

killed them in revenge, not caught.

Guy Coombs, New York moving picture actor, sued for divorce by wife here, who calls him flirt.

Postmaster General Hitchcock will introduce bill in congress that newspapers carry no more than 50 per cent advertising. Why not a law that they carry legal and bona fide ads?

Young woman who committed suicide in Humbolt Park yesterday identified as Miss Stefina Zbrodzka, 1433 N. Paulina.

Frank Nichols, 14, 2818 S. Canal, and shooting gallery in basement of home. His brother discovered his body.

Mrs. Matty Bertlepp, 2537 S. Avers ave., suicide. Carbolic acid. Despondent.

Emil Kayser, 11437 Harvard, suicide. Hanging. Despondent.

Illinois Daily Newspaper association yesterday put ban on yellow novels. Is this a slap at the Willie Ranoften Hearst papers?

Frank R. Becker shot and killed his wife yesterday at 165 W. Ontario street. Arrested. Claimed she had deserted him, and he had followed her to Pacific coast and back to effect reconciliation.

Senator Cullom was 82 years old yesterday. He should be given a permanent vacation from the senate as a present.

Miss Virginia Brooks says she has asked State's Attorney Wayman to aid her in purging West Hammond of vice—and been turned down. Brolaski, before civil service commission: "Inspector Hunt told me: "Wayman

and I are like two peas in a pod, and you can't go to him like you could under the old regime." Is there any significance in the two statements taken together.

Emanuel Fink, 1317 N. Artesian ave., medical student, attempted suicide yesterday in Snell Hall. Will recover.

"In Japan William Randolph Hearst and his newspapers are considered the most powerful of the American press."—Saburo Shimada, Japanese editor. Sort of affinity of yellowness.

WHAT DAD SAYS ABOUT IT

Dad Says:—I'm glad this police investigation has gone as far as it has, for ther's no stopping now—and Chicago's in for a real clean-up.

I thought at first it was one of those old-fashioned fake crusades against vice intended to fool the people without putting a real crimp in the politicians who get rich protecting vice.

When you begin to get to the inspectors and the big politician, then you're getting to the seat of the trouble. For that's where the big money goes, when it goes anywhere.

The copper on the corner seldom is in with it. He's out in the rain, snow, blizzard and wind—He knows the men higher-up are getting the coin. He knows what's going on. And he either turns petty larceny grafter or gets mighty discouraged.

The life of a square copper isn't a pleasant one. It's tough. If he interferes with the protected