

THE DAILY ARDMOREITE.

Printed at the postoffice at Ardmore, as per post office mail matter, November 27, 1914.

ARDMORE, I. T., THURS., DEC. 21.

F. E. WILSON, Editor.

The president has given Senator Fear and the other pirates a terrific drubbing.

NORTH CAROLINA has a bankrupt Duke. Why doesn't he wed a American heiress and have his vain mother-in-law pay him out.

Mr. CLEVELAND has hit his critics between the eyes again, and it takes a great artist to strike them there. He has knocked them as silly as a dodo.

THE NEW labor workmen of the Knights of labor promises to be of some use to the world. He declares outright that he is a free trader. He sees that the contention that protection built up the laboring man is fallacious and cruel. Good.

NO PART of President Cleveland's special Hawaiian message is more acceptable to the American people than that in which, through ex-Minister Stevens he gives the Blaineocrats of a fine sound dressing down. When one comes to think of it, in fact, the whole Hawaiian annexation business has been carried on by the followers of the late Plum'd Knight, and to the inability of his tools like Stevens to extricate themselves from an embarrassing situation is largely due their present unenviable predicament. Had Mr. Blaine lived it is quite likely that his well-known finesse would have rescued his associates from the difficulties into which they were led by his jingo policy, but with the matter hand at political as a rule is gone, the lesser lights have drifted on until a dignified withdrawal from the untenable position has become impossible and they are at the mercy of the public sentiment which they have courted so long.

J. W. Hodges at one time in the employ of R. W. Randol, and later a school teacher near Cheek, was convicted of horse theft at Paris yesterday in the federal court. He was well known here and for a long time was a most popular young man.

Jno. T. Alexander is offering special inducements for the ladies tomorrow.

A BAD MAN.

F. N. Harper, residing near Kildare, was arrested at Perry yesterday by officer Kelley, and brought to the city. He is charged with defrauding Della Foster of \$400 and a claim, also with perjury and forgery. The evidence against Harper is strong and he is liable to go over the road for several stretches. The culprit was arraigned before Commissioner Goodrich yesterday, but being unable to give bond, was remanded to the federal jail.—Guthrie Leader.

Ladies, remember tomorrow is the day to buy your holiday goods at Jno. T. Alexander's.

A BOLD THIEF.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock a negro was seen by Mr. Thomas proprietor of the Central barber shop, to pick up a pair of pants from the display rack of R. W. Randol's store. Mr. Thomas at once reported to Mr. Randol and Mr. Lee one of his employees started in pursuit of the negro. He soon overtook him and upon demand for the return of the pants, the negro made fight and flight. He dropped the pants, shed his overcoat and taking to his heels left the country at a speed defying the fastest horse. Mr. Lee made pursuit but was entirely too slow.

Come and see my holiday goods. I bought them to sell and they must go. I can interest you in prices. Jno. T. Alexander.

J. B. Spragins carries a full line of all the standard sewing machines, consisting of the Davis, White, New Home and Excelsior. He offers them at the lowest cash prices and guarantees them in every respect. 12-12 1/2.

The premium at Jno. T. Alexander's is given only to ladies, and only on Friday for spot cash purchases. Don't miss it and don't ask for premium on Sat. & Sun.

The Presbyterian Sunday school will have their Christmas celebration on Saturday evening. A full rigged ship will arrive in port on that day laden with good cheer for the young folks, which will be distributed at a short literary and musical program. It has been suggested that all who come bring something that will be of use or give pleasure to those who are unable to buy. We have many things in our homes which are of less service to us than they would be to the poor, and these things will be placed in the hands of a distributing committee who will join the committee that may be appointed from other churches in looking after the poor of our city.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

The G. C. & Santa Fe R.R. way (Santa Fe route) will sell excursion tickets December 19, 20 and 21 to Kansas City, St. Louis and Hannibal, Mo.; also all points in the Southeast, at one fare for the round trip, good for thirty days from date of sale. The undersigned will be pleased to have your business and will cheerfully answer all questions and give information as to rates and routes. Call upon or address, I. R. MASON, Agent, Ardmore, I. T.

Beware the Opal.

Some of the older authorities give the opal as an emblem of hope. But a writer on the subject, Rabi Benoni, who lived in the fourteenth century, says of it: "The opal is fatal to love, and sows discord between the giver and receiver. Given as an engagement token it is sure to bring ill-luck." A late writer on the varieties of fashions says: "An opal figure in Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'Anne of Geierstein,' and its possession was fatal to the family of the heroine. The idea that they were unlucky obtained such currency that after the publication of the novel they went out of fashion."

IN FOLLY'S WAKE.

"I never see Goldby with your sister any more." "No, they meet very seldom now." "Have they quarreled?" "No; they're married." Mistress—So you are going to leave my service? Now, what motive impels you to go away? Servant—It's no motive, madame; it's a soldier. Doctor—I would advise you to take a walk every morning before breakfast. Sappy—But, doctor, I—ah, never get up until after breakfast, y'know." He—I dreamed last night that I died and went to heaven. She—How could you tell that it was heaven? He—There wasn't a soul there that I had ever known.

"Why did you leave your last place? Were you dissatisfied?" Bridget—I was, ma'am; the mistress would insist on givin' me wages, when it salary I was wantin'." Mrs. Jones—Ethel, you might tell me who the young man is that called last evening. Ethel, just seventeen—Certain y, mamma, if you're curious about it; that's the young man I'm engaged to.

It's Hard to Be a Student.

A Pennsylvanian girl drank one portion of a Seidlitz powder; then she drank the other. A coroner's inquest was deemed unnecessary. Evidently not all people are built on the same plan, for a college student who performed this feat over twenty years ago has not only escaped the coroner so far, but has preserved a digestive power that has enabled him to hold many dignified positions, including that of United States district attorney for one of the New England states.

Dog Watch.

The phrase "dog watch" has really nothing to do with dogs. It is a corruption of dodge watch—two short watches, one from four to six and the other from six to eight in the evening introduced to dodge the routine, or prevent the same men always keeping watch at the same time.

The Galveston and Dallas WEEKLY NEWS. To keep abreast with the Progressive Times. ENLARGED TO 16 PAGES. This giving six readers acquainted with the news of the day. It is strictly a newspaper. It does not attempt to please everybody, but it attempts to please the thinking class of the city. It is published every Friday, and is the only paper of its kind in the city. SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR THE LADIES. THE CHILDREN. One Dollar a Year. If you are not familiar with it send for a free sample copy, convince yourself of its merits, then order it through your local agent and be happy for you. A. H. BELO & CO., Publishers, GALVESTON AND DALLAS.

Dr. Cooper, of Greenbrier county, West Virginia, is the father of fifteen children, whose names all begin with the letter L and end with a vowel. The children's names are Ledona, Levaria, Livigna, Lorena, Lycona, Luialzo, Leany, Lucella, Ladura, Leonida, Luna, Lydaby, Lomaga, Lenida and Leslie.

HARD TIMES.

A Drummer on the Road Gets Rather Discouraged and Defiant. One of the tales which is just now amusing the dry goods trade is narrated of a man who last fall started South. He stopped at city after city without making a sale until at last he became so discouraged that, instead of entering his customers' stores with his usual self-confident air, he walked listlessly, as though never expecting to sell another bill in his life.

Leaving New Orleans he proceeded to Memphis and so did nothing; to St. Louis and met with the same result. Kansas City and St. Joseph, Omaha and Sioux City told the same tale until at last he found himself in a customer's store in Minneapolis with his sample pack by his side.

As he was engaged in loosening the straps, preparatory to displaying his print cards, dress goods and cotton goods, the buyer of the establishment came forward and said somewhat sharply: "Don't open that case here. I don't want to see your samples. I won't buy a case of goods. It won't do you any good to show them."

"Well, who asked you to look at them, or buy anything?" replied the drummer. "Not I." As he said this he opened his case.

"Then why do you open that case?" "Just because I'm interested in these samples. I haven't seen them myself for ten days, and I want to find out if they're all right."

His dejection struck the buyer as so amusing that he relented, examined the samples and finally made a fair-sized purchase.

AN ENGLISH BOY'S LETTER.

He is in a Bad Way and Doesn't Think He'll Last Long.

"Appropos" of children's letters, a correspondent has presented a copy of a "genuine letter" from a lad at school to his mother. After complaining generally of the school and narrating some trifling mishaps that had befallen him, the young gentleman said: "I hope Matilda's cold is better. I am glad she is not at school. I think I have got consumption, the boys at this place are not gentlemanly, but of course you did not know this when you sent me here. I will try not to get bad habits. The trousers have worn out at the knees. I think the tailor must have cheated you, the buttons have come off, and they are loose behind. I don't think the food is good, but I should not mind if I was stronger. The piece of meat I send you is of the beef we had on Sunday, but on other days it is more stringy. There are black beetles in the kitchen and sometimes they cook them in the dinner, which can be wholesome when you are not strong. * * * do not mind my being so uncomfortable because I do not think I shall last long. Please send me some more money as I shall. If you cannot spare it I think can borrow it off a boy who is going to leave at the half quarter, but perhaps you wd. not like to be under an obligation to his parents, as they are trusty people. I think you deal at their shop.—Yr. loving but retched son."

"ANNIE LAURIE" WAS PLAYED.

Incident of the Play on Which Mayor Harrison Was Hurled. The following is one of the most striking incidents of the day on which all that was mortal of the late mayor of Chicago was laid at rest: One of the bands that had marched in the funeral procession when passing the Auditorium building south on Michigan avenue on its homeward march in the evening struck up the tune of "Annie Laurie." The music was cheerful and stirring. A large crowd naturally gathered in front of the hotel to view the regiment of soldiers that followed in its wake. Those who at first failed to recognize the familiar air and many of those who did wondered at the lively strains from a band which had but a few hours previously been playing solemn funeral dirges in the procession from which they were returning.

Gradually the meaning of it all dawned upon the minds of the people and the words, "For my Bonnie Annie Laurie I would lay me down and die," doubtless were silently spoken by those who recalled the last word that fell from the dying lips of Carter H. Harrison—"Annie."

Dashaway, on train—Don't you want to go forward into the smoking car, old man? Cleverton—Yes, but it's crowded. We can't get a seat. Dashaway—We'll be able to when you begin smoking. Hungry Higgins—Madam, I uster have as good a home as anybody till misfortune over took me. Mrs. Potts—Indeed? And what was the nature of the trouble? Hungry Higgins—My father-in-law lost his job. Quite recently an Irishman in Jersey City was under examination upon a charge of assault and battery. When asked if he had anything to say in his defense, Patrick, with all the seriousness in the world, said: "Well, your honor, I saw but little of the fight, as I was underneath most of the time."

Salesman—This is beautiful stuff for a dress, miss. I can assure you that several young ladies who have bought this material have become engaged by means of it. Customer, smiling—But I am already married! Salesman—Oh, that doesn't make the least difference, provided you wear a dress of this material.

WHAT VANDERBILT LIKED.

Had a Weakness for Old-Time Doughnuts and Indian Pudding.

The husband of a woman, who for many years annually helped the house-keeper at the Vanderbilt summer house pack the goods which it was intended to take back to the winter home, said he went down to the Vanderbilt place to meet his wife one day, and as he was coming away Mr. Vanderbilt came out on the lawn and stopped him, saying: "Do you know where I can get a good cook for four weeks? I am going to stay here a month longer, and the cook is going to leave to-morrow. Can't you get me one?"

"I said I didn't know, I would try, and then Mr. Vanderbilt said: 'I don't want any French, fancified cook. I'm going to be here almost by myself, and I want one who can make old-fashioned things. I've been just longing for some Indian pudding, some doughnuts and cheese, and some brown bread.' I knew where there was an old cook, and although she had given up the business I got her to go for the month. She said she got orders to cook all old-style things. One day she told me Mr. Vanderbilt sent for her, she went in, and he said: 'Do you know how to make doughnuts?' She said she did, and then he said he wished he could have some such as his mother used to make. Then he said he wanted an old-fashioned Indian pudding, with that amber-colored jelly all round the outside of it. He used to invite other elderly men to come to dine with him, and would praise it all, and ask them if it didn't make them think of old times."

"One day I met Mr. Vanderbilt again, just as he was about to leave for New York for the winter, and he said: 'I'm much obliged to you for sending me that cook. I have had a good time. I've had the best things to eat that I have known in many a year.'"

"I OBJECT."

Kilgore's Congressional Club With Which He Fears so Many Bills.

A single phrase has made Colonel Kilgore a national character. Very early in his congressional career he began to say "I object." He has kept this up at every session of congress with serene consistency. A small man, a nervous man, or a bad-tempered man could never have made a success of such a policy. He would have been run over in some way. But Colonel Kilgore's "I object," uttered with dignity and with deliberation, and backed by such an impressive personality, has won its way. It has stopped hundreds of little bills, it has sent many a disappointed member to the cloak room, fuming and swearing. And yet the big man, who is always good-humored, and who smiles on slight provocation, is a popular member of congress. There is everything in the way that "I object" is said. The tone can carry malice or anger or honest opposition. Colonel Kilgore says "I object" with such utter disregard of personal considerations, and with such unflinching regularity, that he has disarmed the resentment at which usually falls upon objectors.

THE BEST MAN.

Becoming Really Dangerous to Have to Play second at a Wedding.

Escaping bridegrooms are entirely too common. No man should be allowed to get away on the evening fixed for his wedding. There should be a policeman or a constable to see that he does not. Unless something is done to prevent the escapes there will eventually be no best man to appear at any ceremony. It is not that the best man so much objects to the escape of the bridegroom, but that the moment the bridegroom is gone the best man himself may now be utilized by any determined bride.

At Philadelphia, the other day, when the bridegroom failed to appear at the hour appointed the bride immediately held a consultation with the best man. When it was over the marriage ceremony went on and the best man was made a husband in no time and the bridegroom wasn't missed at all. With this precedent how are best men to be secured for future weddings? The groom will at least be required to give a heavy bond for his appearance at the altar.

He'd Been in Denmark.

Edmund Gosse was lecturing on Hans Andersen. Part of the subject was devoted to the early life of the great story-writer. In pathetic terms, Mr. Gosse described the strange ambition of the little lad to become an opera-dancer—how, at length, he found himself in the drawing-room of a famous danseuse, whom he had called upon to aid him in his saltatorial career. Hans was most anxious to show the lady what he could do with his twinkling feet, so to dance the more lightly he took off his boots. Said Mr. Gosse: "The lady immediately left the room." The lecturer had only finished this sentence when a solemn-looking gentleman remarked, in a loud-telling whisper: "I ain't at all surprised at her. I've been in Denmark myself and knows what they're like."

The Composer, Gounod.

Gounod was extremely fond of posing. It is said that he delighted to receive visitors in the dim, religious light of his magnificent music room, while, clad in a costume of black velvet, he ran his fingers dreamily over the keyboard of the organ there, above which a large crucifix was conspicuously fixed. "A wave of the white hand bade you be silent," says a writer who once witnessed this impressive scene, "and it was not until the last strains of the solemn mass on which he was engaged had died away that he began to talk in measured and mysterious accents."

W. F. Whittington

Leader in the lines below enumerated at bed rock prices.

- Do you want a fine suit of clothes, if so go to W. F. Whittington's.
How about one of those fine overcoats at W. F. Whittington's.
Look at the immense stock of overshirts at W. F. Whittington's.
I know if you will look at those beautiful albums at W. F. Whittington's, you will buy several of them for your friends.
Dolls! Dolls! Dolls! You never saw the quantity that I have for the Christmas trade.
My stock of boots and shoes is complete in every respect.

W. F. Whittington

The Ardmoreite

By Ardmoreite Publishing Company.

WILL BRING YOU

ENTERTAINMENT, INFORMATION AND



For the wrongs that needs resistance For the cause that needs assistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that we can do Hate the wrong and love the right, And patronize the ARDMOREITE.

When You Need Job Work of any Kind

Patronize The ARDMOREITE.