

New York Tribune.

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The Mayor's Pleasure at Uncovering New Graft.

"Let them go and tell everything. That is what we all want," says Mayor Gaynor of the all-night restaurant proprietors who are going to District Attorney Whitman with evidence that they paid graft for the privilege of keeping open after 1 a. m., which privilege is taken away from them by the Mayor's latest order.

Of course that was what the Mayor wanted. It was to aid the District Attorney in his efforts to obtain evidence against and to convict the crooked police that the Mayor clapped on the "lid." He knew that this would make the restaurant keepers who had paid for immunity in violating the law witnesses for the state.

The Mayor has always exhibited this sort of satisfaction when as a result of his ruthless policy in enforcing the law disorderly persons have gone to Mr. Whitman with evidence of graft. When Rosenthal told his story against Becker the Mayor showed his pleasure by denouncing Rosenthal as a common gambler and indicating that he was unworthy of belief.

For Good Roads.

The twenty-three recommendations of the Good Roads Advisory Commission to the Governor are generally admirable. Some of them are of great importance, such as that roads are to be constructed or improved not solely for the benefit of automobile vehicles and that new methods of construction should not be extensively adopted until their merits are satisfactorily ascertained.

That is, we should not only make good roads, but also and equally keep roads good. Too often a contrary policy is pursued. An improved road is built and then is neglected until through wear and tear it becomes so bad again that it must be pretty nearly rebuilt.

In some places they have adopted a plan of maintenance patrol. A man with wheelbarrow, shovel and other tools is assigned to a section of, say, five miles of road. He patrols it daily, and immediately repairs every little defect that appears.

The Sulzer "Impeachment."

There is no harm in Governor Sulzer regarding himself as a reincarnation of Silas Wright. But it would be a mistake for the state Senate to try to immortalize him as a second Andrew Johnson. The verdict of history is that it was unjust to impeach President Johnson on the doubtful charges brought against him by his political enemies.

It is not common sense to contend that when the Governor on Inauguration Day takes an oath that he has not given or promised to give money or any other valuable thing as a consideration for the casting or withholding of votes the declaration which he makes extends to promises or considerations of a purely political nature. It is against public policy that a candidate should solicit votes on a purely commercial basis, dealing with voters not as citizens interested in the common weal but as individuals trying to lay by something against a rainy day.

It would be just as logical to try to impeach President Wilson for promising to sign a downward revision tariff bill and thus attracting the support of many who hope to see the cost of living reduced in that way. If such a thing is possible, as to say that Governor Sulzer should be metaphorically tarred, feathered and drummed out of the People's House for promising to sign a "full crew" bill. The "full crew" may be wrong in principle and injurious in

its effects, but it is legitimate legislation of the sort on which a candidate for office has a perfect right to declare himself in advance.

If the impeachers at Albany had their way the only safe candidates for public office in this state would be deaf mutes who had never learned to read lips or to use any form of the sign language.

The Coy McCombs.

No debutante with her first proposal of marriage could be shy or more hesitant than the young and once vaillant Mr. McCombs over his ambassadorship to France.

We say "his" ambassadorship, for the latest dispatches from Washington point to his acceptance of the appointment. But he has accepted and declined the post so often in the last month that no one will feel sure about the young man's intentions until the bargain is sealed by the Senate and executed by Mr. McCombs's taking ship for Paris, France.

Why this strange conduct on Mr. McCombs's part? He was swift enough in action in a certain campaign not so long ago. There have been countless rumors by way of explanation—rumors of promises made and promises broken, of a noble friendship gone to smash on the rocks of pre-election pledges—each and every item of which has been equally and promptly denied.

And there we are. Mr. Wilson sits—with a rather bored countenance, it is said, in confidence—picking his daisy to pieces, and murmuring, "She loves me, she loves me not." Washington waits—with a smile, Paris waits—without a smile.

There is only one possibly tragic aspect of the case. That is the old danger which has befallen coy maidens since the world began. Suppose Mr. Wilson should get weary of popping the question and go off to fasten his affections elsewhere?

The world might still go on—but Mr. McCombs would not bestride it.

"How to Make a Hog Climb on to a Wagon."

It is difficult to secure a serious audience in a city for any rural subject of large importance. Yet we think a little consideration of the weighty problem outlined above will convince the most confirmed night worker of Broadway that vast quantities of pungent, homely sense lie in these unexplored domains of thought.

We are indebted to "Farm and Fireside" for the proposition in hand. And not to keep the harrowed reader in suspense we give at once the literal testimony of the farmer who solved the problem. Says he:

"One of the best labor saving devices that I have used is a basket over the head of a hog 'when loading. Place the basket over the hog's head 'and back him into the chute. The hog will continue 'to back, and is very quickly and easily loaded."

In making an application of this satisfying lore we face again the ignorance of the cockney. Along Broadway, in the odor of saucelene, the hog is regarded with feelings of contempt tinged with amusement. How these sentiments slander a worthy and in many respects delightful member of society any farmer's boy can swear.

Therefore, it is with no slightest suggestion of ill-favor or derogatory connotation that we present the case of the hog going sternwise into the wagon for the consideration of the farmers of Tammany Hall touching on their effort to suppress, with all due politeness and respect, Mr. Rhineclander Waldo. The idea is to back Mr. Waldo gently off the map, we gather. The precise execution of the task we leave to those in authority. But clearly by thrusting a calm and enveloping job at Mr. Waldo's head—a consulate in Zanzibar might serve as an excellent bushel basket, for instance—and pushing firmly as Mr. Waldo resisted and retreated, almost anything might be accomplished.

We are very hopeful for the hog precedent.

Senators by Direct Vote.

Tennessee and Pennsylvania have just ratified the amendment to the federal Constitution providing for the direct election of United States Senators. According to Associated Press dispatches, but one more affirmative vote is needed, and that vote may be given by Rhode Island, where one branch of the Legislature has already ratified and action in the other is close at hand.

In case the necessary thirty-sixth vote is secured early in April, the amendment will have been before the country only eleven months. Two previous amendments—the Twelfth and the Thirteenth—were ratified more promptly, the former in nine months and the latter in ten and a half. But only thirteen state legislatures were required to approve the Twelfth Amendment and only twenty-seven the Thirteenth.

The process of amendment is as easy and expeditious now as it has been at any other period in the Republic's history. If the voters want to change the Constitution they can accomplish their will without any material impediment.

The popular method of electing Senators has had a pretty fair trial by virtue of direct primary nominations and other devices to make the action of legislatures merely perfunctory. The new plan has become popular and has never been abandoned where once used. It gives freer play to public opinion and eliminates many undesirable middlemen. There is no reason to think that the Senate will be less capable or less representative under the new system than it has been under the old.

The Thirteen!

The first of April is always an estimable day, full of honest guffaws and merry laughter. Witness especially the delightful plea in behalf of Mayor Gaynor's re-election put out by the celebrated Committee of Fourteen—now a Committee of Thirteen through the subtraction of a chairman who departed in haste.

"He has rendered some service to the community," say these wise gentlemen of Mr. Whitman, moved by a spirit of generous indignance. But "can it be doubted that his long contact with vice in its various expressions has given him a distorted view of 'human relations'?"

So much truer and finer does our Mayor shine by contrast, is the argument. No vice and crime fill his worthy Puritan mind and heart! To avoid contact with vice he is prepared to deny its existence. To turn his back on its expressions, even when they are expressed in his own police force. Could anything be purer, nobler or of better promise to the city's administration?

We like this excellent stuff. It breathes exactly the same spirit that led the Mayor to class Mr. Whitman as "the enemy." Mr. Whitman has fought vice and crime, therefore he is vice and crime, is the delightful logic behind this naive blubbery.

Our eye falls on only one slight error. That is the generalization expiatory of the Mayor's tongue

and character, thus expressed: "Many a man who 'will swear at the irritation caused by a persistent 'mosquito will bear a painful operation without a 'murmur.'"

That the Mayor swears we are prepared to believe, if thirteen of his friends say so. But the Mayor certainly cannot "bear a painful operation without a murmur," when that operation consists of the separation of himself from some money in a libel suit. His honor is anything but a stole under such circumstances. He is far more like a tender, bleating lamb.

We congratulate the Mayor on his April Fool Committee of Thirteen.

Now is the proper time to start the public worrying about an ice shortage next summer. Ice melts in the calamity prophet's imagination even faster than it does under our midsummer siroccos.

Cornish, N. H., must seem a dolorfully inaccessible spot to office-seekers from Texas and Missouri.

Mayor Gaynor says now that there is "only a handful" of rascals on the police force. The hand that could hold them all would be able to pluck up the City Hall and deposit it in the wilds of St. James, Long Island.

It would be ungenerous to exult in the announcement, per se, that the express companies have suffered a loss of about one-fourth of their small package business as a result of parcel post competition; but so far as it indicates a gain for the public we may regard it with a considerable degree of satisfaction.

With three weeks of a Democratic administration behind us, we suspect that the patriots who are a-waiting and a-wondering and a-hoping for a word from the White House would be glad if Woodrow would come to the kitchen window and give them a sign—Houston Post.

Why are the Texas patriots afraid to tap on the kitchen window? In the construction of the Wilson Kitchen Cabinet Texas has all the other states backed off the map.

Seeing that the Servians were permitted to take Monastir, the chief inland city of Macedonia; and the Greeks to take Salonica, the second city of European Turkey; and also Janina, the real metropolis of Albania; and the Bulgarians to take Adrianople, the holy city of the Osmanli Turks, why on earth should not the gallant Montenegrins be permitted to take the comparatively insignificant town of Scutari?

"Five days for one kiss." The sentence often is for life.

AS I WAS SAYING.

This Age of Miracles in which we live has made us blasé, so that Mr. Luther Burbank's new quackless ducks seem no more wondrous than his folding dachshund for flats. And yet there is life in us, for all that. Witness the excitement over Mr. Charles Satchel's solution for the servant problem. Nothing like it in years, though his system is simplicity itself.

When the unsophisticated country girl arrives in New York she is met at the station by a glittering young dandy, who lifts his hat, introduces himself as "Gyp" the Blood, and promises to carry her off in his gray murder car to the wickedest dive in town. Naturally, she does not hesitate, but springs joyously aboard. Away they dash. (Red fire, squirmy music.) Fifteen minutes later this innocent creature is cast into your kitchen, run into debt, clad in a distinctive garb in which she dares not venture out, and condemned to a life of industry and morality, world without end, amen!

And now Wilson takes up the tariff where it laid Taft down.

There is a point beyond which the Five-Mile Bookshelf of 1913 fiction already exceeds that point by several paragraphs, and great is the woe among publishers, who somehow find it difficult to sell novels to more readers than there are, and much less easy than of yore to interest those of us who have taken the trouble to exist. For it is dawning upon us that in reality there is only one novel. Title: "A Fellow and a Girl." Plot: "In spite of all, they were married."

If you have perused Miss Fairfax's brilliant essay, "Will True Womanhood Jump Through Hoops?" you perhaps have your doubts about the feminine contingent at Madison Square Garden, whereas—but listen to the testimony of Mr. "Mickey" Finn, the veteran circus-actor. The other morning Mr. Finn shared a park bench with a noted clergyman of our acquaintance. As the reverend gentleman wore a business suit, Mr. Finn was not aware of his ecclesiastical connections, and when their talk ran on circuses and the morals thereof, and the preacher protested, "Yes, yes! but the women, the circus women!" his friend put in a well meant word of warning: "Say, don't yuh get fresh wid dem ladies! Dey'll stand off an fight yuh like a man, see?"

No doubt you remember the happy days when persons of intellect would back you into a corner and explain the Fourth Dimension. Balking at homicide, you merely answered: "In my youth I was passionately attached to the Fourth Dimension, though of late years I have busied myself exclusively with the Fifth." This worked, the persons of intellect ran for their lives. But how are you to defend yourself now that those self-same intellectuals are backing you into the self-same corner and bidding you "follow" while they expound the philosophy of Post-Impressionism? Better take Mr. Cortiszo's advice and cite Lord Bowen's objection to going down cellar at midnight without a candle to look for a black cat that isn't there.

However, there are some awfully jolly intellectuals. For instance, Chesterton. He is a little ray of sunshine, that man, and our poet has devised a safe way of reading him:

When you meet with the weird paradoxical views One encounters in London's Illustrated News, Do not empty your pockets and stand on your head To discourage the mental aversion you dread. For, despite Mr. Chesterton's wild winking caper, You may hope to keep sane by inverting the paper.

GERMANY'S WAR CHEST. From The Boston Herald. Now the German war chest in the Julius Tower, at Spandau, is to hold \$99,999,999 of idle money—enough to meet expenses of a war for the first four and a half days. But such an object lesson is worth a good deal.

LEMONS AND THE DUTY. From The San Francisco Chronicle. Just why the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee should want to take the duty completely off lemons is hard to see. A removal of the duty would result in no difference in the retail price of lemons in this country and would make just enough difference in the wholesale price to injure an important home industry. However, home industries are not one of the things that the Democrats, except individually when their own districts are affected, seem to care much about.

PERSONA GRATI—THAT'S ENOUGH. From The Springfield Republican. The German story that the German Ambassador to the United States will have to retire because he and President Wilson do not agree on economic and political questions will appall the President as a new revelation of his power. An ambassador doesn't have to agree with the head of the government to which he is accredited. All that is required of him is to be persona grati.

HE PUT THE LID ON



AND THE BOTTOM FELL OUT.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Does She Adorn Her Person to Please Man or Herself? To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your correspondents "C. J. F." and E. E. Williams being at variance regarding modesty and adornment of birds and the human sexes, may I suggest that the female bird is clothed by nature, and as a female human by art, so called? And as to such method of appeal to the male, this theory seems to have been annulled in favor of the theory of vanity, which I believe to be the real incentive to showy apparel, for gaudy woman must have learned that in the extremes to which vanity has tempted her she has rather bred the contempt of man. Only a modestly attired woman holds the real respect of men worth the name. New York, April 1. ATTRACTION.

MR. WISE'S RECORD.

Untiring, Fearless and Honest, Says an Admirer. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I am not acquainted with Henry A. Wise, but I think that even from a disinterested pen a word of praise should be conferred upon him for his magnificent record while United States District Attorney. The public is surely not prone to search and find its loyal and true servants, and that possibly accounts for the memory of many good men completely forgotten. The untiring, fearless and absolutely honest administration of Henry A. Wise should surely find a place in the people's memory, for men like him are fully deserving their approval, and the time may come when they will seek a man worthy to undertake the task which is so ably capable of executing. As a Republican I am proud of his integrity and the good name he has made, and it will be of benefit to the Republican party to take cognizance of his splendid record and remember him for his devotion to its true tradition. May it not be long when the Republican party offers his name to the public and they place him in a responsible position, where he belongs? JOSEPH LEWIS. New York, April 2, 1913.

WHAT OF THE MEDIUMS?

A Reader Calls for More Facts from Dr. Hyslop and the Spiritists. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Perseus is one of the strongest traits in human nature, and it is usually true that whenever we take an interest in things we make every effort possible to obtain every available fact. But in the most important subject of all, the one which may eventually shed some light upon a future life, we go at it with a rush and then stop. What becomes of all the psychic cases that appear from time to time? Why are they allowed to drop out of sight without anything being settled? Where are the cases that Dr. Hyslop has been telling us about for the past twenty years? And where is Miss Miller, the strange child of Warren, R. I.? Why do these strange persons get into print when nothing further is ever done to really determine the exact nature of such cases? The sensational introductory stuff isn't enough. It only gives us a taste to know more, and for some reason or other we are never allowed to know more. FRANK HOEIMAN. No. 313 Third Avenue, April 2, 1913.

COLLECTOR LOEB

He Receives Some Compliments and Is to Have a Dinner. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The dinner which is to be given on April 19 to Collector William Loeb, Jr., is, in my opinion, no ordinary event. It is

TWO CASES OF KIDNAPPING

A Witness Tells of Seeing Two Girls Carried Off, Screaming, in Autos. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: We are constantly being told that "kidnapping exists only in fiction." In spite of this statement I have twice during the last year seen a girl carried off against her will in an automobile. The last time was a few nights ago. The car was racing down the street toward Riverside Drive; it was impossible to get the number. The girl was screaming for help and begging to be let out. Not a person was in sight, and of course, no policeman within hearing. The screaming kept up long after the car was out of sight in spite of the fact that the man beside her was trying to smother the girl's cries by putting his hands over her mouth. She was fighting with all her feeble strength. One does not like to think of what happened when that failed her. And this is supposed to be a civilized country and this is the twentieth century. Where are the police at night? It is whispered that a very interesting card game goes on all night in the chauffeur's room of a nearby garage, and that the players are not all chauffeurs. TWO PLUS TWO EQUAL FOUR. New York, March 31, 1913.

SHE PLEADS HER CASE AND WARNS THE DEMOCRATS.

General Squire—Many happy returns. William—What is the tendency of these baths as regards flesh? Attend—They decrease flesh. Only treatment that will take away flesh without injuring the patient. Lean Man (taking Turkish bath, to attendant)—What is the effect of the Turkish bath? Attend—Increases a man's flesh sir.—Tit-Bits.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"Slang phrases," remarked a purist of the mother tongue, "are becoming the most nonsensical that were ever thought of. They are used mostly by persons who wish merely to use them not because they serve a purpose for them, but for the sake of 'smartness.' Take the one now so current, 'I should worry.' It has no sense; it is used frequently, and few persons make an attempt to vary it. However, I just heard a variation that will serve some with a smile—not 'I should worry and get a wrinkle, but 'I should worry a lot and build a house on it.' Now we must wait for the next."

MISS MAUD MALONE REPLIES

She Pleads Her Case and Warns the Democrats. To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Sunday's Tribune, under the heading "Sauce for the Goose," comments on the decision of the Appellate Division in the woman suffrage case. It says: "She (the suffragette) appealed and has lost. She has been treated just exactly as if she were a male offender with a full-fledged vote." I do not admit I have lost. This decision decides nothing. It is only the opinion of five men. Our American theory is that even judges make mistakes. They have done so when they say: "There is no question of free speech or of oppression involved in this case." Now, this case is solely one of the denial of political free speech to an American citizen. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Will The Tribune point out any gander who was arrested, imprisoned, tried and fined in the last campaign for asking a political question of a candidate? Many ganders held conversations with Roosevelt, Sulzer and even Wilson himself and were answered. From the learned argument of the Appellate Division it is plain that the decision might have been different if the judges had not felt their duty to punish me for the "militant suffragist who are producing a reign of domestic terror in England," as they put it. The case was not tried on its merits, but on a fear of an English invasion. The decision also says: "It must be borne in mind that the defendant did not seek to interrogate the speaker upon another subject, but persisted to push the inquiry upon the same topic." From this it seems the judges admit that the same person may ask two questions on different subjects in a meeting, but not two on the