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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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Spare, O Spare! Judicial Dignity!

Woodrow Wilson is opposed to recall of the judiciary. "Judges," he says, "are not lawmakers nor law administrators. Their duty is not to determine what the law shall be but to determine what the law is. Their independence, their sense of dignity and of freedom, is of the first consequence to the stability of the state."

Being a professional collegian, Gov. Wilson has a natural excuse for raw ignorance as to big practical facts and conditions. To expect a professional instructor in philosophies and theories to fully understand what courts are actually doing and the common people actually feeling, and demand a remedy of him for the evils would be like asking an opera singer to run a locomotive.

Mr. Wilson does not see that, no matter what judges are theoretically, they actually are lawmakers. He does not realize, simply because he is naturally and legitimately made blind to it by his environment, that the courts are held in contempt by the people; that the people thoroughly believe that the courts are controlled by concentrated dollars, and, hence, any assumption of dignity or independence by judges is a matter for sneers and laughter.

In this respect, Mr. Wilson is a small and timid as most other conspicuous men in these days. He refuses to wholly trust the people. He thinks that the initiative, referendum and recall, properly regulated, may be good for legislators and other officers, but not judges, the very officers before whom all the measures wanted by the people and advocated by Mr. Wilson himself must finally come for determination.

We doubt not but Mr. Wilson looks upon the U. S. supreme court as something blessed with divinity, something sacredly dignified, something a little bigger and higher than the people, something that is above criticism by people, press or pulpit. He probably would be shocked could he learn how strong is the popular hope to tear out of the Constitution that court's power to defeat laws passing the approval of both the other co-ordinate branches of government.

Mr. Wilson comes into the middle west and the far west bearing no new message. Other great men from the east have been in our midst and told us just what ailed us and where we ached. We have taken our pains and pains to the courts. We know that all our progressive measures of relief must finally be put at the mercy of the courts. And, Mr. Wilson, we want those courts to have a sense of direct responsibility to us in the matter of rendering substantial justice.

Some day, out of the east or out of the west, will come a great, fearless leader who will put his whole trust in the people, and nothing will prevent the people giving him their whole heart. The man and the hour are coming, and way back in the cloud of dust will be sitting several really able gentlemen who will wonder why they didn't recognize the psychological moment when it arrived.

William's Cooked His Own Goose

Alas! William Randolph Hearst can never be president. He editorially announces that we are descended from monkeys, and willfully puts our simian forefathers only 150,000 years away.

We are all afraid of snakes. Our ancestors lived in tree-tops and snakes were the only creatures, says William, that could get at 'em and eat 'em. He overlooks birds of prey that could swipe us off the topmost limb, and he doesn't explain how a large part of us are in deadly fear of mice.

Again, most of us are awfully afraid of lightning. In those 'way back days, lightning used to knock us off our arboreal perches. We don't like cyclones. Big winds used to mop us out of the treetops in spite of all the hanging on we could do with teeth, claws and tail.

We often dream of falling from great heights. We sometimes slipped and fell from the top branch when that snake with a strong monkey appetite was after us.

William is telling all this about us, and we're not going to make him president over us because—because—well, largely because we ain't monkey enough to elect anyone who believes all that about us.

OBSERVATIONS

MRS. WHEELER is to get \$100,000 alimony from Prof. Henry L. Wheeler of Yale. Down with the bloated college plutocrats!

UNDER Congressman Flood's bill endorsed by Taft, Arizona can become a state pretty soon, if she will back up on recall of judges. Will Arizona lower her flag?

THOSE Los Angeles Times publishers having been let off by a court, labor leaders who thought they were libeled will have to kidnap them if they want to get them to San Francisco. We're not going to put in any bid for any contract to run away with Gen. H. Gray Otis, you can bet.

FILIPINOS, through their representative at Washington, ask the American people for "liberty." Sorry, but we're just out of it. Ask for something we have on hand.

GOV. HIRAM JOHNSON refused to hobnob with Big Interest democracy of Frisco in receiving Woodrow Wilson. So Woodrow had to banquet with those who don't believe in recall of the judiciary, almost wholly. It's too bad. Woodrow might have learned something from Hiram.

THE Diary of Father Time

Frank P. Smith, a member of the Quekett Microscopical club, has made some interesting experiments in regard to house flies and taken a series of moving pictures of them. The fly has a highly developed breathing apparatus and is provided with a network of passages, extending to all parts of the body, for the inhalation of air, and is not forced as is the human being and other animals to depend upon a single tracheal tube, with the result that the house-fly develops a tremendous amount of physical energy. A blue-bottle fly, for example, tied by a thin thread to a tiny chair, will hold and play with a number of articles relatively large in size, such as tumb-bells and weights or a smaller fly, without any effort at all. In another case the fly was tricked into revolving a small wheel by walking up it. The fly not only turned the wheel, but calmly walked up its periphery as it revolved. Another fly kept its balance on top of the same ball.

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NOWADAYS

Grandmother—And now would you like me to tell you a story, dear?

Advanced Child—Oh, no granny, not a story, please! They're so stodgy and unconvincing and as out-of-date as tunes in music. We should much prefer an impressionist word-picture or a subtle character sketch.—Punch.

TOO SOON

Husband—Why, this is the pension you admired so yesterday. Aren't you pleased with it?

Wife—No, I haven't had time enough to long for it yet.—Springfield Union.

WHY HE MOURNED

"I hear your rich old uncle is dead."

"Yes, he is."

"What did he leave?"

"A widow we'd never heard of."—Washington Star.

THE GUMLESS STENOGRAPHER

Prof. Burton N. Gates of Amherst college is trying to develop the stingless bee. Why not have him try for the gumless stenographer while he's at it.



AND WITHOUT HELP

Marks—I hear that Jaggman was so drunk last night three of you fellows had to carry him into his house. Did his wife think he was dead?

Parks—She must have. She was laying him out when we left.—Boston Transcript.

BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS

"Just one word of advice, son, before you go out into the world."

"Yes, dad."

"Always be kind to democrats. They have their turn once in a while."—St. Joseph Herald.

COULDN'T HELP HIM

"Had to let my stenographer go," remarked Mr. Cumrox.

"Inefficient?"

"No. Too accurate. She put the grammar into my letters exactly as I dictated it."—Washington Star.

A Bryan Record.

Hewitt—He who runs may read. Jewett—Bryan must hold the record as a reader.—Judge's Library.

The Safe Bet.

"Does your husband keep his Masonic secrets from you?"

"He thinks he does—but he talks in his sleep."—London Opinion.

To Clean and Restore the Elasticity of cane bottom chairs, turn the chair and with hot water and a sponge saturate the cane work thoroughly. If the chair is dirty use soap. Afterward set the chair to dry out of doors and the seat will be taut as when new.

LITTLE CORONATIONS AT HOME



In the Editor's Mail

Everybody in Pierce county reads this column. Short letters from Times readers, of general interest and without personal malice, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

Editor Times: I wish to thank my many friends for the support I received in the recent election. I have met and made many friends, who by their untiring efforts in my behalf showed their loyalty to honesty, sobriety and integrity—and were actuated by a unselfish devotion to our beautiful city, Tacoma, for its best interest and welfare. To the loyal lodge of Machinists, Commencement Bay lodge No. 497, who, when efforts were made by my enemies to ruin my chances for election for the second time, to a personal matter, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.



Those Early Games. "You don't mean to say that you saved the lives of those freezing men by mental treatment." "Yes, indeed. We persuaded them that they were watching one of the early season's ball games."

TODAY IN HISTORY

May 20, 1861, North Carolina seceded. The states north and south of her had already quit, and feeling was fairly hot around both Washington and Richmond. The other southern states were bringing strong pressure. As she stood on the map, North Carolina was too far from the union and too close to the confederacy to be anything but confederate and comfortable.

THE TIMES CIRCLE



For next week Uncle Bob wants his family to write on this subject: "My Mother". Uncle Bob knows that you will have so much to say that you will find it difficult to tell it all in a story of 150 words. Who is it takes you with cheery words in the morning and watches and loves you all day till she tucks you in your cozy bed at night? Why, mother, of course. Uncle Bob wants to hear about your mother, and for the best story on "My Mother" he will give \$1; for the second best, a pound box of candy, and a book for the third. Now think of all the nice things you can about her and send it to Uncle Bob, in care of The Times.

You know Uncle Bob asked you last week for poetry about spring. Well there were lots and lots of them and here are the ones I have picked out from the whole number as being the best:

FIRST PRIZE VERSE

Welcome, welcome aure spring, Flowers and fun and bird wing, Sun and dew and gentle showers; Welcome, welcome time of flowers. —Julia Raymond, age 10. There is a dollar for you at the Times office, Julia.

SECOND PRIZE VERSE

Spring! first season of the year, How gladly you are welcome here; Bringing us the April showers, Birds and bees, and sweet May flowers. —Willie Farley, age 10. There is a book for Willie at the Times office.

THIRD PRIZE VERSE

The air is growing warmer, And the birds and plants and trees Are showing signs of gladness With every changing breeze. Gladys Lynch, age 13. There is a book for you, Gladys, at the Times office.

HONORABLE MENTION

Spring, spring, beautiful spring, When life springs new in everything; Each blade, or leaf, and blossom bright, Disperses the gloom of winter's night. —Leland Yerkes.

OUR DAILY BIRTHDAY PARTY

This is also a pajama party. A pink pajama party at that. Really one could think of having a birthday party for Pauline Chase, once the dainty "Polly of the Pink Pajamas," without the aforesaid pajamas. Pauline herself says she has been wearing those pink pajamas for nine years, not the same pair, to be sure, but yet all the time. She got into the habit just before she made the hit on the New York stage with them, and Polly—she was Polly then—was pink-pajama into fame and a goodly sized bank account. If her mother had as many years to her credit as there are weeks in each year, and Polly was half as old as mother, how old is Polly today? Twenty-six is right, step to the head of the class. Prince Lidj Jeassu has been proclaimed emperor of Abyssinia.

THE TACOMA MARKET

Table with market prices for various goods including meats, produce, and other commodities. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

B. I. P. U. QUOTATIONS

FRUIT - Apples, fancy, \$1.10; choice, \$1.00; standard, \$0.90. VEGETABLES - Hot house lettuce, \$1.50; cucumbers, 75c.

Adolf Should be a Japanese Idol, But He Should Not Sneeze By Condo

