TULSA WORLD

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P. K. POST, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 1st day of October, 1919.
(SEAL) MARGO TUTTLE, Notary Public.

My commission expires October 17, 1921.

PHONE 6000 FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS

Daily Biblical Quotation.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26

The Lord is gone to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Psa. 145:9.

Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But angels that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Psalms 150:6.

WANTED—AN ADEQUATE DEFINITION.

The academic discussion about the rights of capital and labor continues to rage with increasing vigor. A conference was called for the purpose of reconciling the differences existing between these two elements, has served its day without appreciable accomplishment, and has gone its way. And at no time, not even by the conference referred to, has there been an attempt to clearly define just what is meant by capital and just what is meant by labor.

The word capital suggests an ugly creature to the imagination. It is grasping, avaricious, unjust, unpatriotic and dangerous. And the word "labor" conjures a helpless, forlorn and oppressed character. But we find labor represented in all these councils by men of wealth and great worldly possessions; driving to and fro in costly motor cars; experienced politicians and manipulators in every sense of the word. And we find the organizations these modern feudal kings represent scrimping and seeking to ruin the little merchant who employs three or four young people of the neighborhood, conducting a business on borrowed capital and extracting therefrom a hard living. These modest little establishments conducted by men who labored but yesterday and who are seeking to express themselves in growth and advancement along constitutional lines, are to be ruined as "capitalists," hateful and grinding, because their employes, who are in all respects members of a happy, contented family, do not choose to affiliate with a union.

And on the other hand, we see the employes of these and other establishments, which in the aggregate run into the hundreds of thousands, prosperous and contented, saving of their wages and a bit later marrying and settling down in their communities, contributing to the social atmosphere and becoming heads of families and partners in the business they helped to build or owning one of their own. These too are laboring men and women. But we do not see them in the minds eye when we condemn the wickedness of political laborers or when political laborers talk about the "downtrodden and oppressed laboring classes."

What is this "labor" we hear so much about. And where does this "capital" that is so loudly cursed begin and end? The time has certainly come for definitions that will adequately define.

American history shows that the laborers of today are the capitalists of tomorrow.

IT WAS BOUND TO COME.

The scientists and misdirected idealists will soon be placing the jinks on the doors of jinxes and turning a combination on the doors of ladies that will close them eternally. Harry Vardoff, of some place, announces that he has positively succeeded in unearthing a nature. By using the microscopic gland from a young man or another, and injecting it in an old man, he restores to the old man the practices, attitude and habits of youth.

You don't know what the microscopic gland is? Neither do we. But that makes no difference. The scheme works beautifully. We have heard numerous word lately. Just a few years ago we got the word of a professor-minded gentleman, from the land of kings, that a person from birth's blood would bring perfect and right consciousness.

The work could be the new youth evidence in the different, in having a supply of microscopic glands ready for use in the old world. To get this of them, some dead in the old world. In order which to patch up an old man's mind, barnacled in years and worn, perhaps, it is necessary to kill a young man. Some time ago we read a new 1919 model. It appears that it is now back in 1918.

[illegible] will be inclined to submit themselves to experiment for a price. Young men have been known to do it. The money is substantial for the temporary loss of the gland and enough to provide a good stake for new pastures. It is a business that pays.

American men of wealth are now a [illegible] to go out there and mingle with their ancestors for another period of existence north among. If a healthy young Chinaman is not for the operation stand for a nominal price. It is suggested that this be the Hoosling province, after India has grazed there for a few years, the Chinese may actually advertise their businesses for sale at the prices. Progress is being made all the while.

But the misfortune of young manhood will be just as well as any other, says the good doctor. This was but almost said. But wait. Are we to understand that the disposition is transferred with the brain? Then some embarrassments may ensue. Think of having some of the inclinations of the brain without the ability to carry them out! An old man attempting to climb a tree and attempting to jump from each to the ground almost certainly lost up even a camp meeting or a Billy Sunday revival. Or think of some fory sister, animated with the enthusiasm of the monk to swing head downwards from a limb without the cardinal acrobatic knowledge necessary to perform that absolutely feat. It will be a distressing sight. Or of an aged Cupid Elder chasing a modern vamper down the streets of our villages, his heart full of the jousting instinct but his mind filled with monkey tactics. It is too painful to even imagine.

We are fearful that the good Doctor Voronoff is playing with fire, or our credulity. He is heading for territory anyway. It is an ambitious and daring undertaking—to repeal the immutable laws of nature. That is his credit. He has seen the law of supply and demand regulated by legislative fiat, and the onward march of Time stayed by the same process he doubtless took warrant for his experiment which he tells us has proven successful. That must be his justification.

The process may be all that it is reported. We remain skeptical, however. But if it should so prove, we shall look for a law to be enacted requiring that only chances respectable be used. We are afraid of the monkey business. We have read Darwin, and we know that even now everything with the primordial germ still in that direction persists.

There seems no end to the period against the cause of science or to discourage progress. But let us be cautious and play safe.

THE BEN DAVIS RESPECTABLE.

The post-war period has wrought many changes. There sits on our dinner table today, welcome and respected guests, comrades which of yore were denied even admission to our homes. To mention only one or two—the navy beans, ham hocks and cabbage, and the New Davis apple.

Necessity is not alone the mother of invention. She is also the establisher of true values. The laymen may not undertake to appraise the worth of the navy bean consented to exclusive heat quite out the other fraternity that may please the ear of science but does not appease the palate. He can but assert in language more forcible than elegant, that it is filling and does the work. And that when boiled properly, covered with pork and done to a just right turn in the oven, is not bad to take—if spiked slightly with fresh horse radish. We have no fear for the future of America—unless the bean crop should fail. Then, in such an event, we tremble to think what composing hosts may swarm across our borders and vanquish this once proud and mighty race. No! Hoofed warrior will ever force a bean-laffered knee to flex.

And ham hocks—once the despised outcast, the food of scullery maids, but now the welcome and respected guest at the feast. Ham hocks and cabbage! What memories the words conjure! There have been those who sang the praises of cornbread and turnip greens. And at that time the subject is inquiring, that he confessed. But now, when the frost is hanging hard by, there is an odor to the steaming dish of ham hocks and cabbage that would drive an Irishman to real work. It's good to eat. And only a false modesty and glacial pride prevents broadcloth and satin from admitting it.

But the Ben Davis—ah! If, perchance, you think there is one lacking in respectability or even the qualities of superlativeness, then back to this. Select a dozen, while yet firm and solid, pear the core out cleanly and neatly, leaving the skins as nature grew them. Set and up in a baking tin, fill each with light-brown sugar, add a lump of butter the size of a small hickory nut, then powder over with nutmeg or cinnamon as your taste may demand. Pour into the pan a little water, set the whole in the oven and bake until done, then serve with rich cream. The laziest lounge lizard that ever walked the earth will rise from bed an hour earlier to get such a dish for breakfast! The Jonathan, Grimes golden, winesap, delicious and Arkansas black have been cavorting about for years in a set exclusively their own. Their aloofness, of late, has been painfully noticeable. But thank goodness old Ben is breaking into society himself. He has arrived!

Through its spokesman, Frank Wikoff, Oklahoma City morning's live up to its general reputation at the annual reserve bank hearing at Washington a few days ago. If Oklahoma City could only learn that the earth and its good things are to be shared in common by a lot of other communities it would be possible, we believe, for it to become less a nuisance and more a good neighbor.

OKLAHOMA OUTBURSTS

BY OTTA CUPIDON

[illegible]

Getting Ready to Hop Off

The Presidential Campaign Near

Even Now There Is Partisan Politics in Most That Is Being Said and Done, Though the Effort Is to Keep it Skillfully Concealed from the Naked Eye of the Public—President Always Playing the Game.

T. A. L.

There is an impression that the presidential campaign is a great way off and that very little strategy is on yet being given candidates and platforms and convention cities and convention dates in those circles where such things are brought up, considered and settled. This impression is due to the fact that the rage and pause treaty, the high cost of living, the prevalent social unrest and various correlated subjects have caught and held the attention of both the governmental agencies and the public press.

But the facts are that the date and place for holding the two great nominating conventions will be determined and announced within a very short time. The republican national committee will meet in Washington during December, perhaps in the early part, for a locality and a hotel or hotels. It is the purpose of the committee to be on the ground for the work that there is to do. The place for holding the convention will be determined, the date fixed and all preliminary details settled and the affair left an open book to come and mingle with the rest. Some of the various states will be on a land boom this winter, it will be rare if a city not publicly shows what they can do.

Chicago Will Probably Win.

In Washington, where politics and politicians are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, there is speculation as to the city that will receive the republican convention. The claim of the Windy City is based on the fact that it is the most central city that will receive the convention, and the claim of Minneapolis