

New York Tribune.

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The Home Rule Act Passes.

The passage yesterday by the House of Commons of the Home Rule bill has practically ended the long fight to re-establish autonomous local government in Ireland. The first Gladstone bill was introduced in April, 1886, and in the last twenty-eight years the Home Rule issue has overshadowed all other issues in British politics.

Were it not that Home Rule has excited so many racial, political and religious animosities, and has pushed the Protestants of Ulster to the verge of revolt, the people of Great Britain might view with equanimity, if not with satisfaction, the partial federalization which autonomy in Ireland will accomplish. It would be a good thing for Parliament if it could rid itself of the burdens of local legislation for England, Scotland and Wales as well as for Ireland.

England has been much more opposed to Home Rule for Ireland than Scotland and Wales have been. But England would benefit most politically from a reduction of the size of the House of Commons and the disappearance of excessive Irish representation. Eventually the Unionist party would be pretty certain to profit most from the readjustments that might follow the creation of a local Parliament in Dublin.

It is almost useless, however, to expect the opponents of Home Rule to consider calmly these effects of decentralization. They are absorbed in the political, religious and racial antagonisms which have made civil war loom large. The concessions to Ulster to be made in a promised supplementary bill should avert an appeal to arms. No hope of good lies in the direction of civil strife, and the evil expected of Home Rule may be turned to benefit if the emancipation of Parliament from its present bondage of parochial responsibilities.

A Childish Gallery Play.

The United States Senate played "peanut politics" when it inserted in the agricultural appropriation act a paragraph forbidding the Agricultural Department to accept aid in farm demonstration work from the General Education Board. That board has been trying in a very practical way to increase the productivity of farms, especially of farms in the Southern States. It was impressed by the methods of the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, who successfully combated the cotton boll weevil in Louisiana and Texas, and it enlisted the services of Dr. Knapp and of his successor, Mr. Bradford Knapp, in its general educational campaign in the South.

In conjunction with the Department of Agriculture the General Education Board spent about \$1,000,000 between 1900 and 1913. For the fiscal year 1913-'14 it appropriated \$255,000. Last year the board had 400 demonstrators in the field, and 22,235 farmers, 91,000 boys and 33,000 girls were studying improved farming methods.

To put the stamp of the government's disapproval on this laudable enterprise simply because the money to support it comes from Mr. John D. Rockefeller is the extreme of petty demagoguery. The Senate ought to be ashamed of itself. The patron of the General Education Board deserves a medal for well directed philanthropy, not censure for "butting in" on the work of the Agricultural Department.

A New Street Cleaning Scheme.

Replying to the charges recently made by a committee of the Academy of Medicine, Street Cleaning Commissioner Petherston admits that the open garbage cans and carts are unsightly and unsanitary. He declares that he has ready for submission to the Board of Estimate a plan for modern, sanitary garbage collection, street cleaning and disposal of refuse equal to any in use in Europe. This will cost, for equipment, about \$13,000,000, he says, but it will save at least \$2,500,000 annually on the budget of the department.

This is the most hopeful work which has come from the Street Cleaning Department in many a year. Heretofore when adoption of a modern, efficient plan of garbage collection and disposal was urged, whether by an official commission, as was the case in Mayor McClellan's time, or by civic organizations and citizens sick to death of the existing disgraceful methods, nothing has happened. The department has "investigated" and the results of the investigation have been pigeonholed. Mr. Petherston should present his plan to the Board of Estimate promptly and should urge it vigorously. If he can demonstrate, as he says, that there will be an annual saving which would pay for the initial cost of equipment in five or six years there is manifest economy in the scheme. And even if the annual budget for the department could not be lowered to the extent he figures, the advantages of doing

away with the dirt and danger of disease which the present methods foster would be worth the cost of the new plant.

The Most Expensive Golf in the World.

Of course, it is to be had in Chicago. Most superlatives apply to institutions of that interesting city. Mere comparative degrees of virtue and vice, as of cost and exclusiveness, do not feel at home there. When reading of the new golf club with an initiation fee of \$1,500, the largest in the world, we knew without looking where it was situate.

Various extraordinary privileges and immunities are guaranteed to members. One is that a player will never have to drive into the sun. Others we can surmise—swimming pools at every green, bartenders at every tee, solid gold flagpoles and a retinue of quiet, efficient caddies, combining the tact of a private secretary with the eyes of a lynx.

All such items have their charm. But it is some solace to reflect that not all the stockyards in Chicago can buy the game itself—the skill to play it, we mean. We have seen a freckle-faced caddy without a dime in the world who had a natural swing, easy, graceful, wallowing. A great player, by the grace of the gods. And we have watched frantic, red-faced millionaires, after years of the most expensive lessons, digging the turf like original duffers.

In fact, of this most expensive golf in the world a large part is all too likely to earn an added distinction, that of being the worst golf in the world.

The West Side Gang Fights.

The Irish gangs of the lower West Side—the Hudson Dusters, the Gophers, the Tanner Smiths, the Hell's Kitcheners, good fist fighters and gun fighters—have not received as much notoriety as their Yiddish and Italian contemporaries of the lower East Side. But the series of fights which already has cost two lives and culminated Sunday night in two big battles seems likely to present them for complete recognition by public and police. And recognition should mean extirpation.

Following Mayor Mitchell's order to the police to use clubs if necessary, or revolvers if necessary for protection, but to break up the East Side gangs, those worthies have been tolerably quiet. It is probable this is merely the lull in their business which undue police activity produces from time to time. Even so, there is no reason why a similar course of police treatment should not be given to the gangmen who are shooting up that lovely sylvan spot, Greenwich Village. If it can be emphasized by catching and convicting some of the marksmen and sending them to prison for long terms the gang business may not be so attractive.

The Breakfasts We Eat.

Why do men like to tell you what they eat for breakfast? Modest friends of ours who are very far from being gourmands and never hint at the elements of their luncheons seem to delight in registering all their matutinal dishes, some of them enumerating enough to satisfy even Professor Bergeon, of Bordeaux, the eminent dietetic philosopher, who says we should make our principal repast of the day at 7.30 a. m., others proudly asserting that for them the dejeuner of coffee and rolls is quite sufficient. "I always get my breakfast at a little dairy near my lodgings," remarked a literary friend yesterday. "Wheatcakes, two soft boiled eggs, coffee and toast: that's my idea of a meal!" "No French breakfast for mine," confesses a banking and broking cronny (broke is the word). "I eat fruit, fried eggs and bacon, coffee and waffles—and I'm the better for it." And so it goes. One of our colleagues likes to defend his gastronomic excesses by chanting the stanza:

I eat when I'm hungry, I drink when I'm dry; If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.

Chacun à son goût—for which the English school-boy's translation is, you remember, "Everybody is some good or other." They never bother us with the minutie of their dinners, these friends of ours; for that much at least we are grateful. Is there something more egotistic, more essentially personal, about the breakfasts we eat? For our part, if you are curious, nothing much matters if the coffee is good and there is sweet butter on the table. But if we rise late (late with us means much after 9) we add Virginia ham and poached eggs to the order. Now we feel better.

No British Exhibit at San Francisco.

Disappointment will be felt in this country over the final decision of the British government not to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Very recently a deputation from the House of Commons, representing more than half its members, appealed to the Prime Minister to reverse his policy of abstention. He seemed to be impressed and promised further consideration. But yesterday the Cabinet voted to adhere to its programme of standing aloof. It is pretty generally believed that Great Britain has had an understanding with Germany that neither nation shall make an exhibit at San Francisco. Neither party to the compact can break it now without embarrassment, and Mr. Asquith's refusal to heed the wishes of a majority of the House of Commons must be based on some such outstanding international obligation. It is hard to accept at face value either the British or the German explanation that the cost of governmental representation at San Francisco would be too great.

However, each government must be the judge of its own duty in such matters. Many British and German concerns are taking a friendly interest in the exposition and many British and German visitors may turn up at San Francisco. They will be welcome in spite of the determination of their governments to economize at the exposition's expense.

Again the Weaker Sex.

Now that the truth prevails, it seems almost unbelievable that man ever got away with it. He had superior stature, more muscles, a chestier voice and much hair on his face. But there his magnificence ended. Put him in any hunger strike and, as we now know, he cries like a baby and would lose out to the weakest, shuddering shrimp of a female.

The bandits of Colorado tried it first. Mr. Upton Sinclair fasted next—for a meal or two. And this week one Peter Rabacci, "the murder king," as the faithful correspondents describe him, faltered in his hunger strike at Sing Sing. What hope is there left?

We know some persistent males who try to minimize this evidence. They concede man's weakness for food; it is traditional and inescapable; but it is his only vulnerable spot, they argue, and, fed well enough, any man is bold as a lion. Maybe there is some truth in this. But we prefer to yield handsomely rather than pick over details. If mere man will promptly leap down from his high horse, who knows but that our sternest feminists will smile graciously and let him walk side by side with them like a complete equal?

The Conning Tower

WATCHFULLY WAITING FOR LALAGE

Harace: Book I, Ode 5. "Nondum subacta ferre jugum volat." IN LALAGE.

You're playing with a charming silly.— But listen! Who would break a silly Young debutante like her today To love, to honor and obey?

Her dresses fluttering from her knees, Your stripling girl outruns the breeze, She'll dance with boys like Pan's young daughter Or play the mermaid in the water.

Why crave the green unripened Peach So bitter-sweet, and out of reach? When Summer's told her golden story, Your fruit will fall in mellow glory.

The gambler's wheel of Time will spin; The Girl will lose, the Woman win, She'll bring you, sometime, all that joy.— The Watchful Wait for you, old boy!

H. K. S.

Peace may have her victories, but rumors of peace make dull reading matter. You—be honest, now—skip a word here and there in your perusal of the Niagara Falls stories, don't you?

THE RUBEGOLDBERGISM OF G. E. SHAW.

From "Cesar and Cleopatra." "And now that you have her here, What are you going to do with her?"

One might almost ask Ireland, for that matter, what it purposes doing with Home Rule.

THE PIG-IRONY, PERHAPS.

Sir: Would you call it the irony of fate if you saw the convicts on Hart's Island marching from one building to another, headed by a band playing "This is the Life?" E. W.

Old George Wood's parents couldn't know, about the time of the Battle of Antietam, that George was going to grow up to be press agent of the Forest Products Exposition. Nor that if he weren't just that, the F. P. E. wouldn't get this free reading notice.

Speaking of forest products, it's pretty hard to get pure maple syrup in this fair* city.

*and warmer.

Drop Her; She's Too G. to Be T.

Sir: I have another new one now, but though I have known her for six weeks she has not once said "I'm either up in the clouds, or way down in the depths." Do you advise me to bang on or shall I drop her? DON JUAN.

The count woad fortune, or sought to make a livelihood, in many ways, but with little success. He tried teaching languages, writing fiction and plays, and finally peddling sypaper.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Why didn't he stick to the sypaper?" madwags Daisly.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPPS.

May 23—Stopped in all the day with my wife, she being forbidden by the physician to leave her bed, and I did not have so bore some a day of it neither, taking time to read many journals and sundry articles. I do never take leisure for otherwise, albeit I do have more than what I need. I must give less time, I vow, to pleasure's pursuit, and more to the cultivation of my mind. Yet am I so water-willed that when any chance presenteth itself to frolic I am loth to let it slip, thinking, mayhap I shall never have another such chance. But I have had some marvellous grand hours by adhering to this policy of Carpe Diem, nathless.

24—All morning at the tennis court and did indifferent well, and thence to my office and laboured until my stint was done. Home then, and read from "When Ghost Meets Ghost" to my wife until she fell asleep.

25—To my hatter's and bought there a hat like that I had 2 yrs. ago, which was the best hat ever I had. And the clerk said to me, How now, Mr. Peps, I do read your journal each morning. Well, quoth I, I do wear your hat every morning and afternoon and evening. Which I deemed a fair sally, for me. To the ballpark, and saw I. Cobb and Frank O'Malley and Louis Sherwin, and we talked on various matters. And J. McConaughy did recall the night when Grantland Rice the orator did make so dreadful and wearing a speech at Princeton. And suchlike banter.

Aside from the fact that an amateur golfer's wife has a lot of silver cups around the house, good to put flowers in, we imagine she has a pretty drab time of it.

ROUGHLY BEING ACCURATE.

[From the Evening Sun.] The plaintiff then enumerated various gifts in money and automobiles, &c., that she had received from Hoe, figuring out roughly that Hoe had already been separated from at least \$50,000 on her account.

Type and ink cost money, [Voice from business office: You said something!] set a line on the identification card for the Columbia commencement night, slugging reads: "Admit bearer (and party) to unreserved seats, as long as any remain unoccupied."

THE IMPERSONAL CENSOR.

[From the rules and regulations of the Pennsylvania Board of Moving Picture Censors.]

13. The Board's Attitude Towards Crime. The Board has no objections to crime as such but will object to the display of crime being objective, instructive and greswome and insists upon a sane balancing of the picture as a whole so that the final effect will be good or at the most harmless.

The members of the new Old Elm Golf Club, in Chicago, must feel, with an initiation fee of \$1,500, that all the future time they spend at their businesses will cost them a wad of kale.

Tomorrow, "The Ball Game," by Our Own Ring Lardner. You know him AL—Adv.

HEARSTIAN ANATOMY.

[From the Journal.] Fireman Timothy Sullivan was struck on the head by a falling beam. He was taken to Harlem Hospital with two fractured ribs.

Progressive is entered in the second race at Belmont Park to-day. And Republican in the fourth.

WE USED TO. CF. JANUARY FILMS.

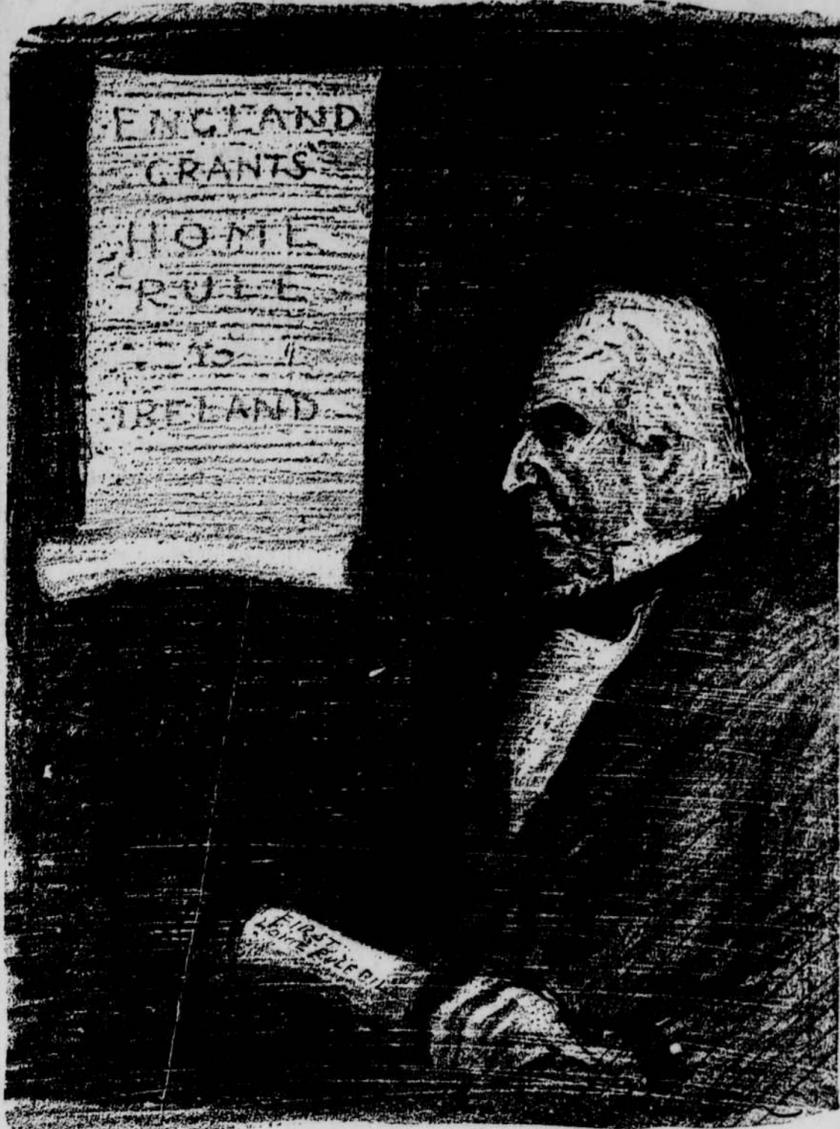
Sir: And when it's full of unusually atrocious contributions I suppose you call it the Zinc of Iniquity.

CABLE.

A good many of our contribs resent that Mr. Cannon has been elected to membership in the Waste-Basket Club. His proposer, Mr. Roosevelt, should have consulted them, they say.

Edar, with his lastline suggestions, disproves the proposition that you can't keep a good contrib down. F. P. A.

SHADE OF GLADSTONE—"AT LAST!"



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

"PROSPERITY AT ANY PRICE"

Support of Penrose is Justified on This and Other Grounds.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: "Pennsylvania Should Unite on Pinchot to Defeat Penroseism"—will the New York Tribune kindly show how this may be accomplished? With manufacturing concerns running from 20 to 60 per cent capacity, with the railroads operating on minimum force account, with new development absolutely stopped—is it strange that the people of Pennsylvania should say, "Anything but this Wilsonian Utopianism—prosperity at any price?"

And we think the Pennsylvania anti-administration protest will be a mere whisper in comparison with what New England and several others have to say this fall. H. W. BAKER. Bridgeport, Conn., May 21, 1914.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In view of the general newspaper approval of the primary, as the keystone of political reform, I was surprised to see your dissenting editorial on Senator Penrose's overwhelming victory in the Pennsylvania primaries. Was it not the will of the electorate?

Senator Penrose has been peculiarly sane in his expressed opinions in the Senate and has again demonstrated his sanity by the way he voted. True, he has frequently been in the minority, but a sane man in Bedlam would, of course, become an object of suspicion to his fellows. From the viewpoint of an old reader, Penrose's victory is the warning of all harassed people, sick of quack reformers and magazine politicians, whose doctrine is one of destruction and restriction. They are weary of the everlasting legislative paternalism, as manifested in a maze of seemingly conflicting commissions that have so bewildered the business man that he has closed his enterprises and in consequence the streets are thronged with the unemployed.

The electorate are tired of Progressive Republicans, La Follette Republicans and all the mongrel breeds. They want to vote for rational Republicans like McKinley. The New York and Pennsylvania laborer and business man earnestly breathe the prayer of General Grant: "Let us have peace." HARRISON K. BIRD. New York, May 21, 1914.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I do not suppose you will care to publish this letter. I have just read your article counselling the defeat of Penrose in Pennsylvania. Penrose is not an issue, good or bad. He represents a protest against government interference with business! The retirement of the Democratic candidate would swell his majority.

Here in New Jersey we see the bunco game played to the limit. Our election and primary expenses have been multiplied by five, with the result that our "seven sisters" are illegitimate children whom our Attorney General refuses to own and our Democratic Legislature and Governor refuses to support. No newspaper and no leader of public opinion would care to try further restrictive action in New Jersey.

I do not know New York so well, but the disgust with sham and pretence as a means of popular support here is so great that the Ten Commandments and the Declaration of Independence would be defeated if you called them progressive. WILLIAM S. GILHULY. Englewood, N. J., May 21, 1914.

Feminism and Suffrage.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Fortunately Andrew M. Coles is easily answered. There is no difficulty in disclaiming and disposing of "my sister suffragist Dora Marsden" because she is not a suffragist.

With regard to the other ladies who are mentioned: Why should suffragists alone (or is the practice extended to women in general?) be expected to carry an inquisition into the moral theories and

practices of those associated with them in political work? Still, I am willing to be as scrupulous as Mr. Coles. If he can satisfy me that he has censured and dissociated himself entirely from every religious, social, political and business organization to which he may have belonged, and in which he found men whose morals in theory or practice fell short of perfection, I will then dissociate myself publicly from any connection with the ladies whom he mentions, although I know no evil of any one of them.

W. A. WARD. New York, May 20, 1914.

"A QUERY FOR CHRISTIANS"

It is Answered by a Comparison of Character and Conduct.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The letter of George C. Wilson in yesterday's paper is calculated to appeal to a reasonable Christian—the more so that he does not perceive the weakness of the arguments of his "more or less irreligious" friends. Apropos of Bouck White for disturbing the congregation of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, Mr. Wilson's friends have said to him: "You see what a hypocritical thing your Christian dope is. If he treated White in this manner for just wanting to say a word upon an ethical subject, what would they have done to Christ if He had gone there with a lash and scourged the thieves out of His temple?"

Judging from his utterances quoted by the newspapers, Bouck White appears to be a fanatical person, with an unduly flattering opinion of his own wisdom and an eager desire to reconstruct human society according to his own ideas, and an ardent wish to see his name in large print. Urged on by his egotism he enters a church where a congregation is assembled for Christian worship and creates a disturbance by insisting upon entering into an argument with the minister who is conducting the services. Very properly he is arrested and punished. The sentimentalists sympathize with him and demand to know what he has done. He has committed an outrage—an abominable outrage—which would have been quite as bad in any other church as in the one he selected. The very foundation of American liberty is the citizen's right to worship God in his own way, and any man who enters any place of worship for this purpose and disturbs the people there with loud-mouthed ravings commits an unbearable outrage. If Bouck White wished to express his views to the public he could have spoken at street corners or written them in newspapers. In no possible way that could be taken of his case was there any excuse for the thing that he did.

In comparing the conduct of this man with that of Christ, Mr. Wilson's friends prove conclusively that they are irreligious. What the Saviour did is thus described by St. Matthew: "Jesus entered into the Temple of God and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money changers, and the seats of them that sold doves; and He said unto them, It is written: My house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." That is, Christ drove from the temple those who desecrated it by making it a "den of thieves." Bouck White attempts to drive from a church a congregation engaged in Christian worship, because, forsooth, he considers himself a better judge of the teachings of Jesus than the minister they have selected! No Christian churches in our country are used as places of barter and trade, and those mistaken people who compare the action of Bouck White with that of Jesus do something that looks very like blasphemy to the eyes of an old-fashioned Christian.

The question as to what the churches would have done to Christ in a similar case is easily answered. A reading of the Gospels is sufficient to prove that such a situation could never occur. There is no

slightest hint in any account of the Saviour's life that He could be capable of brazenly disturbing a congregation engaged in worshipping God because He did not agree with all the minister's ideas! If Mr. Wilson continues to be troubled by the questions of his irreligious friends he might refer them to the life of Christ. As to what any Christian church would do in the event of the Saviour's reincarnation, we cannot but believe that every Christian sect would welcome Him as He should be welcomed. There are good Christians and bad Christians, as there are good men and bad men; but it seems strange that so often men who have never allied themselves with any church apparently are convinced that all church members must be hypocrites, and are probably thieves also. Human nature is a good deal the same wherever you find it, but few intelligent people deny the ennobling influence of the Christian faith, nor are they ignorant of the fact that many church members sincerely try to live a genuine Christian life. When the millennium comes their efforts will be crowned with perfect success. ELEANOR H. SEPTON. Englewood, N. J., May 23, 1914.

VIVISECTION AND MOSQUITOES

The Barbarous Treatment of These Interesting Animals Stirs a Protest.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The present agitation of the subject of vivisection gives me an opportunity which I prize of making an appeal through the columns of The Tribune for one of the most friendless of creatures. I passed some days ago through a beautiful wood and in it admired, a sparkling pool of water. Returning after some days, I found the pool covered with a disgusting scum of crude oil. Here for centuries peaceful families of mosquitoes had lived and flourished. The faithful parent had deposited the eggs and in due course of time the young on silky pinions had gone through this whole region singing their sweet song. A great abundance of mosquitoes enjoyed the healthful air and bright sunshine—blessings on them! But in a day all was changed by the rash hand of the agent of the Board of Health. I must lift my voice against this barbarism.

Wise men have always taught us that the highest product of this mortal life is character. And what nobler element of character than patience! And what a cultivator of patience is the mosquito! Behold this sleeper! He hears a familiar sound, and a sharp slap echoes from his right cheek, while the mosquito from his fades away in the distance. He turns to him the other also, and, slapping that, a button on the cuff of his palamas strikes his eye and the peaceful hum sounds again. Then the would-be sleeper leaps from his bed and fumbles among the drugs for his camphor bottle. So this little creature, even at the imminent risk of its own life, passes quietly from room to room, teaching patience.

We are a music-loving people, and a very favorite kind of music is the plover or chamber sort. Caruso and Gluck and Homer have delighted home companies with their dulcet notes. But the mosquito excels all in chamber music—there he has borne the palm for centuries. And he is your true democrat. Would Caruso or Gluck or Homer sing in the slums or in the kitchen to the butler, the waitress and the cook? But to all alike comes the song of the mosquito. It would seem as if the lower the scene the more his note prevails. And he favors alike all nationalities. The Italian, the Pole and the Turk all know that siren song and respond to it at once. It summons all humanity to patience.

Has not the mosquito his rights? "If you prick him, does not he bleed? If you wrong him, does not he die? And if you wrong him, shall he not revenge?" The health board's barbarism must end! Plainfield, N. J., May 22, 1914.