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E. E. KEITH, circulation manager, do solemnly swear that the average net paid circulation of The Daily and Sunday World for the month of November, 1919, was 24,889, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. E. KEITH,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 3d day of December, 1919.

MABEL KEITH,
Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 17, 1921.

PHONE 6000 FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS

Daily Biblical Quotation

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1919.

God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for a refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Heb. 6: 17, 18.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus. Heb. 6: 19, 20.

Friend Villa has not improved his personal appearance any since he was last with us.

Democratic senators are explaining that they "do not consider themselves bound by the views of the white house concerning the treaty." The saucy things! First thing anybody knows they'll be voting just as they please!

General Palmer renews his war on prices, the dispatches tell us. Prices, we will bet a cookie, did not know they were being warred on. But the general says so and what the general says must be true. Fighting windmills was supposed to be an accomplishment of days long gone. The general has revived it.

The Indianapolis grand jury is to proceed with the investigation, and Alexander Howatt at least must answer for contempt of court. And in the meantime congress is investigating the presidential compromise that contained "things Lewis and Green do not even tell the policy committee." The government may be sick abed, but it is still breathing.

If congress is being annoyed by the thought that it can adopt a too radical law respecting radicalism, just let it forget and crack down. The American provinces understand that New York city has a fleet of barges that takes the city's refuse out on the ocean a few miles and dumps it overboard without life preservers. If, in the interest of economy, the congress should decide to lease the New York garbage fleet for temporary use in ridding the country of the radicals, that will be perfectly all right with the provinces.

PROF. PORTA HEDGED.

Prof. Albert F. Porta, of somewhere, the location being unimportant to the moral of this tale, squinted through his telescope a few weeks ago, put a scratch-tab before him and figured for a while then called in the reporters.

"Something seems wrong with the whole bloomin' solar system," he chirped. "As near as I can figure it out by higher calculus the johnson rod has flew off one of the planets and is coming toward the earth at a tremendous rate of speed. If it does its going to knock the stuffin out of the dinnerwagon then, boys! We'll be blowed up. My calculations show that this thing will happen along about the middle of the afternoon December 17. Kindly advise the people and tell them they'd better begin to return the spoons they stole, put up their old board bills and otherwise get ready to go."

Just like that. Reporters always among our most conservative citizens, instead, astonishingly. Some of them put it on just a little heavy for accurate purposes, embellishing their story with incidents not connected with.

Most folks went to bed Wednesday figuring maybe that it did thing and happen it was bound to get the Republicans and tax collectors along with the rest of the folks which for was bound to help. But there were some—lots and there one—the only thing he did knew about 12 out of every 24 was that he was working off the passing day on his employer. Of course this took no stock in the professor's theory, but one can never tell. It's not to impose some time, why not now. Any convenient idea advertising line.

But a good short story never goes to bedge. And Professor Porta, by the way, is not related in any way to Madame Porta, the friend and intimate of Bill Shakespeare, the poet, so he is a good sport. Having given his name into the papers along with his pedigree, the professor laid a smile one against what might happen.

On the day before the scheduled event he called in the reporters for the second time and started them picking at the quilt and bedding in their sleep with this:

"The location of these meteors becomes depends on the Epicenter, which calculation indicates the transformation of the planets heterocentric to ordinate into eccentric and geographic, a very steeds mathematical work.

"You get him, don't you? To be sure. We thought you would. He makes everything clear and plain.

"Anyway, that's why it didn't happen.

"But if the squadron of the 'Hellcampfire' hadn't been working just when that johnson rod was about to fall out Congressman Dick Ford would know what might have happened.

"Sure was a narrow escape."

SENATOR HITCHCOCK RECANTS

"The league without some bickering or reservation or nothing," said Senator Hitchcock when handling the document for the administration in the senate. "And because he could not have it without reservations he proved the role of Brutus with fatal results.

"We want the league, we stand for the league, but only with adequate reservations.

"1. Protecting the Monroe doctrine;

"2. Making it clear that domestic questions are not within its jurisdiction.

"3. That our army and navy are subject only to orders emanating from congress.

"4. Providing that only congress can involve this nation in war.

"5. That no country may have more votes than the United States.

"6. That the United States can withdraw whenever it decides to do so, and shall be the judge of whether or not it has met its obligations."

said the gentleman when pleading with the democrats of the ninth North Carolina to return a democratic congressman.

From which it is clearly evident that senator Hitchcock has recanted. What caused him to see the light is immaterial, but we may be sure that recent election results and existing opinion within his own party ranks helped considerably.

Having come thus far it is distinctly up to the senator to either concur at once in the senate reservations and thus permit the instant acceptance of the treaty, or painstakingly set out wherein the senate reservations do more or less than he admits is necessary to be done.

And, too, since the democrats of the ninth North Carolina were evidently persuaded by his argument, the democrat having been elected—by a decreased majority approximating 50 per cent—the senator should understand that he is contracted to do that thing.

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION.

The current issue of the Oil and Gas Journal is authority for the statement that the daily production of crude for the mid continent field is 614,075 barrels.

And they are talking about the refiners profiteering and the coming oil famine!

It was only yesterday, it seems, when the entire petroleum fabric shook and shivered as it tottering to its fall because cushing production was above 300,000 barrels a day. Folks wanted the militia called out to stop the boys from drilling. A new oil well was considered an offense against the peace and dignity of the United States.

And petroleum products were a drug on the market at starvation prices. High grade gasoline in those days went begging at nine cents a gallon. Today you can't buy fuel oil at that figure!

This sure is a great and glorious country that we took away from the Indians!

ANOTHER "LITTLE MATTER."

The United States shipping board which you entrusted with several dollars during the war, issued a statement the other day. We reproduce a paragraph:

"Since the first of January it is estimated that strikes have cost the shipping board a total of $37,000,000. There are included marine and harbor strikes, longshoremen strikes and shipyard strikes. These have occurred on the Atlantic, Pacific and gulf coasts, but the results of the coal strike are not included.

"There are not included losses by foreign or privately operated American vessels, nor indirect losses to the public due to interruption of regular movement of shipping. Among such indirect losses are those due to congestion in port and on inland transportation systems, spoilage of perishable cargo and delays of food supplies needed in this country and abroad."

The only thing to be added to that is the reminder that this loss is not the shipping board's but yours.

THE IDEA IS SPREADING

Senator Kenyon is the latest convert to the theory that labor and capital have no more right to settle their differences outside of courts than have any other factions of society.

In a speech before the lawyers club in New York the other evening the Iowa senator went squarely on record for the establishment of industrial courts to settle labor disputes. "Strikes are no longer a private matter between employer and employes," said the senator. "The American public, the third party to the controversy, does not propose to stand for strikes as relics of industrial barbarism."

It may be difficult to convince a certain generous that there is not a line in the constitution protecting the strike, but it must and will be done. The so-called "inherent right to strike" has we have heard so much about just simply isn't to be found. Labor disputes are inevitable.

A HARMLESS RAIDER

Attorney General Palmer announces that he is ready to raid the trusts. But if the trusts will correspond with the reds and the profiteers they will learn that they have nothing to fear. The attorney general is our greatest little raider, but he is prudent. Being of Quaker ancestry his self-control is absolute. He can restrain his enthusiasm, and does. His raids, to the president, have stopped short of embarrassing any factions of individuals capable of bolstering an opponent in a presidential campaign.

But leaving all joking aside, if the attorney general is ready to raid the trusts why is he hesitating? There they are—well fed and smiling. Why advertise the contemplated attack?

Oklahoma Outbursts

BY OTIS LORTON

One hopeful sign is that republican candidates for the presidency are getting thicker than fleas in Flanders.

We saw one Tuesday night the other day that looked as if he had taken a pound of fat meat. The exercise might decision declaring wartime prohibition unconstitutional is not going to worry him on Christmas day.

Of course we did not take any stock in the report that the old earth would be up 3 inches and a hole of every centipede, but just in case we decided to play safe and postpone the payment of our gas bill until after the 17th.

The young man on North Main wants to know if a pair of $6 silk hose would be an appropriate Christmas gift to his lady friend. After consulting the weather reports it is the opinion of this column that a pair of the stuff would be more appreciated.

Observations by B. C. B.

With all due respect to Senator Penrose we must say his picture would pass for that of General Hindenburg.

We too have just discovered an editor who is a disciple of both Roosevelt and Wilson. Rather a mental gymnast, we fancy—eh, what?

We stand aghast at the temerity of the amateur versifier who picks a rhyme for a French name without knowing how to pronounce it.

The first car of Kansas "volunteer" coal was, very appropriately, sent to Coldwater. Let us hope it was sufficient to turn the cold water into hot coffee.

A Tulsa reporter informs us that a burglar "with an aversion for high class music" stole several records of songs by a famous tenor. In the absence of further details we reserve our opinion of all concerned.

Emma Goldman threatens to return some day as representative of the Russian "government" and make the "nasty little officials" take off their hats to her. Emma knows just what kind of officials would satisfy her, all right.

The coal strike settled, we had just drawn a long breath and decided that life might be worth living after all, when we learned that six Irish preachers had arrived in this country to present "the other side of the Irish question." Good night! Has a cruel fate anything more to offer.

Barometer of Public Opinion

Americanism On Guard.

Editor World: Yesterday's election in the ninth North Carolina congressional district, in which the democratic candidate was elected by a greatly reduced majority of more than 50 per cent, once more confirms the general belief that there is not, in all the United States, a single congressional district that would approve the league of nations as brought home by President Wilson.

Heretofore, in Alabama, then in Kentucky, and finally in the fifth district of Oklahoma, the candidate stood upon the league of nations as approved by Wilson. In each case the voters gave it a walloping that finally terrified the leaders of democracy outside the white house. They are capable of learning, it seems, if pounded over the head often enough, as North Carolina demonstrates.

On Monday the senate leader, Hitchcock, in pleading there with democratic voters to support the ticket, said, what? That they would stand on Wilson's league of nations? Not at all. He said, as reported by the Associated Press, "that they are ready for a compromise with republican reservation senators, in agreeing for guarding the Monroe doctrine, for making it clear that domestic questions are not within the jurisdiction of the league, for declaring that the league has no control over our army and navy, that we can be involved in war only by act of congress, that the plural votes of the British empire shall be disqualified, and that, if the United States shall decide to withdraw from the league, it alone shall be the judge of whether its obligations are such that it can properly do so."

This is the Lodge schedule of reservations almost word for word, and upon this pledge by Senator Hitchcock, the democratic voters returned their candidate in yesterday's election.

This reversal of the attitude of the 39 internationalists who voted against the Americanizing of the treaty when it was up in the senate is the first evidence we see that democratic leaders, outside the white house, realize that the American people have decided that the next president must be an American, not an international socialist sailing under democratic colors. The 55 American members of the senate may yet be joined by enough democratic senators to place the American brand on the treaty, and when this is done it may be approved, but not before. We, as a nation, have had our fill of wishy washy radicalism. The old fashioned American who believes in the declaration of independence and who stands upon the constitution, is yet in control at the ballot box. Next year he will be heard.

Tulsa, Dec. 17. E. T. TUCKER.

Hotels and Women Again.

Editor World: When I read Miss Robinson's letter to The World, my heart went out to her. And I was glad the broad-minded young man came forth with words of comfort with his vast knowledge of the world in general, and he is right—not only hotels mistreat lone women but some boarding houses as well. The writer knows of two talented young ladies that had an occasion to stop off at a small town in southern Texas. They applied to a boarding house for one night. The landlady refused to take them in. It was not because she had no room, but her evil mind prompted her to refuse to give the girls shelter.

And referring to the hotel clerk, it calls to mind the story of Josh Billings who went to a certain hotel and the night clerk sized him up and told him he had one back room. The noted humorist decided to take the room. The clerk threw the register around and the guest signed his name in bold manner, "Josh Billings." The young man immediately spoke up: "Oh, Mr. Billings, I come to think of it I have a suite of rooms I can let you have." The humorist looked at him and said: "You are some clay." The clerk replied: "Henry Clay?" "Oh, no," said Mr. Billings, "just common mud."

And now my advice to hotel clerks: treat everyone well, as you know not who your closest may prove to be.

MISS M. H.

Wynona, Okla., Dec. 16.

CHRISTMAS

(Copyright, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest.)

When Christmas comes I'd like to be
Old Santa Claus and travel far
To all my friends, and take a tree
For them no matter where they are.
I'd like to give my heart full swing
To shape its wishes into deeds
And do for everyone the thing
His happiness most surely needs.

When Christmas comes I'd like to fill
The lives of all with joy and peace.
I'd like to go where men are ill
And quickly make their sufferings cease.
I'd like to smooth the troubled brow
Of every frame of toward care
And press the furrows out somehow
And leave but love and laughter there.

I'd like to help the youth to climb
And bring the sailor home from sea
To write in deeds this feeble rhyme
And be the man I'd like to be.
Had I the power for just one night
The wants of others to attend,
I'd change all grief into delight
And carry peace to every friend.

But since I have no magic gift
To change what is of grief or care
Or from their weary hearts to lift
The weight of woe which may be there,
I can but pray that God above
Shall guard my friends from day to day
And bless them with his boundless love
And keep them safe along life's way.

He Knows Whose Little Doggie He Is

My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tom Tells Result of His Trip.

"Where are you, Sue?" Tom called cheerily.

"Right here, dear," I answered realizing with a start that I had done nothing about dinner, and struggling to my feet.

"Why what's the matter?" he queried excitedly, "Why you're ill."

"No dear, I'm all right now. I'll tell you about it while I get dinner."

"We'll get dinner together. That is if you are sure you are able," he added.

"Yes indeed," and then I told him of the day's experience finishing with the loss of Helen's money, and my use of the $5 he had left for our furniture installment.

"Never mind the money, as long as you are all right you are sure you are."

"Yes Tom. I feel a bit shaky but that's all."

"Thank God it was no worse," he said fervently. Then, "I have just a lot of news for you, good news. Haviland found an old debt due father he was able to collect. He divided it between mother and me. We can finish paying up that installment man. I think there will be just about enough."

"But you won't use it all in that way, will you?" I asked, a vision of new clothes before me.

"Yes, I want to feel that they are paid. It annoys me to have a man coming here collecting, and I don't like the looks of it either."

Sue Speaks Out.

"I think I should have some of that for a new suit, Tom," I blurted out without thinking. "I need one awfully."

"But, Sue"—Tom hesitated, "it hurt to deny you dear, but if we have this bill off our minds we can plan much better, and you can not have one."

But I said no more to Tim. It wasn't easy to go against him. He could be very stern. But from that minute I never gave up the idea that if I managed I might dress well—not as well as Helen Thurston perhaps, but so I wouldn't look like a fright.

"You said you paid for the taxi, didn't you Sue?"

"Yes, why?"

"If Miss Thurston offers to pay for it, or any part of it, don't accept. Your paying for it helps to lighten your obligation because of that lunch."

"Very well," I replied, but I couldn't help thinking what I might have done with that $3.65.

A Promised Lesson.

The next morning Helen came to my door enveloped in a big kitchen apron.

"Walter just telephoned that he was going to bring two business acquaintances home to dinner. It's an awful bore, especially when I know so little about cooking. Would it be asking too much—do you feel able to give me that cooking lesson this morning?" she asked rather shamefacedly.

"No, indeed. I'll come right in," I told her.

We spent a very busy morning. The two men were business friends of Mr. Thurston's, and from what Helen said I judged he was going into some sort of a deal with them.

"What shall you have for dinner?" I inquired when I—after finishing my own work went across the hall.

"Oh, just a simple dinner, some soup, fried chicken, sweet potatoes, a salad and some nice dessert. Take with coffee, crackers and cheese will do nicely."

I thought it would when I found that Helen knew nothing about cooking anything she had mentioned. She wanted the sweet potatoes candied, and corn fritters with the chicken.

Tomorrow—An unexpected invitation.

He's Flirting With Nomination.

Mr. Marshall's enthusiastic defense of the striking miners and his careful indorsement of labor unions would indicate possibly that he is not unmindful that, even a vice president has a chance in an open field.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Be Nothing to Recommend For.

We suspect that when the hair tonics become non-potable the indignant patrons will refuse to give any more testimonials of their efficacy.—Houston Post.

Wouldn't Be Printable, Anyway.

Senator Fall says the president "appeared to be mentally alert." The president is under no obligation to express his view of Senator Fall.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Boy, Page the Sob Squad.

Uncle Sam, with a bottle in one hand and a corkscrew in the other, one eye upon his treasure and the other upon the supreme court.—New York Post.

ABE MARTIN

Another thing that's certainly productive to this country is that so many people are makin' up their stockin' feet while they git their shoes half soled. Lafe Bud is takin' a candy cure.

You've Got His Number Alright.

It's not easy to figure out what D'Annunzio's new scheme is, but it's a safe bet that it won't promote the peace and tranquility of nations.—Charleston News and Courier.

Now Will He Be Good?

Carranza should reflect that if our armies enter Mexico it may not be so easy to drive them back into dry territory.—Columbia Record.

May Have to Take It Himself, Eh?

Mr. Bryan is trying to find the logical democratic candidate for president, but hasn't settled on anybody yet.—Toledo Blade.

Ya' Can Still Get Beef Stew.

Still more drastic prohibition laws. Even the show windows can no longer become "lit up."—Boston Transcript.

Loud Groan From School Kids.

We have lived to see the age when maps are moving pictures.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Bennie's Notebook

Grandpop came erround yesterday to see wat I wunted for Krismas, saying wile he was in the setting room after supplr. Now Benny wat do you wunt your old grandfather to give you for a Krismas present? You name it and I'll get it, hows that for a good way of dividing the labor?

A drum, I sed.

O, good hevvins and good nite, sed pop.

Well then a Boy Scout bewgle, I sed.

Wat one of those horn things well for mersey sake sertenly not, sed ma.

Well then a mouth organ, I sed.

Werse and more of it, life wouldent be werth living erround here absolootly and positively no mouth organ, sed pop, wy dont you ask for sumthing sensible and instructive a nice book, for instance.

No, no, I dont wunt a book, I dont wunt one, I can get all I want at the lyberry, I sed.

Then wy dont you ask for sumthing usefill, sutch as a nice warm cap? sed ma.

Aw no, G, gosh, no, I dont want eny clothes for Krismas, jimmies crickits, no, well then how about a tambereen? I sed.

No, help, no, sed ma.

Over my ded boddy, sed pop.

Im going home, sed grandpop, came heer with the best intentions in the werld and feeling kindly and everything like that, and now yeare all got me so confused I dont hardly know wat to do, I got half a mind to jest send the boy a Krismas card with some angels on it.

Wich I hope he dont.

The Horoscope

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Thursday, December 18, 1919.

This should be a day stimulating to energy and encouraging to activity. While Venus, Jupiter and Saturn are in benefic aspect, Neptune is adverse.

There is a sign read as promising to theaters which should benefit during this sway, the stars seeming to presage large audiences easily pleased.

Although Venus is in a place believed to be fortunate for plays and players, there is a foreshadowing of change, long predicted by astrologers. This affects the business management of theaters, which will be conducted on entirely new lines.

The stars read as presaging great interest in education seem to indicate that the stage will become more generally accepted medium for the presentation of great ideas, as an adjunct to the universities of the land. Astrologers declare that the nation must suffer severe "growing pains" for many months in its process of emerging into its place as a great world power. In this connection the individualistic consciousness now so strong must give way before the spirit of universal brotherhood, it is pointed out.

Miners should benefit from Saturn's friendly influence during this government of the stars.

Eastern Europe and the Balkans continue under a sinister sway.

France and Italy will have a winter that brings many national problems and even serious disorders. Riots and fires seem to be foreshadowed, as well as uprisings and strikes.

The death of a world famous scientist is forecast and he will give the world a remarkable legacy, seers declare.

Mars is in a place most threatening to the health of legislators. Many deaths may be recorded within six weeks.

Persons whose birthdate it is should be especially careful to avoid losses through fraud. Business affairs may cause anxiety but they should prosper. The young will court and marry.

Children born on this day are likely to be steady, energetic and enterprising, but too open handed for their best interests. Girls will marry fortunately.

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Men's Sox *for* Christmas

You won't put your foot in it if you give him sox!

It really seems as if we have all the sox in the world! We haven't, of course, but we have the biggest selection in town and that is something worth remembering, at a time when everybody is talking shortage. Staples and novelties, domestic and imported, in all weights, colors, and combinations, irreproachable in quality and unapproachable in values.

Extra Quality Silk Lisle Sox, in black, white and colors, spliced heel, sole and toe **50c**

Pure Thread Silk Sox, of superior quality, in black white and colors, spliced heel, sole and toe ..... **90c to $2.00**

Pure Thread Silk Sox, in black, cordovan, navy or gray with white hand embroidered novelty clox, also black with black or white plain clox ..... **$2.00 to $3.25**

Ribbed Cashmere Sox, in brown or green heather mixtures, also Oxford gray or black ..... **$1.00 to $1.50**

Packed in Holiday Boxes

Curtis Brown Co.

Tulsa's Livest Leading Men's Store

The Largest Distributors of Phoenix Silk Hosiery in the Southwest