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AUGUST 22, 1919.

ENFORCING PROHIBITION.

Congress has been asked to provide a fund for enforcement of the federal prohibition law. It is a small sum—an indeterminate part of the \$1,500,000 requested for use primarily against profiteers and food-hoarders. It is wanted by the department of justice to finance temporary activities against prohibition infringements. If a bill now pending in congress goes through, permanent enforcement will be transferred to a commissioner under the authority of the treasury department.

It is certainly time that some definite, systematic beginning was made in the application of this law. So far, the prohibition regime inaugurated July 1 has been upheld rather by public sentiment and voluntary acquiescence of the liquor dealers than by legal action. But this halcyon situation will not last long without a positive campaign to enforce it. Already there are indications nearly everywhere of a disregard of the law which bodes ill for the future.

This is the most delicate period in the history of prohibition. If this policy is not established now by drastic and consistent enforcement, it will become a joke, disappointing all the friends of prohibition and possibly accomplishing no benefit even for the liquor interests and their friends.

Law is law, and should be obeyed or repealed.

It is also essential that there be a thorough test made of the results of prohibition, for the information of everybody concerned and the guidance of the nation in the future. A dry law half enforced will prove nothing, one way or the other.

Let us have the utmost possible degree of obedience to this war-time law, and to the constitutional amendment that supplants it next January. Then the public will find out for sure whether or not prohibition is the national blessing it was expected to be, and the question will be settled once for all.

CHIEF KLINE AND HIS LATEST BULL.

Chief Kline has issued another "bull." It seems a part of his business. This time he has moved to the rescue of his friend, George Hosler, and turned back to him the money taken from his "whist club" at the time of that magnificent raid that was calculated to make the police famous with the good church folk. He turns it back too notwithstanding that Hosler has pleaded guilty to the charge against him; this further notwithstanding that after entering such plea, being dissatisfied with the fine imposed, he has appealed to the superior court.

That makes the "bull" doubly "bully." Of course, if the stories run true, Hosler did not get back all the money taken at the raid. It was said then to be \$275 that was taken, \$100 of which appeared to have been lost between the "whist club" and the city hall, the amount further dwindling somehow to \$124 by the time it was turned back to the gambler Tuesday. We do not presume to know where the rest of it went; maybe there wasn't any rest, or maybe it just naturally contracted—as did the Zimmer-Dambacher liquor from 125 to 125, and then to 103 cases, in a few days? Anyhow, it appears that "Gambler" Hosler got back \$124 for which the chief has a receipt, which is just as interesting as would be the fact that it had degenerated \$175 to \$124; say by the suction of a bicycle pump—or as the contents of three suitcases carried away under cover of the night.

The legal status of that \$124 is the matter in point, that status being exactly the same as the Zimmer-Dambacher liquor would be if turned back to Zimmer and Dambacher,—only moreso, for Zimmer and Dambacher have never pleaded guilty to anything as yet. Both the Hosler case and the Zimmer-Dambacher case are now in the superior court. Pros. Schwartz might have gone before the superior court and asked for an order to have the evidence against Hosler taken over by the sheriff and brought within the jurisdiction of the court for use at the trial, same as he did in the Zimmer-Dambacher case, but of course, it would have been useless, or might have been; it might have called for another circuit court injunction restraining execution of the order, and maybe another writ of prohibition against the prosecutor and superior court judge from the court of appeals. The city hall is such a safe place, and the chief's hands infinitely so, for the preservation and protection of evidence, you know!

Pros. Schwartz ought to go before the superior court now and ask for an order transferring the Hosler evidence to its jurisdiction, since the appeal—if for no other reason than to see whether Chief Kline would oppose it as he did in the Zimmer-Dambacher case, by making oath that all the evidence taken at the raid was still in his possession, and that no "evidence, money, gambling paraphernalia, liquor or anything else, had ever disappeared from his bastine." It would be interest-

ing to see whether the chief would make that oath again as to the disappearance of liquor—since the recent Miller-Barnhart-Kozorowski-Lovgren-Barnett episodes. Chief Kline has, by his return of that \$124 to George Hosler, deliberately committed an act that will hinder the administration of justice, when his case comes up for trial; an act deliberately committed,—whether calculated for such a hindrance or not.

Hosler has no business with that money, at least until he is acquitted. Having pleaded guilty he stands convicted, until acquitted on the appeal and that money belongs to the state. By turning it over to the defendant he is guilty of misfeasance in office—but of course, that will never attract the attention of the board of safety. The "ranking heads" of the department, Mayor Carson has decreed, must not be disturbed. We half imagine that in recognition of the splendid service rendered the mayor in his mayoralty campaign, Chief Kline could turn the whole city hall over to Hosler, and the morality of it, or the legitimacy of it would not be questioned.

Ah yes, the chief sought the advice, or rather the consent, of the prosecutor and again of his deputy, in advance of turning the money over, and very properly he was told, in the face of past experience, that the evidence being in his hands, it was up to him to take care of it. In matters of disposing of evidence—as in the Barrett and Zimmer-Dambacher cases—Chief Kline has always taken his advice from City Atty. Slick heretofore; would consider none from the prosecutor, even praying injunctions and writs of prohibition, when the prosecutor has undertaken to use judicial pressure.

One might wonder if the city attorney also advised the chief in this instance—it being so in keeping with his apparent counsel in the other cases mentioned. Of course, it would have been much nicer to have had the consent of the prosecutor or his deputy—and the effort to get it may have been just another of those slick tricks, as in the old days, when it was sought to blame the prosecutor when obliged to dismiss cases where evidence had been destroyed, lost, or never obtained.

But anyhow, they have seen to it that Hosler got his money back; money that belongs to the state, pending acquittal, and to be sure that was the administration's main concern. Has the chief the other gambling paraphernalia taken in the Hosler raid? He says he has. He may also, in case the money is demanded by the state, now that the incident has been made public, be able to borrow \$124 from somewhere to produce in court, and swear that he always had it.

It won't be the first thing that chiefs of police have sought to lie out of; even this chief—the "guardian angel" of our public morality. We might also mention in passing that our premises were found in an interview that appeared in the administration organ—so they must be genuine. The chief would never have bragged to us of such lack of responsibility.

THE AMERICAN BUFFALO.

For a time it looked as if the buffalo were destined to vanish from America. The few roaming wild were growing fewer year by year, and the small herds in captivity were decreasing. Then the government took the matter in hand and made a deliberate effort to save the species from extermination.

The first buffalo census was taken in 1889, and at that time only about 500 of the animals were discoverable in the United States. Now, happily, the number is more than 3,000. About two-thirds of these are owned by individuals, but the government owns eight herds, six of them under the direct control of the department of agriculture. The largest of the eight is that one in Yellowstone park which contains about 450 buffalo. The Smithsonian institution has a herd of 18 at Washington, D. C.

Recently provision has been made for lending government animals to municipalities or institutions, or exchanging them. This is because of a surplus of males in some of the government herds. It is hoped that the loan or exchange may result in a greater increase in numbers in the next few years.

Without the American bison our plains could hardly have been traversed, our west won. Not only is a debt due this race, so wastefully handled for so many years, but by preserving it one of the most interesting of historical monuments is kept for posterity. The commercial possibilities in large herds of buffalo are enormous, needless to say, so that there is every reason in the world both of business and of sentiment why our native bison should be preserved.

If the railroad men start a new political party, based on their federal ownership program, it will at least bring a satisfactory show-down on that proposition.

Maybe when the hotels cut out their fancy French menus, they'll also cut out the fancy prices? Or will they charge more for letting patrons know what they're eating?

Other Editors Than Ours

THE HOPE OF THE PROFITEER.

(Detroit News)

There are those who persist in predicting that we are bound to have a war with Japan. If enough of them keep on predicting it often enough and can get others to join them to make it general, why, they might work up a war with Japan.

There are those who believe we will not and should not have a war with Japan. If they can get enough to join their forces to make the jingoes forget war talk, why, there would be no likelihood of a war with Japan.

Did you ever hear anyone give any sort of a reason why we should have war with Japan? Now, that's Shantung.

There are those who are skeptical and want to discount Japan's word that she will deal honorably and return holdings in that peninsula to China.

There were those who were skeptical when we said we would deal honorably with the Cubans and make them self-governing.

Japan makes her declaration now just as earnestly as we made ours. Time will tell with them as it did with us. No one doubts us now.

Meantime if the Jap jingoes can point to American papers and say, "They are talking war over there," and if the American jingoes can point to the Japanese papers and say, "They are talking war over there," why, the munition profiteers will smile.

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More Truth Than Poetry
By James J. Montague

THE OWL.

The Owl that lives in the locust tree,
He hasn't a friend in the world—not he.
In the shelter of night he hides his face,
A cowering figure of black disgrace.
And yet the Owl, in a happier time,
Before he turned to a life of crime,
Could hold his tufted head as high
As any robin that fluttered by.
Clear was his conscience—clear as a bell—
And this is the story of how he fell.

One morning as on his perch he sat
He watched a pilfering, criminal cat
Climbing a tree to a robin's nest.
And—well, it's better to guess the rest.
And the Owl he said to himself, said he,
"If a cat can do it, then why not me?"
(His grammar, you notice was quite absurd.
But the owl was a most uncultured bird).
And that very night I am pained to state,
A robin's baby he stole and ate!

And when in the morning they found him out
(And they proved his guilt beyond a doubt),
The birds came fluttering on his trail
And they tweaked his ears and they pulled his tail.

Till he hid away in a swampy glen,
And never came out in the light again.
And now at the fall of the evening dew,
When you hear him shrieking, "To who? To who?"
As he sits alone on the locust limb,
You'll know what happened to him—to him!
(Copyright, 1919).

The Tower of Babel

By Bill Armstrong

It happened to us like a bolt out of a clear sky. We had just returned from eating a light lunch and we were told a gentleman wished to speak to us. He was attired in a derby hat and neat blue suit, and stuck out his paw at us with the following remark:

"Hello Bill, I'm glad to meet you. I am THE NILES BARBER."

The man that Ring Lardner has made more or less famous around the country by writing about him, has been reading *The Tower for* sometime he informs us, but he still looks practically sane. After a short conversation with Michigan's most famous tinsorial artist, we closed a deal with him involving a great amount of money, the result of which will be regular contributions in this column from his pen.

Like some one getting gay. That's what Bill Armstrong called Jake's shop.

When there, the other day, Heckman's Oliver barber shop, of which South Bend is proud, it's strange to me that they allow Bill Armstrong in the crowd.

But when the Tower of Babel's read of fun and well meant slang, it's easy seen my jolly Bill.

Why you can head the gang. Old top we read your Tower in Niles, D. C.

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See Page 3 for Other Ad.



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