TULSA DAILY WORLD

EVERY MORNING, EVENING AND SUNDAY

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Eugene Lorton.....President and Editor
F. O. Larsen.....Business Manager

Entered in the Tulsa Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

Official County Paper

AVERAGE NET PAID CIRCULATION FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1919. WAS:
21,051

I, F. E. Scott, circulation manager, do hereby swear that the average net paid circulation of the Tulsa Daily and Sunday World for the month of February, 1919, was 21,051 to the best of my knowledge and belief.

F. E. SCOTT,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 28th day of February, 1919.

MABEL KEIM,
Notary Public.

SEAL:
My commission expires October 17, 1921.

TULSA MORNING WORLD
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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Daily Food

God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. 1 John, iv, 16.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

We love him, because he first loved us. 1 John, iv, 19.

HANG ON TO YOUR BONDS.

This paper is in receipt of a request from the federal trade commission asking for the names and addresses of all persons and companies offering speculative or doubtful stocks and securities, particularly if in exchange for Liberty bonds or war savings stamps, with copies of their "literature." A warning is issued against dishonest brokers who offer to purchase Liberty bonds and unpaid coupons in exchange for worthless and untried stocks. Some brokers are willing to buy these bonds and pay cash, but in many instances the discount is so great that the sale, if made, would be a great sacrifice. Offers to lend money on Liberty bonds are frequently made, but in many instances the rate of interest, though made to look reasonable at a casual glance, would eat up the principal in the course of time and leave nothing for the patriotic investor in government securities, but all would go into the maw of the "shark" who preys on the need of the bondholder for ready cash.

The government recognizes the need for a market for Liberty bonds. It also recognizes the fact that in some instances misfortune has overtaken the one who had made an investment in good faith and that he must convert his holding into cash to meet immediate needs. For these reasons the government desires the bondholder to know that Liberty bonds have a well defined market value and that prices are quoted daily in financial centers. In most communities there are reputable dealers who will pay the market price less a small commission. The banks know the ruling prices and they will gladly give the public the market quotation.

Mr. Bondholder, do not let any shark talk you out of your bonds. Beware of stock offers that look like getting rich quick. The sharper lives not so much off the needs of unfortunate people as he does off the longing of all men to get something for almost nothing. Look with suspicion upon an unusually tempting offer. Do not part with your bonds except need demands it. You purchased them in the first place as a means of loaning your money to Uncle Sam. Don't be in a hurry to foreclose, for in doing so you are just about as far from being patriotic as if you had never bought them when they were offered. But above all don't let them go for a song.

A THORN IN THE FLESH.

It is hard to understand how Mr. Wilson calculates that an extra session would have interfered in any way with his peace program at Paris, except the natural distaste a man has for having his work criticised and inspected before the job is finished. There is no way that the president can find to escape a final submission of his league of nations plan and peace treaty to congress for ratification. Sooner or later he must deal with the next congress on this score, and his conduct has done nothing to endear him in its estimation or to secure any more favorable consideration at its hands. The sooner he deals with it the less likely will be later embarrassments and perhaps repudiation. He maintains that the league plan (drawn, he says, by British hands after a rejection of the American plan) is not open to American amendments. Yet Japan and Italy and Australia have all three given formal notice that they intend to present amendments. Therefore, if it be the sense of the next congress (and that body will have the final say) that there should be American amendments, the best time to find it out is now, while other nations are similarly exercising their right of "self-determination."

At the best, the president has seemed to consider congress as a sort of necessary evil. He refused to consult that body before going abroad, although he said in his address that congress might reach him by wireless to ask his advice. He failed to give it any information while the negotiations were in progress. He returned to tell it what he had done, but not to ask for suggestions. And now he refuses to call it in extra session to attend to the pressing business of the nation and enact legislation that is vital to the welfare of the country (our own business must wait until he is back here to direct the course of the government's policy. His whole attitude is that of resentment toward a mysterious providence which has set this vexatious obstacle in his path. Paul had his "thorn in the flesh," but Woodrow has his incorrigible congress.

Personally, says the Lexington Herald, we are in favor of admitting a delegate from the new Irish republic to the council of nations, not on account of the good he may be able to do, but on account of the curiosity a fellow naturally feels to see how an Irishman would behave at a peace conference.

We don't know exactly what Secretary Lansing, Mr. Henry White and Gen. Tasker H. Bliss are doing over yonder unless it is imitating Col. House.

THE RAPE OF THE CLOCK.

In spite of the general sentiment against any further experiments in the way of tampering with established time, next Sunday we again shall put the clocks ahead for the summer and pretend to ourselves a great deal of astuteness because we figure we are cheating Father Time out of an hour each day. Of course we do nothing of the kind, for we have the same number of hours of daylight and darkness we have always had since the morning stars sang together, but it pleases our erratic fancy to think we have gained an advantage. All we do is really to advance our program for each day to the amount of 60 minutes, which we could just as well have done and left the clocks to tick away in their accustomed manner. But some "smart alex" conceived that people could deceive themselves by changing the clocks and time-serving statesmen were found who had so little backbone as to put the absurdity into law.

A strong effort was made last winter to get congress to repeal this act, backed especially by the farmers, who have no advantage to gain by its operation and who suffer much inconvenience thereby; but we all know the story of congressional action in this and many bigger things dying of strangulation, so we are to have another summer of falsified clocks and pretending to ourselves that we have done a good thing. The man who conceived the "daylight saving" scheme must have taken lessons from P. T. Barnum, who is reputed to have said that the American public loved to be humbugged; but the irony of the thing is that he compelled a whole nation to take a part in humbugging itself.

So, while conscientious people may feel humiliated to be classed among the unsophisticated, yet they can console themselves with the thought that they are in good company and plenty of it, for the man who does not set up his timepiece to agree with the majority will acquire a greater reputation for profitless stubbornness than for fidelity to a principle. So let's all give the horologium an extra twist and go on about our business.

Abe Martin

Th' time's comin' when you kin say, "See what th' boys are goin' t' have," an' know that th' bill won't run over forty-five cents. Uneasy lies th' head that's going t' have a couple o' rooms papered this spring.

Oklahoma Outbursts

Tate Brady's idea may be to make Tulsa unsafe for democracy.

We gather from editorial comments that the official organ of the democratic caucus is rather sorry that the democrats triumphed in Tulsa and Tulsa county.

It seems a little strange that the Sand Springs sleuths never discovered the real crookedness in the Tulsa city administration until this talk about going to Spavinaw for better water came up.

Al Cottle, deputy United States Marshal at Muskogee, has sold so many confiscated booze cars that the fraternity undertook to even up matters to some extent by stealing his new Buick roadster Tuesday night.

The announcement that Judge Woodrough of Omaha would hold the April term of the federal court at Tulsa, has caused all the federal employes to dig up their walking shoes and go into active training.

The only possible way you can figure it is that it was some I. W. W. who knew the part played by Judge Lee Daniels in winning the war for democracy, who was mean enough to steal his car the day after he bought it.

Even if McAlester is one of the most patriotic cities in the state, and her entire population turned out en masse, candor compels us to doubt the story that 50,000 people greeted the 11th ammunition train when it arrived in that town this week.

At any rate, Tulsa is the only city that has a man who invites the auto thieves to steal his car, and he is willing to pay $50 to any of the "light fingered" gentry who will get away with it. He figures he will be ahead on his monthly bills if some accommodating thief will relieve him of the responsibility of supporting a car.

Bill Dingley says he is not overly inclined to be jocular but datblast his slats if he can see why anyone should take seriously any attempt to expose official crookedness and lax methods of doing business when the movement is headed by Tate Brady and backed by Charles Page. Bill says he just naturally can't help seeing the funny side of that sort of a situation.

On this joyous occasion we rise to remark that the democrats of Oklahoma are badly in need of consolation. All their "leading" papers are refusing to send flowers or lend a harp. The Oklahoman and Times have bolted the party candidate for mayor of Oklahoma City, the Times-Democrat finds cause for complaint in Muskogee, and the "official organ of the democratic caucus" is daily apologizing for the election of Tulsa county and city democratic officials.

Shap shots from the Dallas News: It has just about gotten so in this country that when a man orders a ham from the grocery store a report gets out that he has struck oil. As a general thing, when the automobile is new the owner goes over it with a toothbrush, and next year he lets the rain groom it. Maybe you also have noticed that when a pretty boy gets to the age where he wants to be handsome it is almost impossible. One of the strangest things in this world is the way millinery that looks like 30 cents sells for $30. Our observation is that after a middleaged man has made about a million dollars he thinks his judgment was first-class in every respect except matrimony. Mrs. Peavish says that one reason why she thinks Mr. Peevish has sold their Liberty bond is because he has bought 10 bottles of hair tonic in the last two weeks.

The Struggle

DISILLUSIONMENT?

Ned's handsome face was radiant. Edith interpreted it as joy at seeing the girl he loved awaiting him pretty on the flower-shaded porch. Her spirit turned wistful as she thought, like a million fond sisters before her, how unworthy was the woman of his choice, how unsuited to him, how transparent her veneer of charm, how shoddy her affection. Yet he could not see it! How blind men are!

Fay Summers decided Ned's radiance must mean he had brought the ring. Oh, how she hoped it was an emerald—she was hinted of emeralds. Maybe it was surrounded by diamonds, or was set between two pearls; emeralds and pearls were so lovely together, and the emerald was her birthstone.

But it was neither sheer joy at seeing his beloved nor the possession of an engagement token in his pocket that lighted Edgar Flowerton's face that sunny afternoon. It was the fact that he had landed a job. Ned had landed jobs before in his roving young life. But no other job had brought him victory of character such as this one had—a triumph over failure, a humbling of false pride, a step toward all by his new-found standards, he desired in life—the payments of his debts, the chance to market his invention. Fay Summers for his wife.

Edith stole unobtrusively from the porch. The sweethearts greeted each other after the manner of sweethearts, and Ned saw no mercenary sharpnes sin the light of his lady's eyes.

"Got something nice to——"

"Don't tell me!" interrupted Fay; "I want to guess! Something—new."

"New—you betcher! Got it less than an hour ago."

"Is it—something I'll like?" Fay thought it must be the ring. She wished he had let her pick it out with him.

"Well, I hope you will, Mousie, for it—it's the real thing in a——"

"Oooooh—an emerald! I bet I've guessed it. You've brought me the ring, Neddies'. * ½ ½ Dhy—what's the matter? What makes you look like that?" For Ned's face had lost its radiance. He was looking down at the pretty butterfly before him with grave eyes and mouth unsmiling.

"No, Fay," he answered slowly. "No. It isn't the ring. It's a job, a real job, to do a man's work, with a million good prospects ahead! Are you glad, little Pussykitten?"

Fay's cheeks burned, then lost their rosiness.

"How much salary?" she asked, twisting a button on Ned's coat.

"Oh, more than I looked for! They're starting me on 22. I'd only expected 20. * * * I'm sorry you're disappointed about the ring, little girl. I was so excited over the job that I didn't think——"

"Oh, there's not a bit of hurry about it, Ned," broke in Fay, trying to mask her eagerness; "next week'll do just exactly as well."

But her hopes went cold at Ned's sober look as he took her by both dimply elbows and searched her evasive eyes.

"I can't buy it for you next week, either, my darling," he said quietly. "I wish I could give you the most splendid emarold that was ever cut, set with creamiest-lustered pearls that ever were born in the sea. But there's only one way I could buy a ring, dar, and that's to go deeper into debt. You'd rather not have me do that, Fay? You wouldn't want me to—would you? * * * Would you?" he repeated with a little shake of her elbows as she delayed replying.

"Why, no—no, of course not, Edgar," she said, startled by his action.

"That's my own brave Kiddie!" he laughed, releasing her with a hug. But something seemed to have gone out of the day for both of them.

(To Be Continued)

Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt

CHAPTER IX

OUTDOORS AND INDOORS

THERE are men who love out-of-doors who yet never open a book; and other men who love books but to whom the great book of nature is a sealed volume, and the lines written therein blurred and illegible. Nevertheless among those men whom I have known the love of books and the love of outdoors, in their highest expressions, have usually gone hand in hand. It is an affectation for the man who is praising outdoors to sneer at books. Usually the keenest appreciation of what is seen in nature is to be found in those who have also profited by the hoarded and recorded wisdom of their fellow-men. Love of outdoor life, love of simple and hardy pastimes, can be gratified by men and women who do not possess large means, and who work hard; and so can love of good books—not of good bindings and of first editions, excellent enough in their way but sheer luxuries—I mean love of reading books, owning them if possible of course, but, if that is not possible, getting them from a circulating library.

Sagamore Hill takes its name from the old Sagamore Mohannis, who, as chief of his little tribe, signed away his rights to the land two centuries and a half ago. The house stands right on the top of the hill, separated by fields and belts of woodland from all other houses, and and looks out over the bay and the sound. We see the sun go down beyond long reaches of land and of water. Many birds dwell in the trees round the house or in the pastures and the woods near by, and of course in winter gulls, loons, and wild fowl frequent the waters of the bay and the sound. We love all the seasons; the snows and bare woods of winter; the rush of growing things and the blossom spray of spring; the yellow grain, the ripening fruits and tasseled corn, and the deep, leafy shades that are heralded by "the green dance of summer," and the sharp fall winds that tear the brilliant banners with which the trees greet the dying year.

The sound is always lovely. In the summer nights we watch it from the piazza, and see the lights of the tall Fall river boats as they steam steadily by. Now and then we spend a day on it, the two of us together in the light rowing skiff, or perhaps with one of the boys to pull an extra pair of oars; we land for lunch at noon under wind-beaten oaks on the edge of a low bluff, or among the wild plum bushes on a spit of white sand, while the sails of the coasting schooners gleam in the sunlight, and the tolling of the bell-buoy comes landward across the waters.

Long Island is not as rich in flowers as the valley of the Hudson. Yet there are many. Early in April there is one hillside near us which glows like a tender flame with the white of the bloodroot. About the same time we find the shy mayflower, the trailing arbutus; and although we rarely pick wild flowers, one member of the household always plucks a little bunch of mayflowers to send to a friend working in Panama, whose soul hungers for the northern spring. Then there are shadblow and delicate anemones, about the time of the cherry blossoms; the brief glory of the apple orchards follows; and then the thronging dogwoods fill the forests with their radiance; and so flowers follow flowers until the spring-time splendor closes with the laurel and the evanescent, honey-sweet locust bloom. The late summer flowers follow, the flaunting lilies, and cardinal flowers, and marshmallows, and pale beach rosemary; and the goldenrod and the asters when the afternoons shorten and we again begin to think of fires in the wide fireplaces.

Most of the birds in our neighborhood are the ordinary home friends of the house and the barn, the wood lot and the pasture; but now and then the species make queer shifts. The cheery quail, alas! are rarely found near us now, and we no longer hear the whip-poor-wills at night. But some birds visit us now which formerly did not. When I was a boy neither the black-throated green warbler nor the purple finch nested around us, nor were bobolinks found in our fields. The black-throated green warbler is now one of our commonest summer warblers; there are plenty of purple finches; and, best of all, the bobolinks are far from infrequent. I had written about these new visitors to John Burroughs, and once when he came out to see me I was able to show them to him.

When I was president, we owned a little house in western Virginia, a delightful house, to us at least, although only a shell of rough boards. We used sometimes to go there in the fall, perhaps at Thanksgiving, and on these occasions we would have quail and rabbits of our own shooting, and once in a while a wild turkey. We also went there in the spring. Of course many of the birds were different from our Long Island friends. There were mocking-birds, the most attractive of all birds, and blue grosbeaks, and cardinals and summer redbirds, instead of scarlet tanagers, and those wonderful singers the Bewick's wrens, and Carolina wrens. All these I was able to how John Burroughs when he came to visit us, although, by the way, he did not appreciate as much as we did one set of inmates of the cottage—the flying squirrels. We loved having the flying squirrels, father and mother and half-grown young, in their nest among the rafters, and at night we slept so soundly that we did not in the last mind the wild gambols of the little fellows through the rooms, even when, as sometimes happened, they would swoop down to the bed and scuttle across it.

One April I went to Yellowstone park, when the snow was still very deep, and I took John Burroughs with me. I wished to show him the big game of the park, the wild creatures that have become so astonishingly tame and tolerant of human presence. In the Yellowstone the animals seem always to behave as one wishes them to! It is always possible to see the sheep and deer and antelope, and also the great herds of elk, which are shyer than the smaller beasts. In April we found the elk weak after the short commons and hard living of winter. Once without much difficulty I regularly rounded up a big band of htem, so that John Burroughs could look at them. I do not think, however, that he cared to see them as much as I did. The birds interested him more, especially a tiny owl the size of a robin which we saw perched on the top of a tree in mid-afternoon entirely uninfluenced by the sun and making a queer noise like a cork being pulled from a bottle. I was rather ashamed to find how much better his eyes were than mine in seeing the birds and grasping their differences.

When wolf-hunting in Texas, and when bear-hunting in Louisiana and Mississippi, I was not only enthralled by the sport, but also by the strange new birds and other creatures, and the trees and flowers I had not known before. By the way, there was one feast at the white house which stands above all others in my memory—even above the time when I lured Joel Chandler Harris thither for a night, a deed in which to triumph, as all who knew that inveterately shy recluse will testify. This was "the bear-hunters' dinner." I had been treated so kindly by my friends on these hunts, and they were such fine fellows, men whom I was so proud to think of as Americans, that I set my heart on having them at a hunters' dinner at the white house. One December I succeeded; there were 29 or 30 of them, all told, as good hunters, as daring riders, as first-class citizens as could be found anywhere; no finer set of guests ever sat at meat in the white house, and among other game on the table was a black bear, itself contributed by one of these same guests.

When I first visited California, it was my good fortune to see the "big trees," the Sequoias, and then to travel down into the Yosemite, with John Muir. Of course of all people in the world he was the one with whom it was best worth while thus to see the Yosemite. He told me that when Emerson came to California he tried to get him to come out and camp with him, for that was the only way in which to see at their best the majesty and charm of the Sierras. But at the time Emerson was getting old and could not go. John Muir met me with a couple of packers and two mules to carry our tent, bedding, and food for a three days' trip. The first night was clear, and we lay down in the darkening aisles of the great sequoia grove. The majestic trunks, beautiful in color and in symmetry, rose round us like the pillars of a mightier cathedral than ever was conceived even by the fervor of the middle ages. Hermit thrushes sang beautifully in the evening, and again, with a burst of wonderful music, at dawn. I was interested and a little surprised to find that, unlike John Burroughs, John Muir cared little for birds or bird songs, and knew little about them. The hermit thrushes meant nothing to him, the trees and the flowers and the cliffs everything. The only birds he noticed or cared for were some that were very conspicuous, such as the water-ousels—always particular favorites of mine too. The second night we camped in a snowstorm, on the edge of the canon walls, under the spreading limbs of a grove of mighty silver firs and next day we went down into the wonderland of the valley itself. I shall always be glad that I was in the Yosemite with John Muir and in the Yellowstone with John Burroughs.

Like most Americans interested in birds and books, I know a good deal about English birds as they appear in books. I know the lark of Shakespeare and Shelley and the Ettrick Shepherd; I know the nightingale of Milton and Keats; I know Wordsworth's cuckoo; I know mavis and merle singing in the merry green wood of the old ballads; I know Jenny Wren and Cock Robin of the nursery books. Therefore I had always much desired to hear the birds in real life; and the opportunity offered in June, 1910, when I spent two or three weeks in England. As I could snatch but a few hours from a very exacting round of pleasures(adn duties, it was necessary for me to be with some companion who could identify both song and singer. In Sir Edward Grey, a keen lover of outdoor life in all its phases, and a delightful companion, who knows the songs and ways of English birds as very few do know them, I found the best possible guide.

We left London on the morning of June 9, 24 hours before I sailed from Southampton. Getting off the train at Basingstoke, we drove to the pretty, smiling valley of the Itchen. Here we tramped for three or four hours, then again drove, this time to the edge of the New Forest, where we first took tea at an inn, and then tramped through the forest to an inn on its other side, at Brockenhurst. At the conclusion of our walk my companion made a list of the birds we had seen, putting an asterisk (*) opposite those which we had heard sing. There were 41 of the former and 23 of the latter, as follows:

*Thrush, *blackbird, *lark, *yellowhammer, *robin, *wren, *golden-crested wren, *goldfinch, *chaffinch, *greenfinch, pied wagtail, sparrow, *dunnock (hedge accentor), missel thrush, starling, rook, jackdaw, *blackcap, *garden warbler, *yellow warbler, *chiffchaff, *wood warbler, tree-creeper, *reed bunting, *sedge warbler, coot water hen, little grebe (dabchick), tufted duck, wood pigeon, stock dove, *turtle dove, peewit, tit (? coal tit), *cuckoo, *nightjar, *swallow, martin, swift, pheasant, partridge.

(To be continued.)

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Little Ben's Notebook

The Park Ave. News.

Weathir. Warmer in the city than the country, being jest as mutch wind but more things to get behind.

Extra! Boy Lost! Some little kid with glasses got lost last Thursday afternoon and started to cry all his mite, and wen peeple asked him ware he lived at and wat his name was, all he could do was cry louder, and nobody hadent found him yet wen the reporter for the Park Ave. News kepp on going on a errand.

Shaiety. Mr. Charles (Puds) Simkins recently discovered he is getting even fatter, discovering it wen he tried to put on a pair of his last yeer pants and they stuck half way. Mr. Simpkins says he dont care how fat he gets as long as gets fat nice and even all over.

Sparts. Benny Potts and his cuzzin Artie Alixander had a contest last Satiddy to see wich one could rite their name the fanciest on Leroy Shoosters back fents with chawk, and wen Leroy Shoosters father came home and saw his back fents he called up both their houses on the telefone and Benny Potts and Artie Alixander spent all Sundey morning getting their names off with wet spunges saying you wouldent think enything that went on so easy would come off so hard.

Intristing Facks About Intristing Peeple. Sam Cross loves to go out wawking in the poring rain, the ony reason he never does being because he aint allowed.

Horoscope

"The stars incline but do not compel."

Friday, March 28, 1919.

Venus and Mercury rule strongly for good today, according to astrology. Saturn is in evil place.

The morning should be favorable for whatever contributes to the lighter and more artistic side of life.

Whatever is sold to women or manufactured for their benefit comes under a lucky sway during this configuration.

Again dress reforms, so long predicted, will be discussed and a return to the more modest and more picturesque modes is foretold.

This is an auspicious government for actors and all who depend on the favor of the public. The summer promises to be more than usually prosperous, as many fetes and outdoor performances are foreshadowed.

Mercury today promises good news concerning world affairs, although there is a sign slightly sinister for leaders in great affairs.

The signing of important documents should be fortunate, but Saturn promises criticism and dissatisfaction on the part of the old.

The stars are held to indicate strongly the cleavage of the old and the new in all matters representing progress.

For months the seers have predicted the uncovering of much cruelty to children, and they foresee that before the end of the summer revelations of abuses will cause a movement to abolish institutional protection for the poor.

In the transition period that follows the war women may suffer indignities and injustices abroad, but they are assured of opening opportunities for betterment.

Persons whose birthdate it is have a troublesome year before them in all probability. Changes and traveling are presaged.

Children born on this day may be clever, industrious and successful, but subjects of Aries often have many troubles in life, especially where women are concerned.

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The Forum

Wants All Night Telegraph Service.

Editor The World:

Will you kindly give publicity to the following through the columns of the World?

Between the hours of four and five o'clock this morning I endeavored to send a message of very urgent nature over the Western Union wires. Called at the main office on East Third street and found same closed. Upon getting in touch with "information" at the telephone exchange to see if there was a sub-station where night wires could be filed, was informed that the one Western Union office closes at 12 o'clock, midnight, and that it is impossible to send a telegram between that hour and 7 o'clock the next morning.

The Western Union is the only telegraph company maintining an office at the point to which I desired to send the message, and that is why I have mentioned that company particularly in the above. It is my understanding that all telegraph companies here follow the same schedule of hours.

It occurs to me that it is an appalling fact that a telegram cannot be sent from Tulsa between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight and 7 o'clock the next morning. It would seem hardly in line with the service expected in a city of this size, and it would not appear to compare favorably with the service rendered by other utilities serving the public.

If it is government regulations that these hours be maintained at the telegraph company's main office, I suggest that an office be established at one of the railway stations—probably the Frisco-Santa Fe, since that is nearest the main part of the city—so that a telegram may be filed and transmitted at any time during the 24-hour period.

Respectfully yours,
BENJ. H. MONTEIUS.

HOHENZOLLERN REFUSES TO PERMIT INTERVIEWS

AMERONGEN, Holland, Wednesday, March 26.—Replying to a renewed request today for an interview, former Emperor William sent this verbal message:

"I am sorry I cannot change my attitude in connection with making a public declaration. The time has not arrived for me to speak."

Numerous inquiries were made here today with regard to rumors that the ex-emperor had paid a visit to Amsterdam yesterday. These rumors were absolutely unfounded. The only person from the castle who has been in Amsterdam recently was Court Marshal von Gontard, who bears some resemblance to Herr Hohenzollern.

GERMAN SHIPS ALLOTTED U. S. BEING PUT TO USE

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The first of the 12 German ships allotted to the United States for bringing troops home has been placed in commission the navy department was advised today. She is the steamer Cleveland. Two other liners, the Patricia and the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria will be put in commission Saturday. The Cap Finistere has arrived at Spithead and four other ships, the Zeppelin, Pretoria, Graf Waldersee and Prince Friedrick Wilhelm have left Hamburg for Spithead.

GREGORY WILL ARRANGE FOR RETURN OF BODIES

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Secretary Baker disclosed today that former Attorney General Gregory, now in Paris with the American peace delegation, is charged with a special mission for the war department in connection with bringing home the bodies of American soldiers who fell in the great war. Secretary Baker now plans to sail for Europe about April 6.

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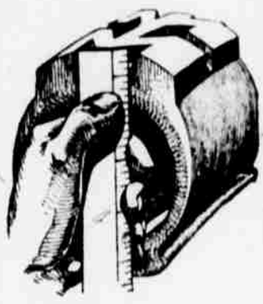

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