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I, E. E. Scott, Circulation Manager, do solemnly swear that the average net paid circulation of the Tulsa Morning and Sunday World for the month of July, 1919, was 21,785 to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. E. SCOTT, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 1st day of August, 1919.
SEAL. MABEL KEIM, Notary Public.

My commission expires October 17, 1921.

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DAILY FOOD

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1919.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2:10.

Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Phil. 4:5.

THE BROTHERHOOD'S DEMANDS.

The demand made upon congress by the three brotherhoods of railway operatives has sent a cold shiver to the heart of industry. Another theory which the doctrinaires have been playing with in the field of academic discussion has suddenly been shifted to the plane of government problems and presented as a concrete legislative proposal.

The railway operatives tell congress that private capital must be disassociated from railway management and earnings; that the government must issue its obligations in payment for the railroad properties and then turn the properties to an operating company that shall divide the earnings with labor and government. Towards the details of the proposition The World proposes to evince the same carelessness as do its proponents. It is to the principle involved that we wish to direct attention.

Shorn of all persiflage and circumlocution this is labor's fixed program for "realizing that larger influence in the control of industry" that Mr. Wilson has said was its due. It means that labor has definitely determined that existing government, that is the whole body politic, shall bond itself for the purpose of acquiring the railroad properties of the nation for the purpose of presenting a one-third interest in those properties to a mere faction of the body politic. In Russia the soviets demand a 100 per cent interest and control in all industrial concerns. In America the railway brotherhoods demand only 33 1-3 per cent. The moderation of the American proposal is manifest.

The matter must be considered very carefully. There are, apparently, a number of reasons why it cannot be accepted. There is the almost unanimous opposition to any form of government ownership. Political agents have demonstrated such an utter lack of courage in dealing with private organizations of great voting strength that we are all suspicious. The people want no more such exhibitions of official impotence as has been staged at the seat of government on various occasions during the last few years.

But the chief reason why the proposition must be eventually rejected is to be discovered in the far reaching effect of the precedent acceptance would establish. For if the principle involved in this matter be given recognition in the railroad controversy, you may rest assured that it will immediately spread to every other branch of industry. There could be no stopping place short of the complete socialization of the entire industrial system.

The coal mines, the steel mills, the cotton mills, oil fields, cattle ranches, publishing establishments—all would be compelled to yield to the precedent.

What congress must see, therefore, is not so much a measure that promises to tranquilize the labor organizations of the railways, but a policy that revolutionizes American industry from top to bottom. And it is in this light that the country must consider the matter and form its opinion accordingly.

THE SHAFFER CASE.

The Shaffer income tax case has been decided by the United States court of appeals. Mr. Shaffer, with all property in Oklahoma, even though he himself resides in Chicago, must respond to the demands of the Oklahoma income tax law.

Mr. Shaffer has made a gallant fight to escape contribution to the public coffers of the state that is custodian of his property and affords it protection, but it looks very much as if he had lost.

Administration papers are running a cartoon showing President Wilson on the road trundling a baby buggy with a kid in it labled "League of Nations." The cartoon is captioned, "Taking the youngster out to meet the folks." But Colonel Owen says it isn't his kid.

THE VULGARITY OF MONEY.

It is vulgar to think of money at all in administering the affairs of a hundred million people. "Dollar diplomacy" has been adequately castigated and laid on the shelf. The modern brand—which is to "agree with thine adversary quickly" even to bequeathing him the coat off your back if that be necessary to keep the peace and his good opinion, is militant and campant.

A proper understanding of this prepares the mind to accept the Washington government's attitude with respect to the German indemnity matter. The president wants no cash from Germany. Mr. Baruch, an administration authority and a political twin of Colonel House, explains to the senate committee that America can have her share of the German money if she wants it. But the gentleman makes the statement in a way that creates the impression that he would not think too well of America if she should avail herself of the opportunity offered.

The contempt the New York speculative shows for the vulgar things of life, such as mere money, presents him in an entirely new light, we may say, without violating the proprieties, in a more favorable light. It shows the possibilities of virtuous associations, for it is reported that Mr. Davidson and Mr. Lamont share his views in this respect.

But the requirements of life are stern and unyielding. However vulgar money may be it occupies an important place in the scheme of existence. Wings are beautiful, to be sure. But until they sprout in the natural course of spiritual evolution they are to be had only in exchange for money, and their use even then is attended by great peril. Gravity is a jealous vixen, and she exacts severe penalties from those who would violate her laws with impunity.

But leaving the realm of rarified idealism the effects of which we are already beginning to feel, and returning to the commonplace plane where we live and move and have our being—Since we were forced into a war of self defense by a power-mad nation and compelled to expend billions of dollars to bring that nation to its sense, what is there culpable in requiring that nation to reimburse us to the extent of its ability?

If you burn your neighbor's house a just court does not remit your obligation to make good the loss to the extent of your ability simply because you have been punished as a felon.

The Ardmoreite says of the senatorial situation:

The situation as to candidates for the Gore seat thickens or clarifies, as might put it. Gore, McAdams and Freeling are the avowed candidates. Unavowed, but eager, is a host of aspirants. The race is to the swift.

The esteemed Ardmoreite sidesteps neatly. It has a pretty good idea of who is the "swift" of that bunch, but it does not deem it expedient to say so.

Norman Watson queries: Shall hubby take to the alf? It all depends on how badly hubby wants to get away.

The editors of the cotton belt love Henry Allen of Kansas just like W. W. loves Jim Reed.

OKLAHOMA OUTBURSTS

By OTIS LORTON

The mayor's order to cut the weeds developed an alarming shortage of labor in McAlester.

The trouble with the man whose life is an open book, observes the Oklahoma City Times, is that the volume is such uninteresting reading.

Having "kept us out of war" until after the election, the president now seems bent on keeping up a continuous disturbance of the peace.

The failure of the judgment of the arbitration board to stick in Muskogee was probably because it was so much like some of those Muskogee-made marriages.

A Tennessee editor has been sent to jail for expressing his views on southern politics. He did not know, it seems, that there is no open season for southern politicians.

If the manufacturer who used to be content with five per cent profit, now takes 20 and wants 40, and the retailer distributes the goods to the consumer at a profit of from 75 to 140 per cent, where is the profiteer?

The chances are, says the paragrapher on the Chandler News-Publicist, who has probably been stung himself, that the soldier who lost his girl while he was away in France lost something that wasn't worth much anyhow.

Still, says the Kansas City Star, watering the lawn or staking the tomato plants is sometimes a good way for a man to get out of being dragged away to call on friends who don't want you to call any more than you want to go.

A red, white and blue bouquet from the Shawnee News. Tulsa axses to remark that few citizens of that city are availing themselves of the privilege to write letters to friends in Russland. And someone said it took extra help to handle the German bound mail from Oklahoma City when the embargo was first lifted. But that's nothing. Tulsa took a fifth of every fund and drive during the war, so they tell you, and being patriotic with them seems to have become a fixed habit.

"Bill" Is All Swelled Up.

"Dere Editor:

Feel kinda swelled up
* * * * * *
Five-inch double column
* * * * * *
You sure treated me handsome
* * * * * *
So you told Lee Levering
* * * * * *
About his winter suit photo-gravure;
* * * * * *
Stumped him, eh
* * * * * *
Paw says it's to hot to work
* * * * * *
But the milk and ice man
* * * * * *
Show up regular, and Maw says
* * * * * *
Dad slip me a quarter
* * * * * *
So I've got to work
* * * * * *
To bring in the "bim."
* * * * * *
I notice a Great Harvest sale
* * * * * *
Smells like hay
* * * * * *
How I surged my baby longer
* * * * * *
Information for the inebriate
* * * * * *
To make a half pint last longer:
* * * * * *
Do you get what you pay for
* * * * * *
Have a heap please
* * * * * *
Thanks for the space
* * * * * *
I'll shoot you some "real stuff" tomorrow:
* * * * * *

Cordially yours,
"BILL."

There's a New Kick in "The Old Oaken Bucket."

BAROMETER OF PUBLIC OPINION

A Hope.

In these striking times of industrial unrest, when labor is discovering its strength, it is to be hoped that wisdom will also be given it to discover some of its weaknesses.—Boston Transcript.

Should Be Well Lathered.

Carranza looks like a man who had beaten the barber out of about 1,300 shaves. What he should have now is a mighty close one.—Los Angeles Times.

The Vicious Circle.

With respect to prices we are still travelling around a vicious circle; one boost leads to another boost with no just gain to anybody. The consequences of this frenzied group competition are not removable by the government, no matter who makes the demands and no matter how voluble are hypocritical promises of the politicians to find and apply a remedy.—New York Tribune.

Money for Enforcement.

The superintendent of the New York branch of the Anti-Saloon league says that engine of virtue is going to raise five times as much money as has ever been collected to speed prohibition. Possibly the canny sellers of nonintoxicating drink, charmed to combine business with a great moral movement, will subscribe liberally to the fund. To the unregenerate, however, it seems a little odder that prohibition triumphant should be five times as expensive as prohibition struggling for triumph.—New York Times.

Better Service Now.

The telegraph and telephone companies can no longer hide behind government control. They should not need to be reminded of that fact. Federal administration of the wire system has been a good enough excuse during the last year, but it will no longer be accepted. The time has arrived when the question of better service must be answered. It can no longer be evaded or postponed on the pretext that the companies are not free agents or are subject to a higher authority.—New York World.

Shantung Outrage.

But whatever may be said or thought of Japan's readiness to seize the main chance and profit nationally at the expense of wronged China, what is being thought or said of the wrong to our own government and people if the president who has assumed to act at Paris in the name of our government and people shall have brought in fact, for his own purpose, on China a cruel wrong and on our government and people the scarcely less cruel responsibility for the consummation of the outrage?—New York Sun.

Folly of Strikes.

It is unpalatable to accuse the masses simply to gain political advantage. It is folly to encourage strikes against the high cost of living when every successful strike followed by their higher wages means higher cost of living for all. Profiteering as the result of monopoly can be adequately dealt with by law and profiteers punished, but prices can never be permanently lowered by legislation, resolutions or strikes for higher wages. The situation will in time correct itself if production is maintained at the maximum level.—New York Herald.

The Need of Today.

Remember that the economic effects of the war will stay with us perhaps for a long time. We shall not shake them off until Europe is restored as a producer of food and all other forms of wealth. Half the civilized world cannot suddenly go broke" and be idle and nonexistent without affecting the other half. The quickest way back to plenty is for the other half to be economical in its living, instead of riotously extravagant, or lean all in vain in the half that is down and out, and for every body everywhere to go to work and work like hell off. That isn't pretty medicine with much of the modern sweetness, but, old-fashioned as it is it alone stands the test of the world's experience. There never was so much need as today of the gospel of hard work, thrift and help your neighbor.—Springfield Republican.

An Unthinking Cry.

"To hell with the public!" This was the cry of the car men in Chicago voting to strike. Effrontery used to be thought to have reached its acme in "The public be damned!" But that was the reputed utterance of a railway magnate. Now the Wacle has swung full and it is the workingmen who do not care a straw if their action causes public inconvenience or even suffering. Monopolistic arrogance has thus touched bottom. Of course, it was an unthinking cry heard in Chicago. It really would mean: "To hell with all of us!" And to that sulphurous destination we should all be bound if some men could have their way.—New York Evening Post.

MY HUSBAND AND I

by Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XCVII

"Oh, you were wonderful last night!" Muriel Franklyn exclaimed the next morning when she brought Edith home. "It was the loveliest party and that Mr. Mayson is fine. He thinks you are pretty nice, too."

"Nonsense!" I returned, but blushing at her last remark, "I am so glad you liked it. Did you have a really good time? I was so busy I hadn't time to notice."

"Indeed I did! Trust me to have a good time at such a party." And oh, Mildred! doesn't Mr. Mayson dance fine?" And

"Yes, he is a good dancer, but not nearly as good as Leonard," I interrupted unthinking.

"Still true to your first love," she joked. "By the way, Mildred, Leonard didn't look nor act very happy. What ailed him, and what made him go home so early?"

"How do I know?" I parried, trying very hard to look innocent and failing. "I'm not his mother confessor."

Muriel Jokes About Leonard Befooke.

"Are you sure he wouldn't be pleased to have you?" she asked mischeviously. Then, "Joking aside, Mildred, Leonard Brooke is desperately in love with you. Any one with half an eye can see it. I hadn't thought of it before, but I believe he was jealous of the attention Mr. Mayson paid you, and that was the reason he left so early. Why, I didn't dance with him at all and he always asks me. Fie, fie, Mildred; how can you be so cruel?" and she laughed heartily.

"What nonsense, Muriel! How in the world can you think Leonard jealous of Mr. Mayson? You might as well talk of his being jealous of Clifford. I'm married, and they all know it, so don't talk foolishness."

I talked right heatively, but all the time I had a sort of feeling that Muriel was right, that Leonard Brooke was desperately in love with me, as she had said. I knew that he had been jealous of Burns Mayson, and that his jealousy had been the cause of his running away so early. But I had no intention of admitting any part of this even to Muriel. I would laugh at Leonard for a silly boy the next time I saw him, and as for Burns Mayson, he would soon be going home, and I might never see him again.

"I guess my guess if some are not very sorry you are married," Muriel replied. "And I should think Mr. Hammond would be awfully worried and jealous when he sees how popular you are. He's so much older," she added apologetically. "I know Burton would be wild, if anyone paid me one-half the attention those two men give you. Really, he would."

"Do stop talking such utter nonsense, Muriel. I'm an old married woman, and they all know it!"

Mildred Tells of Her Love for Clifford.

"Of course they know it, but that doesn't prove it discourages them," Muriel said, a cynical tone unusual in her voice.

"How silly you are, Muriel! If Clifford thought me attractive enough to be dangerous he probably would be jealous too. But you see, I am young and uninteresting," a tide of the bitterness I felt crept into my voice in spite of my effort to speak carelessly, "and unfashionable enough to be in love with my husband."

"Yes, I believe you really are," Muriel said slowly, "else your head would be turned by the attention you receive. I heard my mother say once that nothing so safeguarded a woman as to be really and truly in love with her husband. I guess she was right. It's a pity more aren't protected in that way. Just the same, my dear, those two men, Burns Mayson and Leonard Brooke, are both wild over you. I hope they won't make you any trouble."

"Do be sensible, Muriel!" I exclaimed, exasperated by her continuous references to them. "They are both charming fellows, but neither is anything in the least to me, save a good friend."

Tomorrow—Mildred Decides to Warn Leonard Brooke.

ABE MARTIN

Maybe you would make dandy alarm clocks if you knew what time it was when they pass th' house. "Well, we still have women an' song, but who wants t' sing?" asked Tell Buckler yesterday.

Distance, of Years, Very Often Lends Enchantment.

BY NORA COLE SKINNER

We haven't changed a particle, this modern generation of ours. We still make fun of the old folks when they tell us the moon shone brighter back in the old states "befo' the war," and the watermelons were juicier, and the potatoes were bigger and sweeter—but we're just like them.

I read this again the other day. It's meant to be funny, but it's mighty close on the heels of tragedy:

"It looks as if Jones is better satisfied with his wife."

"Yes, he is. You see, he went back and saw the girl he has been dreaming of for the past 20 years."

Twenty years mooned away in sentimental nonsense. Not wholly dissatisfied with the wife of his bosom, but unconsciously comparing that wife with the fresh, rosy cheeked girl he used to go with before he met her. Comparing the other's looks, her disposition, her witty, flippant repartee, her audacity or her demure, engaging glance. Remembering her soft white hands, her trim figure, her gayety and her comehither smile.

When two people have been married eight or ten years, and have acquired three or four children, they don't feel a thrill like a radio transmission passing through their entire system when their hands accidentally touch on the wheel of their car, or in the dark at the movies. Mooning away, he can easily recall the trickling little spasms that affected his spinal column when the girl he used to go with grabbed the lines of their favorite livery horse when the first automobile in town hove in sight, or reached for the paddle of their canoe—and his hand came in contact with hers.

Ah, his wife had done the best she could in her way, no doubt, and she had made a good mother for the kiddies, but as for him, he needed more than the pretty things of life. He had assuredly missed something of the higher yearnings that he was peculiarly attuned to. Who knows but what he made a mistake when he chose the one he did in place of the girl of the long ago.

Turn over. You're snoring.

It would do us all good if we could see the objects now that we "kept company" with when we were 18, 20 and 25. We'd thank our stars for Susie and the kids, or John and his bald spot—as the case might be. The gilt-edge of double harness wears off after a few years when rough places have been got over with many a tiff and scowl, and the children have been pulled through whooping cough, measles and mumps. Husband and wife are left limp as a rag, and with about as much of that desirable "unknown quantity" toward each other that acts as a stimulant to a masculine varietist as a pair of deuces.

But think again. You and that old sweetheart of yours couldn't buggy-ride or canoe the rest of your days, and were your hand to meet hers in the movies tonight, you'd probably think you'd collided with the knotty rought fingers of a Bridget from somebody's kitchen, or the squashy fat paw of some boarding-house keeper of your bachelor days.

"Folks like to rave about
First Love—how sweet it is
but O—
Folks seldom wed first love,
And that's why they cap drivel so."

The thing we didn't get in life makes an alluring picture in retrospect, but if it were possible for us to rub it against the same folks that have tried the cider-vinegar years, troubles, and ordinarily run the perspective, and that Susie and John show up fairly well in comparison with Rosalie and that "traveling salesman who used to wear such good clothes."

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

Pop was shaving his face in front of the bath room mirror, the mornin' and I got thru washin' mine and started to dry it and look at pop shaving. Wat would happen if you tried to shave without any lather, pop?

I should render myself very unhappy, to say the least, sed pop.

And he kepp on shaving his face and I sed, well if you had to take your choice, wich would you do without the lather or the razor, pop?

The razor, sez the lather. O I don know, it seems to me you are choosing a very bad time to ask foolish questions, sed pop.

And he kepp on twisting different parts of his face different ways to shave them and I sed, if you didn't shave yourself for about a week, pop, do you think it would make much differents?

Yes, sertenly it would, sez pop, you'll be getting me mixed in a minute, sez pop.

And he made his neck like a imitation of a turtle and started to shave it, and I sed, how much differents do yo thinks it would make, pop?

O about 50 yards, how the fleas do I know—wat did I ask foolish telling you about asking foolish questions wile I'm shaving? sez pop.

Wouldn't they sound as foolish if you weren't shaving, pop? I sed.

If yours thru is how I feel it, sez pop. Meaning he wanted me to go out, and he kepp on shaving his neck and I sed, How is it you handle razors without cutting yourself, pop?

With jest then pop hand slipped and he cut his neck saying, There, bhust it, see wat you did? Now go out of beer before you fall out.

Meaning he would run me out if I dident get out by myself. Wich I did.

HOROSCOPE

"The stars incline but do not compel."
Friday, August 8, 1919.
(Copyright, 1919, by McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

This is read by astrologers as a rarely lucky day, for Jupiter and Uranus dominate in a strongly benefic aspect.

It is a rule under which to make success in buying and selling Manufacturing and commercial interests are well directed.

While Jupiter promises much to those who trade, Uranus is in a place supposed to insure clear vision and wise initiative.

Inventions have the best possible government of the stars. Airships and aerial navigation, about which astrologers have predicted much that has come true, will assume great practical uses within the year, the seers declare. One of the adaptations will effect the Rocky mountain regions most fortunately.

The stars promise much to manufacturers and there appears to be a likelihood that the Pacific coast will add many new industries.

Forecasts up to the end of the year seem to show trouble in political affairs. This is not confined to the United States, but will affect Great Britain also.

A violent hurricane in the Pacific is predicted for the autumn.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a fortunate year which will bring travel and change.

Children born on this day are likely to be original and inventive. The subjects of Leo are usually successful. They should be forceful, industrious and endowed with power of concentration.

The Home That Lacks Music

Misses Its Greatest Joy

What a pleasure—what a blessing—to spend the evening at home with the family, singing the songs one loves and hearing the old tunes and melodies. If you cannot do this, you miss the greatest joys that one possibly can have and

You Need a Piano or Pianola

Call at once and allow us to show you some of the beautiful Pianos anr Pianolas that we have here on our floors—and when we explain to you the Jenkins Thrift Plan, that plan which has really helped thousands to own a Piano—and bless them with the greatest joy—music in the home.

If You Can't Call, Write

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