TULSA DAILY WORLD

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...RAGE NET PAID CIRCULATION OF THE TULSA DAILY AND SUNDAY WORLD FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1920, WAS 26,474.

...E. E. Scott, Circulation Manager, do solemnly ...r that the average net paid circulation of The ...and Sunday World for the month of May, 1920, ...6,474 to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. E. SCOTT, Circulation Manager.

...Subscribed and sworn before me this 31st day of ...1920.

A. E. NEIS, Notary Public

...My commission expires March 31, 1924.

Daily Biblical Quotaton

TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1920.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Psa. 27:1.

Why should I shrink at thy command
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path. Psa. 27:11.

Winter is now lolling in the lap of summer.

Thomas Marshall after arriving at Frisco and seeing how the president is cheered and followed by the assembling hosts of democracy, issued an ultimatum in which he announces his refusal to accept a presidential nomination if tendered and his determination to retire from politics. It has long been our conviction that Thomas Marshall is one of the ablest leaders democracy has.

Economy in public expenditures is the crying need of the hour. Nor is this an abstract proposition. It means economy in the municipal expenditures just as much as in national or state expenditures. Our government is far too expensive—much beyond its efficiency. In its school and waterworks expansion Tulsa has a program laid out that should engage its attention fully for a considerable length of time. Additional park purchases or other unnecessary undertakings should await the completion of these two vastly important projects.

THE SENATORIAL CONTEST.

That the prospects for republican success in the Oklahoma senatorial campaign are unusually inviting is attested by the fact that sixteen candidates have filed for the primary. Within a reasonable time it will be the pleasure of The World to give the names of these gentlemen. For the purpose of these observations that is not necessary.

There is more than a mere fighting chance to elect a republican senator from this state. And that would be an achievement very much worth while. It would favorably advertise Oklahoma as a state not of the Solid South, a most distinct asset to any commonwealth along the borderland of that section notoriously ruled by its prejudices rather than directed by its sheer necessities.

For this reason republican voters should exercise unusual discrimination in casting their ballots in the approaching primary. Effort should be made to select not alone the individual capable of making the strongest race in the fall campaign, but that one which would bring to the state, if elected, honorable and capable service.

The World has no intention of selecting a candidate in the primray from the field running. That would be unfair. For there are good men in plenty in this race; men who would fill acceptably the office they seek. But it feels abundantly justified in asking republicans everywhere to vote for a senatorial candidate that will strengthen and not weaken the party in the senate after he is elected.

However hopeless the contest may seem at this time there are possibilities that should be given careful consideration. It has been frequently asserted that Senator Gore's nomination in August means his election in November. Senator Gore is popular with many republicans, it is true, but there hangs over his campaign certain contingencies that may yet encompass his defeat for the nomination or embarass him disastrously in his campaign if nominated.

Senator Gore, as the nominee of his party, cannot run on the platform that we feel sure will be constructed at San Francisco. Nor can he remain out of the fall campaign. We do not know what his plans may be, but we can see embarrassment for him which ever way the die falls. If Wilson and Wilsonism win at Frisco, and that we think is certain, then the Gore candidacy in Oklahoma must rest on the popularity of the individual, for it can have no appeal to the party. The logic of politics is a terrific force, opinion to the contrary. And when rubber stamp statemanship is given the approval of the national party the Ferris candidacy becomes the logical candidacy.

With this a fact there will remain more than thirty days of the primary campaign in which logic can be driven home with possible disastrous effect on the Gore candidacy.

But suppose that Gore wins the nomination in spite of logic, then what? His first duty will be to the national ticket. How can he defend that and still ask his own election?

Here is the opportunity for a clean, capable and progressive republican. The bitterness between the Gore-Ferris factions grows apace. In such a posture of affairs it is not only the privilege of the opposing party to take advantage of the situation, it is its duty to offer a candidate that is an acceptable sanctuary.

In addition to all this, this is a republican year. The cry is "back to the republic." And it is a demand that only the republican party frankly confesses its determination to heed.

Let unusual care be exercised in selecting the senatorial candidate for the republican ticket. Such candidate has an excellent chance of becoming Oklahoma's representative in the senate.

CONSTRUCTIVE EFFORT NECESSARY.

It is the genius of American government that it is a government by parties. Whatever the future may hold in store in the way of new political alignments (and we are of those who think that a new political alignment is coming of the course of American events is not thwarted by accident of nomination or development), at the present time the citizen, to be an effective factor, must affiliate with either the republican or democratic party.

Neither affords perfect sanctuary, but comes nearest the desired end of all organizations extant. For this reosan a very grave responsibility rests on the republican voters of Oklahoma. There is a tremendous dissatisfaction with and opposition to the existing order of government under democratic admigistration. It is inevitable that the dissatisfied ones should turn to the natural opposition for relief. And just as inevitably the natural opposition must seek to accommodate these splendid citizens who seek their country's good in every way possible.

The times we are passing through are less partisan than usual. For a hyphen has entered our domestic affairs, the hyphen that stands between an intense nationalism and an impossible surrender of American soveringnty to internationalism. The republican party marches forward sans hyphens of all kinds. It is the American party. It occupies the only safe ground on the greatest issue of the moment—the preservation of American institutions for posterity as they were handed us by our ancestors.

To such ground will flock the patriots of all parties. And because of this issue Oklahoma does in fact become debatable territory. Therefore the republican party of Oklahoma faces something more than an opportunity; it is under a solemn obligation.

It is unfortunate that its great opportunity finds its organization less attractive and inspiring than it would wish; but the party as a whole is not to be either charged with that responsibility nor discredited because of it. It is fortunate that the office of national committeeman, correctly understood and executed, has little to do with party affairs within the state. And in urging all those who find themselves, for any reason, out of sympathy with democratic affairs, to give enthusiastic support to the republican ticket and platform, The World does not ask that one iota of opposition to the national committeeman be yielded. It simply asks that the state organization be given the support it is entitled to, and that the national committeeman be left outside of he reckoning in the conduct of affairs within the state.

State Chairman Harris is entitled to the active support of all republicans in his effort to accomplish things for the betterment of the public service in Oklahoma; to raise the standard of representation of the state at Washington. We make this statement advisedly. There has recently come into being a woman's section of the state organization. The ladies in charge of this are capable, enthusiastic and vigilant. They are not willing to be brought in contact with nor be put under the domination of the national committeeman.

Here then is the constructive path that republicans should take—that will enable them to invite support from those disaffected democrats who seek to exercise their constitutional privileges of voting with the opposition for the purpose of improving the public service.

Let this line be drawn between the national committeeman and his purposes outside the state, and the state organization that has a right to the liberal and active support of all.

After outdoing anything even Mississippi ever accomplished in the way of mob-law demonstration Duluth, Minnesota, has quietly returned to its usual vocation. In time it will become apparent to all that the cause of mob-law breeds mob-law north as well as south.

THE BOY AND HIS STRING OF FISH

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

Home he comes with a string of fish,
A barefoot boy with a freckled face
And a grin as wide as a king might wish;
Home he comes from his favorite place,
Triumphantly trudging the village street,
Envied by all he may chance to meet.

"Hey there, Buddy!" an old man cries,
"Let's have a look at the fish you caught!
There's two or three of a decent size;
I'll bet there was fun in the way they fought.
Give you much trouble? I'll bet they did;
Well, you surely are a lucky kid!"

Home he trudges and well he knows
That all eyes follow him down the street;
Some will stop him wherever he goes,
The richest man he may chance to meet
Will look at him with a wistful eye
And envy him as he marches by

For he has been where the air was pure,
Where no one battled for gold or fame,
He has lived a day where his joy was sure,
And comes with the trophies that all would claim;
And each of us now, could we have our wish,
Would be a boy with a string of fish.

Oklahoma Outbursts

By OTIS LORTON

Mr. Scott calls Tulsa "wild and wooly." And Tulsa knows that Scott has fuzz on his voice.

Bristow has been asked to provide lounging benches under the weeds on Main street for the spooners.

Mr. Elwell seems to have filled the void made in New York when Harry Thaw removed Sanford White.

Mr. McAdoo seems to be laboring under the impression that a presidential candidate has to pay his own expenses.

Our seismograph says that sometime during the week beginning June 28 San Francisco will receive its first shock since the quake in 1906.

Mr. Caruso don't mind the bombs so much as he does the loss of his reserve stock of booze. His sensitive throat demands that sort of stimulant.

The girl on South Main says she has suspended work on that bathing suit dictated by her conscience until the weather changes to fair and warmer.

About all that has been definitely determined in the efforts to clear up the mystery of the killing of Elwell, the gay New York sportsman, is that he wore a wig and false teeth.

One thing which is worrying Oklahoma democracy is whether it was Senator Gore or Scott Ferris who convinced Prince Freeling that his duty lay along the boundary line between Texas and Oklahoma.

Barometer of Public Opinion

Retort

You've surely read the poem,
"Bout the old South Frisco car;
I'm going, now, to give you one
That is better still, by far.
But it isn't about South Frisco—
Ah! Consider that a lark;
When you want to get a rough ride,
Crawl aboard the Owen Park.

It runs from out in Bellview way
To the other side of town,
And you ne'er see a person on it
With a smile—they always frown.
But they've a cause to frown I'll say,
'Cause I think there's nothing worse
Than a ride through town on the Owen Park,
Unless it's a ride in a hearse.

They head straight west from Third and Main
To the Third Street viaduct,
And down the hill at forty per—
Ah! the passegers run amuck.
They hold their breath and live in fear
'Till the motorman sets the brakes,
Then they settle back and breathe with ease
And the old car shivers and quakes.

And the guy who built the South Frisco
Had seniority on Noah, eh?
Well, he had nothing on the good old man
Who built the car that goes Owen Park way.
Why the guy that built the Owen park car
Was ancient, antique—Ah! forlorn—
He was only a hundred and eight years old
The same year that old Noah was born.

I have told you now, just a wee, little bit
Of the suffering we have to bear;
The insurance rates are very high
For the ones who ride "out there."
And listen; You can advertise this town
In a better way, by far,
Than by taking an innocent homeseeker
For a ride on the Owen Park car.

By ONE WHO SUFFERS.

June 19, 1920.

Dance Halls.

Editor World: I want to call your attention to what I believe to be one of the greatest of evils in our fair city. It is the public dance halls. It is the breeding place of prostitution. Many young girls, as well as married women, go to destination. They become so enamored they allow the most contemptible men to encircle their waists and whirl them around, with their vile mouths up to their ears, breathing impure thoughts to their intoxication. The next step is to entice them to the low down rooming house. Girls and married women slip away from their homes and remain out until daylight, then go home and defy their parents or husbands. I know this to be the case. Oh, God, is there no hope for the widow's sons and daughters. Dear editor, take these notes from one who knows, and may God guide you in penning an article to be published in your paper. I would suggest these places be watched and married women and girls be sent home. ANON.

Tulsa, June 16, 1920.

Wild West Shows.

Editor World: In your issue of Sunday the 20th I notice the robbery of a grocery store and the capture of the youthful offenders. In my humble opinion the cause of this and many more of a like character is the picture show. Now I do not mean to say that all pictures are rotten; far from it, for I attend the shows and like some of them very well.

But what I do say is that such pictures as Al Jennings, Henry Starr and others put on are a disgrace to any civilized community and the boys who see them imagine they too can do as well as them. Here in Tulsa just recently was a picture shown known as "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws" which was not fit for any one to see. Just what effect such pictures have on boys is not known until such an occurrance takes place like that on Saturday.

On the face of things it looks as though it was an honor for a man to rob a bank or hold up a train, go to the penitentiary for a short while, get pardoned, and then make pictures to be shown to an unoffending public. And the youngsters look at the matter just that way.

Mr. Editor, we may differ as to religion and politics and such likes, but as to what concerns the common people we are agreed if we only look at the matter right. I say stop such trash at the corporation line and do not let it contaminate the boys of Tulsa.

Respectfully submitted,
LAWRENCE SIMMONS.

Tulsa, June 20, 1920.

Gore and Farris.

Editor World: I am enclosing herewith a clipping from the Oklahoman of this date headed, "Ferris' Talk Listened to by Opponent."

As a base and malicious misstatement of facts it is one of the most despicable ever brought to my attention in over twenty-seven years of newspaper work.

It is false in its entirety and unquestionably sent forth to mislead the voters of this state.

I was present at said meetings and give you my word of honor as a citizen and brother of the craft that the article in question is a damnable and false perversion of the happenings.

Senator Gore was not present when Mr. Ferris was speaking and at no time was he even within listening distance.

Mr. Ferris dodged every overture upon the part of Senator Gore and his friends to persuade him to debate the issues or even divide the time.

Senator Gore at no time was either discourteous to him or was he in conversation with him.

Scott Ferris dodged every attempt to bring them together and scurried to cover like a cottontail.

It is disgusting to think that a man running for so high an office should stoop to the tactics of a liar and blackleg, and I ask you as the editor of the only paper of large circulation that will even deign to publish a modicum of the real facts about Senator Gore's campaign, either as news or paid matter, to publish this letter over my signature.

As to my honesty and integrity as a newspaper man I refer you to Col. Clarence B. Douglas of your city.

Very truly,
FRANK THOMPSON.

Idabel, June 18

SOME HARDING ANECDOTES WE MAY EXPECT

(Copyright, 1920, By The Chicago Tribune.)

Mrs. Myra Applegate, who taught school at Blooming Grove, Morrow county, Ohio, recalls an interesting and prophetic anecdote about the boyhood of Warren G. Harding. "Warren was a good scholar," she said, "always punctual at school, never tardy, and always arriving promptly at or before nine. One day while he was entering the schoolroom I glanced at him and the thought suddenly came to me some day he will be president of the United States. That was forty-five years ago, but it seems just like yesterday."

Uncle Tad Fryback, who has been the village blacksmith of Blooming Grove ever since it was only a blooming sapling, remembers Warren G. Harding very well. "Yep," he said, "I knew Warren ever sence he was born. One day him and his pap druv up and the little feller looked so bright that I said to his pap, says I, 'George, I predict that boy will be president some day.' George thanked me and paid his bill and I haven't thought of the remark till I heard that Warren was nomynated."

Prof. Cyrenius Inquell, who occupied the chair of applied astronomy at the Ohio Central college at Iberia, O., from 1858 until 1892, was interviewed at his home in Iberia, where he is living on a pension of $20 a month as a reward for his long and faithful service. "So Warren has been nominated? Well, well! It seems like it was only yesterday when he was in my classroom. He was a bright boy, a hard worker, and full of ambition. One day I was talking to one of our trustees and said, 'Do you see that boy sitting over there biting his pencil?' 'Yes,' says he, and says I, 'Well, I predict that some day he'll be president.' 'Well, I must be going,' said the trustee, 'as it looks like rain.' I remember that it did rain that afternoon."

Uncle Jed Crumley, an old friend of the Harding family, still lives in Blooming Grove, next to the house where little Warren Harding was born. He attended the wedding of George Harding and Phoebe Van Kirk, and remembers Warren as though it was only yesterday. "I was at his parents' wedding," he said, "and I predicted they would have eight children and that the oldest one would be president of the U. S. One day all eight came over to see me, and I said, 'Warren, be a good boy and help me whitewash the fence, and some day you'll be president.'"

To Caleb Bishee belongs an interesting honor. Cale is the town marshal at Blooming Grove, a position of trust which he has held since 1883. "Do I know Warren Harding? Well, I should say I do. He is the only feller that ever gave me a licking. We had a fight once when we went to school together, and Warren sure did lay me out. That boy will be president some day, I thought as I rubbed the places where he hit me. He sure had a punch."

Ed Steele, formerly editor of the Marion (O.) Mirror, was Warren Harding's first boss. He remembers Mr. Harding as though it were only yesterday. "I gave Warren a job on the Mirror, but he got so much interested in politics that it interfered with his work. He was an ardent Blaine partisan in '84 and wore the Blaine and Logan campaign hat. I said to him, 'Warren Gamaliel Harding,' said I, 'your job is interfering with your politics, so I reckon you are fired.' I was paying him $9 a week and the blow was a fearful one. But he recovered and made a vow he would make good in spite of it. I think he determined then to be president just to show me."

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER I.

"What in the world made you so late?" I asked, "It didn't take you all this time to sell the house, did it?"

"No, not quite, altho one can't sell a house in a minute my dear."

"What else did you do?"

"Why I took her up to Kendall's studio and he gave us some tea. I left them looking over the manuscript of her new book."

"I thought her book had been published."

"One has! This is another, and the little I saw of it, I think it bids fair to be even better than her first one."

"I should think that you would have been ready to come home instead of going to John Kendall's."

"I wanted to see John. I am writing an article on real estate values now as compared to those some years ago, and wished to consult him."

"You are writing a book?" I quedied, surprised.

"No indeed nothing as ambituous as that. John has taken over the Mapes Magazine, and he asked me to write an article on real estate."

"Oh dear, I suppose John Kendall thought he would give you an excuse to spend your time with him! I do wish they would leave you alone. You have your own business. I wish they would allow you to attend to it."

"It was thru these friends to whom you so object that Iwas enabled to sell that house today."

"I would rather you didn't sell the house," I replied, and I meant it. While I was fond of good living, liked a nice home, and good clothes, I would willingly have lived more economically if Bob would remain with me and give up his outside acquaintances.

"How did you like Miss Riggs?" Bob asked, paying no atention to my last remark.

"She seemed very ordinary to me, like any other girl of her age." I returned. Then because I didn't want to seem ungracious I added, "She is very pretty."

"Isn't she? I wish she and John would take a notion to each other he's too fine a man to remain a bachelor."

"I don't agree with you. He should be a bachelor. He would make a woman very unhappy with his sporty friends and writers. All, or most all of them undesirable acquainances for married people."

Bob and I had several tilts—I wouldn't call them quarrels—since Henry Creedmore's party. He had not quite forgiven me for not going with him; and I had not been able to forget that he left me alone; that he had preferred their society to mine. And now he made no reply, but ate his dinner in silence.

After dinner he figured for awhile then remarked:

"We'll go to Atlantic City Saturday, and stay until Monday night. Shall we take Donald, or will your mother care for him."

"Oh, mother will take him." I would not even have Donald with us on our outing. I would have Bob all to myself. Much as I loved my baby I knew he would take or rather keep, me from Bob part of the time if I took him."

The next two days I planned for our absence. Mother would take the baby home with her; and Della could have a vacation until Monday. She had been very faithful and really deserved a holiday.

Friday night came, I had everything packed. We were to start very early in the morning. Dinner had been ready and waiting for an hour and still Bob had neither come home nor telephoned. I began to be frightened. Something dreadful must have happened. Just as I was about to call up Tom Barton and ask him what to do, the telephone rang, and Bob said:

"Don't expect me home tonight, Margaret! John Kendall is sick and I shall stay with him."

"You will come up and help with the luggage in the morning, won't you?" I asked after he had told me that John's mother had been sent for.

"Luggage! what for, oh, we will have to call the Atlantic City trip off. I wouldn't think of goin away with John in this condition," and before I could object he had hung up.

I slowly unpacked and put my things back in place. I was very angry, very disappointed. Della had made her plans and I couldn't very well ask her to change them. So I should be alone with the work and the baby over Sunday with no time to be with Bob, instead of the long happy hours I had planned in Atlantic City, where I should have him all to myself. The tears filled my eyes as I undressed and slipped on a kimona. I drank a cup of coffee, but had eaten no dinner; altho Della had begged me to eat just a little.

"You will make yourself sick," she had said, "you never eat when Mr. Garrett is away!"

I neved did. And I had tried to make Bob understand that when he left me he spoiled everything for me, that I cared for nothing. At times he would seem to understand, and do as I wished; at other times he would appear careless of me, of my happiness. But I was hopeful that soon he would agree with me as to how he should arrange our lives so that I might be happy with him.

Tomorrow—Bob is Devoted to John Kendall.

Abe Martin

Lester Mopps has opened a soft drink an' hair tonic parlor. Th' party that lost a plater on th' public square kin recover th' same by describin' property at post-office stamp window.

Bennies' Notebook

SUMMER

If it wasent for summer there would ony be 3 seasons insted of 4, and there would be 1-4 less variety about the weather.

Summer comes but once a yeer
And we wait 8 months to get it,
And some of the people that wunted it most
Are some of the ferst to regret it.

Berds start to fly back in spring so as to get heer in plenty of time for summer, knowing wen its spring by their instinck, proving that if our instincks was good enuff we wouldent need eny calienders.

Summer comes but once a yeer
O hark at that bee buzzin.
If jest one bee can do all that,
Imagine half a duzzin.

A good place to be in summer is the country, on account of the wind having more room to blow there. The country would be more of a ideal place than wat it is if it had more city life and less musquitoes.

Summer comes but once a yeer
Jest smell the pritty flowers
And be gratefill as you can
For your perfeck smelling powers.

Education is a grate thing, but it dont make hardly enybody sad to think there aint eny skool in summer.

The Horoscope

"The stars incline, but do not compel"

Tuesday, June 22, 1920.

Mercury rules strongly in benefic aspect today, according to astrology, dominating all adverse influences.

Above all other things newspapers and publications should benefit from this configuration, for much money should pour into their coffers.

Advertising and publicity will become more and more in demand as the summer progresses and Mercury promises profit as well as honors to those who conduct campaigns or manage business affairs that must be brought to the notice of the people.

It is a most favorable day for the signing of contracts, leases and papers of every sort.

One of the prophesies of the seers is that the stars seem to pressage a return to letter-writing as a fine art so that correspondence will again resume a literary flavor.

Violent storms are still indicated for the Atlantic Ocean.

Under this sway the ambitions of women are likely to grow and danger lurks in too aspiring plans, astrologers declare.

Education contiues subject to influences making for practical changes that will benefit the nation.

The coming of teachers and healers to this country has been long heralded and it is prognosticated that many will appear within the next two years.

Persons whose birthdate it is may expect a steady year in business. They should have a confident attitude in all transactions.

Children born on this day are likely to be active, quick and clever. These subjects of Cancer often have dramatic ability.

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To operate or
To park.
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The shortest
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