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Daily Biblical Quotation

DECEMBER 24

Christ died for us, that whether we wake or
sleep, we should live together with him. I
Thom. 2:10.

When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
Even then shall this be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Acts 7:59.

SHOULD WE SERVE AMERICANS?

Should our government serve in a preferential way the people who set it up, maintain it by their financial contributions, and sacrifice their lives in defense of it when it is assailed?

The republican party by its advocacy of a protective tariff, its opposition to the doctrine of the internationalists, its acceptance of the doctrine of reciprocity, and its unyielding advocacy of an intense nationalism, stands committed to the affirmative.

The democratic party in its practices and proposals—free trade, internationalism as urged by President Wilson, contempt for the "selfishness of nationalism," and the alacrity with which it accepts the viewpoint of other nations as evidenced in the canal tolls matter, is equally committed to the negative.

Such is the record; and in it is to be read one answer to the oft-repeated question, "What is the difference between a democrat and republican?"

It is not strange, therefore, that democrats of the house should have viciously assailed the temporary tariff bill which was proposed by republicans as an emergency measure for the relief of the agricultural interests of the nation. The fact that many democrats voted for the measure and with the republican majority, and that some republicans voted against it and with the democratic minority only shows the inability of existing party names to accurately interpret the economic and political views of those who profess attachment to them.

The doctrine enunciated by the emergency tariff bill is that stated in the opening paragraph of this discussion—that the obligations this government owes its own national are preferential over those that can be claimed by the nationals of any other existing government.

Agricultural interests have suffered a shrinkage of values out of all proportion to the general shrinkage which economic conditions called for. Largely due to the fact that products of the farm and orchard and ranch were pouring into the American market from abroad duty free, a consequence of the democratic policy of free trade. A number of recent investigations have disclosed the fact that Canadian wheat flooding the grain markets of the north caused the wheat market of the United States to drop in a crash that has wiped out the reserves of the wheat farmers. For a similar reason corn, oats and other farm products have shrunk to that point where the situation of the agricultural interests has become a peril to the nation.

Mr. Orden Armour, in a statement given the press Wednesday, sounds a warning against further shrinkage in farm products. "Further declines in the prices of farm products," he says, "can only result in ruin for the producers."

That is the condition that faced congress, and it is to the everlasting credit of the majority in the lower house that it so promptly introduced and passed the emergency tariff bill. That it will bring to the farm producers the relief needed is admitted by the gentlemen who opposed it, for the burden of their argument is that its enactment into law will result in higher living costs.

If higher living costs are unescapable in order that the agricultural interests of the nation may be rescued from ruin, then he indeed is a short-sighted legislator who hesitates to impose higher living costs. The truth of the matter is that higher living costs are not an unescapable consequence of adequate protection for the farmers, as Mr. Armour points out and as an unbroken line of precedents prove.

If, as is threatened, the democratic senators defeat the emergency tariff bill when it reaches that body, it will be, metaphorically speaking, a case of mutilating a corpse. For the farmers and their friends will not soon forget that it was an unsound political party that brought about their difficulties, then blocked legislation designed to remove those difficulties.

THE SURRENDER OF CLARA SMITH

It appears certain that the surrender of Clara Smith Hannon is but the genesis of a new chapter of sensational disclosures.

Her prosecution, if it is sincerely undertaken and courageously pushed, will merely afford her an opportunity to relate a story that will grip the emotionalism of the public and intrigue its imagination. And if she relates faithfully

and fully the facts she unquestionably possesses, no one dares fix a limit to the destruction she may cause.

If the prosecution is a mere formal affair, the evidence she is to give agreed to in advance in order that such disclosures be not made, then her acquittal will be followed by civil litigation over the distribution of the estate that will in all human probability bring out the facts that are all too morbid public knowledge.

It would be a fine thing indeed if the Ardmore tragedy could be forgotten in its every detail. Enough has been published to arouse the very keen desire that no more may be heard of it. Had the truth been told at the time—the admission made that the woman had actually done what hundreds of men throughout the state had confidently predicted for years she would eventually do, had there been no "sins" reported circulated, no effort to cloak with silence, the press and the public would have been content to dismiss the event with a brief period of publicity.

But there was added to an anticipated event the one element capable of making it a national sensation and arousing the professionalism of every sensational writer in the country, the element of mystery. And so there began a sensation that will not end until the last decision has been rendered in a contest between two women for a man's fortune.

Oklahoma has long boasted that she beats the world. And occasionally we are forced to concede that Oklahoma is right.

THE HARRIS INTERVIEW

We desire to call especial attention to by commencing most unreservedly, one paragraph in the interview given The World by State Chairman Harris Wednesday morning. Commenting on the loose assertions and statements that were made concerning President-elect Harding's attitude towards Oklahoma political affairs. Col. Harris said:

"Such talk is not only foolish but it is dangerous—to our president-elect. For it shows a selfish disregard of the feelings of the president, attributes the basest possible motives to him, and argues that those who indulge in it would themselves be willing to involve him in petty factional intrigues. I have heard that such talk has been indulged in, but I am loath to believe that any man, or woman either, at all concerned in making President Harding's administration a success or of sincerely serving the party here in Oklahoma, has indulged in it."

Political intrigue, high finance and exploitation on an international scale, involving priest and prelate, Jew and gentile, Christian and pagan, deliberately sought to implicate the president-elect as far as it could, not as far as it dared—because there was no limit to the daring just as there was utterly lacking any sincere, genuine concern for him, in order to pull from the chaotic wreck which a 15-cent bullet had wrought some semblance of a hope for ultimate success.

Col. Harris is eminently within the facts in characterizing what has been said in the heat of political contest as "not only foolish but dangerous—to our president-elect." That the patriot and statesman the people of the entire country have just called to lead them wisely was not involved directly or indirectly; that he did not cheapen himself by committing the slightest act of indiscretion concerning the Oklahoma political debacle, is happily, a matter of such precise and undisputed record that no room for doubt is left. As such, unfortunately, cannot be said of some who posed as his representatives.

One is indeed loath to believe what one's eyes and ears have chronicled as facts. But it must stop now. Much is condoned in the heat of partisan contest. Whether the president-elect has been, by the hand of providence, rescued from a national scandal, remains a mystery only as to the part providence played in the drama.

There are hundreds of thousands of sincere supporters of and believers in the president-elect who are determined that history shall record the fact that he was rescued.

In other words, Oklahoma has two million citizens over and above the 28,000 office holders who are drawing their sustenance from the public tax.

If we understand the matter correctly the president-elect is doing a tour at the listening post.

A Canadian millionaire, after spending a week trying to figure out his tax reports, gave it up and just died.

LOVE AND DUTY

(Copyright, 1920, by Edgar A. Guest.)

If you were eight or nine years old
An' had to do as you were told,
An' you had planned a certain day
Your duty comes to play.
A game o' ball, an' then your Pa
That mornin' said: "I notice, Pa,
The lawn needs cuttin' an' the place
Is now a neighborhood disgrace;
This afternoon please see that son
Stays home until the work is done."
Could you put on your prettiest looks
The way they do in story books,
An' say: "Yes, sir, I will be glad
To cut the lawn. It needs it bad."

Suppose your curves were workin' fine
An' you were captain of your nine,
But you'd been taught that boys who hope
Successfully with life to cope
Must answer duty's clarion call
With cheerfulness in spite of all.
But you had gone to bed to dream
Of wallopin' that other team.
An' then the very day you'd planned
To play that game—you understand—
Your Pa said, pointin' with his spoon:
"You'll cut the grass this afternoon."
Would you be dutiful, or say:
"Gee Whiz, Pa, please, I can't today!"

An' then suppose the sky was blue
An' there was no cloud in view,
But it was just the sort of day
You'd prayed for, so that you could play,
An' you'd told all your gang to be
Out there to start the game at three;
On top of that the day before
You'd laughed an' joked at Billy Moore
Cuz he was called back home to home—
Some chores his mother told him to—
To talk of duty's very well,
But how'd you like to have to tell
The boys: "I won't be there to play;
I gotta cut the grass today!"

Oklahoma Outbursts

By Olin Johnston

Exchange rates at McAlester are two bushels of corn for one dozen eggs.

The Irish problem, thinks the Oklahoman, is one of the burning issues.

The good of some people, declares the Hugs News, is surpassed only by their narrow-mindedness.

Even the nickel, says the Bartlesville Enterprise, is beginning to take on a little self-servitiveness.

"Feed a child until next harvest" is a touching appeal. But just what are the prospects for the next harvest?

The Wichita Beacon is behind a movement to revive the husking bees. And we are told that kissing spreads germs.

The Bartlesville Examiner unselfishly suggests that Tulsa start a movement to make Tulsa safe for husbands.

There is every indication that our friends who promise to send in home brew have neglected to do their shopping early.

Among those who have exhibited ability to come back, says the sober-minded Bartlesville Examiner, is that venerable job-producer, Hard Cider.

We have no wish to dim the luster of Geraldine Farrar's fame, but just the same her husband is as big a drawing card in Tulsa as she is.

It has just about gotten so in this country, says the Dallas News, that the reformer are about the only workmen who never run out of raw material.

We never quite understood how much ground the word "nearly" could cover until the Indiana Journal of Rufus admitted that the democrats are nearly always right.

Another thing which history fails to enlighten us is whether Noah had any trouble over the price of material and its delivery when he unloaded all competitors and secured the contract for building the ark.

A little Tulsa boy worked his mother for a dime to buy some candy. He came home with a handful of flags. "Why did you spend your money for flags when you wanted candy?" asked the mother. "Well," replied the little fellow, squaring his shoulders, "don't you want me to be patriotic?"

Barometer of Public Opinion

Old Father Christmas to the Children

I am coming once more over mountain and vale,
In my snow-spangled mantle to bid ye all hail,
And I know many hearts will be filled with delight,
To bedeck me with holly this cold winter's night.

There are many dear children all over this land
Who will eagerly hasten with outstretched hand,
Glad to welcome me back to their bright homes
Once more.

Where so oft I have shared in their bounty before.

And my heart leaps with joy for I'll gaze on them soon.

Those dear angels of earth flashing light
Through the gloom of our cloud-laden world, where fond hearts
Would sink low.

Were it not for those sunbeams of beauty below,
But I know there are some whose light feet—
Shall no more

Run briskly to open the laurel-wreathed door,
Nodding whose arch I have passed mid door,
To taste the rich pudding and drink the sweet tea.

But I'm sure that the darlings are sharing above
A Christmas eternal of sunshine and love;
Unbroken and peaceful with Him for their King,
Who stooped to a throne to redeem us from sin.

Then, alas, there are some who will scarcely
Look out
To see what Old Christmas is coming about.
Who know not the "tidings of joy" that I bring,
And whose homes are all dark and all cheerless within.

And although I may knock at the old creaking door,
Or peep in through the broken panes on to the floor,
Not an answer will come to my knock or my call,
For the truth is they care not to meet me at all.

Just because they've no dainties to spread on the board,
Nor bright fire to cheer up a poor wayfarer old,
So they let me pass on through the sharp wintry air,
To seek out a more comforting welcome elsewhere.

And now, happy children, I'm speaking to you,
Who have never felt the pang which those little ones do.

Whose homes are all radiant with the light
And where plenty and peace kiss each other in love.

I am sure you'll be sorry, this sad tale to hear,
So I want you to help me, and ask "mother dear,"

To go down with you into the dark, dirty street
And let me follow after quite close to your feet.

And go into these dwellings so wretched and sad
And bring something with you to revive and make glad
Those poor, hungry children, yes, and weak mothers too.

And the Lord will give three-fold a blessing to you.

And then you can tell them the reason I'm here,
And what brings me so far at this time of year.
How I came for to herald this most blessed morn,
When a sweet little babe in a manger was born.

And how angels were singing glad songs in the sky,
And a bright star shone over where the infant did lie;
And guided the wise men, till soon at his feet
They poured forth their treasures and perfumes so sweet.

And then you can say how that wonderful child
Was Jesus, the savior, who has suffered and died,
To save us from sin and to bring us at last
To a beautiful home where all troubles are past.

Where hunger nor sickness, nor pain any more
Can reach little folks on that love-lighted shore,
For Jesus will feed them, and quite safe in his arms,
They will nestle secure from all danger alarms.

So now if this task, you all try to fulfill,
I am sure it will make you be happier still,
And Old Father Christmas, rejoiced at the sight,
Shall wear his bright holly with a deeper delight.

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Belfast, Ireland.

LETITIA.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOSS

(Copyright, 1920, by The Chicago Tribune.)



The Promoter's Wife

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XXXII

Neil's Aunt Is to Visit Them Rather Inopportunely.

Was Neil's conscience troubling him that he was so impatient now-a-days? He never used to be so. This occurred to me when I left him in the library. I felt disappointed that he would not talk to me. Ever since his western trip he had refused to really talk of anything with me. Yet in spite of the disappointment I was happier because Mr. Frederick had been with him. I wondered what he had said to Neil; if he had told him of what was going on concerning his business; if he had offered to help him get straightened out? Somehow I felt sure he could make everything come right—if only Neil would let him.

I leave the bills I had laid upon the desk only a fleeting thought. I had spent so much money, run such big bills without a suspicion of a doubt that it was the right thing for me to do, that they seemed of little consequence. What matter was Neil, if by being associated with men of "shady character" his business was ruined, his character assailed, he had been so proud of himself from them, of course, regardless of what even Mr. Frederick had told me. Neil had been led astray by these men. They were all older than he, most of them much older. He was full of enthusiasm, anxious not only to make money, but to prove his ability in the business world. Really even now I cannot but think he cared more for that than for the money. He loved flattery especially in regard to his cleverness in outstripping others.

When I read her letter to Neil he looked anything but pleased.

"It's rather a bore having her just now," he said, "but I suppose there is no help for it. If I hadn't visited her I never should have met you."

"I thought I knew to what Barbara's fears."

"Do you feel rested?" I asked when dinner was announced, and he rushed upstairs to freshen up a little. "Don't hurry so, the dinner can wait a moment."

"I feel a lot better! I must have dropped off to sleep as soon as you came upstairs. What have you been doing sitting here in the dark?" Until he spoke of it I had not realized that I had not switched on the lights.

"Thinking—your aunt comes day after to-morrow, you know."

"Yes, and if Frederick is still in town we'll invite him up to dinner."

"I guess he's the sort everyone likes. You think a good deal of him yourself, don't you?"

"In a way, yes. He is inclined to be an old woman about some things." I thought I knew to what Barbara's fears.

Tomorrow—Neil laughs at Barbara's fears.

and she was awfully good to me then. I wish she had selected some other time than there—a lot of men in town that I must spend a good deal of time with. I am afraid she will feel I am neglecting her. You must take her around a lot, and ask some people here to meet her to make up for my inability to do much to entertain her."

I thought of this also while I sat in my room until dinner should be announced, and while Neil rested in the library. I also hated to have her come. Of course I should take her out, the theater, etc. But I would ask no one to meet her, save Lorraine and Mrs. Price, a plain sort of a woman about Mrs. Carter's age.

A woman who had a good social position, but no money to speak of and who always accepted invitations where she thought she would have a good meal.

Mrs. Carter was coming the next day but one. I must talk things over with Neil before she arrived. I should go mad if I had to go on feeling like this as I did for another week or two.

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Tomorrow—Neil laughs at Barbara's fears.

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Bennie's Notebook

My cousin Artie came over for supper yesterday and me and him was in the sitting room waiting for the supper bell to ring and pop was looking at the paper and saying, Confound it, what's holding up chow tonight, Im as hungry as a flock of Russian bears.

Me saying to Artie I bet Im hungrier than you, and Artie saying, Like fun you are, if you was as hungry as me you'd be dead by this time. Im so hungry I could eat a hole 25 pound turkey stuffed with cranberry sauce without even loosening my belt.

Aw that aint nothing, I sed, Im so hungry I could eat breakfast, dinner and supper with 3 helpings of everything and 4 of some without even getting up to stretch, thats how hungry I am.

Aw wats that, that aint hungry, sed Artie, Josh B. Im so hungry I could eat the rubber off the end of a pencil and think it was coconut cake with checkit icing, thats how hungry I am.

Well do you call that hungry? I sed, G. kosh, Im so hungry I could start eating rice now and not stop once till I was a old man with long whiskers.

Well, holey smoke you dont call that hungry do you? sed Artie, Well just then the supper bell rang, and pop sed, Praise be, Im so weak and faint from listening to you 2 I dont see how Im going to drag myself to the dining room.

And we all went down to supper, being corn beef and cabbage, and all me and Artie could eat was helping spoon. Proving you cant always tell what you can do jest by how you feel.

Told at Oklahoma City

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Astrologers read this as a doubtful day in which it is wise to use special care. While Neptune and Venus are in benefic aspect during the early hours, Jupiter and Mercury are strongly adverse.

Women will be especially fortunate while this configuration prevails, for it is favorable to them, sympathy and great enthusiasm. There is the best sort of a sign for family reunions, since it indicates understanding, confidence and high aspirations. Some of the best of the year.

Neptune is an aspect that is held to quicken the mind so that all finer perceptions are keen. The planet improves the intellectual and spiritual vision.

There is a great read as indicating many experiments in co-operation which will change old methods of shopkeeping.

Mercury seems to presage a brief period of slackening in publishing and indifference to authors, but this is not serious, the seers declare. Again theaters are subject to the most profitable direction of the stars. The growth of public interest in plays will be very great in the coming year.

While there will be something like a return to the theater as the principal amusement interest, there will be no diminution of patronage for pictures, it is prophesied.

The moon of this month, which foreshadowed many deaths among prominent men, is read as presaging the death of a notable career before the first of the year.

Persons whose birthdate it is may have an unexpected benefit, but they should guard against losses. The young will find that their money. The young will find that their money.

Children born on this day may have many extremes in their life experiences. These subjects of Capricorn make many friends. Girls have the augury of romantic careers.

has a pull because of that fact. We will have to have still further explanation from Colorado before going pell-mell for this farmer innovation. It might give Everhart too much lobby pull for the speaker's ship."

A Real Conference.

No one can report the one real conference since the election, Joe Fleming, Poteau senator who committed hari kari over in Le Flore was here and he and Lieutenant Governor M. E. Trapp held a conference. It commenced in the middle of one afternoon and lasted until the next day. Neither of them disclosed what was said and very probably neither of them ever will, for they are both strong church members. Trapp is powerfully regular and Fleming is powerfully irregular.

Fleming is the democratic senator who has announced he will not enter the democratic caucus and, according to the Trapp idea, that is sufficient for lack of pardon here or elsewhere. The line of demarcation has been very carefully drawn and the probability of a compromise has been removed.

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