

Daily Ardmoreite.

By the ARDMOREITE PUBLISHING CO. SIDNEY SUGGS, President.

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Ardmore, Friday, May 20, 1910

LOOK AT THAT KID RUNNING AN AUTOMOBILE. (By Eugene Ray.)

"Look at that kid running an automobile," one man said to another as they stood talking on a street corner.

I read the foregoing in a magazine today, and it put me to thinking. How times do change! Why, it was just thirty years ago, when I was running an ox-wagon.

I was just twelve when I was chaffeur on a wagon drawn by two oxen. I was just twelve when with them and to bales of cotton on my wagon, I took my place in a procession of wagons, belonging to our neighbors, and drove all the way to market and back—a round-trip that required a while week with teams like mine. The kid in his automobile could make the trip in a day.

But where comes the advantage? The kid is not happier than I was. As chaffeur of an automobile with a horse-power equal to twenty oxen like mine, he is no better than was the driver of those two oxen. I doubt if he is as good a boy as I was—for I was not a bad boy until I quit my oxen and ox wagon, and quit the road to our cotton market. I learned devilment after I left home, and, like the kid in the automobile, began to hang around town and to make little excursions on a railroad train.

Happy! I have been happier only once in all my life—that was when, at fourteen, I was chaffeur on a wagon drawn by four oxen instead of two. The kid in his automobile may boast of the speed of it, but his heart can never swell with more pride than did mine when, with my four oxen, I listened as two city men, admiring my team, agreed it was the "finest" they had ever seen.

I believe the kid in the automobile has no conception of what boyish pride and happiness are. He has never known what pride a boy feels when at the age of twelve he is trusted to sell two bales of cotton in the city, and, at fourteen, five bales, and with about two hundred and fifty dollars goes about town making important purchases for every member of the family back at home, parting here and there with a little of his "roll." Nor does he know what genuine grief is, unless under such circumstances he loses a five-dollar bill that is his mother's own exclusive property. Nor does he know again what real joy is, until he goes home and feels mother's arms around his neck and hears her gentle voice excusing him, pitying him, and actually pleading with him not to work tears into boyish glee again.

The kid has not long ox-whip that he can "pop" so skillfully that automobile kid, listening a mile away, would be alarmed, lest he got mixed up in the battle of the two armies he believes have met over there where that country lad is performing with his whip.

I have not anything disparaging to say of the kid and his automobile, but I will not admit that he is any bigger, and better or any happier than the boy and his oxen.

In only one race will the automobile kid beat the ox-wagon boy. In the race we are commanded to run with patience, the automobile kid will come under the wire first, but in that race those who run farthest ahead are the losers. In this race of life, it may be that the ox-wagon boy is too slow today, but more likely still is it that the automobile kid is too fast.

A LESSON FROM THE DEAD.

Col. Roosevelt in his travels undoubtedly saw much that must have impressed him with the uncertainties of human life, the ever present fact that earthly attainment, be it ever so great, is but the fleeting shadow of an ever-changing tide in the affairs of man. In the wilds of Africa,

Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. Fifty Years the Standard. A Guarantee of Light, Sweet, Pure, Wholesome Food. No Alum. No Lime Phosphate.

where the beast of the jungle reigns supreme, nature threw around him the solemn sense of an impenetrable mystery, where for time immemorial civilization had been forced back by the hand of the barbarian, living on, generation after generation, in innocuous disregard of the forces which throughout the world had exalted the standard of living to twentieth century conditions.

Through sunny Italy, the cradle of all that is desirable in music and in art, gazing on the dismantled ruins of the Coliseum, where ancient Romans, inheriting the nobility of mind and temperament that has made them the study of literatures of all ages since, as he contemplated the forum where oratory reached its purport and highest type, his reflections must have created a sense of humility, such as the obsequious reception he was everywhere receiving could not obliterate.

As he stood in silence, at the tomb of the great Napoleon, on his visit to Paris, there must have been forcibly taught him a lesson of the futility of ambition, unaccompanied by a sense of responsibility to the law. Elba and St. Helena must have been a most vivid picture in his mind. The temptation to override the established custom of his country, the unwritten law propounded by the first of his predecessors and adhered to by all subsequent expressions of popular approval, must have had a salutary check, when the consequences of the "Return from Elba," which has been euphemistically referred to by many of his enthusiastic admirers, tarried in his mind.

Undoubtedly all of these things will operate beneficially on Col. Roosevelt and when he returns, any sense of superiority he may have had, which may have possibly exalted him above the ordinary mortal, will have faded away and he will cheerfully take his place in the column of ex-presidents who have been satisfied with what was given them and sought no longer for unattainable honors, that might act as a blight upon their record.

SELFISHNESS.

It does not take an imaginary microscope examination to find in the constitutional makeup of a man a large portion of the innate moral and mental characteristic of selfishness.

All men are constituted with more or less of this natural, and it seems ineradicable, sensitiveness that creates friction when found at cross purposes with their fellow beings. Communities are also frequently divided into different opposing elements, in which the interests of each become aggressively contrary when propositions are brought forward that if receiving the harmonized support of all acting conjointly, would be for the general good. Selfishness in all that it implies is at the bottom of such conditions and operates to retard the spirit of progress which

is waiting for an opportunity to develop the material resources which are absolutely necessary to the creation of growing and prosperous conditions. The man who can sink his individual selfishness, who can look upon the mere gratification of personal tastes as something to be subjugated and merged in the demand for what is best for the greatest number, is a benefactor to humanity, a citizen to be valued as a priceless pearl in the community in which he lives and an abounding influence for good wherever he may be.

A man who, from personal reasons, will close his eyes to the benefit to be derived by his neighbors, without particular detriment to himself and with a possibility of a resultant individual benefit, is rightly termed a muck-buck, one who is unpossessed of the instinctive foresight or the faculty of perspective reasoning, and is a drag to the community in which he lives and a menace to the progress of humanity in its varied fields of endeavor.

Perfect contentment with conditions, whether good or bad, is a state of moral and mental laxity that only requires the ceremonial of a burial to make a first class funeral.

A community that has fallen into such a state, is the victim of the selfishness of its members who are in the majority, and who have the power through downright cussedness to control the influences which govern.

A community thus wrapped up in the blanket of selfishness needs a shaking up that will separate it from the elements of sloth and indolence. Men possessed of money in such a community who are not public spirited enough to "cut loose" of some of their hoard for the promotion of the general good, only when it is some project that will directly add to their accumulated store of riches can be classed as undesirable from the standpoint of the community's progress. They may be good fathers, good men morally, good men socially, good men to sit at the family fireside and read stories of charitable and humane examples to their children, but they are like the unworthy warden who from fear of loss, placed his talents of silver in the ground, taking them away from the channels of commerce where their use would redound to the benefit of his fellow man. Such a man is rusting out and has passed the line of usefulness, where his neighbors and fellow men appreciate his existence. He is only waiting for the obituary and requiem, which will relate his virtues and out of respect to the dead omit his faults.

The application of this little dissertation can be taken for what it is worth, can find lodging in the hearts of those who by their acts consider themselves amenable.

Maccabee Delegates.

Mrs. W. R. Roberts, Mrs. E. M. Goff and Mrs. Carr left for McAlester this morning to attend the meeting of the grand lodge of Maccabees which convenes at that place today and tomorrow.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will clear the sour stomach, sweeten the breath and create a healthy appetite. They promote the flow of gastric juice, thereby inducing good digestion. Sold by all dealers.

NEWSPAPER CHAFF. Tickets are not made of ticks. Panels are not made of pans; Pickets are not made of picks; Candles are not made of cans; Batteries are not made of bats; Willows are not made of wills; Cattle are not made of cats; Pilgrims are not made of pills. —Chicago News.

Trains were always slow and far between on the branch road. Nobody knew this better than the people of the Junction—except perhaps those on the branch itself. It was an old story to them, and the jokes about the situation were many and good. One day the newsdealer at the Junction station came home to lunch, grinning broadly to himself.

"What's the joke?" asked his wife. "You look pretty well pleased with yourself."

"Oh, nothing particular," he replied, "excepting an old fellow from the end of the line said a funny thing. 'He'd missed his train, and there wasn't another train for two hours. He came to the counter to buy some reading matter. He asked for a joke book and I said I didn't keep them. Then he pawed over the stock and finally said, 'Well, I guess I'll take a timetable instead.'—Youth's Companion.

The English schoolmaster of long ago preferred sparing the rod to spoiling the boy. When Samuel Taylor Coleridge was about 13 he went to a shoemaker and begged him to take him as an apprentice. The shoemaker, being an honest man, returned with the boy to Boyer, his master, who got into a great rage, knocked Coleridge down and turned the shoemaker out of the grounds.

"Why have you made such a fool of yourself?" he then demanded. "I have a great desire to be a shoemaker," Coleridge replied, "and I hate the thought of being a clergyman."

"Why so?" asked the master. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said the boy, "I am an infidel."

For this, without more ado, Boyer flogged Coleridge—wisely, as he afterward thought, soundly, as he knew at the time.

"It was my one flogging, and it was just," Coleridge afterward owned. "Any arguing or sermonizing would have gratified my vanity and confirmed me in my absurd views; as it was, all my infidelity was thrashed out of me, and I got heartily laughed at besides."—Youth's Companion.

A prominent Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place.

"These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish.

"Yes, father, I gathered them especially for you," answered the dutiful son.

Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face. "Good morning, dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?" "Fine," was the encouraging reply. "Not sick at all, or didn't have any pain?"

"Why, of course not," answered the professor.

"Hoorah," said the botanist; "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous."—Success Magazine.

Bobby had often ridden on the street cars, but it was his first time at church. His mother gave him a nickel to drop into the contribution box, and after he had done so he whispered:

"Say, mamma, the conductor forgot to ring up our fare."—Exchange.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER. Pure in the can—Pure in the baking. Never Fails. Try it.

AN AKRON MAN.



MR. WILLIAM F. STEESE.

Mr. William F. Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron, Ohio, writes: "I have been troubled for several years with catarrh of the stomach. Have used different patent medicines to no effect whatever, and have doctored considerably with family doctor.

"Sometimes his treatment would relieve me for a few weeks, but would eventually have to go back to him, and that had kept up for several years. "I was advised to use Peruna, and have taken three bottles. Never felt so good in my life. Am going to continue using it. Wouldn't be without it in the house. I will gladly recommend it to any one afflicted with catarrh of stomach, or stomach trouble of any kind."

The above is an oft-repeated story. Troubled for years with chronic catarrh. Tried different remedies and doctors to no avail. Peruna was advised by friends. Instant relief experienced. Great gratitude to Peruna expressed. This, in brief, is a story that is repeated to us a great many times every year.

No one could be in touch with our vast correspondence for one month without being impressed with the sincerity and truthfulness of these kind of testimonials.

Peruna promptly produces an appetite, corrects digestion and relieves stomach difficulties that have resisted other treatment.

Man-a-lin an Ideal Laxative.

awkward. "Can't thank them! Why not?" "Why, you don't speak to a strange man, would you?" said the Boston maiden, to the astonishment of her southern friend.—Kansas City Star.

"Hello, is this the gas company?" "Yes, sir." "Well, say, did you read in the papers that the tail of Halley's comet is composed of gas?" "Yes, but what has that—?" "And did you notice that it was measured as being fifteen million miles long?" "Yes, sir, but what—?" "Nothing. I just wanted to say that if the astronomers measured it with this meter in my house it would be 49 million miles long."—Exchange.

The eminent physicians are in solemn consultation while the patient lies in an utterly weak, almost lifeless condition.

"His nervous system seems completely collapsed," decides the most eminent consultant.

"An operation will be of no avail," observes the next most eminent.

"No," says the third. "The only hope for him is a sudden and terrific shock. That's the only thing that will restore him."

"Then let us present our bills to him right away," suggests the youngest of the physicians.—Chicago Post.

Miss Mary Garden, at a tea in Philadelphia, congratulated a Philadelphian on the excellent opera that is produced in the Quaker city.

"Really," she said, "you get better opera here than they have in Paris at the Comique, or even at the Opera itself.

"The reason? Money, of course. Salaries. We singers, you know, with all our love for art, are in complete agreement with the colored diva who said:

"'Breadin' an' sistern. Ah can't preach head an' boad in hebn.'—Exchange.

My child had been taught to be careful about spilling water on the floor. One day she was taken to see the Mississippi river, which flowed near the city where she lived. Upon reaching the bank of the river, where it could be seen in all its wide expanse, she exclaimed, "Oh, who spilled all that water?"—Delinquent.

Mile Track at Muskogee.

Muskogee, Okla., May 19.—Work has started on the new mile race track that is to be built at the fair grounds in this city. This will be the first mile track to be built in the state and will be one of the fastest. The land on which it is to be built is as level as a floor and the soil admirable for a race track. The track can be built for very little expense. Architects are making the plans for the new grandstand and pavilions for the fair. All of the buildings will be of concrete.

That Tired Feeling

Can be relieved at once by a glass of any of our celebrated carbonated beverages. They are pure and wholesome, made from the purest ingredients by experienced men and are as near perfection as can be reached. We are exclusive bottlers in this section for Coca Cola, "the world's drink." When you get carbonated beverages protect yourself from inferior goods by asking for and insisting on getting the CROWN BRAND.

CROWN BOTTLING AND MANUFACTURING WORKS. MORGAN J. HAYS, President and Manager

SITTING OF CIVIL DOCKET.

In the District Court for the Eighth Judicial District.

Court will convene on the first Monday in May, 1910, and will be adjourned to the third Monday in May, 1910, when it will be reconvened for trial and disposal of such cases that may be dispensed with without a jury. The docket will be set to commence on May the 16th, 1910, and continue to the close of the term.

C. T. VERNON, Clerk of the District Court, Saturday, May 21, 1910.

Glenn Bruce vs. Bessie Bruce. Hugh Burkens vs. Mary Burkens. Ardmore Loan & Trust Co. vs. Ira Arnold et al. Ardmore Loan & Trust Co. vs. Joe T. Taylor et al. Louisa M. Pride vs. Mrs. Dempsey Cromwell et al. Agnes Williams vs. John Williams. A. J. Elmors vs. C. R. I. & P. Ry. Co. L. L. Tyler et al vs. M. Wheeler. Monday, May 23, 1910.

M. E. Davis vs. St. Louis & S. F. Ry. Co. Wm. H. Prater vs. The Eminent Household Columbian Woodman. Maggie Smith vs. Charlie Smith. Lizzie Jordan vs. Jonas Jordan. Perry Garnard vs. Myrtle Garnard. Grove E. Chase vs. Joe Hignight et al. L. R. Marston vs. Charles G. Mathers. L. R. Marston vs. J. W. Gollodge et al. Tuesday, May 24, 1910.

R. T. Webb and J. S. Mullen vs. J. T. Johnson. C. E. Adams vs. J. S. White. John H. Wyatt vs. J. Mat Moore. Josephine Cullis et al vs. Julia Cullis et al. Sarah E. Worsham vs. J. F. Morsham. W. W. Emmery vs. Linnie Emmery. Sarah E. Worsham vs. Ben Mobley et al. Wednesday, May 25, 1910.

Sophy Jackson vs. J. B. Akers. Bankers National Bank vs. L. N. Turman et al. Mary Byers vs. J. T. Byers. Mary Burton vs. Jesse Burton. Ada Beeler vs. O. S. Bailey. Maude Harrison vs. G. W. Harrison. T. M. Lowery et al vs. The Union Gin Co. et al. Bee Jackson vs. Wiley Jackson. Thursday, May 26, 1910.

William F. Beard vs. Eli R. Ratliffe et al. Cornelia Gazaway vs. S. C. Gazaway. W. G. Chancellor vs. Frank Homedy. Edna Summers vs. Lee Summers. R. E. Holmes & Son vs. Joseph M. Arnold. R. E. Holmes & Son vs. Joseph M. Arnold et al. Ed W. Roe et al vs. Union Saving Association. Friday, May 27, 1910.

R. Dreeben vs. Albert F. McKenney et al. Aline Thompson vs. Harry Thompson. In re application of Amos Brown by his next friend D. P. McDowell to confer majority. Royal Insurance Co. vs. Ardmore Heat & Light Co. Mrs. J. W. Stewart vs. Ardmore Heat & Light Co. Ardmore Loan & Trust Co. vs. C. M. Joiner and E. G. Wolverton. Beatrice Ross vs. J. C. Ross. R. E. Pearl vs. Peter Schmal et al. Saturday, May 28, 1910.

Oklahoma Electric Power Co. vs. W. F. Warren. Willis Thomas vs. Lela Thomas. Susie Boyles vs. William Boyles. Ardmore Wholesale Gro. Co. vs. J. T. Ragsdale. L. J. Field vs. M. J. Field. The Jennings Co. vs. Sam G. Wood et al. J. S. Mullen vs. National Surety Co. In re application of Hick Souze by and through his next friend A. G. Tanner to confer majority. Sunday, May 29, 1910.

Order for Hearing Petition to Sell Real Estate by Guardian.

State of Oklahoma, Carter County, ss. In County Court.

In the matter of the guardianship of Bessie A. Brown, a minor.

Now, on this 14th day of May, 1910, comes E. Payne as guardian of the estate of the above named ward having filed herein his petition for the sale of the real estate of said ward for the reasons in said petition stated.

It is ordered, That said petition be and hereby is set for hearing on the 15th day of June A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock, a. m., at which time the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of said ward are required to appear and show cause. If any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of so much of the real estate of said ward as is necessary for the reasons in said petition stated, and that personal service hereof be made upon said next of kin and persons interested in the estate of said ward as required by law. It is further ordered that a copy be published for three successive weeks in The Ardmoreite of Ardmore, Oklahoma. I. R. MASON, County Judge. Dated this 14th day of May, 1910. 15-22-29-5

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of T. J. Jones, deceased:

The creditors of the above named decedent are hereby notified that the undersigned, 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 administratrix with the necessary vouchers, at the law office of Moore & Bass, her attorneys, at Ardmore, Okla., within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. MARY J. JONES, Administratrix. 3-10-17-24-31

Notice for Publication.

State of Oklahoma, Carter County, in the District Court:

Emile Todd, Plaintiff, vs. Joe Todd, Defendant. Said defendant, Joe Todd, will take notice that he has been sued in the above named court for divorce and custody of child, and must answer the petition filed therein by said plaintiff on or before the 21st day of June, A. D. 1910, or said petition will be taken as true, and a judgment for said plaintiff in said action for divorce and custody of child will be rendered accordingly. Dated this 10th day of May, 1910. CHAMPION & CHAMPION, Attorneys for Plaintiff. C. T. VERNON, District Clerk. By S. M. PARKER, Deputy. 10-17-24-31.

Serious Charge Against Doctor.

Nowata, Okla., May 19.—Dr. Witzel of this city is being held under a bond of \$2,000 charged with causing the death of Dr. W. W. Wingel, who died suddenly Saturday night. According to the best of authority Dr. Witzel administered a hypodermic to the doctor a few minutes before he died. He claimed it was harmless, but a sample has been sent to the state chemist for analysis.

TO-NIGHT Wascarets. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. All Dealers.