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Drop the Anti-Trust Bills and Let the Country Have a Rest.

The Democratic majority in Congress is pursuing a cowardly course with regard to the labor and farmers' organization exemption which it proposes to put into the Sherman act. Labor union representatives haunt the galleries watchfully trying to get the record of individual members upon that proposition. But no one speaks upon it. And no one intends to be recorded as voting upon it specifically. President Wilson's course is not one whit braver. He is unwilling to consent to anything more than the vague mass of words that have been put into the bill to which he has given his approval.

The labor unions are not satisfied to have it put up to the courts. Business interests are not pleased to have it put up to the courts. This general dissatisfaction ought to be enough to prevent the passage of the Clayton bill during the present session, and with it the rest of the administration's anti-trust programme, which, under the rules, is bound up with the Clayton bill.

The concern of "The London Times" and other representatives of British imperial sentiment over what they call "the Americanization of Canada" is becoming acute. When the English postoffice authorities balked at meeting Canada's demand for a fair division of the cost of circulating English periodicals in Canada "The Times" criticised the government's policy as anti-imperialistic and parsimonious.

Now fears for Canada's future have taken a still wider range. "The Times's" Toronto correspondent has written a couple of articles on the invasion of American ideas, and his warnings are being earnestly recommended to the attention of British statesmen. Among the insidious influences he names, besides the magazines, sports, newspaper service connections, labor unions and the moving picture films. Baseball has become popular and cricket is obsolete. Even lacrosse hardly holds its own against baseball.

Through close newspaper associations Canadians read dispatches about British politics colored by the American democratic spirit. In these dispatches the Ulster movement is sometimes spoken of disparagingly and painful suggestions are made that Mr. Bonar Law does not rank with the greatest of parliamentary leaders. Mexico crowds Ulster off the first page, and the standard by which the importance of events is judged becomes American rather than British.

The "movies" present only American subjects, and in trade unionism as well as in baseball there are associations operating on both sides of the border. "The result," says "The Times," "if these conditions are permanent, can only be a steady drift of the Canadian mind away from the practices and traditions of the Mother Country."

That drift is so strong and so natural that even paying the entire cost of shipping British periodicals to Canada would hardly check it. Political relations apart, Canada is now American and will become more so rather than less so. She belongs to the New World and must develop in the freer New World way. Two peoples so nearly allied as those of the United States and Canada cannot be kept from mutually helpful intercourse by an invisible boundary line.

Whatever Canada's political destiny may be, in commerce, industry, education and social institutions she cannot well avoid seeking and welcoming a larger measure of friendly intimacy with the United States.

Shop talk is taboo, we say, but most of us think it depends a good deal on the kind of shop. Some shops touch more of life than others; whereas the shop-talker who is a commercial traveller or a floor-walker may find small sympathy when he tries to interest us in his private concerns, the journalist, novelist, or poet (and some living poets are as inarticulate shop-talkers as William Wordsworth was) expects to command all ears once he opens his head and heart to us. Yet books, after all, are only a profession, like any other.

We know a factory manager who is also a landowner; he farms thirty-one acres and is fast improving his land. We could never enjoy his talk if he were just a factory manager—for he is so brilliant conversationalist, our friend; he is exceedingly literal, and he is one of those supposedly "educated" persons who never read a book through in all his born days. But his farm saves him. Any one who wrestles with the land has contact with life in its most vivid and vital forms. Immature individuals talk about going to the city and "seeing life"—but the kind of life they mean is an uncomely poor substitute for the life a man leads when he is planting an orchard and tending livestock and growing truck and making his farmhands happy enough to stay on the job. Even a thirty-acre farm contains a good deal of "life." And makes for conversation.

It is a pity that this old structure, rich in memories, no longer stands. The men of lower Wall st. have done well to record its site and fame in permanent form.

Insurrection in Albania. The King of Albania, on his throne only a couple of months, is threatened by a serious insurrection. A few days ago he arrested and deported Essad Pacha, the chief of the Mahometan element and the most powerful and dangerous man in the Cabinet. Now Essad's followers have risen against the government and have defeated its troops.

In the southern part of the kingdom the Epirotes are still reluctant to forego their ambition to be annexed to Greece and Greece is very slow in rebuking their loyalty to the mother land. As a matter of fact, Albania is a thoroughly artificial political entity. It contains elements at odds with one another over questions of race and religion, untrained in agriculture or industry and unused to the restraints of modern civilized government. Its life and institutions are much the same as they were four or five centuries ago.

Austria-Hungary and Italy forced the creation of

the kingdom in order to keep its territory from being divided among the Balkan States. They are its political sponsors and they will have to finance it, police it and keep it from drifting into anarchy. They will have their hands full doing this for the next quarter of a century.

The Outlook for Penrose.

The extent of Senator Penrose's victory in the Pennsylvania primary has been much exaggerated. The vote cast in the Republican Senatorship fight was about 300,000—slightly exceeding the vote for the Taft ticket in 1912. Penrose received about 200,000 votes—apparently the maximum strength of the Republican machine.

The Republican registration in the state is put at 681,485. With the odious reputation which he has made for himself as an ally of all that is evil in politics there is little reason to think that Penrose can obtain the support at the polls of more than a third of the enrolled Republicans.

Ex-Mayor Dimmick has refused to support Penrose. How could he do otherwise? His platform was: "Penrose is a moral issue." The issue remains, and every Republican with self-respect must face it. Penrose has a record which success in a primary cannot whitewash. The longer he stays in the field the weaker he will get.

Pennsylvania tolerated men like Cameron and Quay because their evil qualities were balanced by intellectual audacity and by marked gifts of leadership. Penrose is merely plodding and commonplace. He represents commercialism in politics reduced to its barest and most uninviting terms. Murphy could probably poll 200,000 votes in this state as a candidate for Senator in the Democratic primary. But that would not prove that he could be elected. We decline to believe that Pennsylvania will disgrace herself by electing Penrose.

A Little More Social Justice.

In these days of frantic struggle for "social justice," when the constant cry of the wage-earners is that they are being squeezed dry by speeding-up processes and tung aside, it is refreshing to find occasional instances of quite the opposite bearing. There is, for instance, the announcement just made by Altman's, John Wanamaker's and Lord & Taylor that the stores of these firms will be closed all day Saturday during July and August.

The advantages of this to the employees need no comment. Its advantages to the employers, in increased efficiency and loyalty of the workers, are almost as obvious. It is a policy like the adoption of the Saturday half-holiday, so excellent a thing all around that it is bound to be adopted by other big establishments. It should be.

The Americanization of Canada.

The concern of "The London Times" and other representatives of British imperial sentiment over what they call "the Americanization of Canada" is becoming acute. When the English postoffice authorities balked at meeting Canada's demand for a fair division of the cost of circulating English periodicals in Canada "The Times" criticised the government's policy as anti-imperialistic and parsimonious. If the circulation of English reading matter in the Dominion was not stimulated, it asked, how could Canadians be kept from imbibing heterodox notions from much more widely circulated American periodicals?

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"Life" and Conversation.

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The Conning Tower

On our way downtown last night we heard a pair discussing the weather, as pairs will. One indorsed yesterday as having been rather a capable performance, meteorologically. But the other wouldn't have it. It was too windy; too hot in the sun and too cool in the shade; and such a day, they couldn't fool him, was a sure sign of some rotten, rainy days next week. The dialogue, far from irritating or depressing us, was highly inspiring. In a long columnar career we have never—don't argue with us—created anything so fine as yesterday's weather. We shall try to think of that finicky gentleman every time there arises a suspicion that somebody may not be enthralled, amused, uplifted and fascinated by every line in this Abacus of Aestemism.

We never, as exclusively announced in the preceding paragraph, created a day of any kind. But you remember the California man who said, "Well, this is a lovely day, if I do say so."

THE TEAMWORK OF RUPE & EV; or, ART FOR MONEY'S SAKE; or, GIVING THE JUNE METROPOLITAN THE O. O.

By Scissors, special critic-correspondent to The Tower.

TEXT by RUPERT HUGHES. ILLUSTRATION by EVERET SHINN.

"—man whose swart and villainous mien was struck across with a black mustache—"

"He wore little glossy shoes—"

And in the same issue of the Metropolitan Mr. A. B. Wenzell has "illustrated" one of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's stories. "Talbot... his hands in the pocket of his dinner coat..." says Mr. Davis's text. But Talbot, in the picture, is wearing one of Mr. Wenzell's neatly fitting 3-button sack suits.

THY PATE IS THE COMMON FATE OF ALL, INTO THE ZINC SOME VERSE MUST FALL.

I shot a verse unto your shaft: The thing was droll,—my friends all laughed. What matters it what friends may think? The blamed thing landed in the zinc!

Literary Note—Jack Keefe, the eminent White Sox pitcher, is in our busy midst, and will report, by permission of Mr. Ring W. Lardner, one of the games of the present series. Watch for it. You know him all.—Adv.

CAN YOU HAVE IT READ "BUT"?

Sir: Speaking of books of verse, when a copy of "By and Large" is acquired by the Columbus Branch of the Public Library, it will be placed under a sign which says "New Books and Interesting Reading."

If we were John L. Moore & Co., of Atlanta, we'd make an awful holler before we paid the "Constitution" for printing "John L. Moore & Co. have the self-filling and self-leaking pen you have been looking for."

Our Own Travelogues.

Outward Bound, May 23.—I am particularly impressed with your sky-line. It seems so typical of your energetic, aspiring young country. And how deep the ocean seems!

Entered for the mixnet championship, this, by Harry Dix Cole, in Sporting Life: "The crew of McGraw's steam roller rode rough shod over the Pirate craft, raking her fore and aft and leaving her flat as the proverbial pancake."

Wage earners who receive their salaries annually may be glad to know that "Potash & Perlmutter," which opened last August, is now, take it from the sign at Broadway and 57th street, "in its second year."

THE GENTLEMAN'S COAT, IT SEEMS, HAS DISAPPEARED.

In some manner not clearly understood, my coat has disappeared from the Commercial Club rooms. It is the same material as mine. This inconvenience is enhanced, too, by the fact that, in the pockets of the coat were a number of letters, more or less personal in their nature; some papers that are of value to me, and a memorandum book in which I have been keeping data that is of particular value to me.

If you know anything about the coat, I have several propositions to make to you: First, if you'll return the coat, I'll be glad to pay you for your trouble, and shall ask no questions; second, I'll swap you a pair of perfectly good trousers for the coat; third, if you don't feel inclined to avail yourself of either of the above opportunities, then "have a heart" and send me back the coat and the notebook that were in the pockets of the garment; and fourth, if your compassion has not been stirred by any of these appeals, make yourself scarce when you are connected with the coat, and be sure if pursued by officers that they will have instructions to shoot you in the legs, for the coat's sake. Finally, if the coat is discovered by anyone, anywhere, in whatever condition of unseemliness, I'll be glad to receive it back upon my waiting arms.

You might think, to read the Sanderson, Tex. Times's masthead, that ink and white paper were free. "Official and Only Paper Published in Terrell County," it runs.

DEBT.

BY OUR OWN WALT MASON.

Alas! it is an awful thing for any man to be in debt; it takes out all his snap, by jing, and causes him to fuss and fret. He cannot reach aloft to board the ship Success, but, on his knees, he is by Debt, a blazing sword, transformed into a Damocles. Quite often he's a surly brute, with pessimistic view of life—a citizen of ill repute, whose neighbors swear he beats his wife. He goes around, and can't forget his earthly troubles and his woes, and all because the demon Debt has got him in its evil throes. Beware of such a plight, my friends; be sure to make your income reach; stretch what you have until both ends meet solidly each one to each. If you would keep away from Debt, this is the method I advise: The safest plan discovered yet is simply to economize. Another way to slip the throes of Debt and to annihilate the fiend is to write verse prose and sell it through a syndicate.

NO, NOT AGAIN.

Sir: Would you call it a feminist movement in a wrist watch?

Saturday was Wake Up Day in Brooklyn, but late Saturday night G. B. H. wired that the town's condition was unchanged.

Ch'rup! Only four more months of these high crown straw-thatches.

F. P. A.



A Progressive before and after seeing Teddy.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

Has It Ended Republican Government in Colorado?

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: A Dorchester correspondent writes: "It is now known that the stopping of the slaughter in the Colorado coal fields was brought about by the women." Without questioning the truth of the statement or disparaging the results brought about by the Women's Peace Society, one cannot in strict justice ignore the fact that the women of Colorado shared in the responsibility for the conditions which led up to the necessity for importuning the Governor to telegraph for federal troops.

But there seems to be a reasonable doubt that "incidentally this is a fresh proof that the ballot adds to women's influence." Judge Lindsey, the suffragist's much quoted authority for Colorado's superiority on account of women's votes, declared yesterday to the President that "there is no republican government in Colorado." Is this the result of twenty years of woman suffrage?

A. E. ABELL. New York, May 22, 1914.

THE COMMON INTEREST IN REALTY

How the Entire Public Is Concerned in Its Welfare. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your columns are manifesting interest in the promoting of and diffusing of knowledge of reality.

Perchance the readers of the metropolitan press do not realize to what extent they are really indirectly interested in this security, although not holding a deed to any—i. e., not a landlord.

Therefore, it may be well to consider that attacks upon that security are attacks upon savings bank books, life insurance policies, etc., etc., as those institutions rely largely upon the investment made on mortgage in real estate in order to pay the interest or dividend and to conserve the principal of their depositors or policyholders.

Therefore, when any agitation affecting adversely real estate conditions—in the minds of those who are conversant with that security, and so regarded—it may be well for those, although but tenants, to know that they are directly interested. A recent acquisition to the realty interests' efforts, found in the president of one of the largest life insurance companies, a then president of the Chamber of Commerce, a former president of a very large savings bank, etc., etc., shows the correlated interests obtaining.

LEWIS PHILLIPS. New York, May 16, 1914.

SECOND-HAND SUFFRAGISTS

Liquor and Prohibition as They Affect the Cause. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Eva Ward's letter on morality and suffrage says: "In every age, with every race, those who work for reform meet with unthinking resistance from the vast mass, who decide most matters by habit or 'feeling.'"

I think that it is absurd, however, to suppose that the vast mass of suffragists are not suffragists at second hand also, as well as to say that the "antis" are for the greater part "antis" at second hand.

As an instance of what is meant, take the case of the reason the suffragists gave for their defeat in Michigan. They said it was because the anti-suffragists were in league with the liquor interests. Has it never occurred to the suffragists (I should say the second-hand suffragists who did the talking) that they lost be-

cause so many prohibitionists among them allowed the prohibition issue to completely engulf the suffrage issue by their alliance with the anti-saloon movement? And is it not likely that equal suffrage would have won in Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio had the so-called suffrage leaders not been of the calibre that takes even suffrage at second hand?

H. S. HOWARD. East Orange, N. J., May 19, 1914.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

Service, Not Self-Centred Optimism, Should Be Its Rule. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Mr. Rollinson's views in regard to "The Religion of the Future," as expressed in a letter to The Tribune, are interesting as being typical of perhaps the majority of professed Christians. Because I found occasion to emphasize the need of social service in our churches, both in spirit and in fact, our Christian friend concludes that I must be afflicted with "a bilious stomach."

It is the armor plate of self-centred optimism which, if Christianity and the other religions are to live up to their names, must in the opinion of the writer be worn with more discrimination. The quality of optimism was neglected in not being given a place among the three graces. But when it is used, or abused, to ignore the existence of crying evils which do not directly affect one's self, at least in a material way, and to make of the spirit of human brotherhood but a mouthing of words, it should be classed as a not inappreciable sin.

Last year in England 15,000 children were starved and neglected. Four thousand of them were brutally hurt, maimed, flogged, burned or maltreated. Twelve hundred of them died of their injuries. Every year from Chicago there are sent 6,000 girls to wallow in the mire of the "white slave" traffic. It requires but a journey through our tenement districts to realize that millions upon millions of human beings are, by reason of their poverty, not only stagnating, but rotting—mind, body and soul. In face of these evils and countless other evils which may be without exception attributed to an inequitable social system, and which are not confined to a small portion, but affect the lives of 70 per cent of humanity, is it exaggeration to state that the world as it stands is a pretty poor sort of place?

There is no need to quarrel with "rite and ceremony" per se. Their influence has been and continues to be largely for good. But in looking back upon religious history, it were futile to deny that the form of religion, varying from human sacrifice to idol worship, has often flourished at the expense of the spirit. There is a growing and commendable tendency to-day to change this order and to cultivate the spirit in preference to the form. We are told that "the social service movement in our Protestant churches does not offer anything that is not already embraced in the programme of Christianity." When, upon our advocacy of the need of reform, a member of the Church immediately raises a cry in protest that the world as it stands is good enough for him, it would seem as though the matter of form were still in the ascendant.

Mr. Rollinson to the contrary, my conclusion did not conflict with my premise. The fact that there is still vast room for betterment does not contradict the belief that the world is more truly religious today than ever before, a fact which is attested by the increasing number of individuals who are truly seeking to better conditions.

E. W. VAN VALKENBURGH. East Orange, N. J., May 22, 1914.

HUERTA'S CRIMES

A Witness Recounts a Toll of Murders Laid at the Dictator's Door.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Like Banquo's ghost, Henry Lane Wilson, who as United States Ambassador to Mexico misrepresented our country in that revolution-torn land, refuses to "down" as evidenced by the article in to-day's Tribune. As a resident of Northern Mexico during the times to which he refers and for many years before I was a witness of some of the events to which he refers as "a cloud no larger than a man's hand," Mr. Wilson's conception of "a man's hand" must be generous, as becomes the representative of a large country.

Huerta's hands may be said to have been still dripping with the blood of Madero and Suarez, the lawful President and Vice-President of Mexico, who were murdered by his orders; with that of the ninety-five Maderista soldiers who were fustigated in the good old way at Juarez for refusing to be false to their oath and accept service under the traitor and murderer; with that of Abram Gonzales, Governor of Chihuahua, whose corpse lies in an unmarked grave 100 yards from kilometre post 157 on the line of the Mexican Central Railroad in Chihuahua, murdered by Huerta's orders; with that of Gabriel Hernandez, slaughtered and his corpse burned in the prison of Belen by Enrique Zepeda, a blood relative of Huerta, whose only punishment for barbarism was a trip to Europe, and with that of hundreds of other victims of less prominence.

When all Northern Mexico was up in arms against the outrages and horrors that were being perpetrated daily by Huerta and his accomplices all through Mexico, Henry Lane Wilson, the enlightened representative of a civilized and enlightened country, was keeping the wires hot with messages to the Department of State and the American consuls recommending the recognition of this free of the Dark Ages. He was asking us law and justice are words with a meaning, to aid and abet in the blackest political crime of the present century. ARTHUR DIX TEMPLE.

of Piedras Negras, Coahuila, Mexico. 33 West 57th st., New York, May 22, 1914.

THE MARGINAL PHILOSOPHER

She Defends Her Work and Pleads for Comrades.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: As to library book commentators: Evidently your general correspondent, Mr. Koppeloff, is not one of those who delight in the innocent assertions of individuality and the clash of temperaments evidenced in spite of petty rules and regulations. For my own part, I confess to an easy indulgence of these contraband annotations—it is quite a delve into the unknown to receive these impressions from personalities outside our ken.

But, indeed, I can understand other viewpoints, and I would be loath to sanction a practice which must be soul-battering to the placid type of mind. In my righteous wrath, however, your palpably law-abiding correspondent has missed the point of my letter. The plan I suggested would preclude the necessity for pencilling margins by affording these irrespressible a chance to unburden themselves in open meeting.

Annotating is a pernicious practice. However, I have little doubt that the worth of a book endowed with your correspondent's remarks would be enhanced; surely such remarks contributed to a general discussion would be welcomed.

ISABEL L. REICHTHAL. Brooklyn, May 19, 1914.