TULSA WORLD

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Entered in the Tulsa Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

Eugene Lorton....... President and Editor
F. O. Larson .... Business Manager

Official County Paper

MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

AVERAGE NET PAID FOR MONTH OF JUNE WAS:

25,024

AVERAGE CIRCULATION DISTRIBUTION FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE WAS:

25,466

I, R. C. Dooley, circulation manager, do solemnly swear that the average net paid circulation of THE TULSA DAILY AND SUNDAY WORLD for the month of June, 1918, was 25,024, and that the average circulation distribution for the month of June was 25,466, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

R. C. DOOLEY,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1918.

MABEL KEIR,
Notary Public.

My commission expires October 11, 1921.

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DAILY AND SUNDAY

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Six months	4.00	5.50
Three months	2.00	[illegible]
One month	.75	[illegible]

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Political Announcement.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Judge of the Superior Court of Tulsa county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary, August 6, 1918.

LEE DANIEL.

Daily Food

Thursday, July 4, 1918.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about. Psa. 32:10.

On us thy providence has shown,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart. Psa. 32:11.

Now that the influx of American soldiers have made baseball popular in England and France, we may look after the war for London and Paris to apply for berths in one of our major ball leagues. But first thing all are determined to make a home run to Berlin and back before they tackle anything else.

Arkansas is not yet the paradise of the working man. Rather it seems as though the courts at least, over there, are disposed to be very unfriendly to organized labor. A Little Rock judge has just decided that it is a punishable offence to picket "scab" instutions by parading in its vicinity with "unfair" banners. This raises a point that we have never seen explained. If a man is convinced that he is right in rejecting union labor, why is it that he is insulted if the fact is made publicly known? If he believes it right to be unfair to organized labor he ought not to be offended at the banners proclaiming his attitude.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. The degenerate scions of the houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern agitated a world war to save their thrones from the advances of internal democracy, and in that very act spelled the abolition of all monarchies. It is a queer war that brought to the front the gentle Edward of England, the contemptible Constantine of Greece, the weakling Nicholas of Russia, and the brave Emanuel of Italy. But most of all, when democracy has triumphed and the history of monarchy's desperate death struggle is written, the two names that will stand out most prominently as representing the powers of good and evil will be Albert, the hero of Belgium, and Wilhelm, the beast of Berlin.

Von Kuehlmann insists that a necessary preparation for the consideration of any peace terms must be that the opposing parties learn to place confidence in the sincerity and good intentions of each other. This is asking too much. If those be the conditions, there will have to be a readjustment of ruling influences in some of the nations before peace can be considered. It is folly to ask anybody to place the remotest degree of confidence in German offers or German promises. Before this confidence can be restored we must find some man or set of men in the land of the Kaiser who can demonstrate sincerity, and there are none such in sight at present. We are of the opinion that Kuehlmann was perpetrating one of those heavy German jokes.

EMBLEM OF WORLD LIBERTY

Born of conflict and adversity, our Flag, that glorious emblem of a nation's individuality and freedom, has become, in the last year, the emblem to which all the world looks for freedom from the terrorism of Prussianism. It means to the allied nations of the world what it meant to the United States in the early years when it was first flown in all its diversity of form—the embodiment of the spirit that hates slavery of any nature and will fight to maintain freedom, as nations as individuals.

Our Flag is the only flag extant today that tells the history of the country. It is the only one through which by merely looking at it and knowing the meaning of each stripe and star, one can read the trials and tribulations of a nation. In olden days, when the United States was not united in the present form but was the thirteen united colonies, the Flag was no more than a conception of liberty. [illegible] Each state had a flag, some of very fanciful design. [illegible] the English banner was still [illegible] but as the parent of the colonies grew at the tyranny of England, flags of various designs were made and each of the original states had one of its own.

When the revolutionary war broke out, Washington saw that it would be necessary for there to be a standard common to all, under which all troops could rally. Thus was the fundamental idea of the American Flag given birth. The Flag, as it first designed, bore 13 stripes alternately red and white, with a blue field on which were arranged in a circle 13 stars, representing the 13 original states. As time went on, two more states were added, and the number of stripes increased to 15, as were also the stars.

This arrangement was later seen to be impracticable, and the number of stripes reduced to the original 13, while a new star was added for each new state. Thus, is it possible to read American history by looking at the Flag.

July Fourth, this year, means more to us than merely a noisy celebration. It should also mean the celebration of American determination to do for the whole civilized world what it did for the United States.

WHO IS NOT FOR US?

There are practically only two classes of people in the world just now—the friends of democracy and the enemies of public liberty. All of the nations of the world have not taken up arms in this supreme struggle, but even those who bear the name of neutral are known by their leanings to one side or the other. **There is no such thing as absolute neutrality, nor can there be until this issue is decided that affects every nation on earth. In this struggle those who are not for us are against us, and it is time for every man and every nation to take account of himself and where he stands.**

Ireland has always looked to America for sympathy, and never in the past has she looked in vain. Always have we been inclined to take Ireland's side against England in every controversy. But Ireland has no mortgage on our sympathies, and Ireland should know that we Americans will revise our judgment and transfer our sympathies unless Ireland ceases to aid and comfort the Huns and enters whole-heartedly in the war on the side of the allies. This is no time for Ireland to wreak vengeance upon England, no matter how just her grievances, so whoever is a friend of Germany in this supreme crisis is an enemy of America. There is no middle ground.

Irish revolts can have but one meaning in this country—a longer war and increased sacrifices on our part. Every time an Irishman who should be fighting in France turns his energies to harming his government he makes it necessary for two Americans to join the army who would not otherwise be needed—one to take the place he should hold in the lines and one to take the place of the British soldier required by his action to go back and keep order in Ireland. In this country not one Irishman out of a thousand is found in the pro-German camp, but in Ireland there are thousands who are helping the kaiser to prolong the war and postpone the day when liberty shall rule the world.

Abe Martin

Notin' makes you hate th' kaiser like stoopin' over an' plantin' a row o' radishes. "Why girls leave home" used t' be th' question, but why girls leave good jobs is what we can't git thro' our head.

Oklahoma Outbursts

Who remembers that threshing day the time set by the housewives for changing the straw in their bedticks?

A Tulsa girl has discovered that with war bread and food substitutes, a man's heart cannot be reached through his stomach any more.

It is understood that Mr. Johnson, candidate for corporation commissioner, will not open headquarters in any of the Arkansas river towns.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] addressed a public [illegible] crowd in Chickasha the other day. If the judge can get the attention of the same day crowd in Chickasha he must be a stem-winder. At one of these monthly meetings a time ago a dog fight nearly failed to interrupt the [illegible] of four men for a washtub.

Gideon Morgan has reduced the casualty list in the first district by withdrawing from the race for congress. He probably figured that two Morgans in congress from Oklahoma would create too much confusion, or hamper the president in his conduct of the war and his efforts to adjourn politics. **Mr. Morgan did not get far enough with his campaign to justify any prediction as to who among the other candidates will benefit by his withdrawal.**

Sent in From West Tulsa.

The bone-dryers go marching on, for has not our local General Wood Editorial Distillery been superseded by the (Henry) Ford Ed. Foundry?

And I was casually opining that his senatorial aspirations were completely described by the transitive verb to henflivver.

The remarking wag now avers that wheatless days have become such a religion with him that he could consistentlywander forth to the harvest fields.

If General Crowder could only see the political pictures on our telephone poles, I am sure the draft age would be raised to about 75 instanter.

On the Spur of the Moment

By MORRIS MILLER.

From the German Papers.

According to the German papers, the U-boat activities in and about the United States are becoming serious. Some of the Teutonic accounts follow:

Several U-boats have the state of Utah terrorized. They are operating on two sides of it.

Three U-boats sighted by people at Toledo, Ohio., have the city in a panic.

Plan to send U-boats through the subways to the very heart of New York city.

Shell from U-boat demolishes large stone courthouse at Chillicothe, Ohio.

Johnstown, Pa., will feel the weight of the German mailed fist, which is now in striking distance.

U-boats shelled nine trains of ammunition on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Circuit court at Fargo, N. D., adjourned indefinitely through fear of U-boat raid.

Little Peculiarities of the Great.

Mr. Wilson seldom wears a full beard at diplomatic receptions.

William Howard Taft takes only a slight interest in tennis.

Secretary McAdoo never wears pink pajamas in his office.

Josephus Daniels only infrequently rides a motorcycle.

Henry Ford has never written a popular cabaret song.

Jim Ham Lewis has never been decorated by the kaiser.

Herbert Hoover rarely wears a lavender vest on the street.

Colonel Roosevelt does not like pink wall paper.

Secretary Lansing seldom plays on the ukulele.

* * *

Governor of Massachusetts has signed a bill making it compulsory for every person registering at a hotel to give the right name. But they will never make that order stick in the police courts. Nobody gives his right name there.

* * *

The kaiser's "solid gold" yachting cup was made of pewter.

So is the precious "kultur" they talk so much about.

* * *

It's a Race.

It is usually true, when we get a new suit, we have need of a new pair of shoes.
And when we get footwear our time-honored hat is really too shabby to use.
And when we have saved up enough for a hat it's certain as certain as fate,
That the suit we have treasured is almost worn out or else it's away out of date.
And now wartime prices have filled our old cup.
It doesn't look like we would ever catch up.
It sure must be one of the pleasantest stunts
To own a new outfit, complete, all at once.

* * *

[illegible]

A [illegible] his wife [illegible] buying her anything to eat at a cafe. How about a plain soda for a nickel?

* * *

Will they refer to this war as the great Hunpleasantness?"

—and the Worst is Yet to Come!

Tales of the Friendly Forest

By DAVID CORY

"No, I haven't seen the Killy Lou Bird," replied Billy Bunny to the Woodpecker, who, you remember, asked him this question in the last story. And then the little rabbit began to sing:

"I wish I knew where the lollypops grow,
And the 'licious cones of ice cream.
It must be a land that is lovely and grand.
I'm sure it's not only a dream.
But if I heard that Killy Lou Bird
Lived over in Lollypop Land,
I'd hippity hop and never would stop
Until I shook him by the hand."

And after this little song, Billy Bunny hopped away, but before he went he opened his knapsack and took out a little china egg and gave it to the woodpecker. "When you darn your socks put this in the toe," said the little rabbit. "That's what my mother does," and would you believe it, the Woodpecker darned three dozen and seventeen pairs of socks that very night without breaking the china egg. Wasn't that wonderful?

By and by, after he had gone for maybe a mile or four or more, Billy Bunny saw his dear kind Uncle Lucky, and wasn't he glad. And so am I, for I love to write about Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot, for he's such a nice old gentleman rabbit, don't you think so?

And what do you suppose Uncle Lucky was doing? Why, he was buying little United States flags from a man on the street and then giving them to lots of boys and girls. For Uncle Lucky was very fond of his country and thought the Red, White and Blue the most beautiful flag in the world.

And as soon as Billy Bunny got one he said: "Let's get into the Luckymobile and go for a ride." And before the old gentleman rabbit got in he pinned a great big American flag on the back of the Luckymobile and then he drove away. And just as they turned a corner the band commenced to play, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," and Uncle Lucky, too."

And then of course Uncle Lucky untied his blue polkadot handkerchief and took off his old wedding stovepipe hat and waved it in the air, and after that they went along for maybe three miles or less when they came to an old wooden pump by the roadside. And right underneath the waterspout was a long trough where the horses drank and sometimes dogs and little birds. "Goodness me, but I'm thirsty!" said Billy Bunny, and he hopped out of the Luckymobile before Uncle Lucky stopped it. But before he had tasted a drop of water a big water rat ran out of a hole in the bank and said: "Don't you dare drink any water, young rabbit!"

"Why not?" asked Uncle Lucky. "What have you got to say about it?" "Yes, and what right have you to interfere?" said the little rabbit, and he pointed his popgun at the water rat. But the water rat didn't care. He picked up a stone and was just going to throw it at Uncle Lucky when something happened. But it's got to happen in the next story, for I have no more room in this one.

Handling a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS.

The Attempt.
LXX.

Another letter was waiting for me today. I studied the envelope. I hated to open it. Anticipation would be over then. But, with a little pang I remembered. It is not written to me—but to Eliza Moon.

Dear Miss Moon:

I am going to forget for a moment, I am an architect and that you are on the staff of the "Four Hundred." I want to write you as a man to a woman.

You say that my designs give you the feeling of charm that you have always lacked in your life.

Tell me of your life, will you not? It must be the strange contradiction that holds in your name—a name I could never forget. It is the woman behind the name I want to know more of. Can that be accomplished?

Your in hope,
JOHN DANSFORTH.

When I finished this letter my cheeks were flaming. Such a letter to her! Unconsciously, I had constructed a real Eliza Moon out of that mythical personality. Real enough for my husband to be interested in. Well, I would carry it through—lead him on—an on—

I was glad, when Mr. Dudley came into the office where I was working.

"Mrs. Dansforth, we have decided to take the pictures you showed me. If you would like you can make a try at the write-up?"

"Like!" The words choked in my throat. Here is my great chance, my opportunity.

This evening I have spent writing, crossing out, working on. Sometimes the white paper fell in torn bits about me, as the right word, the right form, eluded me. Nothing but the best would do for these designs.

I did not notice that Constance seemed troubled, nervous. At last, she put on her hat, and went out of the little room. I was glad to be alone. The air seemed cleared of a troubling presence.

Now I could work and work well. I wrote and re-wrote. Wrote and re-wrote. The clock struck 12. Constance lay on her couch sleepless. I knew, by the twitch of the covers over her.

It was finished. I gave a great sigh. Found I was not tired, but only wide awake and lifted out of myself.

In the early morning, still sleepless, I planned the next letter of Eliza Moon to John.

Tomorrow—the Surprise.

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The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she [illegible] it is wonderful and she understand now that when the interest on their war bonds becomes due they just sell more bonds to pay it, so as not to have it cost the poor hungry people anything

There is no occasion for officials to be puzzled over the sudden spurt in army and navy enlistments. By the very nature of things the enforcement of the order to "work or fight" has brought many to the recruiting office who would rather fight for Uncle Sam than undertake to engage in a new and untried occupation. Army life will give them the training for army duty, but in civil life they must make a living for themselves and that too, many times, in vocations for which they have no training

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON.

Summer Weather.

The days are growing hotter, although they're hot enough, and as I ply my swatter I'm feeling pretty tough. The solar rays are pelting, from heat there's no surcease, and I am slowly melting and swimming in my grease. I overhaul the verses I wrote four months ago, and marvel at the curses I handed sleet and snow. Oh, I was surely nutty, when I such language tossed; his head is stuffed with putty, who rails at snow and frost. For winter's wholesome rigors are good for man and beast; there are no flies and chiggers on human limbs to feast. Men sit before their heaters, while loud the blizzard rants, and there are no moskeeters, no worms, or bugs or ants. From germproof Athabasca the wholesome breezes blow, from ocean washed Alaska comes down the healthful snow. And yet when winter's flinging its blessings all around, when we should all be singing, we raise a doleful sound. Because some ears are frosted, because a nose is peeled, the language is exhausted, so bitterly we've spieled. The days are growing hotter, and hotter still, my friends; as to my tasks I totter, the mercury ascends. The flies, in countless legions, are roosting on my dome, and in the arctic regions I fain would build my home.

(Copyright 1918 George Matthew Adams)

Little Benny's Notebook

We was eating suppir today being stake under onions and Frentch fried potatoes, only our cooks Irish and ma sed to pop, Willyum, a man came erround today collecting old clothes for the Belgium releef.

I wish some man wood go erround collecting old clothes for my releef, sed pop, in fact, if things get mutch worse I'm thinking of taking out Belgium naturalization papers.

Dont be foolish, sed ma.

Wy shood I? sed pop.

Enyway, sed ma, I gave him that old blue soot of yours with the holes in the elbows.

Grate greef, sed pop.

It had a hole in both elbows, sed ma.

And it also had a 10 dollar bill in the cash pockit of the vest, sed pop putting down his fork and mussing his hair, not being hard on account of him not having hardly eny to muss.

Now, Willyum, wats the use of acting unreasonable, you know very well you cood almost of put your fist threw those elbows, sed ma.

Elbows be hanged to blazes, didnt you just heer me say there was a perfeckly good transferrable 10 dollar bill in one of the pockits, wat did the man look like, ware did he come from? sed pop.

My goodniss, Willyum, Im no detective, sed ma, enyway, youre sertenly making a dreadful fuss about a old soot with nuthing but 2 holes ware the elbows awt to of bin.

If you mention those holes on those elbows agen ill deliberitly strangle to deth before your delighted eyes, do you realize that I am out 10 hard earned dollars or do you not? sed pop.

O, Willyum, youre getting all excited for nuthing, I took the 10 doller bill out, sed ma.

Then wy in the name of heavenly Dick didnt you say so, insted of singing a loonatick song about elbows? sed pop.

I wunted to serprize you, sed ma.

Air, give me air, sed pop. And he quick got up and went out, slamming the frunt door as if he was still mad, wich he proberly was, and ma sed, I serprized him all rite, hee hee.

TODAY IS THE BIRTHDAY OF
Garibaldi
IS IT YOURS?

July 4th, 1807.

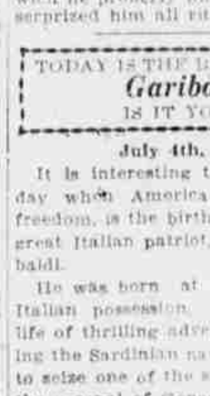
It is interesting to note that the day when America celebrates her freedom, is the birthday, also, of the great Italian patriot, Giuseppe Garibaldi.

He was born at Nice—then an Italian possession. He started his life of thrilling adventures by entering the Sardinian navy, and planning to seize one of the ships and occupy the arsenal of Genoa against a hostile expedition. He escaped to South America, became mixed up with some hostile armies, was captured and tortured so that his limbs were dislocated. It was here, though, that he met and married Anita, the mother of his three children and his inseparable companion in all the fighting he was to do later. At one time, in Italy, he held an army of 20,000 with 3,000 men. Anita died while they were being pursued through a forest in Ravenna, and Garibaldi fled to New York, where he became a chandler, earned a small fortune and returned to Italy. He married the Countess Raimondi, but during the wedding ceremony received news that started him on another campaign and he never saw his wife again! A long time after, he obtained an annulment, in order to marry again.

Garibaldi had purchased a small estate—the island of Caprera—and here he retired after his long campaigns or after political troubles. Sometimes his money ran out, and he wrote romances to support himself until an annual pension of $10,000 was awarded him. Wherever he went, towards the latter and more peaceful days of his life, he was received with great enthusiasm, and when he died, in 1882, Italy went into mourning.

(Copyright 1918 George Matthew Adams)

Punkville Paragrafs.



The Tin Peddler has come out for nation-wide prohibition, as the more water the public drinks the more tin dippers they will buy.

Columbus Allsop's wife has joined the Ladies' Sewing Circle, but there is nothing in the constitution and bylaws about patching pants.

Yam Sim's mule balked with him while going along the Gander creek road one day this week, which made him feel like a prominent automobilist far from the madding gasoline tank.

The Little Mother of Shack 3

By ZOE BECKLEY

"London, the 20th.

"My Darling Floss:

"I feel something like Marie Antoinette—wasn't it Marie who said 'Nothing can hurt me now' when on her way to the guillotine she struck her forehead on the lintel of a door? Well, we have passed through the supreme ordeal. At least it seemed pretty supreme while it was happening. But we live, and are unhurt. We have lost our luggage, however, and possess only such articles of clothing as we could throw on and grab in our arms before the ship went down. I salvaged my purse and my travelers' checks, which look like strips of dried tripe. My watch is full of salt, but the jeweler in High Holborn (adorable names in London) says it can be resuscitated.

"I suppose you got our cables, and from the newspapers have read the story of the disaster. No need to go over it.

"Dr. Will was, of course, a marvel of coolness and nerve. He worked night and day over the injured, but has not broken down. No one was killed, but several were hurt.

"One was my friend of the steamer, Roger Landis, a gay-hearted, devil-may-care hero, who has taken me 'round London a bit to get my nerves settled. This young man, Florrie, is like an insidious drug. I constantly tell myself I shall not take him any more. Then comes some new stress or strain and he offers himself with his soothing suggestions, his diverting decotion, his amusing antics (note my unusually fine literary style), and I permit myself another dose of him. He is a handsome lad, Florrie, and if the Chemin-des-Dames or the Cambrai road, doesn't 'do' for him and his ambulance, I shall try to keep him for you to see.

"Well, if New York is a miracle, London is a marvel—slower, soldier, old, dignified, heavy and drenched in history. Whenever I think it is ugly Roger Landis discourses upon its fascinations till I am converted. If I express delight at its beautiful green little parks, its homey interiors, rosy with lamplight, its magnificent squares often called 'circuses,' or its stately mansions in West End, he instantly makes jokes about them, or points out their solemn architectural flaws in a way to make one scream with laughter. Any way you take him, he is a 'cure.'

"Although friend Rogers is still in splints and bandages from shoulder to wrist from that smashing he got in the lifeboat (he says he only wears 'em to hold my sympathy), we went the other night to a theater.

Three-quarters of the audience were women. Nearly all in evening gowns; but black, dear. Oh, so many of them in solid, unrelieved black. About half through the first act came suddenly a sound that turned my blood to ice. The fire sirens blowing the air raid alarm! It is a terrible nerve tester the first time you hear it.

"Believe me or not, child, the performance went straight on. I clutched Mr. Landis's arm, it fortunately being his good side, and dragged him to the door. Only a small part of the audience left their seats. Imagine habit breeding such casualness as that!

"From the darkened lobby (all lights out or masked by 9 o'clock) we saw people running from all directions to the street corner and staring upward. Again I dragged my reluctant escort, who declared he was bored and insisted we would see things "much more interesting" in France. We peered with the others into the inky sky. We could hear the sharp fire of the anti-aircraft guns, and my fear-chilled blood turned hot with excitement. There, almost over our heads gleamed some faint sparks like moving stars. Then streaks of white zigzagging across the heavens—the searchlights.

"My first contact with actual warfare, dear! An almost uncontrollable eagerness to get into France seized me. A frenzy of feeling I can't find words to describe surged through me as I stood there in the dark with closed eyes, listening to that gunfire—the dogged answer of the allies to the Hun!

The lights in the blue-black heavens died out, though the guns kept shouting, and presently the church bells gave the signal that the attack was over. The people dispersed. We returned to the theater, but I could not fix my mind upon the show.

Roger Landis left next day under sudden orders. He says we shall surely meet over there. One cannot tell. I saw him off at Charing Cross, and went back to my quarters feeling—well, homesick, maybe.

My heart's love to all of you,
"SALLY."

(To be continued).

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

Helen Makes a Promise Before Merton Gray Arrives.

CHAPTER CXII.

"I am glad dear!" Mrs. Sexton said when I resumed my seat beside her. "Very glad. Now I want a promise from you. I want you to talk things over with your husband very simply, very plainly, very lovingly. Take care you choose your time well. Don't try to talk to him when he acts annoyed or worried. But some night after dinner, when he is at home with you, tell him that you want to know just what he really expects of you; how you feel about everything save only his friendship for Julia Collins, or any other woman. Do not mention that, else he will think you only prompted by jealousy. Will you promise?"

"Why, yes—but I have tried to talk to him."

"Talk more intimately than you have done. Talk as one man to another. Take the ground that he isn't being fair and square with you. I imagine that will have more effect with him than anything else. Tell him you have seen me, and that I said I was flattered because of your improvement, your gain in poise, your greater understanding of social matters. It won't hurt you to praise yourself by repeating what I have said—hurt you with him, I mean. Don't be too meek, my dear, too easily hurt by what he says. He probably doesn't mean it in the way you take it. Please him; but in doing so, do not lose your individuality. That was what attracted him to you. Remember that when you are discouraged. There comes Merton. I will leave you now. He will not care to see even me."

Before I could object she had glided quietly from the room.

Friendship Instead of Love.

"Helen!" Merton came to me with outstretched hands. I laid mine in them and smiled at him thru a mist of unshed tears.

"Merton!" I answered, even to the intonation, as he had spoken.

"Did you mean you did not care enough? That you will not go with me?"

"Yes, Merton. I was not fair. I see it now. Because of an occasional bit of jealousy, a little unhappiness that may come to every married couple, I was soothed and comforted by your love. I thought I loved—cared for you more than I did for George. But Merton it isn't so. I never could be happy if I left him—we would not be happy. Forgive me for making you think I—cared. Will you, can you?"

"Are you sure this time, dear?" he had grown very white.

"Very sure." I answered so low he bent his head to hear. Then releasing my hands he put one of his under my chin and raising my face he looked long and earnestly into my eyes. Then he bent and kissed me, just once.

"I have nothing to forgive," he then said. "That is if you will keep me as a friend. It is far less than I had hoped to be; but perhaps more than I deserve. It is for you to forgive me, Helen."

"Let us forgive each other," I tried to speak lightly, "and like two good friends never mention this again; but try to forget it. Shall we?"

"Thank you, Helen. You are an angel." We talked a few moments more then he took me home. I was happier than I had been in a long time.

Helen Keeps Her Promise.

That very night when George came in I saw at a glance that he was in a particularly genial humor. I would keep my promise to Mrs. Sexton at once and have it over. As always I dreaded approaching George with anything that looked like faultfinding. But after dinner he said:

"I think I shall remain in tonight. I have a magazine I want to read."

"That's nice! Would you mind talking a little first?"

"Anything of importance? I am keen to get at the magazine."

It was not very encouraging, but I went on:

"Yes, very important to me. I'll promise not to be long." I hesitated. It was going to be harder than I thought. "I saw Mrs. Sexton today," I finally commenced, "and she said awfully nice things to me. That's what made me want to talk to you." I had no intention of telling him of anything she said save her praise of me, but I wanted his attention.

"Yes—what did she say?"

"She said she was flattered in my improvement, my gain in poise, my greater understanding of social matters. Those were her exact words. Wasn't she nice?"

"Very. But she only said what was so." I was so surprised at his answer I could scarcely go on.

"If you feel that way why didn't you sometimes say so?" I exclaimed forgetting her caution, everything save that he had withheld praise he knew my due. "Why don't you tell me when I please you as well as when I displease you? It isn't fair! You find fault and make me unhappy when I do the slightest thing you do not like, but you never make up for it by telling me of the things that I do which you do like. I have tried to change myself, to make myself all over to suit you, and I seem to never please you in spite of it. Please, George, be a little more fair with me, won't you??"

"If you have finished your tirade I will read," was all my answer. All I deserved for talking as I had, for not controlling myself.

Tomorrow—The Reaction.

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Everyday Wisdom

$25,000 a Year.

It is a lot of fun to make $25,000 a year. We often feel the temptation, and we often feel that $25,000 is about the measure of excitement we would like to get out of life; $10,000 a year is a little slow if you are out for money and nothing else. Very few educated people are. We are not. The past two years we have met several $10,000 a year men and a number of $25,000 a year men and a couple of fiftiers and we have seen some bigger men than that. We [illegible] this go by in their touring cars. We believe the $25,000 mark is the most tempting of all, and every day or so we regret it is inconvenient for us to quit some other things we are doing and start out to make about this much money per annum. We would have to quit drawing these little drawings at the top of these essays, for instance. They don't bring much. We sort of throw them in with the essays and the editor does not kick a great deal, although he looks sometimes as if he would like to turn our articles over to Howard Chandler Christy or Harrison Fisher to illustrate. We get about $10,000 worth of fun out of making these drawings—per year. In that way we reduce our income down to $15,000 a year. There are other ways we reduce it further. The essays themselves cut it of some more. They take a little time each morning that we would have to give up to opening mail and smoking 25 cent cigars and jabbing push buttons, if we were a $25,000 a year man. And sometimes we go to a ball game. Also we are naturally nervous, anyway, and we would hate to have to get nervous and high-strung enough to look worth $25,000 a year. It takes a good constitution to look overworked. We would rather restrain ourselves a little and make a little less money. It may be, though, that we have altogether missed our calling. Some day we may switch over and decide to get an income.

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