

## Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale people lack food, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach. A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multitude of diseases.

Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great Stomach Restorative, Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.

You can't afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.



## THE CALL OF THE SOUTHWEST HEARD PEOPLE COME FROM NORTH AND EAST

For half a century the painted cities have sung the song of the siren and called out for the youth of the land. In every hamlet and on every farm their luring voices pled for votaries.

The plowboy heard it, and paused midway in his furrow. And, as he listened, plain and field and forest lost their glory and grew gray and bare and cold, and in their stead arose mighty mental tapestries—mirages of fame and power; and his young blood leaped in answer to the summons.

"Come!" cried the cities, "Fortune awaits you. Here is the harbor for every argosy of hope—come with your strength and your ambition. We have the goal for every yearning; there are no bounds, no limits—come and conquer. We are beautiful and we are mighty; we have charms and graces, our hearts are warm with welcome, we have much to give and much to teach. Your life is hard; your hands are gnarled and calloused; your days are dull—come and let us teach you life. You are squandering your golden springtime and your splendid vigor—come and build for us and fight for us. We will arm you with skill, and teach you wit, and show you the gateways to success."

The girl puddling at the churn and bending over the tub heard the song, and felt the gnawing ache for freedom from her chores and bondage. She gazed upon her red and swollen hands, and at her soiled and faded print, and then looked out across the miles, and visioned gay streets, theatres, promenades, luxury, color; and the mad phantasmagoria roused her to rebellion. She grew bitter against the lot and aged her in her flower; that coarsened feature and thickened figure and promised even in marriage only a shifted scene of drudgery.

And so they found the roads, and came. Clean-blooded, eager, wholesome, and strong—trusting and confident—chasers of the rainbow; boy and girl, man and woman, to find fortunes and to found careers—rose-hunters, forgetful of the thorns.

For fifty years the cities have beckoned, have promised, and have lied. The gilt o'dreams has tarnished, the tapestry grown tawdry. The three spell has held. The sacrifice has been exacted. Pines and innocence and morality have been sold for husks. Virtue and honor have been laid upon the altars of Hunger and Greed.

One has starved, and another has succeeded where failure would have been better. One has achieved where losing would have been the greater glory. They have merged into the millions—year by year faded into the average. Tenement and boarding-house have engulfed them. Poor food, poor air, and excitement have sapped their vigor. And always the crowd keeps growing greater and the struggle harder, the contest longer, the problem more and more one of existence—the scheme for riches cheapening into a search for bread and meat.

And now THE REVOLT.

The reaction has begun, a mighty heaven is at work, a new era is in the dawn, a new America is in the mak-

ing; the tide is on its ebb; the soil is remembering its absent sons and daughters and is lifting its voice in a promise of better things.

From cape to cape and coast to coast the nation is restless. The people are hungry, the millions are poor—worn with the struggle against a lessening wage and a rising cost of subsistence. The second great continental emigration has begun—to the open places of the west and southwest. The spirit of the pioneer is once more stirring. Family ties are breaking; the old trails to the west are crowding.

But now the trail is a line of steel, and the prairie schooner a tourist car. The rigors and the hardships of '49 are buried in the past which met and conquered them. The new landlust exacts no toll of hunger and of thirst. Every day the horde swells; the migration grows mightier. Two thousand families a week passed through Kansas City alone last year. The plains are peopling. From the Rio Grande to the alkali deserts, the great field of American fiction is changing into a vast field of Bermuda and corn and cane and forage and fruit and garden truck.

The killer has gone, and the tiller has come. The cattle baron is retreating before the lettuce king. The eighty-acre vegetable patch is checkerboarding the million-acre range. The irrigation pump sings through nights that hitherto sobbed with the howling of herds. Where mesquite and prickly pear flourished, the plowshare is now demanding the plow's share.

From out of the east and the middle west and the north—from city and from atrophied farm, the best and the sturdiest type of the continent is coming to found towns and to break ground; farmers and builders, dreamers and schemers, young and old, clerks and college men—bread-eaters turned bread-raisers—relinquishing their sullen fight against the odds that face bookkeeper, shopgirl, floor-walker, and canvasser—merchants and professional men ready to develop with the country, preferring a hundred per cent opportunity in towns which they will help to create, to the meager certainties of a metropolis.

### The Open Places of the Great Southwest Are Attracting.

The rigors and hardships of agriculture are disappearing before modern conveniences. Sequestration has ceased to mean unutterable loneliness. The telephone, cheap but good periodicals, the rural delivery routes, keep the household in contact with the world at large and banish the feeling of isolation that once sent women mad.

The gasoline engine, operating a miniature waterworks, turning the churn and the cream separator, grinding the tools, running the pump, the hay-baler, and the feed-mill, relieves the wife and the boys of a hundred and one manual tasks that aged and numbed the mother and drove the children into the towns.

The farmer's son is staying at home. He can't make the same money nor have the same opportunities at a book-keeper's desk or back of a ribbon counter.

The shoe has shifted to the other foot—the city man is trekking to the fields.

And this great movement is not an ephemeral phase. It is an economical adjustment, affecting all of the United States. It is most evident, however, in the southwest, because of the boundless resources of this section hitherto handicapped by inefficient transportation facilities, but now brought to the front by the energy and paternalism of a progressive generation of railroad builders.

The department of agriculture has vigorously fostered this regeneration. Experimental stations are charting soils and climatic conditions, introducing new grains and grasses from the Old World; the semi-arid lands have been turned into dry farm regions hitherto restricted to cotton and cane and grazing are now diversified with trucking and forage and melons and fruit and berries. Irrigation has worked its miracle here as in the once worthless lands of California and the northwest, but the rich soil of the prairies is even more responsive than the desert sands.

Yet the southwest is not a land of milk and money. Agriculture is not an automatic process; profits do not leap out of the ground—they must be dug out of it. And there are fools and failures, to be sure, as everywhere—even the Garden of Eden had its allotment. The real-estate dealer sows his seeds, and the half-wit who believes in their lurid improbabilities and exaggerations pays the same penalty for his credulity that is imposed on all purchasers of gold bricks.

The plains are not beautiful. The temperature is high, but it seldom rises as high as in New York or Washington, and the dry heat is far less oppressive than the humidity of Philadelphia or Chicago in the summer months.

The air is snappy and good and wholesome; it is full of vitality; the water is pure and sweet. Storms are not frequent and, even though spectacular at times, seldom dangerous. Trolley cars are more deadly, and city automobiles maim more persons than suffer from the sum total of perils to be met with even in the wildest sections. The country is extraordinarily healthy. Some portions are slightly malarial; but kerosene and screens are easily secured, and this danger is eliminated along with the mosquitoes that cause it.

Men do not grow rich over-year; but they make good livings from the outset, dwell in comfortable homes, eat nourishing food, and soon maintain substantial bank balances.

This is the cycle of high speed. The pace is growing—we calculate on a new scale—weeks are replacing months. We don't care how long the past spent on its tasks; we live in the land of now—we do not look back, but onward. 1909 accomplished within its span more than was done between 1890 and 1908.

In the late eighties Oklahoma was "No Man's Land." In 1890 her population was 60,000. In 1910, one million five hundred thousand.

There were 129 newspapers published in the territory fourteen years ago; today there are more than 600.

In less than twenty years Oklahoma City has increased her population from 4,000 to 40,000. Her streets are asphalt, her sky-scrapers of steel and concrete.

The chancellors of Oklahoma's publicity clubs cockle over enormous corn crops; by their maddest imaginations will be discounted by the facts when ten years have passed, and her fields, her oil wells, and her mines are in full operation.

Kansas is insolently opulent; prosperity has become a chronic habit in the ancient fair of the mortgage; there was "nothing the matter with Kansas"—simply with the Kansan.

Arkansas is not an abode of ague and fever; quinine is not the local beef steak; the average back yard is not a swamp. She has solid counties of deep black soil waiting for the plowshare—vistas of meadow and forest and ranges of mountains as beautiful as those of Austria; she is losing her sloth and beginning her growth.

All that the southwest over needed was energy; it was always a rich and beautiful land, merely waiting to be fertilized with brains. The Yankee wool was needed for the southern warp, and now that the southwest is reweaving on the great loom of progress, her cities are making yearly bounds in decade leaps.

Kansas City already ranks sixth in bank clearances and threatens the central supremacy of Chicago. Her new \$10,000,000 union station is frankly a railroad forecast of her imminent destiny.

Pallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio are no longer insular. More sombreros are seen in the Hoffman House in the Southland Hotel.

Little cities are dotted all over the prairies. Even the Rio Grande is the scene of wonder works. Land which begged for buyers at eighty cents and one dollar per acre at the beginning of the present century now readily sells at forty and fifty dollars.

Kingsville, not yet five years old, lustily boasts a department store, a

street of cement houses, a hotel, a pharmacy, and a hardware establishment that make the Northern visitor sit up and take vivid notice. Nor is Kingsville a prodigy. Such towns are typical of the new America.

Amarillo ten years ago was a cattle station, but today it luxuriates in a theatre of Pompeian brick, large enough for any company on the road, and completely equipped. Transplant its five churches and they will prove worthy of the average New York congregation. Put its banks on Wall street and it will have none of the earmarks of a country cousin. Four hundred and twenty automobiles were licensed by the town clerk last year, and any night you may encounter a string of citizens speeding along a motor boulevard to Amarillo's electric amusement park.

Two hours distant is Dalhart. Eight years ago the land on which it stands was drawn in a government allotment; but that was before the great awakening, and its owner congratulated himself because he found a willing buyer at \$900. But in September last the Esau of 1902 purchased a home site on Dalhart's second-best street for \$1,000. Dalhart's high school is a splendid building of brick and cement, and her antiseptic sewerage system is years ahead of Manhattan's.

Both of these Texas towns are on the old cattle trail, in a section long considered impracticable for agriculture; but good incomes have repaid the newcomers who saw more than grazing possibilities in the Panhandle. The former haunt of the longhorn steer is rapidly changing into flourishing fields of milomaze, kaffir corn, sorghum, alfalfa, broom corn, wheat and barley.

"You cattle men must give up your holdings," I said to the owner of a 600,000-acre domain. "The time is not far distant when the only cow hereabouts will be a dairyman's Jersey or Holstein."

He laughed. "Who'll put us out?"

"The law," I answered.

"What law?"

"The law of economics, and you can't upset it. You're wasters, and you can't upset it. You're wasters, and you prostituting the best acreage on the continent and losing money for yourself and for the nation. You're out of pocket no less than twelve dollars on every head of beef you ship to the yards. Your land is worth ten dollars an acre, and money is worth ten per cent, on the range. It takes fourteen acres of grass to fatten a steer; three years of grazing stand you forty-two dollars; thirty dollars is a good price even for a three-year-old Hereford-Durham. You actually lose twelve dollars on every steer that you send to the yards, along with your per capita of operating expenses. This land belongs to somebody else—to a farmer who will come down here and on every fourteen acres support fourteen humans and the steer to boot.

"You're in the midst of riches, but not enriched by them. You're content to accept the revenue earned by the laws of nature, and you must give way to a worker who is willing to add his own efforts to those of Providence. You're out of date—in, but not of, the twentieth century. You're not keeping pace, so you can't your place. Up North and through the West and East, a million able-bodied hustlers are yearning for your opportunity—men of daring along on thin-soled areas and of manuring rock and clay and sand with ingenuity and effort. They're beginning to know about the Southwest, fertilized yards deep with the deposits of buffalo and cattle herds. They've heard that twelve months' agriculture is possible here—that the fruit of half the year's labor is not consumed by idle winters. They've had proof from the vanguard which has made good and made good profits, and every time the news goes home of \$300 worth of onions to the acre, of three and four crops of alfalfa to the year, and corn ten feet high five months after the land is cleared an older Yankee Hoosier hastens to sell his homestead and come after part of your range.

"Within ten years, you'll either be turned out or be turning furrow. You're up against the one law from which there is no appeal—the law of supply and demand. America wants more foodstuffs, and more room to plant them. Her cities are hungry, prices are high, congestion is raising everything but wages; we need a bigger vegetable basket and a larger bread-box and the Southwest must apply both.

"To do this, she must solve some problems, to be sure; but problems are the wheelstones on which wits sharpen."

The East is protesting against the Latin. There is boundless room for him in the Southwest. His former environment ideally fits him for the section. There's a wage waiting for him, an acre to till and a chance to own a home. Italy could empty itself into Texas alone, and Texas would still have room for Germany and France to boot.

Distributive immigration would benefit alike the densely populated coast and the empty plains. With Galveston

# OUR GAS RANGES

WILL MAKE YOUR GAS BILL SMALL

We Are in the GAS RANGE Business in Ardmore for 1910

OUR LINE IS RECOGNIZED AS THE BEST MADE IN THE WORLD

If you will let us sell you your gas range we are confident that you will find our prices right and goods more than satisfactory. We have a full line in all styles and sizes. A trial is all we ask.



Give us a trial on anything that you may need in the hardware line, we guarantee prices and best of satisfaction. Our lines are the best that are to be had and the goods don't cost any more.

**STEVENS, KENNERLY & SPRAGINS CO.**  
ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA

as a port of entry, the South Europeans could be diverted from the New England and middle states, and landed in a region of farms.

The cry against immigration is nothing less than a protest against the increase in the number of bread-eaters without a corresponding addition to the bread-raisers.

We want the European, but we don't wish him to remain European in his instincts and his habits; he must settle where he will be most useful and best serve his adopted country. In the beginning, the Southwest may meet him with prejudice; but prejudice against the stranger is a matter neither of geography nor of period.

In 1817, a writer in Nile's Register declared: "We have room enough yet; let them come . . . but the immigrant should press into the interior. In the present state of the times, we seem too thick on the maritime frontier already. Within there is ample and profitable employment for all, in almost any branch of business, and strangers should be encouraged to seek it there." History repeating itself! Ninety-seven years ago, the East had no room!

In 1819, the anti-immigrationist, again cried out in alarm and again the city urged the foreigner to take up land. The ancient alarmist did not differ from his brother of today. It was the German and the Irish who would prove unfit for citizenship then; America would go to the dogs if the Celt and the Teuton were not restrained.

But what the melting-pot has wrought it will do again, and the new America will assimilate its Latins and add their quick strain to the national breed.

The Southwest will, with time, meet its various perplexities and adjust them to the greatest ultimate profit. That spirit which is changing the barrens into granaries and gardens will uproot the economic prickly pears, along with the other bothersome growths of the prairies.

A new type of man is rising to power. The Southwest will add a distinct type to the great national potpourri. It will breed original thinkers and workers; it will produce leaders with far visions, and builders with great dreams. The crossing of strains and the blending of brains will enrich the twentieth century with sturdiness and imagination. The son of the pioneer is heir to ambition, pluck and tenacity. He is physically fit and mentally clean; and it is in such men that the

boundless hope of the republic lies.—Herbert Kauffman, in the June Every-body's.

### Subscribe for The Ardmoreite.

#### HEALDTON.

Healdton, Okla., May 28.—We have at last had a fine rain and it was badly needed, first good rain in a long time.

We have had some high winds and storm houses have been in good demand, though gut little damage near us.

Mr. Sowell and H. Allen visited Wauka the first of the week.

Mrs. J. R. Allen's sister from Texas is here on a visit.

The W. O. W. had an unveiling here Sunday last, with quite a crowd out from Cornish, Keller and Dixie.

Dr. Davis of Sneed is on our streets. Shively Holman and wife of Cornish also Mr. Earl Cornish and wife are here.

J. W. Orme is an Ardmore visitor.

Dr. Darling of Hewitt has been with us.

The new machinery for the gin is here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rector are in Ardmore today.

We are glad to say Mrs. McKnight is improving and able to be up a little.

We hear of but little sickness now. Farmers are all wearing smiles.

**Stocked the Wrong Lake.**  
"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," is what a good many of the wise ones are thinking, who are interested in the project of having the city lake stocked with fish of a desirable variety.

Last week the government officials came here for the purpose of depositing 20,000 young and lively black bass in what is known as the Rod and Gun Club lake, but through some mistake, which has not fully been explained they got the wrong "steer" and instead of placing the fish in the lake they were intended for, deposited them in the city lake where they are now, and where they will, in all probability, remain unless they are caught one by one as they glide to and fro in the waters of their new home.

The boys who are interested in the city lake are chuckling to themselves while the other fellows will probably have to apply for a new deal in order to obtain from the government a supply of the game youngsters to stock the waters of their private fishing grounds. It is expected before many moons, black bass will be quite plentiful in the city lake, as a consequence of this little error.

Get your order in early for graduation flowers, so you will not be disappointed.

273 SHUMAN FLORAL CO.

## S.S.S. THE ONLY REMEDY FOR BLOOD POISON

The first symptom of Contagious Blood Poison is usually a little sore or ulcer, so insignificant that often no attention is given it. But when the blood becomes more fully infected with the virus the mouth and throat get sore, glands in the neck and groin swell, and sometimes ulcerate, forming sores and ulcers, the hair comes out, copper colored spots appear on the body, and where the disease is allowed to remain in the system the poison frequently penetrates deeper and attacks the bones. S.S.S. is the true antidote for Contagious Blood Poison—the only remedy that is able to get at the very root of the trouble and remove every particle of the virus from the circulation; at the same time S.S.S. acts with upbuilding and tonic effect on every portion of the system. As soon as the system gets under the influence of S.S.S. the symptoms begin to disappear and soon a perfect cure is made. S.S.S. can be used in the privacy of one's own home and a permanent cure effected. To aid those who wish to cure themselves at home we have prepared a special Home Treatment book which contains much valuable information to Contagious Blood Poison sufferers. With the aid of this book and the use of S.S.S. a cure can be effected in every case. We will send this book, and also any medical advice desired free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

# Most Nutritious DR. PRICE'S ALGRAIN

Combining as it does all the important food elements of WHEAT, RICE, OATS and BARLEY, one pound of this food will run the human machinery of a working man one entire day—it is so nutritious. Just eat this food every day and give the system a rest from meat foods and see what good it will do your stomach and liver. Try it and you will appreciate its true worth. Ask your Grocer.