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The Police "Probe"

If the methods being insisted upon by Commissioner Mills and Chief of Police Loomis for unearthing alleged graft in the police department of which they are a part are the same as employed by the department in the enforcement of law it is no marvel that the county officials had to come to the rescue and show up the situation.

Both Mills and Loomis insist on having a public investigation and in conference with local ministers they appointed these ministers to pick a jury of five to insert the probe.

It is admitted the jury will have no power on earth. It cannot even swear a witness. Anybody can go before the jury and lie worse than the whole Amnians club and the only thing that could be done to him would be for some one to arise in schoolboy fashion and say "You're another."

Mills says he is going to call on some of his political enemies to come in and testify, just as if they would do it in an investigation started by himself, framed up according to his ideas and those of the chief of police.

If this represents the summum bonum of wisdom in the police department of how to get to the bottom of difficult problems in crime, it is no wonder slumming parties have found green pastures in which to gather full blown flowers of crime in Tacoma.

There is no question as to the condition of facts.

Chief Loomis did establish a restricted district on lower D street. He called the newspaper boys in before him and told them he was going to do it. Ever since then both Loomis and Commissioner Mills have been trying to convince the women who came to the city hall and the Hillside Improvement club protesters that there was nothing to it.

Now along come the county officials and show up the case in a bad light.

The facts are plain. Whether the chief of police was non able to handle it after he had started his zone or whether the habitues of the resorts have had an understanding and possibly paid for special privileges are the only questions to be decided and such questions are not generally solved in a mock court.

If when Chief Loomis called in the newspaper reporters and described to them the new zone "below 13th on D," Mills' committee of ministers had quietly hired a few good Burns detectives, something might have been discovered by this time as to real conditions if there is anything to discover, but those who have seen graft exposed and know what it means to do it, expect little from such a scheme as Commissioner Mills and Chief Loomis have evolved to have themselves investigated.

As Mayor Seymour says: "It is not feasible."

They Want Debate

Though the subject, after 100 years of discussion, can hardly be said to be novel, a little tariff talk in the senate, for campaign and other purposes, would probably be endured by a patient people without signs of violence.

Yet it may not be untimely to point out that a great many people who are soon to have votes for United States senators aren't in the least interested in long-winded tariff speeches or in the politics behind them; but ARE VERY MUCH INTERESTED in getting the business of this country under way to catch the tide and breeze of renewed prosperity.

These people voted last fall for TARIFF REVISION DOWNWARD. They meant it then and they mean it now. They want a good bill with as few flaws and jokers as possible and they will be glad to have senators point the way to real improvements in the measure which recently passed the house.

BUT— They are not interested in windjamming. Or in political maneuvering. Or in the endeavors of "has been" special interest guardians to put the progressive movement in a hole.

They want debate—free, fair and frank debate. They will allow ample time for honest discussion, directed to the subject in hand. But it kind o' looks to us as if they weren't hankering very keenly for a lot of long-drawn-out air-sawing merely for purposes of future personal or factional politics; and as if they might, maybe, make that kind of humbugging rather unprofitable later on.

Tell Mother

On the body of a 15-year-old bride of three months who shot herself near Westminster, Md., the other day, was a letter to mother telling the tragedy of the ill-fated romance and ending with these bitter words: "Throw me in an old ditch."

No, Edna Nichols, mother won't throw you into an old ditch. Though her heart is breaking, she will see that you get tender burial, with songs and sermons and flowers, a well-kept grave and frequent tears of remembrance.

Indeed she will do for you, dead, even more than she did for you while, in waywardness, you were straining her heart strings. For a mother's love is infinite. It forgives all and never wears out.

You made a mess of your life, you say—and the proof is in the way you ended it. The great price you paid makes chiding untimely. But other mothers have daughters just rounding into womanhood, prone to the influences that caused your shipwreck; and maybe your sad example will prove of service to them.

You didn't tell mother all the secrets of your life. Had you done so she would have saved you from the infatuation which swept you, a mere child, into a marriage you soon found was not a success. And when, disillusioned, you awoke from your dream, again you didn't tell mother, but tried to carry the burden all alone. That, too, was a mistake.

Poor old mother mightn't have been able to undo all your troubles, but her sympathy, her wise counsel, her planning and her patient care might have made enough difference to keep you from suicide.

In big troubles or in little, there's one rule no girl can go wrong on: TELL MOTHER. It may be at the risk of your life and of hers that you fail to tell mother.

Some 200 years ago, an Italian alchemist undertook to fly from England to France, but soon came to the ground and broke his leg—an accident which he explained by asserting that the wings he employed contained some fowls' feathers, which had an "affinity" for the dung-hill, whereas if they had been composed solely of eagles' feathers they would have been attracted to the air.

"I wanted you when the skies were red, And now the skies are gray," war-

bles Poetess Martha Dickinson. Darn a fellow who won't get around when his girl wants a red sky!

Los Angeles paper says Tetrizzini is becoming "overabundant" but "she slides into her upper cataract like an ell." Maybe it means she's fat and greasy.

The question bothering Tacomans is not whether or not Japs may own land but whether they are going to put more radishes and red beets in a bunch.

NOTHING SERIOUS

THE GREAT AMERICAN LID PROBLEM. A series of comic strips with dialogue such as 'IT OUGHT TO BE ALLRIGHT I HAD IT CLEANED BEFORE I PUT IT AWAY' and 'I WONDER WHY? A bachelor may safely tarry Till sixty-odd, then up and marry'.

The Modern Medium. Modern Girl—If you really loved me all the time why didn't you let me know? Modern Youth—I couldn't find a postcard with the right words on it.—Judge.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY MOUSE

A series of comic strips showing a mouse with a bottle labeled 'FOR BURNS'. The strips are numbered 1 through 6.

Knew His Ground. "You say this man is no chicken stealer?" inquired the Judge. "Yassuh," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Dat's what I said."

Why He Cried. "Thomas, what is the matter with your brother Johnny?" asked their mother. "He's crying," replied Thomas, "because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."

Occupation. "I haven't anything to do," complained Cholly. "A fellah gets tired of just twirling his cane, don't you know?"

Guess It Is. Yeast—I see street gas lamps were first used in London in 1807. Crimsonbeak—I n d e e d! I didn't know that joke about the fellow holding up a lamppost in the early morning hours was as old as that.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Modern Paragon. "He's a wonderful success in more ways than one." "How so?" "Not only has he made good, but he also so far has refrained from telling other people how to do it."—Detroit Free Press.

Jim planted his feet firmly. "I'M JUST DOING THIS TO HELP THE ARTIST OUT"

10,000 POLICE PARADE STREETS. NEW YORK, May 17.—New York's "finest" turned out today. All the 10,000 police who could be spared or who are not summering at Sing Sing; some thousands of "white wings," led by Big Bill Edwards, and all of the fire-fighters not on duty, were shown to the public today in the annual parade.

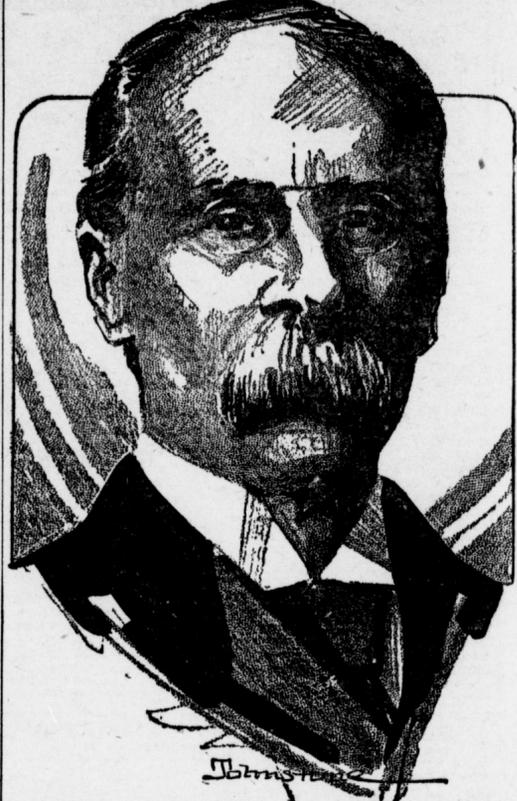
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Mother should be photographed, but—Mother thinks only of her children when she thinks of photographs. Perhaps she'll need persuading—perhaps call it vanity, but her pictures will prove she is still a beauty—will be in greater demand than those quaint pictures of younger days. Make an appointment for her. 903 1-2 Tacoma av.

PIONEER Bindery & Ptg. Co. 947 C st. 946 Com. st. Main 436. your set of books for the new year should be ordered early—aside from a larger selection of ready-mades, we manufacture any special form required—either bound or loose-leaf.

Reform Mayor, Ambassador Batted .300 With Wagner



BY A. F. FERGUSON. For four or five or eight years the Hon. Philander Knox phoned and served tea to the representatives of the great nations, ever and oft formulating foreign policies which, while bearing a marked resemblance to the net of the meek and patient fisherman, yet nevertheless caught nothing in the sea of international troubles except large wet drops of the sea itself. And now comes the Honorable George Wilkins Guthrie of Pittsburg, the Human Contradiction, all set to leap lightly from obscurity into very midst of the seething crater of the Japanese volcano. President Wilson has selected George Wilkins to go to Tokio and tell the mikado what's what in the choicest of Pittsburg polyglot. Guthrie and the mighty Honus are the only people who ever batted over .300 in the affections of the people of Pittsburg continuously throughout their long and arduous association therewith. He is 65 years of age, a native of Pittsburg, a graduate of the Western Pennsylvania university and the Columbia College law school of Washington, D. C. A close student of political economy and international law, he is well versed in all the peculiar twists and turns of the various foreign policies of the world, and his appointment to the Japanese mission is regarded as a particularly happy selection.

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