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A Newspaper That Serves

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1922.

THE FINAL MYSTERY

WHAT does it feel like to die? This question aroused intense curiosity in Thure B. Wagelius, brilliant young chemist and psychic investigator of Brooklyn, N. Y.

A daring scheme to peek behind the mysterious curtain of death occurred to him.

Locked in his laboratory, young Wagelius rigged up an apparatus that dripped an anesthetic drug into an inhaler attached to his nostrils.

This had an automatic regulator. Each successive experiment, Wagelius went one drop of drug nearer to death.

Then, coming out of his stupor, he wrote down his experiences.

"I am on the verge of discovering the great secret of the hereafter," he told friends.

Finally the drug carried him beyond the curtain, showed him what lies after death. But death is a one-way door. No one will ever know what Wagelius discovered. He has been buried.

The mystery of death has been a matter of deep thought by every person that ever lived.

Haller, great philosopher and physician, watched his pulse on his death-bed, hoping to be able to speak a message an instant after death claimed him. His last words were, "My friend, the airer ceases to beat." His voice was stilled before he could impart the secret of the beyond.

Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of blood, also kept a close watch on his pulse when he was dying in 1657. He knew the exact instant he died, but was unable to get a message back to the doctors grouped about him.

Why do men fear death, yet yield without dread to its twin-brother, sleep?

Probably because they go to sleep with a conviction that they are certain to awaken in the morning, while death closes the door on mortal consciousness and opens the way into the unknown.

People have an instinctive fear of what they do not understand. The savage is terrified at the explorer who can remove his glass eye. But explain the glass eye to the savage and he loses his fear.

Our ancestors of 500 years ago would die of fright if they could come to life and see our movies, electric lights and flying machines.

We, too, would be terrified if we could look into the future 500 years, or beyond the grave. Progress is slow because the human brain cannot stand too rapid change. Curtains of mystery shield sanity.

THAT INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL

EUGENE MEYER, chairman of the war finance corporation is sure that an industrial boom is waiting around the corner to dance a caper with Johnny Farmer just as soon as the crop is in the ground and seeds begin to sprout.

There is already a strong tide of prosperity sweeping west according to Mr. Meyer. The Pacific coast has felt little depression. The middle west and south have been the sufferers.

More than three hundred millions of dollars have been loaned to the farmers and exporters through banks aided by the war finance corporation. Of this amount nearly two hundred and fifty millions have been put in the hands of the farmer.

Banks are already beginning to repay their obligations to the finance corporation. Just give Oklahoma a good crop prospect then watch the calamity howler hush and the radical go to work.

We read that a Texas man has married a girl with whom he kept company for thirty years. After all that practice he ought to be able to live with her.

Footless hosiery is now in style in Paris. After two years of Harding-times he may tell Paris that we have been in style forever.

COLLEGE SYSTEM BREEDS IDLERS SAYS VETERAN PROFESSOR

By Alexander Herman.

NEW YORK—If you are going to send your boy to college to get a degree—

Don't.

That's the advice of Professor E. G. Sihler, oldest instructor at New York University and one of the foremost classical scholars in America.

"It's just a waste of time and money," he says.

"The granting of degrees is like rubber stamping a mark on a suit of clothes."

The professor knows. He has been active in university life for more than 50 years, here and abroad.

"This practice of marching in solemn procession at graduation time, admired by fond parents and beginning relatives, is all humbug."

For 39 years Professor Sihler has seen New York graduates file past his seminar in the library.

College Idea Wrong.

"The whole American college idea is wrong," he says.

"Just because the college student becomes socially independent and autonomous, it doesn't follow that he is also educationally and intellectually self-determining."

"Eighteen-year-old boys are in no position to decide what will be good for them when they are 40—"

"Yet that's just what is assumed in our system of education—the selective system."

"The young man comes here with one decided aptitude—to avoid hard work. The exception is rare."

Since the beginning of the automobile industry about 25 years ago, nearly 12,000,000 cars have been produced.

"Such students come out, half-baked, intellectual frauds."

This condition, according to Professor Sihler, exists wherever the selective system is in vogue.

"Slackers dominate our student bodies," he says.

"Instead of coming out developed, students are graduated from colleges with weaker characters. They have spent their four years beating their professors and their courses."

Premium on Laziness.

"Foolishly, our college system allows these lazy, indolent fellows to exercise their own judgment in selecting their courses."

CHOOSING YOUR NURSE

By Dr. R. H. Bishop



If someone dear to you were seriously ill, would you trust that person to the tender mercies of any sort of nurse? Ten to one, you wouldn't if you knew the difference.

The problem, however, to the layman lies in the fact that unless he relies in the fact that unless he relies on the doctor to get a competent nurse or the patient is taken to a hospital, he does not know how to obtain the right sort of a nurse, one that is competent and tried.

Most communities have an organization of graduate nurses which is a branch of the state organization. These nurses are not only graduates of good training schools which are registered by the state after passing examinations before a state nurses' examining board.

These nurses are competent women, skillfully trained to cope with almost any situation.

Physicians can tell of many cases in which death or long sickness has been the result of an indiscriminate choice of nurse. The untrained nurse can never fill the shoes of the experienced one.

The registered graduate nurse is a safe bet.

Window of Unknowns

By Hal Cochran

What is the mystery of the throng? Who form parade and, all day long. Make calls at window number three. And ask, "Have you some mail for me? They linger at the stand where they write postal cards to send away.

Oftimes the letters that they get Will cause the showing of regret. Or maybe a smile in place. Just watch the movements of the face, And you can very plainly tell If things back home are going well.

Their names? It seems nobody knows About this line that comes and goes Except the man behind the rail. Who does or doesn't give them mail He has to know their names—if not How would he know which one gets what? But even he, you'll always find, Ne'er keeps the names within his mind Of those who get (the all-unknowns) Mail from the window of unknowns.



Editorial of the Day

NO MUD SLINGING

The News heartily endorses the following bit of horse sense found in a bulletin sent out by the Democratic state committee:

"As the campaign approaches in this state, let us again take warning of the tendency to criticize and abuse those opposed to us as candidates and friends of candidates. Let us not make a campaign for any office, high or low, upon the demerits of the opposition. No man or woman is fit to be trusted with public office who seeks election by going about the country abusing his or her opponent. If you cannot ask the support of your fellowman upon your own merits, better that you would not file your name as a candidate. A great many of the ails of our country today are brought on by the distrust one neighbor has for another through no agency what ever except unrest. The time to begin to restore order is now. You can help by being orderly yourself as well as respectful. Once respect is restored, confidence will begin to show itself again. A character assassin is no less guilty of a serious crime against society than is he who holds you up at the point of a gun. As between the two we would rather take our chances with the latter."—Ada News.

MISS ALICE AND CONGRESS

WE extend to Miss Alice Robertson the honor and respect due her by virtue of her position, her age and period of human service but take issue with her in one respect.

Miss Alice is urging women to run for congress. The Ardmoreite wishes every woman voter well. We have repeatedly declared that they are the best influence in politics. The only fault that we find is in their non-participation in political organization affairs.

Woman should first learn to participate in the precinct election. There are many political steps between the precinct and congress. In the sober interest of good government woman should know them all.

Without compromising our sense of gallantry we must say that we believe that there are hundreds of women in this congressional district who would make better congresswomen than Miss Alice. We are inclined to look upon her election as a freak of circumstances and despite her homely and sensible aphorisms frequently uttered since taking her seat, we are inclined to view her conduct in congress as freakish.

To be sure Miss Alice would not require great ability to reach the level of the average congressman. She may be above the average level member of that body. But harking back to our first contention woman should begin to evince interest in politics from the grass roots up before seeking seats in congress.

Woman asks no special favors of man in politics. The Ardmoreite is certain that it reflects the viewpoint of the average wife and mother when it says that woman prefers to earn her rights.

GREENER FIELDS



THE GOLDEN GIRL

Truda's Jealousy Arousd. "I declare, mother, I just saw Iona galloping down the main street with Jimmie Warburton full tilt after her. You ought to keep an eye on her—and explain that such things are not done here," said Truda Cameron, with a pout, as she entered the house after dancing and singing lessons the next afternoon.

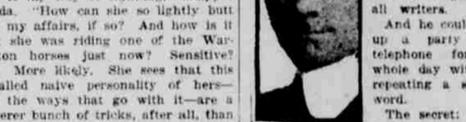
"All the same, she must have let herself be persuaded to go to the house with him while he sat on up for her, and that makes me mad, mother. Surely you can understand? Why, Jimmie is about to—well, we may be engaged any moment, you know—and I don't like Iona being seen alone with him, of course. It's natural, quite, and you can easily explain to her. Can't you, dear?"

(To be continued.)

Norman University Student Knows 30,000 Words From Memory

NORMAN, Okla.—Denzel R. Carr, freshman in the University of Oklahoma, carries around 30,000 words in his head all the time.

And he's putting in more every day! He knows more words than Shakespeare, whose vocabulary probably was the largest of all writers.



Carr are: German, Spanish, French, English, Portuguese, Italian, Yiddish, Hebrew, Japanese, Pali, Sanskrit, Latin, Greek, Ro and Esperanto.

The boss doesn't always work at being boss at home.

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March 18—last day to pay income tax. Beware the idea of March.

One sign of spring is when a neighbor brings back our coal scuttles and borrows our lawn mower.

Better change Hollywood to Hollywood.

"Give up and marry" is advice offered bachelors. Then they marry and give up.

Foreigners swindled in Chicago can become regular citizens now.

One fellow calls the weathermen a whetharman—de doesn't know whether it will or won't.

On the railroads a hitch in time kills nine.

Man who said "Out of sight is out of mind" wasn't speaking of prices.

"We can hear the footsteps of a fly like thunder," say scientists. Like thunder, you can't.

NEVER WAS, NEVER WILL, BE A KITCHEN DIG ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO LOAF IN.

Chicago refuses to save daylight this year. They used all the night they can get in Chicago.

About time for country photographers to unhook their wooden fish for the spring trade.

The man caught with imitation books containing liquor picked his library from the floor cells.

Kansas has so many gubernatorial candidates a man has to announce it only when he isn't running.

Not knowing where we are going is no excuse for not being on our way.

When the Prince of Wales was thrown from his pony some bystander probably remarked "The prince of walls."

Calomel Users Take Awful Risk

Very Next Dose of Treacherous Drug May Start Terrible Salvation.

The next dose of calomel you take may salivate you. It may shock your liver or start bone necrosis. Calomel is dangerous. It is mercury, quicksilver. It crashes into your body like dynamite, crumpling and splintering you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knooped out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic for a few cents which is a genuine vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, you just burp and get your money.

Don't take calomel! It can't be trusted any more than a leopard or a wildcat. Take Dodson's Liver Tonic which straightens you right up and makes you feel fine. No salts necessary. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and can not salivate—adv.

"PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL"

Our shoulder at the wheel of Progress will start millions of other wheels to moving, carrying us forward by sheer momentum; out of the vale of uncertainty; out of the ruts that have been made by the narrow wheels of habit in their passing; onto the smooth high road that leads onward to sound prosperity.

We must remember that the greatness of our nation lies not alone in our fertile fields and valleys; our forests and factories and mines, but in our ability to co-operate with one another; in the work of our hands and the confidence that is in our hearts.

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL

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