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IRVIN COBB'S KITCHENER INTERVIEW

The assertion that he did interview Earl Kitchener may be expected from Col. Irvin S. Cobb, for he has gone so far with it now that he cannot back out.

Of course at this stage nobody knows whether Cobb really interviewed the British war lord or whether he faked the talk.

But Colonel Cobb has never had reputation of that kind. He has been known as a humorist who traveled about the country and wrote funny "pieces" about the things he saw and heard.

Now he blooms forth as the man who had a long talk with Lord Kitchener after all others had failed.

But by reading the now famous interview carefully, it will be found that Colonel Cobb did most of the talking.

JAPANESE ARE TO BECOME TRADERS

Japan's conquest of German territory in China and its occupation of certain of the South Sea islands has created some uneasiness in the United States and in Australia as to its relations toward those possessions when the war finally comes to an end.

The information came recently from Tokyo that the Japanese government had appointed several special commissioners to China, India, Asiatic Russia, the South Sea islands, Australia, the United States and Canada.

The future of the great powers depends upon their ability to extend their trade to those parts of the world which are coming into closer touch with traders.

Our traders should receive the support of the Washington government in such a way that they could enter new fields on equal terms with old word traders.

COLONEL ADDAMS REBUKES MONAHAN

Replying in a gentle voice to the assertions made by Michael Monahan, but rebuking him nevertheless, Col. James Addams says that he is mistaken when he declares that a nation of molly-coddles will result from the present feminist movement.

Miss Addams cites in support of her rebuke the conditions in Australia "and other countries" where she says the feminist movement has advanced more than it has in America and where women have for years had the ballot.

We have no desire to come forward in support of the theory advanced by Michael Monahan. Few of us have any real ability when it comes to prying into a misty future.

But we have long been under the impression that suffrage and feminism were not synonymous terms. The question of suffrage is whether women shall be allowed to vote.

Feminism involves the probable superiority of

the female sex and the thrusting aside of men's ideas of government for those of women. It must be admitted that men have oppressed the weaker sex more or less ever since the days of the cave dwellers, but they have not insisted that women become like themselves.

DERNBERG HINTS FOR INTERFERENCE?

It is difficult to see in the speech of Dr. Bernhard Dernberg before the Economic club of New York, anything except an indirect plea to the United States to step in and use its active influence to stop the European war.

His echoing of the assertion of the crown prince that the conflict is stupid, unneeded for and unnecessary, his expression of a hope that the trouble will soon be over and his elaboration of the part the American government may be expected to play in the final adjustment of affairs can surely have no other significance.

We have no word of criticism for the efforts of the doctor. He is acting as a patriot and possibly under orders. But the mere fact that his course is correct from his standpoint does not warrant the American people in falling in with his plea.

If Germany is growing tired of the war and feels that perhaps the strain on its resources is becoming dangerous, there is a way in which it may obtain conditions of peace.

FIXING THE STATUS OF A PLAY

At last the various dramatic critics of this city have succeeded in fixing the status of Broadhurst's play, "Today," which was presented here recently, according to the most recent criticism, which ought to be the last word.

The man who lavishes wealth upon his wife and provides her with everything her heart desires must continue to do so to the end of time, according to this reviewer.

In the Broadhurst play the critic takes the stand that Wagner showered wealth upon his wife as an advertisement of his own business success, a position which is hardly justified.

But if this is true of the very rich, why is it not also true of those who lavish wealth upon their wives in a lesser degree?

Otherwise Mr. Broadhurst would have given the play a different ending. He would have had the wronged wife denounce the husband who had "hung her with diamonds and smothered her with furs" and who was afterwards so inconsiderate of her as to fail in business.

ITALY IS NEUTRAL AND ALSO ARMED.

No doubt as to the attitude of Italy in the present war is left since the recent opening of the peninsular kingdom's parliament when the members were so outspoken.

Plainly Italy is not afraid that its neutrality will be questioned by Germany or Austria. The sympathies of the nation are with the allies.

There is a possibility that Italy will keep out of the conflict. It may go far before Germany or Austria will declare war against it.

While its army and navy might offer resistance to any invasion, its case would be hopeless. It would surely lose the province of Venezia and its African possessions.

Italy's present attitude is appreciated by the allies, which know that the former is awaiting the psychological moment before throwing down the gauntlet.

Secretary Bryan refused to let a young lady embrace him after his lecture the other night. The secretary collects his reward at the hot office only.

George Fred Williams says he might have been Vice of Africa for \$25,000. But why would anybody with that much money want a job like that?

Richard S. Graves.

PEANUTS IN THE ROASTER

While we have no desire to shirk any responsibility, yet we hope that the second Broadhurst play which Mr. Wetz is to give us will not result the same as the other one.

Perhaps a good way to avoid it would be for Cap Hulse and Colonel Stafford to not send the horse reporter to the theater again as a critic and let him start something he cannot stop.

This suggestion is thrown out on the theory that it isn't a good thing for the community to mix it so badly in affairs of that kind and to be told one-day just the opposite of the things it had been led to believe the day before by the morning paper.

But in case it was the snake editor who did this thing, why not send him out into the country for a time



and let him recuperate and give his mind the rest which is indicated as being almost absolutely necessary?

And with a little practice he might easily qualify to go to war as a numerous correspondent and gradually lead up to writing an interview with Lord Kitchener.

Five years ago and then something comes up to strengthen our faith in the belief that Americans have horse sense.

It may be thought that the horse reporter and the snake editor are the kind who wore red tassels on their caps when they were graduated from the School of Journalism.

In one of the southern states, according to the extreme telegraph, a mob compelled a man to get married, which continues as in our belief that those southern mobs are the most merciless on earth.

Speaking of disappointments, however, there is the telegram that never came telling about the immense fortune



that was left to you by an uncle, you used to scorn for hoarding his wealth, but who would be scorned no longer if he would only arrange for such a telegram to be sent.

And if Kitchener denies that he ever interviewed Colonel Cobb, we wonder what the fat humorist will do about it then?

We have never been told, either, that the war lord of England ever boasted of his ability as an interviewer.

Presumably however, it would not have been a very difficult matter for him to have gained the consent of Colonel Cobb to be interviewed under such circumstances.

About the only complaint we have to make about the whole affair is that the colonel failed in his effort to insert into the interview anything that was really funny.

Far be it from us to wish upon Colonel Parmenter anything he would not want to undertake, but we'd like to see an imaginary interview he would write with himself and Kitchener.

Another disappointment, we imagine, comes to the young man who has been hoping that her father would



wish his grown daughter upon him, but who finds when he brings the subject up for discussion that there is nothing doing.

And if Graves Leeper couldn't tell Kitchener any better stories, than Cobb told him we should feel like denying any acquaintance with him and also any similarity of names.

Also we wish to repeat, since the intelligent composer prevented us from saying it, that we stand for the man who invented the coat shirt.

But there is nothing that will ever change our opinion of the gent who fobbed upon us the derby hat.

And why shouldn't the lawyers hold a convention and fix the price of affection so that they would know just how much to sue for when they are allocated?

Of course some latitude would have to be allowed for wear and tear and natural depreciation.

And there are some, we wot, that wouldn't be worth a cent.

RICHARD S. GRAVES.

WANT TO VOTE ON CITY GOVERNMENT?

A request has been made by the Taxpayers' Efficiency League that the voters of the city express their choice on the form of city government that has been proposed and will be submitted in the form of a charter amendment at the next election.

THREE COMMISSIONER FORM.

The undersigned citizen and voter of Oklahoma City favors reduction of the number of city commissioners to three at salary of \$200 per month each, or \$9,000 per year, instead of \$18,400 per year for five as at present.

Name.....

Address.....

COMMISSION-MANAGER FORM.

The undersigned citizen and voter of Oklahoma City favors a commission-manager form of government for the city under which several commissioners, serving without salary, will do the legislative work of the municipality and employ a competent manager at a salary not to exceed \$5,000 per year to look after the executive work in all departments.

Name.....

Address.....

The names signed on coupons will not be published. The voter is requested to fill out coupon and mail it to THE TAXPAYERS' EFFICIENCY LEAGUE, Room 1206 Colcord Building, City.

MR. JORDAN.

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Vida King entered the dining room a little timidly. It was her first day at Mrs. Cox's and she knew nobody.

She unfortunately was late to dinner, and all the rest of the boarders were seated. There was plenty of light, a fresh cloth and napkins and everything smelled good.

The women were dressed up, and Vida felt that her shirtwaist was almost a misdemeanor. She was just wondering whether the vacant place at the table was hers when the swing door leading into the kitchen opened and Mrs. Cox trotted in, flushed, pleasant, and bringing an atmosphere of roast meat and vegetables.

"Here you are," she exclaimed. Her smiles seemed to unfold Vida with hospitable welcome. "Come right here, my dear. This is your place. And now I'll introduce you to my little family. I'll begin down at that corner—Miss Thompkins, Miss King."

"Vida made her bow to each. So many new faces and names confused her. She sank into her seat feeling that she would never be able to fit the right name to the right person.

Then she became aware that the man at her left was passing her the crackers. A moment later she heard him addressed as Mr. Jordan. "I can remember that," she thought. Mr. Jordan seemed to clear a spot in her bewildered consciousness. She could call him by name and be sure she was right.

After dinner the boarders flattered away in quest of their own pleasures. Two or three went to the moving picture show, two or three more declared in favor of cards, and the Thompkins girl opened the piano and began to sing.

Vida stole up to her room. The gate was already hit. She had nothing new to read and nothing to do, so she sat listening to the sounds below, the laughter at the card table, the rattling of dishes in the dining room, and the strains of "Sympathy," quite sweetly sung.

She was very tired and a little excited. A week before she had not dreamed of such a change as had come to her. She had been earning \$8 a week at McPherson's, and working hard for it. One morning she received an order to take Miss Muller's place. Miss Muller received \$12 a week but she was giving it up to be married. Such a foolish thing to do, Vida had thought in her bewildered new job. Twelve dollars a week. Why, that meant that she need live no longer in a sky parlor, where she boiled tea and toasted frankfurters surreptitiously over the gas; that she could go to a proper boarding house and have good food and a good bed and human companionship.

Things she had not known since she came to the city, three years before. "Try Mrs. Cox," urged Miss Leach of the next counter. "It's a good mood place, and nearer than you are now to the store. Car fare's no trifle, dearie."

So Vida came to Mrs. Cox's. Even sitting in her small room she found it stier than in the dreary rooming house, where she was afraid to speak to anybody. After a season of meditation and rest and waiting down

her she went to bed to sleep. At breakfast next morning she was on time. Indeed, she entered ahead of Mr. Jordan and the little, bright-eyed lady who bore the same name. Mr. Jordan's wife was a little older than he, but they seemed perfectly congenial. Mr. Jordan was a pharmacist. He was a sound, solid looking man with dark, thoughtful eyes, a clear skin, thin hair, and a humorous mouth. He was very quiet, although it seemed nobody cared to have him so, for the other boarders, especially the women, were always trying to draw him into conversation.

Vida sat beside him three days before she spoke to him or he to her. Then he remarked merely that it was a beautiful day and she replied that it was indeed. But she liked him better in his silence than all the other people who talked so fast and so much, and who looked askance at her because she would not talk at all.

The next evening he overtook her as she was returning from the public library with a book and they walked the little way that remained to Mrs. Cox's together.

"You're fond of reading?" he inquired. "Very. I couldn't live without books," replied Vida. "May I ask what book you have there?"

"Lavenaro," Vida showed him. "Lavenaro," eh? He looked at her attentively. "You like that wonderer's tale better than any up to date novel?"

Vida smiled. "Much better. Oh, I read the novel, too. I read everything I can get hold of. But I have my preferences, of course."

"Of course, it's curious, but Lavenaro's a great favorite of mine. You'll find it ends abruptly. But you must go on with the story in 'Romany Rye.' By the way, I'll lend you 'Romany Rye.' I have a good many books, and you are welcome to them."

"Thank you. You're very kind," said Vida, and wondered what made him so.

That evening as Vida sat alone in her room reading the household came to the door with an armful of books. "Mr. Jordan asked me to bring them here," she said. "He's got the biggest room in the house, but there isn't as much space in it as you have here; it's so cluttered with books."

Vida accepted the books gratefully. Next night she had an opportunity of telling him how grateful she was. They talked about books all during the meal.

"You never come into the parlor?" inquired Mrs. Jordan of Vida, as they rose from the table. Vida shook her head. "I don't know anybody."

"You know me. Don't you want to come in tonight? Dan is going to sing."

"I'd like to hear him," Vida said. Mrs. Jordan was very nice to her. They sat in the corner and listened, and when Mr. Jordan sang they looked at each other and smiled. He sang beautifully, and when he had finished he came over and spoke to her.

"I'd like to sing something for you," he said to Vida. "What shall it be?" Vida flushed. "I don't know any songs," she murmured. Mrs. Jordan assisted her. "She'll leave it to you, Dan," she said. Presently Mr. Jordan was singing again, but this time in German, which Vida did not understand. "What is it?" she asked in a whisper of Mrs. Jordan.

"You are like unto a flower," whispered Mrs. Jordan. And Vida, with a little heart flutter, wondered if she cared that her husband should sing that kind of a song for another woman. She was very sure that she would.

After that it became the practice of Mrs. Jordan to ask Vida into the parlor after dinner to hear Mr. Jordan sing.

"He's getting quite sociable," said Miss Thompkins. "Think of all the times I asked him to sing and he never would. And now he sings every evening."

"He sings for her," Vida said, smiling at Mrs. Jordan, whom she now liked very much. Mrs. Jordan laughed. "My dear! I couldn't hear him if he did. I'm almost deaf. I wonder the Mrs."

"Poor dear," said Vida, and her

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hand closed over Mrs. Jordan's tenderness. "Poor dear." One night a week later Mrs. Jordan asked Vida to accompany them to the theater. It was a great joy, and Vida looked quite lovely in a gentle, unobtrusive way, and Mrs. Jordan told her at the theater he said, "You act as if it were all new to you."

"It is," Vida replied. "I've never been before. Mr. Jordan said nothing, but he looked at her a moment and his eyes were more thoughtful than ever. They were late in reaching home. Everybody was staid, and only one dim light burned in the upper corri-



She Didn't Dare Look Too Often.

dor. Mrs. Jordan kissed Vida good-night, and Mr. Jordan took her hand. She looked into his eyes and she said to herself that tomorrow she would find another boarding place. She didn't dare look too often into those dear, kind, dark eyes.

"You've been so good to me, you and your wife," she stammered. Mr. Jordan held her hand persistently. "What's that? My wife?" he said. He took a deep breath. "My dear child, I haven't any wife. Do you think if I had I'd—?" He paused. "Ella is my sister."

"How did you get the idea that Dan was my husband?" demanded Ella Jordan.

Vida hung her head. "I didn't hear clearly. You see, I'm a little deaf, too, and I don't know lip reading."

Then they all laughed until they were afraid they should awaken the house. And Mr. Jordan held Vida's hand until she had to run away to hide her confusion. For if he hadn't a wife, why, maybe—

Happily, some dreams come true. Wine and women get credit for making a fool of many a man who was born that way.

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