

TULSA DAILY WORLD

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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

Daily Biblical Quotation

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1920.

How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. Psa. 36: 7.

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. Psa. 36: 8.

But regardless of results, the signs forecast a hard winter for the members of the post-masters' union.

It's taking the alien an awful long time to guess the Germans' hands. They are inclined to believe them bluffing, but through fear that they may hold four aces they have again put off "calling" them.

THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

Politics, according to the etymologists, is the science of government, but according to practice in the United States of America it is enacting laws. As we study the platforms of the two major parties we are reminded once again, and with great favor, of Vice-President Marshall's epigram, "They should write the democratic platform on a postcard."

Instead, a platform was written that, considering the subjects named for special legislation, suggests the proposal of a people who are starting in to found a government from the ground up. The republican platform is almost as verbose and suggestive of a wilderness of new laws.

And yet, what the country needs more than anything else is a legislative fast until such a time as the statutes now in existence are thoroughly digested. Not only in the federal relation, but in state and even municipal relations, the patient suffers from acute legislative indigestion. And among political practitioners of repute there is no disagreement either as to the distemper, the cause of the cure.

The political parties, however, like indigent parents, fearing to say "No" pledge themselves to continue overworking the stomach with trouble-breeding viands.

What the United States stands in need of is not more laws, but a sane and militant overhauling of its governmental machinery in the interest of economy and sane efficiency in the administration of essential laws. The nation suffers from over-government. So much so, that every man with a personal difficulty, every faction with a grievance to be redressed or purpose to be realized, asks government aid and protection in excess of anything contemplated in the constitution and, in most cases, in direct opposition to the clear intention of those who devised that wonderful instrument.

The industrial situation does not require new legislation. Neither does the railroads; nor the farming industry, stock-raising industry; nor does the penal code require additions. The extension of government authority any further into social or industrial relations is a mistake; the proposal cannot justify itself either in the constitution or in the face of logic and reason.

The same legislation required at the hands of a new administration is easily understood. The war must be brought to an official end, and foreign relation re-established along the frontiers set up by the early executives and their successors to the time of Woodrow Wilson.

There stop until the entire system of administrative government has been thoroughly overhauled and simplified. To accomplish this overhauling more repeals than enactments will be found desirable and necessary, more offices will need to be abolished than created.

Out of such legislative activity will necessarily come a revision of the tax laws and redistribution of the public debt. But it should be a part of the general undertaking, not a legislative achievement by itself.

No administration could perform a more lasting and valuable service to the country than this. If the new administration, whatever its partisan complexion may be, could manage to impress the country with its determination not to enact another piece of legislation or create another office until after a competent committee had made a survey of existing laws and departments and bureaus and reported a comprehensive plan of simplified government, there would be a sign of relieved approval.

go home. The national congress could intelligently concern itself with the genuine science of government, and there could and should come of such an effort, not only a better and more constitutional government, but a government less officious in its relation to the individual and far less expensive.

A legislative fast until the patient has had time to digest thoroughly what he has eaten—that should be the slogan. The true science of government requires that we take the cure for the law-making habit.

LIMITING CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

William Loeb, testifying before the senate investigating committee before the senators and somewhat shocked the country by asserting his opposition to a law limiting campaign contributions. The trouble with Mr. Loeb is he refuses to play the demagogue. His position is sound and tenable—the only sound and tenable position to be taken on the subject.

Mr. Loeb says such a law would be impracticable. That is evident to any fair-minded person. And it would certainly be disregarded by the criminal element in politics. Those who believe in clean politics practice clean politics. It ought not to be necessary to point out that criminality does not lay in the amount of money expended in a primary campaign but in the manner in which it is expended, but it is the upwards of a million dollars used in presenting the candidacy of Wood to the country was not criminal expenditure, for a senate committee has been working weeks to secure some evidence of improper expenditure and has failed utterly. But the use of an insignificant amount of Lowden money in Missouri was criminal; it has been proven so.

If the country is determined to have presidential primaries then it must accord to candidates the right to use money in sufficient quantities to get their candidacy introduced to the electors. To demand one without according the other would be manifestly inconsistent.

In opposing the law limiting campaign expenditures to \$10,000 a state, Mr. Loeb said, "Such a law would be unfair. In New York it costs \$90,000 to send one letter to each republican voter. In Texas it would cost very little, because there are not many republican voters in Texas." By substituting Pennsylvania for New York the example applies with equal force to the democratic party.

The true view of the matter is that laws regulating the amount of money expended will accomplish nothing. The philosophy involved in such an argument pairs with that which holds that the mere possession of wealth is criminal; that from a person accustomed to such possession no good thought or deed can come. Miserable and intolerable fallacy!

The man of no means is in practice more apt to be guilty of criminal practices than the man of considerable means; that the petty-fogging, practical ward heeler in politics, playing a dark-lantern game is far more dangerous than he who spends money lavishly to present his name and his cause to the people.

The fact should not be lost sight of that the purveyor of poor quality goods does not dare advertise. Only trade-marked goods of proven worth court the spotlight of publicity.

Mr. Loeb is eminently right. Let the demagogue rage all they please.

THE SENATORIAL INVESTIGATION.

The senate committee investigating campaign expenditures continues to function. This is surprising, too. Having accomplished that purpose for which it was organized, the defeat of Gen. Wood, the country was led to expect that it would quietly end its existence in suitable form.

But there seems to have been other personal ends to serve. So it goes on and on. In a magnificent show of patriotic purity it delves into the pre-convention campaign of man after man; and it seeks to leave the impression that every candidate who spent money and every man who handled money is hallmarked with the stamp of infamy.

Now, in order to serve another member of the committee, it moves into Missouri. Senator Reed is after his enemies. He purposes piloting them through the committee's investigations and disclosures.

For Reed, the statesman who stood courageously for the preservation of American independence, defying the autocrat at the head of his party in order to do so, we have tremendous admiration. But for Reed, seeking to crush his opponents through the weight of official position for doing what he for years was a consummate artist in performing—swaying majorities through the use of money—we have something akin to contempt.

Barring the exposure of the Habber-Morse-Lowden incident, the senate committee has not been able to produce a scintilla of evidence that any man spent a dollar corruptly or illegally in the pre-convention campaign. Its assumption that money so used in considerable quantities is as hypocritical as Satan himself. For there is not a gentleman on the committee but knows that money has always been used to defray campaign expenses; but has himself been the beneficiary of as large sums, proportionately, as any the committee's investigations have disclosed.

General Palmer was eminently correct when he said it did not concern him in the least what the committee thought, said or did. Nor does it concern the country at large. The committee from the first to last has tried the patience of the nation. It is without standing in the affections or even respect of the general public. It has fooled no one, though it has made consummate cowards of many. The best service it can now perform for the country and itself is to taper off as dignifiedly as possible and adjourn, without date. In the future the petty political maneuvers should be left to the ward politicians, to the Babbers, the Mamons, the Merets and the Keelings. Members of the United States senate should never again permit themselves to indulge in such a vulgar and despicable game.

Oklahoma Outbursts

It develops that Franklin M. Roosevelt is a tennis player. Tennis is to sports what near beer is to the real stuff.

Of course those new police uniforms are nifty things, but to look at 'em on a sun-shiny July day makes the whole town hot.

McAdoo's relief is nothing compared with what the country felt when the 44th ballot was announced.

Mr. Wilson was the first to crawl into the Cox hand wagon. He had a telegram of congratulations already written out, and all Mr. Tumulty had to do was to insert the name of the nominee.

Speaking of presidential neutrality, there is the position taken by the Wichita Eagle.

The Dallas News only believes half of it when it hears a lady nominee say she has no friends to reward nor enemies to punish.

These new pardon scandals are going to bring Cam Ruscillo's Cat to life again. It seems impossible to get through a summer any more without some harrowing happenings.

The Hughes County Tribune carries its loyalty to men of arms to the full limit. It seems to think that being a candidate veteran and a Spanish war veteran qualifies a man for chief justice of the state supreme court.

Our position simply is, announces the Dallas News, that a marriageable girl doesn't need as much advertising as some of them think they do.

Barometer of Public Opinion

Our King Maker.

George E. Brennan has the aspect and all the bearing of one of our plain, substantial Jeffersonians. He does not have the appearance of a king maker, but he revealed genius in political strategy at San Francisco.

Mr. McAdoo carried a good many of the dynamic embarrassments, and not the least of them was the Illinois reaction to the treatment Roger Sullivan received from Woodrow Wilson. If it had not been for Sullivan Wilson's name would have been withdrawn at Baltimore, Sullivan, voting for Champ Clark, kept Wilson in the race by telling the discouraged Wilson man-agers to stick. At the proper moment Illinois votes started the break in the deadlock.

When Sullivan ran for senator in Illinois Wilson was silent. The president had given his support freely in other states to democratic candidates, but he maintained a silence which was condemnatory, because usual, in the Illinois campaign.

Brennan was Sullivan's friend and had worked Illinois politics with him for years. Roger Sullivan would have been easier on the dynasty than Brennan was if Sullivan had lived to head the Illinois delegation. Brennan went to San Francisco to wreck any candidate the white house had, and he did it.

As a wrecker Brennan has no weakness. He thought Roger was too good natured with his enemies when he treated them with respect, and to the chin would put them out for the count. Roger never cared to lick anyone too hard. Brennan believes in annihilation if he can accomplish it. He likes to see fragments which cannot be reassembled, and when he has a grudge it is a complete proper motion.

George is probably the most thoroughgoing realist in politics. He is scantily endowed with illusions and he never mixes into politics elements, which, in fact, do not exist.—Chicago Tribune.

A Wet Candidate.

The presidential battle will be fought out between two Ohio newspaper men—Harding and Cox. Ohio will be the central battleground of the campaign.

Although Cox "trimmed" on the prohibition issue just before the democratic convention, causing some of the wettest delegates to get peevish, he has been so closely identified with the wet forces in Ohio that the issue is sure to be a dominant one in the campaign. There is not the slightest doubt that the vote of such states as Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania will be urgently solicited for Cox on the ground that he is "liberal" in his attitude toward liquor.

It will talk "league without destructive reservations" to the Wilson followers and it will talk "league with interpretative reservations" to the anti-Wilson people.

It will talk "Cox and light wine and beer to the wets and it will talk Eighteenth amendment to the dries.

The country will have to get acquainted with its two candidates before November. Neither has enjoyed nation-wide fame in the matter of personal following that begin the race on even terms. The general talk in the next few months will be "We want a new deal," and this will mean a republican party victory.—Wichita Beacon.

The Old Scout's Wish.

Long years ago a wish I made, And hoped it would come true; I wished that I were not afraid To hunt for Indians, too— Like all the heroes in the books, Who hardly spent a day, Without a fight or two, for looks, To pass their time away.

To make a wish is not so wise, For if you ever do, The chances are, to your surprise, It sometimes will come true. Today, I hunt the Indians' lair, And battle with them royal, To make it pay, as my affair, And drill their lands for oil.

Tulsa, July 8. FRANKLIN I. GRAVES

YE DISCONTENTED KYNGE

(Copyright, 1920, by Edgar A. Guest.) Ye good kyngs saite in hys castle hall and looked through ye window wide.

Whene ye Spirit of Dreams came into ye room and satte hym down at hys side: "Oh, why dost Thou look so sad, good Kyngs, and what dost Thou seem to see?"

"I was only thynking that I should like to work with my hands," said he.

"Oh, Thou art wise, my son, thou hast servants to do Thy work for thee. Thou need not dream of ye joys of toil nor sigh for ye works of skill."

"For Thou hast all of ye world in my crave, ye wealth of all ye kingdoms is thine."

"Ah," said ye kyng, "but 'd like to build one thing I could say is mine."

"They look so happy who work with stone and mortar and brick and steel. Their eyes are gay, for ye thynges they do, they are living for something real; Ye man who maketh ye road out there may turn to a chylde and say: My pretty grandsons I helped to build ye path that ye ride today."

"I should like to gette down with men and know what they thynke and say, I should like to sup at their tables, too, and join with them in their play. And I am sad as I sit and thynk that never shall grandchylde see One thyng that my hands have shaped and carved and builded complete," said he.

As the Dust Clears Away

(Copyright, 1920, By The Chicago Tribune.)



Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER LXVI. A Night of Waiting.

I soon dried my tears when there was no one to impress with my unhappiness and sat down to read, expecting every time I heard the elevator stop that it was Bob returning, ready to apologize for leaving me, and to promise to do as I asked concerning Fred Langworth—and others.

But the time dragged miserably, and when midnight came and still he had not arrived I began to feel anxious. It couldn't be that he had come out with the very people of whom I had been talking, the people who derided and insulted me, and whom I ignored. Yet as one o'clock struck, then two, and he had not come home, I realized that probably he was with some of them—John Kendall, perhaps.

I waited until a little after two then I called up John's studio. When he answered I realized that I had wakened him as his voice was muffled with sleep.

"No, I haven't seen Bob tonight," then, "Is there anything I can do for you? I shouldn't worry however, he'll be along pretty soon."

"Thank you; I am sorry I have annoyed you," and I hung up the receiver.

I knew of no other place I could reach him at that hour, so I slowly prepared for bed. But sleep was impossible, and I laid awake until the gray dawn crept in at the windows.

Della said nothing when he did not appear at breakfast, but I knew by her expression, and her solicitude because of my failure to eat, that she mistrusted something wrong. I swallowed my coffee, and then anxiously waited until time for the office to open. At nine o'clock I called.

"I would like to speak to Mr. Garrett," I told the stenographer.

"Hello!" it was Bob's voice, and the relief was so great I could scarcely speak.

"Hello Bob! where in the world were you, and why didn't you come home?"

"I was at the club, and I didn't come home because you make it the last place I want to see!"

"Then I shall not tell you, but unless things are to be changed I shall remain at the club indefinitely. Good bye."

I was dumfounded. Bob would not come home and claimed it was because of the way I acted. What had I done? I left the telephone on my table, and I had locked myself in my room and had a regular spasm of weeping. "It was strange that no matter what I did things never went right any more," I said aloud in self pity.

I finally I bathed my face and eyes and went toward the living room just as I heard little Donald scream horribly. I rushed into the kitchen and my baby was rolling in agony on the floor, while Della stood helplessly by, so frightened she could not move. He had pulled over some hot grease she had used in cooking, and his little arm was badly burned.

I felt terribly guilty as I snatched my boy from the floor and found something to ease his burns. Had I not remained closeted in my room it never would have occurred. In my great love for Bob, I had forgotten my babies. It should never happen again. "This would be a lesson. I would love Bob just as much, but would not allow that love to make me neglect my darlings."

Donald soon fell asleep in my arms, but even then sobbing occasionally while Della knelt beside my chair talking wildly in whispers of her sorrow because she had not watched her charge more closely. I comforted her as best I could; hesitating to blame her for what I felt was responsible. Finally I laid Donald down, and going again to the telephone I told Bob what had happened.

"I'll come right up!" he answered anxiously ringing his voice.

"There is no need. He is asleep now, and I don't think he will be scared."

"Very well; I will be home early. For anyone or anything but me, I thought bitterly as I left the telephone.

The Horoscope

"The stars incline but do not compel." Saturday, July 10.

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Uranus hand Saturn are in benefic aspect today, according to astrologers. Mercury and Neptune are adverse.

It is a government under which much can be accomplished because the mind will be alert and able to profit by past experience.

There should be good luck for farmers and all who depend on the earth for their livelihoods.

Real estate is still subject to the best possible direction of the stars. The stars should be good for the day's opportunities since the influences are most promising, making for an access of energy and distinguished recognition.

Psychic investigations again come under a sway making for increased knowledge. Great teachers will come to the earth, the seers declare.

Some sort of bad news from across the ocean seems to be indicated.

This is not an auspicious date for beginning a journey of any sort, especially will the sea be unfavorable.

Shipwrecks, with loss of life as well as property, are foretold. In one of these a famous man will end his career.

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Victor Records

- 18666 85c Profiting Blue Billy Murray
17710 85c Kohala March Hawaiian Instrumental
18020 85c When the World Forgets Homer Rodheaver
18498 85c National Emblem March U. S. Marine Band
64623 \$1.00 Love, Here is My Heart John McCormack
35477 \$1.25 Songs of the Past No. 1 Victor Mixed Chorus
74196 \$1.50 Liebesfreud Frits Kreisler

PLAYER ROLL HITS

- Just Like a Gypsy, fox-trot \$1.25
I'm Losing My Heart to Someone \$1.25
Typhoon, fox-trot \$1.00
Zama, fox-trot \$1.00
Home Minstrel Series \$1.50

SHEET MUSIC

- Alabama Moon 30c
I Never Knew 30c
Mammy Jazz 30c
My Sahara Rose 30c
Ragmador 30c
Drowsy Blues 30c
Rose of Washington Square 35c
Old Fashioned Garden 35c
Alexandria 35c
Whistle a Song 35c

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

- Harwood Bb Tenor Saxophone \$135.00
Harwood C Melody Saxophone \$130.00
Hohner Accordion \$14.00
Ukeleles \$4.50
Humanatones 15c
Kazans 15c
Jews Harps 20c, 30c, 35c
No. 34 Horn \$90.00
Design Orchestra Bells \$47.50

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Abe Martin



You could have heard a tomato drop when Hardin's nomination was received here. What's become of the girl that hung to her mother's apron string, an' what's become of th' apron?