The Washington Times

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Washington, D. C., Monday, February 24, 1913.

AMBASSADOR WILSON.

Henry Lane Wilson, American ambassador in Mexico, has not commanded the confidence of this country by his course there.

There has been too much evidence of his sympathy with the exploiters of Mexico, whose operations have done so much to precipitate the reign of terror. There has been too much evidence that he leaned toward the revolutionary opposition which has now precipitated the supreme horror.

He has been at no time strong and effective.

He has permitted American prestige to suffer and the primacy of American diplomatic importance in an American republic to be sniffed at.

If there shall be a continuation of the terror—and Diaz promises it—the responsibility will be in no small part upon the weak handling of our diplomacy at the Mexico City end of the line.

If there is anywhere in this country today a man of the thorough understanding and vigorous character that Thomas C. Dawson or William I. Buchanan would have brought to such a Latin-American situation as this, he is the man needed at Mexico City.

A CASE TO THE POINT.

It has been repeatedly urged by this newspaper that, if there shall be legislation or constitutional amendment looking to change of the inauguration date, it ought to reach as far as a general revision of our political calendar.

President Taft is taking steps to keep the incoming President informed on Mexican affairs, so that when the change comes a complicated situation will not be presented to a man ignorant of its details.

It is a poor way to make a national policy. There ought to be no such long interregnum between the defeat of a President or a Congress, and the assumption of authority by their designated successors. It is fair to neither the outgoing officials, their successors-elect, nor the public interest.

If President Wilson had taken his office December 1 there would be no such embarrassing complication of administrations and policies as now hampers our action in the Mexican crisis.

A NEW RECORD IN EXPORTS.

Business may be slowing down somewhat in view of the uncertainty regarding the actual extent of the Democratic program. But the actual figures for trade at large cannot be made to spell any such gloom as is expressed in the stock market. The showing is notably in contrast with the depths of pessimism reflected in Wall Street.

The speculative quarter of the country has a record for discounting industrial history in advance. If it is repeating its achievement at this time, its prophecy is based on foreboding rather than fact. The foreign trade figures for seven months are such as have been surpassed but once in trade history. And we believe that no such brilliant showing in foreign trade has ever been recorded if domestic trade were intrinsically out of joint.

January, 1913, shows an excess of exports of $20,000,000 over the same month in 1908, which up to that time held the record. This great increase means the more because in 1908, while exports were large, the lack of funds to get imports cut that year's total $40,000,000. The total of a billion in imports for seven months elapsed in the fiscal year ending July 1 leaves the excess of exports a trade index of general sound activity.

THE SHIFTING DEMOCRATIC SCENES.

In the last days before the change of Administration, there is even more uncertainty than heretofore, as the personnel of the new leadership that will take the reins in Congress and the Government. On the one side it is more and more persistently reported that Governor Wilson and Mr. Bryan have reached an impasse, and that the Nebraskan is unlikely to enter the Cabinet. This would deprive it of the co-operation of Democracy's leader in radicalism.

On the other side it is even more strongly indicated that the Senate is to be reorganized away from the control of the old guard of conservative leaders whom seniority has brought to the top in the upper chamber. This would deprive the Administration of the co-operation of the foremost conservatives of the party.

Thus there is indicated for President Wilson—assuming that these two developments shall be carried through—a middle-of-the-road course. Mr. Bryan, strong with the country, is not popular with Congress. To keep him out of the Cabinet would doubtless give much satisfaction to the organization of the House. The Senate elders who face deposition are popular with neither Congress nor the country. To reject them would earn their individual—and, because of their positions, very dangerous—hostility; but nothing more. They represent nothing more than their own votes on roll calls of the Senate. Those votes, however, may many times carry the balance of power.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Bryan can believe that his own political advantage would be served by a breach with Wilson at this time. Mr. Bryan may want the Democratic nomination in 1916; but whether that nomination will be worth the having depends on whether the Wilson Administration succeeds. It would seem that the right course for Mr Bryan is to give whole-hearted and sincere co-operation to President Wilson in the effort to earn for the Democratic party the confidence of the country. After that, he must take his chances with the future. A successful Administration might mean a second term for Wilson, which of course is a bar to the realization of Mr. Bryan's Presidential aspirations. But Mr. Bryan should now be willing to stand by the chance that he willingly took when he made Wilson the Democratic nominee. Perhaps he thinks that Wilson should be willing to give assurance of abdication at the end of a single term. Perhaps Mr. Wilson will at length decide to give such assurance; but there is little in his public career to give color to such expectation. He might willingly enough give an assurance for which he would flatly refuse to be "held up." Governor Wilson has proved himself a man with a mind of his own. In a contest of wills between him and Bryan, the problem of the irresistible force and the immovable obstacle would be presented, with large probability that the Democratic party, caught in the jam, would be the largest sufferer.

MEXICO'S OFFICIAL MURDERS.

That Francisco Madero and Jose Pino Suarez, a few days ago President and Vice President of Mexico, were done to their death by traitors whose lives they had themselves spared, is the only possible explanation of the latest horror of the revolution. The weak and halting explanation which the Mexican authorities have issued does hardly more credit to the ingenuity of its authors than the crime does to the humanity of the Huerta government.

That Madero would be conveniently "removed" under the barbarous fugitive law, had been freely predicted. The Washington Government had warned the Huertistas that such proceeding would not be noted without grave displeasure and serious consequences. Yet the new regime proceeds boldly with its business of getting out of the way the men it most feared.

A lame explanation is followed by a pronouncement by Felix Diaz that the new government intends to employ the most rigorous measures to suppress opposition throughout the country. The sequence of events of Saturday night and Sunday is something like this:

Murder of Madero and Suarez.

Official explanation that they were not murdered.

Official announcement that other people who oppose the new order will be put out of the way just as relentlessly as were the late President and Vice President.

The savagery of the Sunday murder leaves little room to doubt that the last proposal of this program will be executed to the very limit of the power that resides in the new government. The real question which confronts the Washington Government is whether the men now in control at the Mexican capital can be made to listen to reason, to realize their responsibility for their acts, and to believe that they will be held to answer for further crimes. It is in large part a question of their intelligence; of whether they can be reached by diplomatic address and moved by reasoning that assumes understanding of civilized usage.

If they are too inflated with the impression of their own power, too confident of the impotence of this Government, they may proceed, in the face of whatever warning is served, with their campaign of rapine and extermination. In that event there can be but one end: this Government will have to intervene in force.

It is possible only to conjecture whether the terror was timed with reference to the fact that a change of administration is about to take place in Washington, and therefore the Government might possibly be able to move with less decision and vigor than in ordinary circumstances. It is highly important that Washington shall give a demonstration that such reliance is ill placed. The proposal of conference and co-operation between the present Administration and the President-elect is practical and timely.

Profound pessimism is the first feeling induced by a consideration of today's situation in Mexico. The Huerta-Diaz control in the City of Mexico appears to be backed by no important force of public sentiment, and it is viewed with keen distrust by the foreign offices of the world. The governors of the Mexican States are not accepting the new regime; instead, they are pointedly declaring their antagonism to it. After the first outbursts of huzzaing for the new order, after the familiar Latin method of cheering whatever change is made, the plain people of Mexico are reported settling down to grave doubt whether their position is not worse than ever before.

Huerta and Diaz are not commanding the support of the numerous political generals scattered throughout the country, each with his own plans for furthering his own ambitions. A feeling of dread is commonly entertained; dread lest a reign of terror may be created in the effort of the military dictatorship to maintain its control of the seat of government. The cynicism that could dictate the "peace and prosperity" telegram to President Taft, and then turn to the murder of Madero and Suarez, is of a quality to inspire shivers instead of confidence.

Huerta and Diaz, both traitors, will not long cooperate. Each will become suspicious of the other. Standing together they could not sustain themselves against such a force of protest as is reported organizing throughout the country; divided, they will presently fall. There is intimation of a counter revolution by the Maderistas; but it is hardly possible that this could accomplish good results. Nothing short of localized anarchy, in every neighborhood where there are organized forces to contend for control, appears in the present horoscope.

Pesident Taft is right when he urges that we must be patient, and not be drawn into Mexico except as an absolutely last resort. If we do intervene, it must be as a duty to humanity so clear, so unquestionable, so plainly pointed for us, that there will be substantial unanimity in performing the duty imposed. The nation must not be forced into a war of conquest and exploitation. It has enough problems of administration and assimilation on its hands already.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

With a full realization of the difficulties undoubtedly attendant on the profession of laundrying, we figure it still possible for launderers to call with their little red wagons on the days that they say they will. If, in the entire District of Columbia, there is one laundry that knows the value of time, one laundry that will do what one tells it to—let it speak up or forever hold its peace.

In the space of ten weeks we have worn out three laundries, and are busily engaged on the fourth. The first three were merely bad; but the fourth one is awful. Come on, laundries! If you can deliver the goods, and do it on time, here's a six-cylinder chance to prove it.

That Lets Us Out.

(From the North East, Pa., "Sun.")

A Dunkirk business man is arranging to give a dinner to his friends. Codfish is to be the principal dish served.

The "Times," referring to the Mexicans, speaks of "men and soldiers," and in the light of recent events we haven't the heart to chide them for it. A gentleman of our acquaintance, who knew what he was talking about, explained his ideas on Mexicans in general, but they are too lengthy to be reproduced here. Besides, there are ladies present.

Some kind individual, observing our struggles with Mexican pronunciations, sends us a chart that explains everything fully, and for which our thanks. After looking it over we have only one question to ask: How does one pronounce the Mexican language?

There Are Still Eight Days.

G. S. K.: Special extra! I know of a man on the parade route who has almost three feet of waste space in front of his building, and he isn't going to put a stand on it!

CHEVY CHASE.

What more interesting, now that Philadelphia has started it, than the matter of interchanged babies? Running over the list of our acquaintances, we imagine there must be divers mistakes made that never have been and never will be detected. It's an alluring topic.

Again we were in error, this time as to the influence of the Washingtonian natal day on our scheme of existence. We walked ten blocks, Saturday afternoon, and couldn't buy a collar.

February 24 In History.

(With apologies.)

Feb. 24, 1973: The chairman of the public comfort committee announces that inaugural visitors need have no fear of being forced to pay extortionate prices, as had been the case at previous inaugs.

Feb. 24, 2135: John D. Pierpont, president of the United States Money Co., states that if people would only go back to the farm they would soon have the high cost of living hanging on to the ropes and crying for mercy.

The House resolution prohibiting increased prices during inaugweek is still kicking around the Capitol; but we fail to see why the gentlemen should hurry. There'll be another inaug in 1917.

There's quite a blizzard out around the Great Lakes; but we figure that it will be about eight days before it can reach Washington.

VOTES-FOR-WOMEN ARGUMENTS. VII.

The lady at suffragette headquarters who wanted to know if we intended to march in the parade.

And J. E. advises that every time he goes to a business meeting of his club and sits through two hours and forty-five minutes of debate over a ten-minute subject, he comes away more firmly convinced that ever that the ladies should be given the ballot.

PERSONAL AND PRIVATE.

A PRINTER READER: We certainly do. But what one wants and what one gets are two separate propositions.

Looking over the buildings already decorated, we learn that the so-called inaugural colors are green and white.

We expect to remark, on the 5th of March, that the rain caused the redwhiteandblue decorations to run, and that the inaugcolors, green and white, also ran.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

(From the Herald.) It was reported that a small number of the visitors who have taken advantage of the special rates arranged on the different railroads arrived in Washington yesterday.

(From the Post.) The advance guard of the inaugural crowd began to arrive yesterday, and before the week is over the city will be crowded. The special rates on the railroads will not go into effect until Saturday.

By a fortunate coincidence the Cavalleri-Chaloner story breaks during the very week of the lady's local appearance.

As we hand these gems to the copy boy, decorations and prices are going up all over the city.

Deep significance note: The inaugweek offering at Poli's will be "The Gamblers."

Enter the inaugural period (period)

G. S. K.

IT CAN'T BE DONE! By VIC

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

THE average man considers a woman's love such a "priceless" treasure that he always expects to get it for nothing.

The only safe ship on which to embark on the sea of Matrimony is FRIENDSHIP, with Love for the sail and Respect for the anchor.

No, Dearie, a literary genius isn't looking for an intellectual mate; what he needs is a mate with an iron-clad constitution, insulated nerves and just enough intelligence to cry "Hear, hear!" every time he opens his mouth.

When a woman can't cry, life loses half its attraction for her; it is the only thing worse than not having a nice, broad shoulder to cry on.

The most difficult thing in mythology for men to understand is why Orpheus should have gone all the way to Hell in search of his own wife.

The Hottentot's method of proposing to a girl, by knocking her senseless and dragging her off by the hair, may have been a little rougher than the modern man's veiled hints, but at least she had the satisfaction of knowing that he was serious.

A man considers that his wife is simply eaten up with feminine curiosity if she can't wait to read her letters until he has finished them.

When a woman tells a man that she loves him he considers the question settled forever; but a man's heart is so much like the weather that a woman is filled with miserable doubts unless she has daily bulletins of the temperature.

The best way to hold a lover: Hold him at a distance.

GOOD STORIES

An Original Plea.

A COLORED man wanted a divorce on the ground of "exertion."

"You mean desertion," corrected the lawyer.

"No, sah, she hain't left me," answered his client. "I said 'exertion,' and dat's de ground perzackly. She done exert erself to make me mizzable, sah. Put it on de ground ob exertion."—Boston Transcript.

A Fine Touch.

ONE of two darkies who run a bootblack "parlor" in partnership was bragging of his well-developed sense of touch, particularly in the matter of money. He bosated that he could tell the denomination of any United States coin merely by feeling it. His partner wearied of these boasts, and came back with this:

"Your sense o' feelin' ain't nothing to my friend Marcus. Him and me used to work on the Pullman down through Kansas. Marcus had been on this route for about ten years. One night when we was both a-sleepin', 'long around midnight I wakes up and I shakes Marcus and I says: 'Marcus, where are we?' An' Marcus he jest rolls over and sticks his hand out the window, and he says: 'We're goin' through Oswego.'"—Everybody's.

Imposed on Pat.

WHILE in a battle an accommodating young Irishman noticed a crippled soldier who seemed to be in great misery. The cripple said that he was wounded in the leg, and Pat immediately threw him across his shoulder and started for the doctors in the rear of the army.

While on the way a cannon ball came along, unnoticed by Pat, and took off the cripple's head. When he reached his destination he was asked why he was carrying a corpse. Pat looked very much surprised when he noticed the headless body, and said: "Well, begorra, he told me it was his leg!"—Mack's National Monthly.

The Answer.

LOUIS XIV. playing at backgammon had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Gramont happened to come in at the instant.

"Decide the matter," said the King to him.

"Sire," said the count, "your majesty is in the wrong."

"How," replied the King, "can you decide without knowing the question?"

"Because," said the count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given in for your majesty."—Life.

Domestic Dialogues

By Alma Woodward

6:15 P. M.—At Home.

MR. B. (struggling with a sanguinary blade)—See? There I've gone and cut myself and it'll get all over my collar and shirt front and I'll be a sweet sight for the show, won't I?

Mrs. B. (calmly)—Well, why do you hurry so?

Mr. B. (brandishing the weapon)—Hurry! What else can I do when we're to meet them at half past six and it's quarter past now and I haven't even got my studs and buttons in my shirt?

Mrs. B. (refusing to become explosive)—You should have left downtown earlier, James. You knew about this a week ago.

Mr. B. (growing reckless with talcum)—Just what I expected! JUST WHAT I EXPECTED! Does it ever strike you, madam, that my business is slightly more important than all this frivolous amusement? Do you ever realize that the rent, the gas, and the food are paid for by the results of my working; not by my going out to dinners and theaters? Do you ever—

Mrs. B. (slightly impatient)—Oh, for goodness' sake, tell it to me in the subway—it's growing later every minute.

Mr. B. (making the final declaration)—Well, I can't get out of it tonight. But just let me tell you this—tonight ends it. Tonight is the omega. It's the last time I'm going to rush home like a fool and carve designs on myself! THE LAST TIME!

:40 P. M.—On the Car.

MR. B. (uncomfortably)—Gee! This coat draws something fierce under the arms!

Mrs. B. (suggesting helpfully)—Relax. You know, just sit limp. Of course when you strain the muscles of your back it feels tight.

Mr. B. (whimpering)—The pants are awful tight, too.

Mrs. B. (indifferently)—Are they?

Mr. B. (plaintively)—Say, Augusta, don't you think I could have a gusset put in them?

Mrs. B. (in disgust)—Where did you ever hear about a gusset?

Mr. B. (timidly)—My mother used to say it. Don't it mean make 'em larger?

Mrs. B. (coldly)—Men don't put gussets in their trousers. They buy new trousers.

Mr. B. (growing indignant)—Yes. And maybe I'd be able to buy new trousers too, if there wasn't so much of this dinner and theater and supper business!

Mrs. B. (in despair)—Oh, dear! I've let you off again!

Mr. B. (trailing it.—Saying "Oh, dear!" ain't going to do any good. Here tonight we're going to a rotten table d'hote where I'll get indigestion again and have to take those charcoal tablets. And then we'll sit through one of those problem plays, with a cheerful suicide at the end, that costs us $2 a head. And to finish off we drag our weary bones to a smoky cabaret and have a lot of perfume-doused soubrettes stand on top of our necks and begrudge us every piece of lobster we put in our mouths. We get home fagged to a frazzle and about ten simoleons lighter. Now you can't put up a single argument in denial that'll hold water. Can you?

Mrs. B. (wearily)—Oh, no, of course not. Anyway, here is our station.

:[illegible] A. M.—On the Car.

Mr. B. (stretching comfortably)—Well, there's nothing like getting out once in a while for a little recreation among the lighter things of life.

Mrs. B.—Huh!

Mr. B.—It does a man good. It's the demnition grind, the unalleviated plodding that puts men in their graves before their time.

Mrs. B. (mildly)—The dinner was very poor, wasn't it?

Mr. B. (strenuously)—Now, how can you say that, Augusta? That was what I call a bully dinner. And only a dollar! It'd be cheap at a dollar and a half.

Mrs. B. (yawning)—I'me getting sick of problem plays, aren't you?

Mr. B. (scornfully)—I suppose you'd rather sit through some worthless musical trash. Problem plays give you something to think about—their—er—er—humanity!

Mrs. B. (leading him on)—And weren't those creatures of the cabaret distressing?

Mr. B. (reminiscently)—Not at all. Come to think about it, that little trick in the Folly costume was about the most fetching thing I've seen in years.

Mrs. B. (disdainfully)—She pinched your cheek, didn't she?

Mr B. (delightedly)—Yes, she did—the little devil! (Chuckles.) We must make a night of it soon again. Blamed refreshing!

Mrs. B. (triumphantly)—Ah!

Caught.

A BOSTON deacon who was a zealous advocate of the cause of temperance employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his home. In repairing a cornr near the fireplace it was found necessary to remove the wainscot, when some things were brought to light which greatly astonished the workmen. A brace of decanters, sundry bottles containing "something to take," a pitcher and tumblers were cosily reposing in their snug quarters. The joiner ran to the proprietor with the intelligence.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the deacon. "That is curious, sure enough. It must be old Captain Bunce that left those things there when he occupied the premises, thirty years since."

"Perhaps he did," returned the discoverer, "but, deacon, that ice in the pitcher must have been well frozen to remain solid."—Lippincott's.

An Expensive Act.

AT the Park Theater a comedy juggling team, Redford and Winchester, uses no end of fruit, vegetables and other necessities of a comical finale, in which one of the performers catches the objects, one after another, on a fork which he holds in his teeth.

"They tell me that act gets $300 a week," said one of the wise ones in the orchestra circle.

"They'd have to get a heap of money," replied his companion: "just think how expensive vegetables are, to say nothing about the other necessities."

"But there is one good thing about an act like that," said the first speaker, "if they ever strike hard luck they can eat the props."—Youngstown Telegram.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

The following Masonic organizations will meet tonight: Lodges—Dawson, No. 16, M. M.; Stansbury, No. 24; Royal Arch Chapters—Mt. Vernon, No. 3, M.; Anacostia, No. 12. Eastern Star Chapters—Temple, No. 13; Columbia, No. 15, grand visitation.

The following I. O. O. F. organizations will meet tonight: Lodges—Union, No. 11, degree; Covenant, No. 13; Langdon, No. 26; and Beacon, No. 15, business. Rebekah Degree—Esther Lodge, No. 5, degree work.

The following Knights of Pythias lodges will meet tonight: Decatur, No. 9; Calanthe, No. 11, esquire rank; Equal, No. 17, page and esquire rank.

The following National Union Councils will meet tonight: Scott, Pythian Temple; Northeast Washington, at Northeast Temple.

Meeting of Osage Tribe, No. 6, I. O. R. M., Fifth and G streets northwest, tonight.

The following K. O. T. M. organizations will meet tonight: Washington Division, No. 1; National Tent, No. 1; Mt. Vernon Tent, No. 4; Anacostia Tent, No. 7.

Weekly meeting of the Central Labor Union, Typographical Temple, 8 p. m.

Concert by the United States Marine Band Orchestra, United States Marine Barracks, 2 p. m.

Concert by the United States Soldiers' Home Band, Stanley Hall, 3:30 p. m.

Meeting of the Real Estate Brokers' Association in the Chamber of Commerce tonight at 8 o'clock.

Amusements.

National—John Mason in "The Attack," 8:15 p. m.

Belasco—"The Merry Countess," 8:15 p. m.

Columbia—"Othello," 8:15 p. m.

Chase's—Polite vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Poli's—"The Man of the Hour," 8:15 p. m.

Academy—"The Country Boy," 8:15 p. m.

Cosmos—Vaudeville.

Casino—Vaudeville.

Lyceum—Sam Rice's Show, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Gayety—"Merry-Go-Rounders," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.