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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, as shown by the books of the company, was as follows 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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AN APPRECIATION AND A PROTEST

Anent a recent editorial in these columns several Oklahoma papers have been kind enough to comment more or less favorably. The following from the Bartlesville Examiner is fairly indicative of the whole:

With the state of mind prevailing in the ranks of the organization republicans that prevails in Oklahoma any suggestion looking to a compromise of a constructive nature is worthy of attention. The Tulsa World suggests that Jake Hamon seek the state chairmanship and do the things Hamon suggests for Oklahoma that is more nearly possible as state chairman than as national committeeman before asking for the national committeemanship. The World also suggests that in the future the national committeemanship either be limited to one term or uncontested for the second term if the incumbent had not utterly failed.

The editorial in The World is subject to the criticism that it comes from a McGraw organ that would in this way sidetrack Hamon in the present campaign. It may be taken to be anything but an honest and sincere effort to find a way out of the perpetual republican organization muddle . . . The Examiner is not disposed to be captious. It believes The World editorial indicates a sensing of the negds of the party that will encourage those who have about despaired of getting results in Oklahoma and it may lead to discussion that in turn may lead to wise counsel and wise decision in regard to the leadership of the party in the state.

We appreciate the acknowledgment that our suggestion was good, but we protest vigorously at the ungenerous fling. "It may be taken as anything but an honest, sincere effort to find a way out of the perpetual republican organization muddle."

It is an "honest and sincere effort" to do just that—an effort untinged with the slightest interest in any other thing than the welfare of the republican cause in Oklahoma. And the disposition of the Examiner and others, to read into it some ulterior motive is an exhibition of the spirit that has long been rampant in republican circles in this state, and that discourages "sincere, honest" effort almost at birth.

If there remains any question concerning the sincerity of The World on this subject, let it be challenged to support any genuine movement in the direction indicated.

THE FARMERS COMPLAIN

Various farmer organizations are complaining vigorously at the high prices they are compelled to pay. Excessive prices affect the farmer, of course, precisely as they affect all other classes. But there are a few things the farmer should understand.

For instance: The cotton grower of southern Oklahoma must understand that he cannot sell 30-cent cotton and then purchase 5-cent calico. The farmer cannot sell pork on the hoof for 22 cents a pound and lay in his supply of bacon at 10 cents a pound. It is humanly impossible to make $3 flour out of $2 wheat. The 15-cent beefsteak must remain a pleasant memory so long as corn is selling around $2 a bushel, and the fifteen-dollar-a-month farm hand of the good old days is very properly supplanted by the sixty-dollar-a-month farm hand.

There are farmers who will drive to town with a load of produce and sell it at prices above anything their dreams ever painted, then go to dinner in a cafe and storm for a week because they had to pay 15 cents for an order of tomatoes and 50 cents for an order of fried chicken.

No one grudges the farmer his prosperity. All too long has he had the short end of the windfallers. But he along with all other classes must understand that it is impossible to sell high and purchase low on the same market.

A THREATENING BUGABOO

The German company in Congress has been hauled from the closet and thrust before us again. Congressman Heflin, of Alabama, is the gentleman who has brought the skeleton out timely before the public.

In a speech in the house the other day the Alabama congressman made a speech for the league of nations in which he solemnly warned the public that the hate against the league of nations was pro-German and was being financed by the munition manufacturers of America.

"The camp fire of some men in Germany glimmers sometimes in genius," said Congressman Heflin, of Alabama, "and I believe that the man who during the war in burning every sentiment of the president as German propaganda was a traitor to his country.

Now that the search is on there should be no dodgers.

HIGH COST OF DOING BUSINESS.

We should not be misled entirely by self interest in considering the high cost of living. There is also the high cost of doing business. We complain at what to us seems the excessive cost of articles of food and clothing. The retailer says the jobber is to blame, the jobber says it is the manufacturer and the manufacturer says the retailer. There you are.

Without an abstract treating the wide difference between the cost of living today and pre-war times we find it fairly well spread over the whole commercial fabric. Labor is receiving more, the producer is receiving more, the manufacturer is receiving more, the jobber is receiving more and the retailer is receiving more.

Each has his problem peculiar to his own viewpoint. The producer is taking greater profits. That is true. But only a thorough investigation can determine whether these profits are out of proportion to the whole fabric. He is paying about twice as much for his bulls. Twice as much for his cows, twice as much for his sight, feed, labor, fertilizer and so on. And about twice as much for his stock. In addition he has a long list of items to pay—all of them vastly greater than ever before.

It is almost as easy to get into a commercial business today as it ever was. But it is vastly more difficult to stay in and show a profit. We have all gone up together and we must all come down together when we finally do come down. If we are to come down in an orderly, safe way. Any attempt at ignoring of the fundamental laws of business may bring the superstructure down with a crash so severe that it would prove a tragedy.

DIPLOMACY—MEXICO AND COLOMBIA

Uncle Washington's government latest note to Mexico is not numbered. We presume it runk into the hundreds. In our fraternal desire to discover some justification for a diplomacy that baffles all understanding, we at last turned from profane history to sacred and were rewarded. We find in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, the Nazarene, delivering his sermon on the mount, and read:

But I say unto you that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away.

We have turned the left cheek to Mexico. We have lost both coat and cloak to Mexico. We have gone not merely twain miles with Mexico, but a hundred and twain and we are still going. So much for Mexico.

Colombia comes asking, and still following the admonitions of the Man of Galilee, we are about to give the $25,000,000 that she asks. But if it be the impossible purpose to apply the precepts of a spiritual being to secular and material world, what must we do with this?

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man.

Christ's admonition to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's" rings down the ages as the divine recognition of the line of demarcation between church and state. Let it be observed. A constant effort to attain spiritual perfection in the one, principles of stern Mosaic justice for the other.

The charge that opposition to the league is being financed by big business is so diametrically opposed to the facts that even Heflin of Alabama ought to know better. The charge has been made in high quarters that the international bankers, among whom stand the munition makers, are the strongest advocates of the league. Weeks ago Senator Knox and Senator Brandegee stated on the floor of the senate that the great financial interests were seeking to coerce them into supporting the league, but that they would not be coerced. Practically every senator who has taken an outstanding position against the league took his political life in his hands. He believed that his position would be finally sustained by a sober and enlightened public opinion, but at the time he realized that sentiment was against him. He was impelled to oppose the league by motives of as pure patriotism as ever existed.

Mr. Heflin of Alabama knows all this. But now that public opinion is swinging irresistibly against the covenant, argument being no longer of avail, he must, true to his ideas of statesmanship, impugn the motives and besmirch the character of his opponents.

Popular government will endure. But it will be in spite of the Heflins, not because of any service they render.

"WAR ON RATS"

Isadore Mellihora, an old-time Kentucky friend of E. I. Crossland, offers the following: poetical suggestion upon the proclamation of Governor Robertson of "war on rats."

While the Chiefs of many Nations
In the World's Peace conference sat,
Oklahoma's High Chief Majestrate
Swore vengeance on the RAT.

And when at last the Peace was signed,
Thought we knew where we were AT,
A State of War," the Governor says
Exists against the RAT.

So now, says he, relentless draft
Just fling and think of that!
To arms again, and fight the foe
And this time, the D—n RAT.

In Proclamation Bold, says he:
"We must prepare to fight,
ON EQUAL TERMS" this war shall be
We must preserve the RIGHT.

"FOR RAT too long, says he, "has shown
No great regard for RIGHT;
"This WAR too long has been delayed
"WE MUST PREPARE AND FIGHT."

We know at once the STRUGGLE
Will be both fierce and long;
Thrice Armed is HE, who's in the RIGHT,
THE RAT is in the WRONG.

We only offer to suggest
That rather HE might to take
Lessons in the FIGHT HE MUST have
Should some MIGHTY make

TODAY, to effective Good HE have
Devoted his stand pat
To help him in this glorious cause
As Campbell Russell's CAT?

BAROMETER OF PUBLIC OPINION

Johnson as Governor.

In the city reads that Hiram W. Johnson was governor of the state he gave to California.

A business administration, which was generous to honest business, severe with dishonest schemers, a friend of all worthy labor, was and is a two-fisted fighter for the rights of the people.

A railroad commission which made the corporations the servants of the state and not the masters, and yet which was so fair with the corporations that business as well as labor in California is practically unanimous for Johnson for president.

The initiative, referendum and recall.

A state highway commission, under which California has today the best roads in the union—roads which will be wonderfully extended and improved when she spends the $40,000,000 additional she has just voted.

Laws to protect women and children in their toil.

Woman suffrage.

A blue sky law to guard the people against frauds and impositions by corporation schemers.

A pure food law to protect the public health and prevent frauds and imposition.

An employers' liability and workmen's compensation act which has been a boon to workmen and at the same time a benefit to employers.

An eight hour law for women and girl workers.

A state board of control by which hundreds of thousands of dollars have annually been saved to the state, and the government made much more efficient, modern and popular.

A direct primary law wrecking control of party conventions from the hands of bosses and private interests and making the judiciary nonpartisan.

Reformation of the ballot to prevent corruption and secure individual freedom and independence at the polls.

A civil service system which has worked tremendously good in the public service.

Free text books in the public schools.

Elimination of the pass check evil, and inauguration of at least semi-monthly payments to labor.

Improvement of labor and housing conditions on farms and ranches through the activity of the state immigration and housing committee.

Pensions for retired school teachers.

Eight hour law for underground miners.

Full train crew law.

Pensions for widows.

Model weights and measures act which protects producers and consumers alike against false weights and false measures.

These are some of the many things Hiram Johnson did to make California the most advanced state in the union.

And it should also be remembered that after doing all this—after the wonderful improvements and reforms and humanitarian work accomplished in California—he transformed a bankrupt state into one with an overflowing treasury.

In January, 1911, when Hiram W. Johnson became governor of California, the state treasury had a deficit of $263,000.

Six years later, when he became United States senator, the same treasury contained a surplus of $4,200,000.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

CHAPTER CVI

"What shall I play?" Leonard asked as he seated himself at the piano.

"Chopin," I replied. "His fairy music always soothes me."

Leonard was not a great musician. "He lacked technique," some said, but he played delicately, with a great deal of feeling. I remembered, as I closed my eyes and listened, that Muriel had once called his playing "appealing." That was the right word, I thought, appealing. So now as he played that loveliest of all music to me, I relaxed, I rested, and I admired both the man and his talent.

It was a dangerous thing to do. Especially dangerous for me at that time.

Wrapped in my thoughts, lazily listening to the music, I was startled when Leonard abruptly stopped playing, and, wheeling about, said:

"A nickel for your thoughts, M—Mrs. Hammond."

"I thought a penny was the usual price," I laughed, "and they are not worth even that."

He had started to call me Mildred and caught himself just in time. I wished he would call me by my name. Mrs. Hammond sounded so cold, so unfriendly for people so near the same age.

An Invitation to Ride.

"I am afraid I have tiered you," he said as he rose from the piano. "I'll go now."

"Indeed, you haven't tired me, just the opposite. I haven't felt so rested for a long time." I told him truthfully. "I must get at my practise again."

"That's right, do! I'll send you some new songs, if I may. But you look as if you needed outdoors more than music." For the first time he referred to my appearance. "I will take you and Edith for a spin out into the country in the morning. If you will go. We'll ask Muriel, too," he added.

I knew very well that he had included Muriel as an added inducement for me to consent. No one could gossip if Muriel and Edith were along. And since I had been criticised for riding with Burns Masson I had not been out.

"I shall be delighted to go," I told him, "and Edith loves it, too. The doctor said to keep her outdoors so I am sure he wouldn't object."

"I'll call for you at 10 o'clock," and again he held both my hands as he had when he came.

A Comparison

How kind Leonard Brooke was, how thoughtful! Of course, I knew that Curford would gladly send a car for Edith and for me to ride, but he wouldn't go himself, not even on Sunday. I had opposed his owning a car, as he cared nothing for driving unless he were almost racing. But I should have loved an occasional ride with a careful driver, had he been with us. But like many other things I never mentioned it to him. He spent his time with others. That thought was always in my mind—that he was with others.

All the afternoon, and then again all the evening which I spent alone, I thought of Leonard Brooke. What a charming companion! how delightfully he entertained me. And this time when I uncomfortably found myself wondering, almost wishing I had married a young man—like him. I did not put an embargo on my thoughts as I always had done in the past, but dwelt on the pleasure which might have been mine had I done so.

Again I was doing a dangerous thing.

I did not reply, but long after he slept I wondered if Leonard Brooke would leave his wife alone all night, then find fault because she couldn't sleep.

Tomorrow—A Slight Accident.

Now Is the Time for Youth to Decide

—BY—

NORA COLE SKINNER

One more month 'till school, and the serious minded boy or girl who has held down a job all summer must decide whether to return to books or stay with the pay check.

Hard times knocking at the door has caused all the family to hustle out and help chase the wolf off. Jim's $12 a week was a help and Mary's Saturday night money more than paid for her clothes. It's a serious proposition. They've both been offered a raise if they'll be permanent, and what good will a year or two more in school do anyway—they've had more now than their pa or ma ever got.

Yes, it is a serious question. It's a place in life where many make their big mistake—the mistake that settles forever just how high on the ladder of success they can climb. It is a temptation always—it looks like a necessity this particular year. A big salary for a boy or girl of such an age, ah, yes—but it ought to be big. It is and never to be any bigger. There is no room at the top for the uneducated boy. He stays close to that "good salary" he got when he was 14.

Time and again you have had a clean looking fellow with intelligent eyes and a good face call at your door "collecting" or selling some ordinary household command. It—an agent. And you wondered why he was not in his own office with stenographers about or in the court room pleading a case or at a sick bed diagnosing a disease. Wondered that is, until he talked, and the two negatives gave him away, or he let slip that hurter of hurters "I seen," or "I done." Sometimes it's a lovely girl who brings your "coke" at the confectionery, or sells you ribbon and thread at 25 cents a fourth of a yard, and you wonder why she is not private secretary in some house of finance, or like Mary King, Sunday editor of the Chicago Tribune. But, she opens her pretty lips and lets fall a sentence crammed with grammatical errors—and you know. It settles her marriage status too, for beautiful and good as she may be, a young man who is educated, and whose people are educated, seldom marries a girl who butchers the king's English.

You can point to "self-made men" men who have made their millions, who have become famous as discoverers, inventors, merchants, professional men, men who have become presidents, and yet the exceptions are astounding. They are such cases. They are the exceptions, and they rose despite the handicap, not because of it. The road of life is a good one, but it requires that its pilgrims be of strong stuff than most of us are made of.

Brawn extras more than brain when the two are young. There's the pitfall. But, when you come to think about it, that is nothing but fair, for brawn will never make any more. He starts at his best and rises little brain is at lowest ebb but the world is before him.

The battle fields of France teach more than one lesson. Men there performed unprecedented acts of heroism—and were promoted no higher than sergeants. They displayed leadership, showed themselves to be brave as a lion, were given every honor to be bestowed by the allied governments and decorated with medals that generals wear with pride—but they could not be made commissioned officers. They lacked education. They were familiar with the book of life, but the "three R's" were as a foreign language.

Sergeant Alvin York, "the greatest hero of the world war," has perhaps recognized the handicap, and today, rejecting huge offers to appear on the stage and in the movies, starts forth to devote himself to furthering the education of young people of the mountain sections of Tennessee, and will obtain funds to establish "York University" by touring the country and lecturing on his life and his share in the world war. Man among men, Sergeant York knows the limitations set by an uneducated mind and will help others to obtain that which was denied him.

There are not many boys and girls who by sacrifice cannot be kept in school. It is selling out for a miserable mess of pottage to let the chance that may so big go by the gate in the fall. He will never cease to regret it.

ABE MARTIN

Old Rip Jones, 11 years old, and Miss Lizzie High, 10, who has been married twice, claim that he'd been married a month. Where we come in on this feller that used to get shaved free I read in Pulpit Hetty?

A Chance to Live

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION.

Annie read in newspapers the stories of a famous public nurse who tipped large families, seven, where there was no chance of the parents maintaining them in the essentials of life and health. What could such people know of the feelings of a woman who spends by motherhood, yet suffers from it almost as from deliberate crime?

Annie felt that she and Bernie and Bobbie and the new little one would not starve. People didn't often starve to death in New York. For you could go to the "charities" and if you lived through the delay of investigation and measured up to all the moral standards of their code you would be fed. You could write to a newspaper if you were in impressively desperate need, and be relieved more quickly.

And there were police stations and the Salvation Army and missions and places like that. You just starved a little bit all the time. But that was not the point. The point was that she did not want to get that far down. She wanted to be free and independent to work and buy her honest way along. Why should the chances for help exist after you fell into trouble, instead of before? She hid her face in the baby's velvety neck and tried to force herself to think sanely. She must keep her head and not get panicky.

There was housework to finish and Bernie to visit at the hospital (the folks of Stuyvesant square did not have to send their sick to free wards in hospitals), and her marketing to do. Brooding would accomplish nothing but harm. The wholesome course was through action, and characteristically Annie took it.

She got up from her rocking chair, put Bobbie on the bed and stirred about. There was relief in mere movement, the commonplace motions that "got something done." Things were not at the lowest yet. She still had a few dollars in her purse from the pay Bernard's boss had sent. She had eked out the rent for a half month. The baby was well and hearty, thank God, and likely everything would brighten before there were four of them to feed. Annie's heritage from her father was the imperishable gold of hopefulness.

She found Bernie slightly better. He was in his third week of illness now, and pathetically thin and weak. But he was getting cross and that, said the friendly colored man in the next bed, "was a right good sign."

The poor fellows in that double row of beds in the hospital ward, sick of mind as were able to notice some to look forward to the daily visit of Annie and the baby. Some times she found Bernard asleep, and would talk to them a little, getting fragmentary insights into their lives so wrecked and desolate, or so filled with trouble that her own crumbled into comparative insignificance. She never left the hospital without a feeling of wonder that any of its inmates survived, so poorly equipped was it with help and comforts.

On her way out one day she passed the dispensary. The men and women who sat so patiently there on the hard benches, waiting for the one young doctor to attend to them in turn, wrung Annie's soul with pity. Desperately ill, tenement dwellers like herself, too poor, despite their never-ceasing labors, to afford a "paid physician." And the little babies, wailing and thin! Why did this have to be, with so much love in and much wealth upon the earth? She could never find the answer to a question.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

This afternoon I was in the bathtub taking a bath and the door bell started to ring and I got excited like everything. I knew I was nobody ain't home, and maybe Artie telefoning to me or something.

And I got out of the bath tub and rapped a towel around me and unlocked the door and ran into the setting room and was going to anser the fone but I heard somebody's footsteps coming up stairs, thinking, Gosh, O, here's mama.

And I quick ran in the setting room closet and ma came in the setting room and answered the fone saying, Hello, O, is this you? Why—yes, I herd it ringing but I was down in the kitchen and I thought Benny was up here to anser it.

And she kept on talking to me and I kept on standing in the setting room closet with a towel around me wishing I was back in the bath tub were I belonged, and hung up the receiver. Boy, I wy dident Benny answer the fone, I knows his father hates to be kept waiting—Benny, Benny.

And she started in again calling Benny, Benny, and I got sick out of the setting room closet and went back in the bathroom and locked the door and got in the tub again ma calling from upstairs, Benny, Benny.

Mama! I yelled it in a quivering sea sed. Well for heaven's sake, where are you? and I said, In the bathroom.

You are not. I yes I am sed. And she came down and tried bath room door and I was in the tub all the ma saying, Well I never, rediculous, wate have you been doing?

Who, me? I sed, and ma sed, Abraham Linkin, and I sed, I was taking a towel out of the setting room closet. Not saying I had put it in before I took it, but sed it in. Well then you come out of the closet there wile I was fooling and I do. Yes mam, and ma said, Well take the cake.

Wich I do.

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