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Bible Thought for Today

February 6.

FRUITAGE OF SECRET PRAYER.—But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.—Matt. 6: 6, 8.

GETTING READY FOR ACTION.

Not a great deal is being heard anent state politics but to the sophisticated eye it is apparent that the stage is being set for plenty of action in the approaching campaign.

The latest evidence of this fact is discovered in the initial issue of the Oklahoma Statesman, an Oklahoma City publication which carries at its masthead the name of Col. Anderson A. Webb, well known raconteur, politician and journalist. The publication is suspected of entertaining strong democratic leanings since for years its sponsor has been on terms of more or less intimacy with the majority party of the state.

Col. Webb keeps on his editorial desk two ink wells. One is filled with the milk of human affection, the other with vitriol. It is the accepted theory that the pen of talent which he wields had as soon be dipped in the one as the other, but that it is never dipped in vitriol to be used against those who have any claim upon the colonel's friendship.

The purpose of this publication is clearly apparent in the initial number. It is to have considerable say in the details of the coming campaign. Likewise it will express itself concerning candidacies one and all. The colonel starts out talking about the esteemed Oklahoman and Times in a manner that suggests an absence of any particular love for those two journals, their owners or editors.

The World hails the advent of the Oklahoma Statesman. Life is all too drab at best. With Colonel Webb wielding an undisciplined pen through the medium of a journal of his own founding a lot of clear water ought to pass under the bridge before the primaries in August.

OPPORTUNITY AND WEALTH.

The general business of the United States, including merchandising, manufacturing, finance, transportation and mining, is under the major direction of men who have either attained their primacy in some of the various enterprises or are even now surely climbing to the top.

In other words the business structure is almost altogether dominated by men, some of them decidedly young and nearly all of them erstwhile strangers in such company, who have attained their success by the application of the age-old virtues—industry and thrift.

Look around the business world and what do you perceive first of all? Leaders who have risen from small beginnings to affluence by their own ability and thrift. And these men who are now manning the huge machine will not, except in rare cases, be succeeded by the inheritors of their wealth. As a general proposition they will be followed by other men who have by virtue of practicing the same age-old virtue, managed to get their head above the crowd and thus attract the eyes of those ever searching for precisely such phenomena.

There is a conceit abroad in the land that inherited wealth tends to close the doors of opportunity to succeeding generations. We deceive ourselves strangely if there is truth in this idea. On the contrary inherited wealth tends not only to furnish the ladder rungs on which genius climbs to its own place in the sun, but to supply many additional ladders.

The example set by the inheritor of great wealth may be vitiating, particularly if such a one spends his or her days in useless nonproductive idleness; perhaps in vicious activities demoralizing to the national standard. But the wealth itself must be employed and in the employment it requires the master hand of ability. Here enters the man climbing up who possesses precisely the complement that such wealth lacks. The two together march on and up, to not only the benefit of both, but likewise the benefit of countless others who have participated in the productive profits of both along the way.

Thus does inherited wealth contribute substantially to the opportunity of youth while rendering a worthy service to the body politic. The ambitious and determined young engineer makes use of it to open an empire through railway or mining operations; the determined manufacturer, holding valuable patents, seizes on it as the motive power to build a new industry and so on.

It is rarely by chance alone that men attain primacy in anything. In a natural, or normal, state of society, power flies directly to those most capable of employing it. This statement does great violence to popular conception but it is none the less true. It may hesitate uncertainly for a time before it finally lights; because of its uncertainty as to the location of the thing it seeks. But the direction of its flight is unerring and eventually its selection is accurate and is speedily justified by events.

Thus in a military undertaking the unknown genius develops rapidly and power picks him out from the multitude. Observe the case of every great military chieftain—Napoleon, Grant, etc., to go no further than modern times. In civil society the perception of this thing we call power, but which might with as great accuracy be denominated as distinction, honor, success, authority is equally accurate. Likewise in finance, industry, merchandising, and all other vocations, with an exception made of modern politics because in this vocation, or avocation, normalcy no longer exists and the genius of authority is quite frequently misled through the artificialities which have been introduced.

The work of the world will continue to be done by men climbing upward. Those who have successfully made the journey are not in the way and do not compete. No generation ever faced such unbounded opportunity as that now setting its foot on the bottom rung of the ladder.

NOW FOR OUR BRICK BUILDING.

For a long while we have been assured that if a naval holiday could be inaugurated the United States could easily save a billion dollars a year. The holiday has been provided through the terms of the treaty just made public at the national capital.

Now we shall see what we shall see. Most everyone remembers the old tobacco story. How the interested friend who had never used tobacco, was a crank over his imagined virtue and sought to impose his own habits upon others, attempted to snow the confirmed user of the weed what he had spent to satisfy his foolish craving during the 40 years he had been a user of the weed.

"If you had saved the money you have spent for tobacco," he concludes triumphantly, "you would now be able to own that 10-story building on the corner."

"Where's your brick building?" calmly retorted the victim.

Now that we have arranged to make the saving of this billion dollars a year through naval construction economics it behooves us to ask for a sight of our brick building. It will avail nothing if congress merely embarks on a spending campaign in some other direction—further extending the activities of government into realms foreign to government's true purpose.

What is needed is governmental economy which will register in the cost of living, in the size of the appropriation bills. And something seems to tell us that congress is very apt, in the joy it feels in reducing naval expense—congress is almost certain to set about doing something to celebrate the event which will lose us our brick building.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

Close observation of the jury system for any considerable length of time is calculated to raise serious misgivings about the quality of justice capable of being drawn from such a source. But it is the best possible makeshift in a world where human nature predominates, so we must endure it.

Arbuckle, the movie rake, has been tried twice by jury of his peers as the law provides. The first jury stood 10 for acquittal and 2 for conviction, hung on that verdict many hours and was finally discharged from further consideration of the case. The second jury stood 10 for conviction and 2 for acquittal, hung for hours on that verdict and was finally discharged from further consideration of the case. In the meantime Arbuckle remains in statu quo—he is neither innocent nor guilty.

Both juries heard precisely the same evidence as did likewise each member of each jury. How can it be satisfactorily explained that there was so wide a discrepancy in the message ears and eyes telegraphed the brain? How could it happen that 10 members of one jury believed Arbuckle guilty and that 10 members of the other believed him innocent?

Is justice such a negligible, uncertain quantity that what appears justice to 10 men registers injustice to the next 10? Does life, liberty, property actually hang on a thread as slender as is here indicated?

Beyond question. And yet these expressions of justice square precisely with their source. What is fish to one man is fowl to another. A thousand people witnessing any given event—dog fight, fire, leap from a building or any other event—agree as to the main feature—that two dogs did fight, that a building did burn, that a man did leap from the building; but agreement concerning details is rare indeed. Each eye nerve transmitted to the brain slightly different impression.

Our jury system—our manner of ascertaining the innocence or guilt of citizens—is the best and fairest possible. It is in exact accord with the nature of things. A professional jury, carefully and scientifically composed of twelve people so attuned one to the other that they would see, hear and believe in perfect harmony—such a jury sitting in judgment on all men would be a monstrous perversion of justice BECAUSE IT WOULD BE CONTRARY TO THE SOURCE FROM WHICH IT SPRANG AND THEREFORE CONTRARY TO THE NATURE OF THINGS.

Just Folks

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EXPERIENCE.

I've lived through forty kindly years—
I've been a little boy at play,
My mother used to dry my tears
And kiss my little hurts away;
I've trudged to school against my will,
I've wondered why I had to go,
I've been through many a childish ill,
All boyhood's joys and cares I know.

I've been the dreamy, sallow youth
Who thinks himself so very wise;
One on a time, to tell the truth,
I placed much stock in fancy ties
And pointed shoes and yellow spats.
For I was only twenty then.
But now I've one regret, and that's
The way I sneered at older men.

I've been impatient to succeed,
I've dreamed my dreams, and some in vain,
I've pictured many a splendid deed
By which my goal I should attain;
I've played the sighing lover, too,
I've stood to grief and suffered woe,
All that a man must journey through
At some time has been mine to know.

And this I've learned, that one and all
Follow the common path of life,
We share its game as children small,
And later share the days of strife.
Now, looking backwards, I can see
That much I railed against was good,
When time had made it plain to me
And what seemed harsh, I understood.

Oklahoma Outbursts

By OTIS LORTON.

Just to show how the minority controls, we call your attention to the two juries which have heard the evidence in the Arbuckle case.

"Take it from me," the show which played Oklahoma last week, was taken by Muskogee as a personal affront devised by the Oklahoma City conspirators.

Another technical reader objects to our grammar. Like many musicians, we learned to play grammar by ear, and sometimes we do not hear very well, we admit.

Speaking of the way autos rush around a corner, one Tulsa man says if he ever realizes his ambition to become mayor he'll see to it those "terrific cops" get a shaking up.

You can easily see that the girl reporter who wrote some observations about a prize fight does not know much about domestic science. She never said a word about the upper cuts.

If every person in Cherokee county suspected of the Park Hill bank robbery is guilty, they will not be able to declare a very large dividend out of the $530 taken from the bank.

We are beginning to wonder if all these pessimistic weather prophets are on the payroll of the gas company and have received their 1921 interest on deposits to secure service.

A Tulsa man figured some on taking advantage of the cut price on winter suits. "Don't you tie up any money in cold-weather clothes now," admonished his wife. "By next winter you may be needing an asbestos suit."

A query from a Tulsa girl about the advisability of wearing corsets has been referred to this colyum. We can only reply in baseball parlance. If she is in favor of the "squeeze play," by all means wear a corset.

Touchstones of Success

From "Touchstones of Success." Copyright by Vir Publishing Company.

FOLLOWING THE NARROW ROAD OF HONOR.

By T. O'CONNOR SLOAN, New York City Scientific Expert.

It is a great responsibility for one to undertake to advise the young man, just starting into his life work, as to what course to pursue to win the favor of that elusive deity, fortune. It is fair to say that it is quite impossible to lay down any laws for the attainment of financial success. But if at the end of life one can look back on a series of active years and feel in his inner consciousness, that he has little or nothing to regret, and that if he had his life to live over again, there is little or nothing which he would not do again, his life is a success. For while it is very easy for the few who make gigantic fortunes to tell how to do it, luck has much to do with the attainment of fortune. But to follow the path of the superlative of honesty, the narrow roads of honor, there is the extreme of success. Remember Walter Scott's dying words, "Be a good man, my dear;" remember in Shakespeare "'tis not in nature to command success, but to do more, deserve it." A simple interest calculation will tell you how fast your savings will accumulate if you put any given amount aside at interest each year, but that is not success. Cultivate an unconscious way of doing right, avoid introspection, do good to your fellow strugglers without taking any glory in it, and in doubtful cases let honor tell you what to do. Do not let a thousand dollars be a monument of transgression of honor's law; without letting yourself know it, be as true as Washington, and if the dollars do not come rolling in, be sure that an upright life will ensure you a due and proper measure of prosperity, and a clear conscience in the last years of your life will be the best of all fortunes which anyone can wish you. The dollar is not everything, get as many as you can, but between right and mere money let there be no choice.

Barometer of Public Opinion

Inclined to Approve.

Editor World: As I happened to notice in the issue of The World of January 27 two letters of protest, one against your perfectly fair editorial of January 17, regarding conditions in Tulsa county, the other as I presume, panning your editorial upon the stand taken by the Chicago Tribune. I wish to compliment you upon both editorials, more power to you. We are coming to a time when we are going to need more editors who can throw aside political expediency and personal interest, if we are going to save the least atom of old time Americanism and the tolerance which is one of the cornerstones of our system of government.

The great trouble with we who do not believe in the present prohibition act, is that being just ordinary citizens, and not feeling responsible for the salvation of the world and the good conduct of all our neighbors, regardless of our own private conduct, and not feeling it incumbent upon us to know all our neighbors' business, we are apt to slight these matters and pay very little attention to letters mentioned, consequently the other side of the question being by nature a very busy bunch, mostly with other people's business though, are apt to get more letters in the Barometer, thereby making it appear as though a majority of the voters condemn your article.

Your editorial is very able and expresses facts as they are, no fine spun theories, to read some of the stuff put out, it is to laugh, as the Frenchman says, for instance, "with all due respect," take Mrs. S. E. Porter's letter, she is very highly incensed because you stated the fact that the special officers found no stills in Tulsa county when it is only a few days ago that we read where the high muck a mucks of prohibition in their latest mutual admiration meeting, patted themselves on the back and declared that the country was closed almost air tight, or words to that effect, but when you make a statement to that effect about our county you are censured. Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!

In Emilie K. Cole's protest of the same date, great stress is laid on the good done by the Eighteenth amendment, well possibly. A great deal depends upon the point of view, all some of us can see that it has done, is namely. First, to increase the proportion of liars in the country one to 1,000; second, to increase sneaks one to 100; third, to increase lawbreaking by holding out the golden lure whereby a comparatively short successful career at bootlegging or moonshining will make a man financially independent. They take away one temptation from the weak and place another one before him; fourth, it has removed all taxes and source of governmental revenue that the traffic formerly paid, without stopping the traffic. The taxes now go into the pockets of the bootlegger and other business must dig down into its pockets to make up this deficit and the hiring of the army of enforcement officers, all of which accounts for some of the increase in the cost of living; fifth, the only company we have on this proposition is Turkey and I do not like to see America in such company.

For my part, as far as my personal appetite is concerned, I do not care if there was never another drop of liquor made, nor do I wish to see the old time saloon, but if I ever have the opportunity, I certainly will vote for a modification, or in other words vote for what I believe common sense, other countries handle the traffic successfully and I believe Uncle Sam can also, if the busy bodies will stand to one side and give the balanced rational temperance people a chance to work.

Tulsa, Jan. 29. H. C. GALLAGHER.

AN HEIR AT LARGE

[Copyright: 1922: By The Chicago Tribune.]

CHAPTER XXII.

Power, whether for good or evil, always commands a following. It is not yielded lightly, and the more wicked it is the more unscrupulous will be the methods to retain it. Also the longer such power has been exercised by a single man or group of men the more likely will be the development of abuses of it.

In Adamant and Somber City, where lay the chief activities of the Lannard Steel Mills, power had long been centered in the hands of James Stabb, manager. As time went on and resistance had been beaten down, the methods of mill management had grown less and less responsive to the dictates of common decency and progress.

But as long as he was successful he had his supporters, open or secret—men who did not care to inquire too closely into his methods so long as dividends were maintained—others who found it profitable to participate in the various side issues promoted by him.

There was the Building and Loan Association, devised by Stabb but headed by a local banker named Henry Hornblend, whereby workmen were induced to invest in a house on the installment plan, with the result that they could not strike or quit work without seeing the meager savings of years wiped out. Few ever reached the final payment, and the property reverted to the Association. This scheme yielded big profits, which were shared by Mr. Stabb and his associates.

Another of Stabb's creations was a chain of local stores from which the workmen were obliged to purchase most of their food and clothing. Healthful competition being thus eliminated, prices were arbitrarily fixed by men who were decidedly not in business for their health.

Insiders commonly believed that certain town officials were beneficiaries in the profits of these ventures. Even the local congressman, it was whispered, had more than an altruistic interest in their welfare.

This congressman was of a type which is happily disappearing. He was a quick and ready speaker, a hale fellow well met, a waver of the flag, and as devious as a fox. His friends, for favors rendered, called him "Honest John" Harpy.

A look into the Honorable Harpy's safe deposit box would have revealed many secrets unsuspected by his constituents.

Such conditions could not exist in an enlightened community. But Adamant and Somber City were far from being enlightened. James Stabb believed enlightenment generated discontent.

Thus it came about that when Harry L. Rasher emerged from the dead level following his spectacular overthrow of one of the cogs in Stabb's machine he began to be taken seriously by the higher-ups.

In response to a telephone call, Mr. Harpy and Mr. Hornblend hurried over to Mr. Stabb's office. When they were seated, Stabb began:

"This man Rasher is getting too much influence. We must counteract it at once."

"Can't you fire him?" asked Harpy.

"Yes, I can, but I'm not sure that's the best way to destroy his influence with the men. It might make him stronger. I should have fired him before this affair with Romisky. Now it's too late. He's got to be discredited."

"What do you know about him?"

"Practically nothing except that he turned up here some weeks ago in a machine which he sold for $65. I have no doubt he stole it."

"In that case," said Harpy, "there should be no difficulty. We can get somebody to identify the car, and, perhaps, after I have a little talk with him he will be glad to leave town."

Mr. Hornblend interposed.

"It's my experience that men will do almost anything for money. Perhaps if I can interest him in some investment he might be induced to get in over his head."

Mr. Stabb did not seem impressed by this proposal. He looked at Hornblend sourly.

"I don't care how it's done, just so he goes. Romisky's method was evidently wrong."

"Can Tony recover his influence?" asked Harpy.

"Not while Rasher's around. The workmen worship a winner, and six hundred of 'em saw him lick Tony. You two know how to handle these things, but don't play him for a fool."

The Honorable Mr. Harpy smiled confidently, and Mr. Hornblend said:

"I'll try first. If I can get him into a financial transaction I know I can land him."

"Go to it, old man," replied Harpy, slapping him on the back. "You've landed a lot of 'em in your day." Hornblend frowned. He knew this was too true to be complimentary.

Childhood Troubles Real

By NORA COLE SKINNER

Nora Cole Skinner

Standing on a street corner one day I watched the boys and girls going to school. Almost without exception they seemed lighthearted and free, and I said to myself, they are enjoying the happiest period of their lives, yet do not realize it. No, they probably think they are having a hard time.

Recall your own schooldays, that early schooling when the world was young, and can't you distinctly remember that you thought your tasks very heavy, and you longed to grow up so you could do as you pleased.

No doubt we played from morning to night, you and I, but our play was interrupted from time to time by some little household duty such as sweeping off the back porch or setting the table. Oh, it was an awful cross to bear. Sometimes, too, we were forced to come in to dinner and leave the game, and often bedtime came before we'd caught all the lightning bugs.

Those things seem laughable now, but to the childish mind they were real troubles. "Life is real, life is earnest," is true all down the line, as much so to the little girl of eight as to the big girl of 18 or 28.

"Happiness," "troubles," these are relative terms, anyway. Things which cause them may be inconsequential, yet strike the child with tremendous force, missing the adult altogether. In other words, if a child remained a child forever, his life would be filled with real troubles to him, just as much as it would after he was full grown.

When a child, school hours seemed so long, and recess so short, and Saturday just never would come. Summer days flew, yet Christmas lagged and lagged—and how long the years seemed to graduation.

But now it is different. It seems that it was all too brief, and we feel that we didn't make the most of it, and didn't enjoy it as we shoould. How we would like to do it over again. It's impossible, we know, but we can shut our eyes and dream the poet's dream:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a child again just for tonight."

But when we say that we don't mean it literally.

What we really mean is, make me a child again, gifted with the experience and knowledge which we have picked up in the years of maturity, in order that we may realize the blessings of childhood and make the most of it.

But to be put back as a child again, with a child's mind, a child's troubles, and groping darkly into the future—no, we don't want it. We'll dream about it, that's all.

Benny's Notebook

Feb. 6.—I was wawking home from skool today and I came to 2 tuff looking kids having a fearse argewment about wich one could wissle throo their fingers the loudest, one saying, Aw go on, I can wissle twice as loud as you, you sound like a deef and dum fish alongside of me.

Jest because you say so that dont prove nuthing, holey smoaks if I couldent wissle eny louder than wat you can I'd dry up and blow away, sed the 2nd kid, and the ferst kid sed, O all rite, all rite, well Ill jest bet you a cent and we'll leeve this heer kid hold the stakes and be the judge. Meaning me, and the 2nd kid sed, Put up or shut up. And they both took a cent out of their pants pockit and handed it to me without me saying weather I wunted to be the stake holder or not, the ferst kid saying, Now kid, if you wunt to heer a wissle like you never herd before, lissen to this.

And he put 2 fingers half ways in his mouth and blew a fearse loud wissle sounding like the werld was coming to a end, and the 2nd kid put 4 fingers all the ways in his mouth and blew a wissle sounding like the werld had alreddy came to a end. Me thinking, G, he gets the 2 cents.

Wich jest wen I was going to say so the ferst kid sed, Well I guess that proves I can wissle louder than you and if this kid says different Ill smeer him one across the face. Me thinking, G, maybe his was the loudest after all. And I was jest going to say so and the 2nd kid sed, If this kid aint got sents enuff to say I wisseled the loudest Ill poke him sutch a crack in the jaw he'll wake up in the hospital, and the ferst kid sed, O is that so, well if I hit him he'll wake up in 2 hospittals.

Me thinking, Heck, good nite. And I sed, It was a tie, thats wat it was, heers your sents back. And I gave them their sents back and they wunted to have the contest all over agen but I sed, No, I haff to go somewares, I haff to go, Im going now.

Wich I did.

SHY WHEN OFFICERS COME

Develops Great Speed When He Sees The Law Approaching.

Special to The World

JAY, Feb. 5.—W. J. Bell and H. P. Thompson, deputies, were unable to arrest John Rosell, near Kansas, Wednesday, on a charge of carrying a pistol. When the officers drove up to his house in the afternoon, Rosell, suspicious of the officers' action, ran out of the back door of the house with the officers in hot pursuit. Rosell proved to be swifter than the officers and was soon so far ahead that the chase was abandoned.

Rosell is already charged with violating the prohibitory laws, and it was believed by the officers that he thought there was another whisky charge against him.

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she guesses her father has taken his profits and got out of the market entirely by this time as she overheard him say two weeks ago that he was on the short side.

The Horoscope

"The stars incline but do not compel." Copr. 1922, by McClure Newspaper Synd.

Monday, February 6, 1922.

Good and evil planetary influences contend today, according to astrology. While Venus and Saturn are in benefic aspect, Mercury and Uranus are adverse.

It is a way lucky for women and old persons of both sexes the seers declare.

The stars smile on brides and bridegrooms today, which may be marked by an unusual number of marriages joining the old and the young.

Women should push their business, professional and political ambitions today, which is held to be especially auspicious for big enterprises.

Farmers should benefit by today's planetary direction, which makes for better management of affairs as well as for good crops.

Mines and miners should benefit from this rule, which seems to promise settlement of industrial disagreements.

During this rule of the stars investments in land should be profitable. There will be much buying of property on the Pacific coast.

France is subject to aspects of the stars making for wide discontent, national fears and secret diplomacy.

As Mars falls stationary on Saturn in May Lenine is likely to have a year of better conditions which insure real progress in Russia.

Again trouble is indicated for Holland, for evil stars menace the queen, who may suffer from serious ill health.

Neptune culminating at Berlin is exceedingly threatening to Germany, presaging discontent and sedition.

Politics in the United States will become of unusual moment in the spring, when women will accomplish sensational feats in the name of reform.

Persons whose birthdate it is should be on their guard in business affairs during the coming year. Those who are employed will be fortunate.

Children born on this date may meet with many difficulties in life, because they are likely to mercurial and intense. They probably will succeed best as employes.

ON TRIAL FOR SUGAR THEFT

Case Against Former Picher Grocer Will Be Continued Today.

MIAMI, Feb. 5.—The trial of C. B. Wood, former Picher grocer, charged with the murder of O. B. Vanderpool, Joplin detective, was not concluded Saturday. The state is seeking to connect Wood with the theft of sugar from a local wholesale grocery which led to the fatal shooting of Vanderpool. Norris A. Chandler and J. J. Lynch, who was arrested with Wood, after some of the alleged stolen sugar was found in Wood's store. The defense contends that Wood purchased the sugar and did not know it was stolen.

American musical comedies are not popular in Mexico.

THE NEW GENERATION

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Margaret Continues to Worry Over Joan's Friends.

In spite of her amusement Margaret was a bit anxious because of the sort of people Joan seemed to select for her friends. There was the episode with the married man. It was true Joan had come out of that with flying colors, but might not the next man be more clever, sense Joan's youngness, and yet see she was different from many girls her age?

"You see, Joan," Margaret said as a result of long reflection, "married men have no intention to be anything but true to their wives. But they, all men, are like children and want to be amused. Then because girls know they are married and should be at home under their own vine or fig tree, or should have their wives with them, they have to make a long and elaborate explanation about their wives not understanding them—how lonely they are—and how the particular young girl to whom they have been talking is the one girl in all the world for them. But if wifey comes along just as likely as not they won't even see the girl. They will certainly try to avoid speaking to her and when they meet again will boldly deny having seen her."

"But, Mumsie, the married men are so interesting."

"I grant you that! They have had more practice than the boys, and practice makes perfect you know. There's one thing I personally dislike in married men who run after other women. They respect no one neither the woman they have married, the woman they run after, nor themselves."

"Why, Mumsie, how awful!"

"It is true. Your married man proved how much you meant to him, didn't he? They are all alike. They know they never can mean anything to you, yet by their attentions they keep decent young men away because they know that really nice girls won't put themselves in such a questionable position?"

"All right, Mumsie!" Joan was yawning. "But you know you have always lived in the country. The bunch I run around with don't feel as you do about things. It makes no difference whether a man is married or not if he is clever, interesting and entertaining."

Margaret said no more. As always, she felt if she tried to preach she would do more harm than good. Joan had come out of so many experiences unscathed that she felt confident the girl always would. Yet she could not yet dismiss the entire subject:

"Do you really like such young men as Dean Tennant, Joan? I wish I could. But whenever I try to think that perhaps he is very clever—not only Dean, but all those young men I saw that night at dinner—all I can think of or see is their soiled linen, their unkempt appearance. They are so different from Malcolm Frost, and the rest of the boys. Why Ted Walters looks as if he belonged to a different world, yet he is very clever, full of fun and is everything that is attractive."

"Oh, Ted's all right. But one gets fed up on the sort they have always known. What is life if it contains no thrills?"

Margaret tried to answer, but choked instead, so hard was it for her to keep from laughing. When she could compose herself she replied:

"Yes, thrills do mean a good deal. That was why I came to New York. I also longed for thrills."

Joan's face grew serious. It was one thing for her to want to be thrilled, quite another thing when her mother wanted the same experience.

The telephone rang. Joan answered it gaily:

"Yes, this is Joan—yes indeed, my studio is adorable. Yes—not now. Mother is here with me. She is a duck but she wouldn't understand you—no, I won't marry anyone until you have had a chance to propose to me. What nodsense you do talk! No—Come tomorrow—yes, about 8 o'clock. So long."

"Just think of a man talking like that over the phone! Did he really ask you to marry him? And who in the world was it?"

"It wasn't anyone you know, Mumsie, and he just the same as asked me. But unless I was sure a man yould die in a month or two and leave me a widow before I got sick and tired of seeing him around, I'd never marry anyone. Although it is sort of nice to have Mrs. on one's calling cards, and on one's tombstone. People are apt to think one is so unattractive if they sign themselves Miss instead of Mrs."

Margaret laughed with Joan, and soon left, desperately anxious to know who had spoken to Joan so familiarly, yet hesitating to ask again.

"What is life if it contains no thrills?" Joan had asked with such a serious face. In her heart Margaret understood, and also longed for the thrilling experiences that come to most women.

Tomorrow—A Chat with Craig Forrester.

Abe Martin

Hardly anybuddy went t' Melodeon Hall last night, as it's said th' theater's haunted by actors that starved t' death there last week. One good thing about rain—it falls on th' just—fine same as it falls on th' just.