

PERSIMMONS CAUSE TWO NORMAN DEATHS

Frosted persimmons were given as the cause of the death of two Norman men last week, J. P. Hodges, 69 years old, and L. C. Parmenter, 68 years old.

The effects of the fruit, so doctors believe, was to pucker their digestive organs in the same manner that green persimmons will pucker a person's mouth.

The Sheriff's office at Tulsa was notified and a posse composed of several automobiles of armed men started in pursuit.

BOBBERS RIFLE MAIL SACKS AT DAVENPORT

Four pouches of registered mail and three pouches of first class mail, at the Frisco depot at Davenport, the central part of the state, Tuesday night by railway mail clerks, were broken into and the contents rifled.

Two phonographs, were in the depot which were hauled off. The Santa freight room was also broken in and two other phonographs stolen.

MASONS ELECT OFFICERS At their regular monthly meeting last Friday night the Royal Arch Masons elected officers for the coming year as follows:

NORMAN MAN DISAPPEARS Search all over Cleveland county and at other places in the state failed to lead to the finding of Clark L. Hussey, Norman garage owner, who disappeared from his place of business Sunday, according to friends in city Wednesday.

READY FOR BIG SHOW Committee rooms and legislative offices are now cleaned thoroughly, furniture in place and ready for opening of the eighth legislature the capital next Tuesday.

FROM PRITCHARD Holidays are over and school began Monday morning with good attendance and Mrs. Oscar McAteer and of Durant spent Christmas with Lillie Cummings.

HAD FATAL KICK The death at Jacksonville, Florida, Friday of Carter W. Johnson, a go salesman, shortly after he had a drink of liquor, was not due to alcohol poisoning, but to a heart attack.

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AMERICAN RED CROSS TO GIVE RURAL HELP

Program for Public Health and Community Welfare is Now Well Under Way.

Rural communities and towns of less than 8,000 population benefit in a very large part by the public health and community welfare work of the American Red Cross.

Briefly, the purpose of Rural Service is to assist people to get out of life more health, wealth and happiness.

Recreation is found to be one of the biggest needs in rural life. There is lack of sufficient play-life for the children and social life for the adults.

As a result of community organization, townships in which there had been neither plans nor interest in community progress have been organized to work together with the unified purpose of bringing their community up to the most enlightened standards.

In order that there may be concerted effort in carrying on the programs of the various welfare agencies in the rural districts, Red Cross Rural Service helps the organizations already on the ground.

JUNIOR RED CROSS ACTIVE IN EUROPE

Garden seeds for Polish orphans, milk for anemic Greek babies, carpenters' tools for Czecho-Slovakian cripples—these are only a few of the gifts that young Americans are sending to the war-crushed children of the Old World.

Through the Junior Red Cross the boys and girls of the United States are giving a fresh start in life to little war orphans scattered all over Europe.

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American school children have already raised something like a million dollars for these enterprises, and they are still hard at work.

In China, through campaigns of education, the Junior Red Cross is helping to combat widely prevalent blindness and cholera.

RED CROSS RELIEF IN CENTRAL EUROPE

But for timely assistance of the American Red Cross during the last year, a large proportion of the 20,000,000 population of the Balkan States might have starved or perished from disease or exposure.

The money expended by the Red Cross in this stricken portion of Europe has been used to set up hospitals, orphanages, dispensaries, mobile medical units and to help in the general reconstruction of devastated areas.

By the last of this year probably all American Red Cross agencies administering relief in Central Europe will have withdrawn. By that time, it is believed, the people will have approached a normal state of living and will be able through their own agencies which the Red Cross has helped set up to provide for themselves.



GAY OLD MEN

"SAM JAGWAY was trying to be funny, this morning," related the horse doctor. "He saw some boys turning handspins, and undertook to show them how the trick used to be done in the halcyon days, and the doctor says he wrenched his back so he'll be in bed for several days."



"Disasters of that sort usually happen to the graybeard who tries to demonstrate that he isn't any older than he was forty years ago," commented the village patriarch. "I'm always being tempted to do some idiotic thing, and have to suppress such impulses with a mallet fist. It's all the outcome of vanity. A man hates to admit that he's a back number. He wants to assure the plain people that, notwithstanding his gray whiskers and string-halted legs, he's a four-horse team with a dog under the wagon, when it comes to athletic skill."

"I was in the livery barn the other evening, when young Fretzinger began explaining that he had been taking boxing lessons from one of the old masters. He had learned all the tricks of the game, and was just suffering agonies because there was nobody present who would stand up and exchange scientific swats with him."

"In my younger days, if I do say it myself, I was a star performer in the ordinary knock-down-and-drag-out form of combat, but I never was worth shucks at boxing. Nobody knows that better than I do. Why, then, did I inform Fretzinger that I would be glad to spar a few rounds with him? It surely was vanity and nothing else. I had an idea that, while he might have plenty of the fancy stuff on hand, I might land one of my old-time haymakers; in which case I felt sure the town would soon be ringing with the story of an old man's prowess."

"So I took off my long flimsy-swinging coat, and my vest, and stood up for battle. If anybody tells you, my friends, that Fretzinger doesn't know how to wield his hands, you may regard the story as a roachback. I never saw fists so numerous as on that occasion. I couldn't see anything else for a while, and they landed on me in many unexpected places, and I don't remember a time when I was so embarrassed."

"Fretzinger explained afterward that he merely tapped me gently because I was a venerable man, old enough to be his grandfather. In that case I never want to become involved in an argument with him when he is in earnest. I had a black eye for a week after this recital, and my nose has never satisfied me since. Every time I came downtown, I had to explain to a thousand people that I blackened my eye while splitting kindling, or that I dropped a sad-iron on it. There is nothing more humiliating than a black eye, and I made up my mind that I'd try to realize my advanced age thereafter, and behave myself like a grave and reverend man."

"But no sooner had my eye recovered than I was in trouble again. I saw some young men wrestling, and paused to point out that they didn't know the rudiments of the game. I assured them that in my younger days I was a holy terror, and I didn't think that my hand had lost its cunning. It would afford me genuine happiness, I said, to show them how wrestling was done in the palmy days of Muldoon and Whistler."

"So I removed my coat and vest and went into executive session with a husky young man who had no respect for gray hairs. I am not sure about what followed, but I think he must have thrown me over his head. Anyhow, I made a great dent in the earth with my person, and I was so sore for two weeks that I had to take myself around in a wheelbarrow. Of course, I am determined to make no more bad breaks of the kind, but I haven't much confidence in myself, and tomorrow you may see me climbing a tree half a mile high, to show some boys how to rob birds' nests."

Economy. "Here is a fine tonic which will quickly bring back your husband's appetite." "Dear me, doctor, I've been getting along so fine with my market money since he lost his appetite."—Boston Transcript.

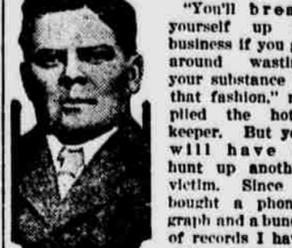
The Compromise. "Does your wife object to your playing golf?" "No, we've made a compromise." "That so?" "Yep. She's perfectly willing to have me play the game, but she insists on my not talking about it after I get home."

British After Trade. British merchants are planning exhibitions in large cities of China to recover their commercial position lost during the war.



BALED MUSIC

"THERE'S going to be a great concert at the opera house tonight," said the retired merchant, "and if you'll go along with me, I'll pay your way and buy you five cents' worth of peanuts. I'm sure nothing could be more liberal than that."



"You'll break yourself up in business if you go around wasting your substance in that fashion," replied the hotel keeper. "But you will have to hunt up another victim. Since I bought a phonograph and a bunch of records I have quit going to concerts. There's nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit about an entertainment of that kind. It's advertised to start at a certain hour, say eight o'clock, and you are credulous enough to think that the specifications will be lived up to. You break a lame strap to get there in time, and when you arrive, at ten minutes to eight, you find you're the first one there. You sit around, waiting for an hour or two, and people walk on your feet and sit down on your hat and make things unpleasant as possible."

"By the time the curtain goes up, you are wishing you had possessed sense enough to stay at home. But, being there, and having paid for the privilege, you determine to hold her nozzle agin the bank, as it were."

"The entertainment usually is opened by a talksmith. The man who makes a few remarks always looms up at such entertainments, and should be taken to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses. When he has said all that he can think of, the artists begin to dish up the music. It may be elegant music—it usually is. But you can't enjoy it in comfort, for the gentleman with the large splay foot, in the seat directly behind you, persists in beating time with that organ until he drives you frantic. If you turn around and dot him in the eye, you will be ejected from the building."

"Then you will find that the woman with a shrill, carrying voice, who has heard better singers, sits right in front of you, and she keeps on talking in a maddening way. The last concert I attended had a fine contralto who sang some stem-winding songs of the kind we all like. But the woman with the shrill voice was right in front of me, and I could hear her saying: 'Really, you should hear Margaret Keyes or Christine Miller sing that selection; this woman is impossible as a vocalist.'"

"Then a man with a hoarse voice and a name that he imported without paying duty on it, stood up and whined like a doggone zebra, and we were expected to believe that he was singing a Neapolitan song. I never heard anything that filed my nerves the way that voice did. It recalled the halcyon days when my father used to sharpen a bucksaw with a rasp. Well, when he finished his first number, the applause was frantic, and he reared up and did it all over again. Then the applause was louder than ever, and he whined something else. They kept that blamed plate there for half an hour, and I don't know when I suffered so much."

"The hall was overheated, and I was jammed in the middle of a row of seats so I couldn't get out without climbing over a number of ladies and gentlemen. We were kept there for three hours, and when I got out I swore by my Sunday hat I'd never go to another public concert."

"Next day I bought a phonograph and a lot of records of the kind I like, and now I enjoy my music. I start it when I get ready, and quit when I am tired. No punk singers are encored. No Windy Jims introduce the singers with a few pertinent remarks. If a singer displeases me, I stop the machine and throw the record into the alley. You'd better tear up your concert ticket and come and hear my music mill."

Hard Hit. "What's wrong, old man? You look blue." "Had a scrap with my wife this morning." "Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you. A thunderstorm clears the atmosphere, you know." "Yes, but that doesn't help a man who's been struck by lightning."—Boston Transcript.

Of Course. "You made a big howl that you were out for civic betterment." "We did." "Yet your program consists solely of getting your crowd into office." "Well, ain't that civic betterment?"

New Rich. "Well, what's on the tapis today?" asked the social secretary breezing in. "I hadn't noticed," answered May Hoptoad. "Maria, did you spill anything on the tapis?"

DURANT COMMANDERY HAS INSTALLED NEW OFFICERS

At their meeting Tuesday night the Durant Commandery installed the following officers who will serve the ensuing year.

- Commander—J. B. Hickman. Generalissimo—R. F. Story. Captain General—John Finney. Prelate—C. W. Brown. Treasurer—Sam Stone. Senior Warden—S. A. Whale. Junior Warden—W. W. Turner. Sword Bearer—Wm. Warmack. Standard Bearer—Charles Harrison. Sentinel—Albert Kirley. Warden—C. A. Woodward.

WICHITA FALLS HAS A CHRISTMAS KILLING

John Regan, 23 years old, a chauffeur, was shot and killed at 12:30 o'clock Christmas morning in his room at a hotel in the heart of the business section of the city and but a half block from the Union Station. Sewell Fields was arrested shortly after the shooting.

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