope, however, that it will witness an increasing proportion of births in the better class of family as compared to births among the most undesirable of our population.

F. L. ORTON. Brooklyn, Sept. 11, 1913.

A DEFENCE OF RAILROADS

They Should Have Our Admiration, Not Enmity and Abuse.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I have always understood that the strength of the English government rested on the emphatic and promptly acting public opinion of the people.

I never was so impressed with this until I began reading your column for public debate, which is educating the people to express and exchange with each other private opinions that will reach many readers.

And as suffrage is helping the women rise to the level of the thinking world I am availing myself of the privilege given me to express my opinion on the subject of the railroads, which are now occupying the attention of the nation more than ever since this last appalling disaster on the New Haven road.

So while the authorities are holding an inquest with the hope of preventing these catastrophes I foresee, alas! with only too much clearness the futurity of their revelations of criminal negligence, since behind it all every influence tends to produce the recurrence of such calamities.

I refer to the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission in forcing the railroads to grant every demand for higher wages and increased expenses and at the same time deny them a small advance in rates, which would be felt by no one and would make the difference to the public of life and death. This matter has reached the point where the commission is becoming morally responsible for such accidents. We cannot fight the railroads. We must work for them and with them for our mutual interests. They are encircling and spreading and weaving over this endless country of ours webs of steel, and wherever these two straight rails glitter you know that civilization is where ignorance was, that prosperity has replaced poverty, that all along these sparkling bands of steel are dotted factories, schools, churches, business, art, pleasure—in truth, life. North, south, east and west these faithful rails run, over moun-

tains and forests, through unknown parts, by trackless precipices and waterfalls, over rivers and seas, through space and time, moulding the earth to form a passage out of the impassable.

As all this rises before our vision we pause. We must wonder at the temerity of such brain work in its gigantic enterprise.

To me it is a constant source of admiration and gratitude when I watch the orange-colored train, the Chesapeake & Ohio, with clockwork precision appear far off in our fields over the meadow, whether it is sunshine or shadow, rain or snow. Here is its whistle; to-morrow it will be far away, beyond the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies, conveying its precious charges of one part of the world to another. Solitary it passes, like a meteor, over thousands of miles, and if perchance trouble or accident befall it, like a soldier, it has served its country.

No, let us help the roads, proclaim that the justice comes from the people, not from the roads, and cheerfully and unflinchingly grant them their claim for a trifling 5 or 10 per cent advance of rates that will enable them to strengthen the weak places of their lines, fortify their bridges and keep their cars in good repair. Then, indeed, we can travel with more safety and almost defy such accidents as we read of every week.

IVES C. CRENSHAW. Orange, Va., Sept. 6, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"We are growing old," writes a former resident of the United States from Paris, "and the fact that Christine Nilsson celebrated her seventieth birthday yesterday brings the fact home with a bang. I was in the audience, a boy when she made her first appearance in Paris as Ophelia, and I was in Vienna when she won first place in the favor of the musical world of that city from Adolina Patti. Tall, graceful, with soulful blue eyes and a mass of golden hair, she was charming, to say nothing of a voice the like of which has seldom been heard. I have no desire to see her at seventy. Some people will remember that she fell in 'Lohengrin,' and a member only her triumphs."

"If you could choose, Billups," said W.C. Kles, "which would you take—a wife or a motor car?"

"A motor car every time," said Billups. "Because, you see, if I had a motor car the chances are I could get a wife, but if I had a wife it's ten to one I'd never be able to afford the car."—Harper's Weekly.

In a consular report from Moscow John H. Snodgrass says under the head of "Faberdashery" that the male population of the empire wearing hats is in the great minority as compared with the vast number who purchase the Russian cap. The home-made hats are of an inferior quality, and foreign-made hats are in demand by people who can afford to buy them. The report adds: "Reliable merchants state that they purchased so-called American hats in job lots through agencies, but they proved to be of either German or Austrian manufacture, and the only thing American about them was the inside printed label 'New York,' 'Chicago,' 'Boston,' 'American style,' 'New York flag,' 'Chicago style,' etc., or an American flag and coat of arms in colors pasted in the crown. With these decorations they are offered to the buying public as American-made hats."

"I don't know what to do to collect a crowd," said the street salesman. "My old methods are all getting too familiar."

"Nothing is easier," replied Mr. Chisgmins. "If you want to collect a crowd simply pretend that your automobile is broken and that you are going to try to fix it."—Washington Star.