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WITH THE CHURCHES ELKS MEMORIAL SERMON

At the Broadway Baptist church yesterday morning, Dr. Hall addressed a large congregation on the subject of the memorial which the Elks lodge here to open soon at some suitable place in Oklahoma. His text was the parable of the Good Samaritan, and Dr. Hall, who is one of the finest pulpit orators of a church noted for its wide field of work and fine speakers, dealt with the beautiful Eastern story as only a master could. What shall we do with these of our neighbors, who fall

among thieves, who lie sick, wounded, weary, fainting, by the wayside? Shall we pass by on the other side? Not to priest or Levite came the Master's word of praise but to him who was even one of the despised of Israel, yet was the one who ministered unto the one in need, even as a brother. If we visit not the sick, if we comfort them not in their hour of extremity, how shall we hear the "Well done," in the great day? Not merely to those whom the hospital benefits directly will the greatest good accrue, great as their need may be, but to those who, in working for these their neighbors, minister also to that higher, nobler, most unselfish part of themselves to which the story appeals. At eight Dr. Hall preached a truly apostolic sermon. The sinner—the Saviour—the salvation of which came through Him. Those heads formed the theme of his sermon, which he delivered with great power and earnestness. The Broadway Baptist congregation here soon to be able to secure Dr. Hall's services for a series of sermons in a meeting which has been planned.

At the First Presbyterian church Rev. C. C. Welch preached from the words in the 73rd Psalm, a favorite one with him, "But, as for me, my feet have well-nigh slipped." So many of us can truthfully say this. We have been sorely tempted; the abyss opened its mouth before us to engulf us in sin and disgrace. How narrowly, by what chance or mercy, of Providence were we drawn back to safe ground. So small was the difference between us and those who went down that we were even like the Scotch at the great battle of Bannockburn, where victory, hanging almost with the great English army, was won by the small Scotch force only because curiosity drew a few unarmed waggoners and camp followers to the brow of the hill when the English thought a great reinforcement had come, and fled in wild panic. Just such unforeseen happenings as that may have a soul alive that is tempted beyond its strength. Then shall we say that any one of us is better than his brother who has fallen? Rather let us aid him to climb again to the level where God meant him to stand, a man made after His own image.

At the Baptist church at 2 p. m. the Confederate Veterans held a special service for the Sons and Daughters. John Morgan camp turned out remarkably well, considering the weather, and after song and prayer, Comrade Burnitt addressed the assembly. He expressed his pleasure that the sons and daughters should come together to show their pride in the glorious heritage of heroes secured to them by those who fought for the South, and his thankfulness that he and his comrades present had done what lay in their power to secure it for their descendants. Not in bitterness of soul were these meetings held, not in anger. No, for Pritchard Lee, Wheeler and Butler had worn the blue, and his own son fought for the stars and stripes at San Juan. Only in love and veneration for the cause for which the Confederacy stood do we meet. Mr. Burnitt stated that he would speak of the antebellum days, and gave certain reminiscences of that magnificent departed civilization. One of the most amusing was when he told of the outbreak of the Mexican war, and the martial ardor felt by him, then a boy of nine years, on the occasion. Seeing a picture of Colonel

May sabering a Mexican gunner, he became convinced that if he could only sabre a Mexican gunner, he would be "H." sure enough. Holding no consolation as colonel of dragons, and having no dragons, he did the best he could—fitted out a cornstalk regiment of little negroes, threw up a breastwork, put the lightest and weakest "niggers" behind it, and then charged heavily at the head of the rest, on their cornstalk chargers. He sabered his gunner, with a wooden sword which flew out of a barrel stove, but the wound was not mortal, owing to the thickness of the little negro's skull. Mr. Burnitt also told of the visit of a returning regiment, covered with laurels from their service, to his father's plantation, whither they came by special invitation, and of how his admiration was divided between the brilliant flag they carried and a hairless Mexican dog.

The day came when the flag was no longer beautiful in his eyes. He served against it under another, and fought for the right as he saw it. The speaker spoke of the women as "soldiers of the Confederacy," too, because they were the reserve force that kept the men in the field. Without them the continuance of the war would have been impossible. Faithful unto the end, were these women, and he judged their worth by that of the one who had walked with him through storm and shine. He closed with a tribute to Jefferson Davis, who, he well said, had been made a vicarious sufferer for his own people. Upon him was laid the responsibility of the war, though his last speech, save that farewell, mournful as the sighing of the November breeze was spoken in defense of the Crittenden resolution. Yet Davis was imprisoned, manacled, shut into a cage, until his health was ruined, and when freed he saw his old pastor after his release, he said "Sir, your prayers were my comfort through it all. Kneel with me and offer up thanks that it is past. Have we not a right to be proud of this man?"

Mr. Jack London's solo was pathetic and sweet enough to be a dirge for "The squadrons that fell in the fight." Miss Tate's story of the trouble the children got into while mamma was gone, was a treat. Her child dialect is fine and she rendered the little sketch with grace and ease. Miss Boon's delightful song, "I'm going home to Dixie, where the old folks wait for me," was heard in stillness that could almost be felt, and a vigorous encore recalled her. She then gave an old song of "Before the War" days "My Bonnie Scotch Lassie Jean." These young ladies and Mr. London deserve and have the thanks and appreciation of the veterans and every person present.

It is unfortunate that the meeting of the Veterans should have prevented some from attending the annual Memorial service of the Elks. This is one of the most impressive ceremonies any order has ever devised. The row of black-draped chairs, the solemn words of faith and hope, the final "roll-call of the dead" are thrilling to any thinking mortal, conscious of his own earthly frailty.

The Rev. H. B. Smith began his sermon by stating that he would speak to his brethren of the ethics of living as developed by the Father and Son. The doctrine of immortality as developed by the Father and Son is the highest and most ennobling. We are placed here side by side that we may help each other. Every member of this great organization should show by his conduct that he is an apostle of unselfishness.

"I am not my brother's keeper," is not the utterance for thoughtful men. The man who believes this has not even begun to learn that life is worth living. The highest tribute that can be paid to any man is that he has lived upon a tablet in a Philadelphia church. "He was a helper of men." Many men and women of today are living in full-fed ease, neither knowing nor caring for the sorrows, sufferings, afflictions of even their nearest neighbors. It is disgraceful that so many of these, when appealed to for aid to those in need of the service they could so easily render, pass by, like the priest and Levite, on the other side. The man who is ready, with hand and heart to help others soon learns of their troubles, soon finds out those who suffer. Very hard it is, in the midst of our struggles, problems, perplexities to remember the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens," but he who does obey that rule gains much more than he who ignores it. The world is full of tears, some course down furrowed cheeks, some fill eyes that are growing dim, some are unshed and invisible. "The drying of a single tear has more of honest fame than the shedding of seas of gore." Are you,

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my brethren, content to watch the slow procession of those who are fighting the battle of life, and not offer the kind word, the hand clasp, "the cup of cold water?" The moment that cup is extended, your reward is attained. Come down out of the mountain of selfishness, out of the clouds of narrowness and false pride, and bring your blessing with you.

Turning from the ethics of living to the subject of immortality, the speaker said "Death is no more mysterious than birth, and need be no more of a tragedy. Think of President McKinley's deathbed—of those utterances, 'It's God's way; His will be done.' 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' Of two things we may be certain—Death—Immortality. The last is the doctrine of doctrines, a truth compared with which it is indifferent whether everything else be true or not. It is the very lifeblood of the world's serious religion. The world has no record of such triumphs of humanness—as art, architecture, medicine, discovery, invention, civilization, literature and high-mindedness as a belief in immortality ushered in. When we once stop to think, we are convinced that man's body indicates, that his loftiest endowments, reason and conscience spring from a source other than material.

Proof that death is the end of existence would engulf us in a cataclysm of crime and willful debauchery. So on the other hand, we find that a belief in immortality has brought forth greater pity, equality, friendship, justice, brotherly love, fidelity, etc. The thoughtful man yearns for immortality and has a horror of extermination.

Miss Van Woerner contributed to the services by singing a solo.

GRAND JURORS

NAMES OF MEN WHO WILL COMPOSE SPECIAL GRAND JURY—IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS.

The special session of the grand jury by order of the district court convened today. The examination of the Pootahsee boys was to have been held Saturday, but the order of the court caused the delay and the adjournment of the case direct to the grand jury. The John Malley case will also be referred direct to this grand jury.

Judge Mason of the county court said yesterday that the people now would tell the truth concerning the violation of the liquor laws and he expects the result of the jury's findings to land his court with whiskey cases. The names of this special grand jury are as follows: J. P. Taylor, Berwyn; L. W. Orme, Healdton; W. F. Whittington, city; R. W. Brown, Mulkey; Lou Massey, Berwyn; J. T. Bingham, Durwood; C. H. Heald, Healdton; Jack Page, Berwyn; Jim Hayes, Elk; W. F. Warren, city; Arch Carpenter, city; I. R. Best, city; Jim Carver, Sneed; John McCarty, Lone Grove; H. W. McCann, Hewitt; B. M. Holt, city; C. K. Harper, Durwood; D. M. Sellers, Springer; H. A. Carter, Fox; A. P. Ramsay, Durwood.

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THE MARKETS

AS RECEIVED BY THE ARDMORE-ITE EVERY AFTERNOON BY TELEGRAPH.

COTTON.

Liverpool Futures.

Liverpool, Dec. 7.—The range of cotton futures today was:

	Open	High	Low	Today	Yest.
Dec-Jan	4.64	4.67½	4.66½	4.62	
Jan-Feb	4.66	4.68	4.67	4.64	
Feb-Mar	4.66	4.68	4.66½	4.63	

Tone opened steady; 2 p. m. steady; closed quiet.

Liverpool Spots.

Spot cotton today steady; mid. 4.92; sales 12,000; American 9,500; receipts 6,000; American 5,600.

New York Futures.

New York N. Y., Dec. 7.—Cotton futures opened today steady, closed barely steady. The range of cotton futures today was:

	Open	High	Low	Today	Yest.
Dec	8.19	8.19	8.07	8.07-08	8.16
Jan	8.78	8.81	8.70	8.71-72	8.80
Mar	8.81	8.81	8.71	8.72-73	8.81

New York Spots.

Spot market quiet and unchanged; mid. 9.15; sales 4,300 on contract.

New Orleans Futures.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 7.—Cotton futures opened quiet, and closed steady. The range of active futures today was:

	Open	High	Low	Today	Yest.
Dec	8.68	8.68	8.62	8.62-63	8.77
Jan	8.79	8.79	8.63	8.65-66	8.79
Mar	8.75	8.75	8.67	8.69-70	8.71

New Orleans Spots.

Spot market quiet, 1½ down; mid. 8.34; sales 1,000; f. o. b. 2,500.

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Grain.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 7.—The following is the range of the active futures on the Chicago Board of Trade today:

Wheat—

	Open	High	Low	Today	Yest.
July	103½	103½	101½	101½	103½
Dec	105½	105½	104½	104½	105½
May	110½	110½	108½	108½	110½

Corn—

	Open	High	Low	Today	Yest.
July	62½	62½	62½	62½	62½
Dec	61½	61½	60½	60½	61½
May	62½	63	62½	62½	63½

Oats—

	Open	High	Low	Today	Yest.
July	47½	47½	47	47	47½
Dec	50a	50	49½	49½	50
May	52½	52½	52	52	52½

Pork—

	Open	High	Low	Today	Yest.
Jan	16.99	16.92	15.80	15.80b	16.05
Lard—					
Jan	9.17	9.22	9.15	9.15a	9.22b
Ribs—					
Jan	8.55	8.55	8.22	8.22	8.55

LOCAL MARKET.

(By Wm. Newman.)

Hens 6c and 7½c gross.

Fryers from \$2.00 to \$2.75 per dozen.

Eggs 22½c per dozen.

Green hiles 4c o. b.

Dry hides 8c to 10c.

Butter 20c to 25c.

Turkeys 5c to 7c gross.

Pecans 7c pound.

(By Cold Storage)

Hogs 4c to 5c gross.

Cows 2c to 2½c gross.

Calves 3½c gross.

(By J. B. Brady)

Corn 60c.

Wheat \$1.40.

Corn, shelled, \$1.30 per 100 lbs.

Chops \$1.35.

Brans \$1.20.

Hay \$6.00 per ton.

Cotton seed meal \$1.60 per 100 lbs.

Cotton.

Middling 8.60.

Strict middling 8.75.

Strict low 8.87½.

For Weak Kidneys

Inflammation of the bladder, urinary troubles and backache use

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Now, You will not always be able to earn as much as you are earning today. But by saving a portion of your income and by putting it into a certificate of deposit in a perfectly safe bank like the Ardmore State, where it will not only be secure but will also earn 4 per cent interest and grow rapidly. You will be prepared for the inevitable day when you must leave work.

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ARDMORE, OKLA.

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Surplus Funds.....185,000.00

Total .. \$245,000.00

The oldest bank in Indian Territory. Accounts of firms and individuals solicited upon the most liberal terms consistent with good banking.

Notice to Creditors.

To the creditors of Christopher C. Price, deceased:

The creditors of the above named

decedent are hereby notified that

the undersigned was, by the County

Court of Carter County, Oklahoma,

appointed administratrix of the

estate of said decedent, and that all

persons having claims against the

estate of said decedent are required

to exhibit them to said undersigned

Mollie J. Price, with the necessary

vouchers, at the office of J. C.

Thompson, at Ardmore, Carter County,

Oklahoma, attorney for executrix,

within six months from the date of

the first publication of this notice,

to-wit: from the 1st day of December,

1908.

Dated this 1st day of December,

1908.

MOLLIE J. PRICE,

Administratrix.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Robert A. Jones,

Deceased:

The creditors of the above named

decedent are hereby notified that

the undersigned was, by the County Court

of Carter County, Oklahoma, appointed

Administratrix of the estate of said

decedent, and that all persons having

claims against the estate of said

decedent are required to exhibit them

to said undersigned administrator with

the necessary vouchers, at No. 5 East

Main street, Ardmore, Oklahoma,

within six months from the date of

the first publication of this notice,

to-wit: from the 23d day of November,

1908.

Dated November 23, 1908.

W. F. WHITTINGTON,

Administrator.

23-30-7-14

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