

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

The Mexican Crisis

It is said that the crisis in our relations with Mexico is acute; that Carranza has been threatened by our state department, that warships will be sent to Vera Cruz, that General Obregon's conduct of affairs at Mexico City endangers the lives and has already seriously damaged the property of some 25,000 foreigners, and that, in general, the situation is worse than at any other time since that bad time with Huerta.

The situation is not at all surprising. Wisely and courageously, in the face of domestic abuse and foreign pressure, President Wilson has stuck to his policy of letting the Mexican people settle their troubles, but the standing difficulty has been that the Mexicans would not permit him to let them alone. It has all along been within the power of an Obregon, a Villa, or a Carranza, to make it impossible for Uncle Sam to keep his hands off, notwithstanding how deaf he might be to the demands of the dollar-policy fellows.

So long has he been patient, and so mindful of the rights and interests of the Mexican people has President Wilson been, that, if he now has to change his policy, the civilized world will commend him if he takes steps that will justify strong hope of permanent suppression of the anarchy that reigns south of the Rio Grande.

The Mexicans have demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world that they don't know what they want in the way of government; that they are utterly incapable of self-government. The country is now at the mercy of the anarchy of looters and the anarchy of bandit generals. If the limit of endurance of Mexico's best neighbor and best friend has been passed, she must be treated as an incompetent and irresponsible. She must be governed by those who can govern, for her own good and the good of her neighbors.

Mexico is in the same condition that Egypt was not many years ago—anarchy in government, natural resources going to waste and the common man an unfed, unremunerated, unhappy beast of burden.

Given stable government, Egypt took on prosperity. The common man no longer had to buy justice, and a part of what he earned became his, so that he doesn't hear even the call for a Holy War.

And when you can't get folks to kick against the status quo by working up their religious fanaticism, you can bet they're mighty satisfied with their government, be the same foreign or native.

Sponge farming is said to be a highly profitable industry, but we know several men who have raised big families of sponges and never prospered.

You Must Register

REGISTER!
Are you prepared for the battle against the OUT-LAW measures inflicted on the people by the last legislature?

To prepare for battle you must mobilize. You must be armed.

Your weapon is your signature on a referendum petition, and your signature is unavailing and unlawful if you have not registered this year.

Go to the city hall. The registration office is open every day except Sunday until 5 p. m.

In the next 90 days, the big referendum battle to overthrow iniquitous measures, the rebuke of a treacherous legislature, must be decisively launched. In the next week, while the preliminary steps in the mobilization of the people's army is going on, get ready for the call to arms.

Buckle on your armor by registering, and prepare to fight.

Ohio state experts have discovered that 70 per cent of college girls have eye trouble; probably from straining them to see a marriageable college man.

Evolution of Transportation

Today the jitney-bus competition with street railways is the sensation in transportation circles.

Later on, when the great works of road building progressing throughout the country are completed, we will see what the automobile will do to the steam railroad, and still later another, the flying passenger car.

The oxcart, the omnibus, the horse car, the steam car, the electric car, the auto, the airship—some evolution in a little over a century, and maybe man will some time fly all by himself. He has only to solve the problems of gravitation, as he has some of those of heat and electricity.

They don't say, was a great reader, but can you imagine what he would have said if he had read the tale of Waterloo as it would have been reported in a Hearst paper of today?

Sounds More Reasonable

In asking for permission to raise freight rates, those 41 western railroads take a new slant. It is not because of the war, they say, but because of general business conditions since 1908.

As Taft was elected president in that year, it looks like a low-down swipe at those who are having labor pains in producing a boom for William.

DIANA DILLPICKLES

AESTHETIC BUT NOT CALORIC

IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER"



Adventures of Johnny Mouse



LAND SNAKES! NEVER DID I HEAR SUCH INQUISITIVE QUESTIONS BEFORE!



ADAPTED TO IT
Ever hear of a man with the cold? His landlady believes in feeding a cold, so she made him a big German pancake. "Try that," she said.
Soon after she went back to the room. "I see you have eaten it," she said on her return.
"Eaten it!" he shouted. "No; I'm wearing it on my chest."—Judge.

A FIELD FOR THEM.



Say, there was a fellow out to interview me about my divorce case.
"Was he a reporter?"
"No; I think he was a war correspondent!"

DULL SEASON

"Prisoner, you are charged with loitering about town in a very suspicious manner, and with not having any visible means of subsistence. What do you do for a living?"

Prisoner wiped a tear from his eye, and turning a haggard face to the magistrate.

"Your worship," said he, "I am engaged in manufacturing smoked glasses for viewing eclipses—an industry that entails protracted periods of enforced leisure."

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



MADE ENEMIES.



A DIRE EXTREMITY.

A timid little girl stood looking out of the nursery window and called to her mother: "Mother, mother! Here is a wild dog."
"Oh, no, that dog is not wild; he belongs to the man who works across the street, and is a nice dog," she said.
After a moment's thought, the child, unaccustomed to dogs, replied, "Well, his head may not be wild, but his tail is awfully wild."—Woman's Home Companion.

Admiral Baron Shigetō Dewa, Japanese special commissioner to woman, "I can't give you another the Panama-Pacific exposition, but if you will bring back will not come to Puget Sound this the fly I will exchange it for a spring.

THE TACOMA TIMES

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TALK O'THE TIMES

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE

"Newt Fridemush has sold th' old Fridemush farm and gone to th' city to learn stenography. It wuz bought by th' president of a business college who wants ter give his children an opportunity ter make a livin'."

IT ISN'T THE TOWN—IT'S YOU
If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind.
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town.
It isn't the town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead.
And if while you make your personal stake
Your neighbors can make one, too,
Your town will be what you want to see.
It isn't the town—it's you.

CORRESPONDENCE
I am 13 years old and afraid of the dark. What should I do?—Albert C.

Carry a lantern.

EVER EXPERIENCE IT?
I feel like the oldest person in the world.
What are you talking about? You're not a day over 35.
Yes, but I've just been listening to a 16-year-old boy tell about the things he used to do when he was a kid.—Life.

HIS COLLECTION
Wife: John, the bill collector's at the door.
Hubby: Tell him to take that pile on my desk.

BARRELS OF BOOTY
Hear about the robbery down t' th' five an' ten-cent store last night?
Nope. D'they git much?
Yep. They was in there two hours and carried away nearly a dollar's wuth o' goods.—Puck.

SELF-MADE
"They are always bragging about their ancestors."
"Yes, from the way they talk you would imagine they had selected them themselves."

A man may not be a good wrestler but still be able to throw his friends.

HOW'S THE WEATHER?
For Rent—Three-room house with bath on pavement.—Advertisement in Medford, Ore., Mail-Tribune.

When Music, Heavenly Maid, Was Assumed.
Prof. Hoss Bennett and Big Ellen Hammons were sweetly nungling their voices together Sunday.—Barbourville, Ky., Advocate.

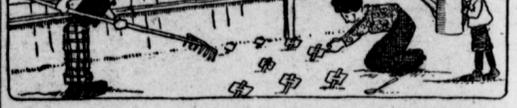
Some men's recreation is thinkin' what they'd do if they didn't have nothin' t' do.

SELAN!

HER STRING
Miss Rand—Why, Kate, how do you do? I haven't seen you for several years. Caught a husband yet?
Mrs. Reno—Goodness, yes, I've caught three and let two go.—Boston Transcript.

TIMES WANT ADS BRING RESULTS. SEE PAGE SIX.

THE BACKYARD GARDEN



seedlings begin to come through. There are some soil which dry out to a considerable depth in the middle of the day under a hot May sun. To keep them from getting too dry while you are away at work put newspapers over the seed bed in the morning. Sometimes straw or hay is scattered thinly over the beds.

But whatever scheme you adopt be sure that the roots, when they first peep out, don't peep into dry soil. Similarly they should not peep in a soil so wet that it is mud.

You are now waiting for your little plants to come through the surface.

There may be frequent rains. A hot sun after a single shower will soon form a cake on the surface and dry out the moisture from below. This cake should be broken up as soon as you can get at it. If you can get to work on that caking while the surface is still moist, but not muddy, it will be better for your plants. Keep the surface loose.

WHEEL TOOLS
If the backyard gardener finds he has more space than the average householder, he may economize labor by purchasing more tools. To cultivate a fairly large plot on hands and knees is to cultivate the backache. The light wheel tools now so popular are invaluable. One tool with the various accessories such as seeders, weeders and cultivators, which go with it will do much to lighten the labor in the larger garden.

CHAPTER 5. SOWING THE SEED
When you sow the seed the surface of your bed should be moist, but not wet. The best way to plant seed is to make drills. That is: take a stick with a blunt point and run it along the soil in straight lines the length of your bed, or the width, whichever seems best to you after figuring out just how the sun will hit it. For large seed the drills should be an inch or little more in depth. Nearly all seed packages give instructions as to the right depth. Cover the drills with the finest dirt and press down lightly. Where the seed is scattered over the surface take a board and press the soil down evenly all over.

After planting your seed moisten the soil, but do not deluge it. The soil should be kept in a moist condition until the

"Just Between Ourselves"

BY ADMAN.

OH DEAR!
(From an Indiana contemporary.)
Lost—A female water spaniel, tip of tail white, white breast, big ears. Whoever has this dog, oh, dear! let her mistress have her. She is going on 8 years old. I raised her from a baby. Oh, dear! a liberal reward you shall have. Mrs. Wm. B. Hart, 2308 W. 12th street, Marion, Ind.

Joe Bachrach received a phone call from Mrs. Joe Saturday, thus:—

"Joe! Is that you? Well, bring home a chicken tonight."

"What kind of chicken, old or young?" says our jovial merchant.

"You bring any young chicken around here and there'll be something doing."

So Joe went down to the butcher shop and ordered "an old hen."

So once more peace reigneth!

Lee Wise is one of the advertisers in our Who's Who Contest—

Several people have called up and wanted to know who the Chinaman can be.

Ask Jack McCormick for the story about the English model suit and the country hotel!

Henry Prince is putting in a 1916 saloon!!!

At least that's what he naively called his new soda fountain.

What with coal, cigars, soda fountains and pills—

Henry is becoming some Henry.

It's truly wonderful the excitement that Who's Who Contest created.

(Continued Tomorrow.)