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D. M. MARRS : - Editor

Vinita, Okla., Monday, Aug. 3

WHY OKLAHOMA IS GREAT.

So many things have happened before and since the advent of statehood to emphasize the greatness of Oklahoma that people back east, and in other directions are wondering what really makes Oklahoma great. Aside from its size and location in the heart of the republic, making it absolttely the best in point of climate, resources and accessibility which in themselves have the elements of a splendid commonwealth, it has another and a far more potent factor in the achievement of its brilliant success before it has reached the age of one year from its somewhat stormy birth last year.

The real greatness of Oklahoma may very properly be attributed to the spirit of its citizenship. Not long ago men spoke and wrote of the Western spirit, as peculiar to the unsettled west and southwest of a generation ago. That term is also obsolete, and it is now the Oklahoma spirit, as exemplifying the dauntless courage, the splendid prowess and the marvelous originality of the prevailing thought that has shaped Oklahoma in the making.

Men who pushed their way into the wild and woolly west a generation ago were called pioneers' Yea, for more than a hundred years these restless wanderers have pressed into the unsettled forests and trackless prairies of our country, and raising the standard of freedom and self-government have been the real exponents of expansion that have made the nation great on the American continent and beyond the seas.

The creation of Oklahoma was the culmination of a century and a third of state-building. It was a part of the movement of a great race of men—the most masterful race of all history. No human hand can stop or stay the push and enterprise of the American people and no region can remain a wilderness when they undertake to subdue it.

The glory of Oklahoma is the dauntless spirit of her people. The million and a half of people who rose up and demanded statehood from a hostile administration would build a great state in any quarter of the habitable globe. These people if set down in the wastes of Africa would erect a state and cherish and nourish the principles of human liberty and there establish the highest form of civilization —a Republic.

The very highest form of patriotism is pride in and love for ones state. Where is the man or woman in Oklahoma who is not already proud of the state. The man who would be ashamed of being an Oklahomans would be impervious to the prevailing thought that actuates her citizenship.

Men of brains and character from the whole United States have assembled themselves here to erect a model state. When we wrote the constitution that was adopted here less than a year ago, a few timid ones said it would be rejected at Washington because it was not like other state constitutions. Oklahoma does things differently. The older commonwealths now wait to see how Oklahoma will do things and then take pattern.

Oklahoma is great because the most alert, the widest awake and the brightest people in the world have determined to make her so.

The Chieftain desires to express its appreciation of thesplendid response the people of Vinita have made to its proposition to again place a daily edition of the paper in the field. The owers of the paper are but showing their confidence in Vinita when they are willing to put their money and labor into the production of a daily paper. We expect to give the paper circulation enough from the first issue to justify the advertisers in spending their money for space in its columns. Money spent for advertising is an investment and unless it pays the sane business man will not buy it. If we print a newspaper that will reflect the standing of the town, commercially and socially: at home and abroad we are willing to risk the venture that it will meet with proper support. Vinita has a larger population than it had when the present owners conducted the daily before, and the country adjacent has ten families now to where it had one when the daily was started some ten years ago. Through our four rural routes we expect to reach practically all the people who do business in Vinita. The Chieftain will have on its pay roll a number of men who will spend practically all their wages right here in Vinita. The institution that furnishes employment for a dozen or more people the year round is worth while. We invite the business people of Vinita to use our advertising columns if you think it will yield sufficient returns to justify the expenditure. If you don't think it would pay you, as a sensible business man you should not make the expenditure.

A group of men were seated on the shady side of the street. They were talking about how good a town Vinita is getting to be, her splendid merchants, her strong banks, her able lawyers, her skillful physicians, her arteslan water, her army of barefoot boys, her troops of bonny lasses, her beautiful women and a thousand and one other things that town pride would dictate. A knocker drew near. He bewailed the spending of money for street paving, and denounced the council that compelled the building of so many miles of sidewalk, and the work on the parks. About the time he got fairly unlimbered the crowd had dispersed and the poor knocker put his little hammer tenderly away and took his departure a silenter and sadder man.

If the carrier should drop a copy of the Daily Chieftain at your door for a few evenings without your ordering it, don't be alarmed. It is only that you may see it and mayhap subscribe and have it continue regularly. On the rural routes leading out of the city in every direction samples will be mailed at first, to be followed by a representative of the paper.

When Governor Haskell and Attorney General West get through with each other the Standard Oil company will still be doing business at the old stand and at its same old tricks, and probably some new ones. Put up your bean shooters, boys, and fight your common foe.

There is nothing in the cry raised in some quarters that the government suits against alleged crooked land deals will retard development and cloud titles in this country' It is the wail of the grafters and is intended to induce a cessation of prosecutions.

For lack of time we have been unable to solicit all the business houses in the city in the interest of the Daily Chieftain. No one is to be slighted intentionally. Just send in the copy for your ad. and the cash for your subscription.

The people at home as well as tho outside world ought to be told oftener than once a week what is going on in this good town—hence the daily edition of the Chieftain.

The good citizen who neglects to vote at the primary fails in a duty he owes to his fellow men and is that much less a good citizen than he otherwise would be.

There will not be many in Vinita or along its four rural routes who don't read the Daily Chieftain. We'll make them want to see it.

Miss Charlesworth Entertains.

Miss Blanche Charlesworth was hostess to several of her young friends Saturday evening at the beautiful Charlesworth home on the east side. The party was given in honor of Miss Catharine Quimby, of Cassville, Mo., who is Miss Charlesworth's guest for a few days. Informal conversation, games and music were features of the evening.

Frank Buffington, colored, was arrested yesterday by Chief of Police Lee Webb for disturbing the peace.

D. B. Bottenfield, of the Vinita Gas Co., went to Miami to spend Sunday. It is reported that Mr. Bottenfield's father has discovered one of the richest mines in the Miami district.

John Spalding of Chelsea, spent Sunday here with his brother, M. J. Spalding.

Will D. Spyres, a former member of the Chieftain force arrived this morning from Joplin and resumed his "sit" on this paper.

R. H. Spencer, of Chelsea was among the Saturday evening visitors in Vinita

J. R. Blocker and son, of San Antonio, Texas, are here looking over the land situation.

W. J. Strange, President of the Union Grain Co., will be here from Chelsea tomorrow and he and George Kapp will go to Foyil on a business mission.

Jasper Martin this morning shipped a fine saddle horse to his brather Louis at Bennington, Oklahoma.

W. E. Clapham went to Miami this morning in the interest of the Buckeye Mining company.

ALL FLOCK TO SEE HOWELLS.

Novelist Used as a "Boomer" for a New York Library.

If there is any public library in New York that thinks itself just a little bit better than any other library, it is the one that William Dean Howells visits every little while when in town.

"Why shouldn't we be proud?" said one black-eyed attendant. "He is such a dear, and then he is a splendid drawing card. There was a time, oh, months ago, when the people in this neighborhood seemed to lose interest in the library. Well, one day one of the girls let it out accidentally in the hearing of several subscribers that Mr. Howells had been in the library most of the morning, and had just gone away about half an hour before. The way everybody within earshot got interested was simply wonderful.

"'He was?' gasped half a dozen women. 'Does he come here often?'

"'Oh, yes, very often,' said that same girl mendaciously, because, you see, Mr. Howells hadn't got into the habit of coming often then. But he really did take to dropping in frequently after that, and where he goes the crowd follows. Our list of subscribers soon swelled enormously. People with a taste for reading drop in at all hours when Mr. Howells is at home, hoping to find him here. Sometimes they see him, sometimes they don't, but even if they miss seeing him, it is something to be able to say that they belong to the same library where Mr. Howells goes."

WHEN A MAN IS WELL DRESSED.

Smart Clothes Declared to Act as Splendid Mental Tonic.

"If you would do yourself full justice, dress well." This is the advice of a well-known London specialist in mental and nervous diseases. "A good suit of clothes," he says, "acts as a splendid tonic upon most of us.

"The mere fact of being smartly dressed is a strong mental stimulant, and the man who is shabby and knows it is often less capable than his well-dressed mental inferior.

"To the average man shabby or ill-fitting clothes are a source of constant worry, which frets away his energy and takes the keener edge off his wits.

"I most strongly condemn the practice of providing lunatics in public asylums with ill-fitting old clothes, for the mentally afflicted when recovering his or her reason cannot but be worried and upset at having to wear what are very often grotesque costumes.

"The general impression is, I think, a true one—that the man in a disgraceful hat, baggy-kneed trousers and a shocking coat who can appear quite self-possessed among a number of smartly-dressed people is either a millionaire or a man of extraordinary brain power.

"Few men can get along successfully in life without the moral support of smart clothing."

Hooked a Big Shark.

The officers of the steamer Limon, which reached her berth at Long wharf the other day, told a story of the capture of a man-eating shark while the big fruiter was taking on a cargo at Port Limon, Costa Rica, says the Boston Globe. One of the negro fruit handlers was fishing over the side. He had thrown out a small hook baited with meat and almost immediately it was snapped up by an exceedingly voracious man-eater.

Everyone on board ship ran to see the fun. The negro played the shark until it was exhausted, and then one of the crew went down the Jacob's ladder and slipped a noose under its fins. The monster was hauled to the deck, but before it was killed it knocked one negro down. Two of the sailors killed it with a heavy club The shark measured 12 feet and weighed 500 pounds. It was the largest of its species ever seen at Port Limon.

Duels.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country, and Jena and Gottingen are the cities which take the lead. It is said that a duel takes place in Gottingen every day, and on one occasion some years ago 12 combats took place in the 24 hours. Jena's greatest number for the day is 21. The German empire has about 4,000 duels a year; France has about 1,000 combats, which may be regarded as such; Italy runs to about 270 per annum. In ten years it boasted 2,759 meetings, of which 974 originated in newspaper articles or public letters. The great majority of the duels were fought with swords; only one with revolvers.

MIGHT BE WELL TO WARN THEM.

Aunt Martha Was Impressed with Danger Threatening Soldiers.

"Bless me, Marthy!" exclaimed Uncle Cyrus, looking up from his magazine, says the Youth's Companion. "We're getting a navy that don't need to take a back seat for any o' them European nations." Aunt Martha continued placidly measuring out the ingredients of "mountain" cake, and manifestly was not unduly excited over naval affairs.

"Just listen to this: Some fellow has been making estimates. Any half-dozen of our big cruisers have engine strength equal to the pulling power of all the horses in the Russian cavalry!

"The engines of our big battleship Louisiany are strong enough—if they could be fastened anywhere—to pull the hull United States cavalry into the sea, an'—"

"Mercy sakes!" cried Aunt Martha, with arrested spoon—for the first time impressed with these interesting statistics, "I hope to goodness our cavalry'll keep away from the shore!"

DOGS CLIMBED UP ICY WALL.

St. Bernards Saved from What Looked Like Certain Death.

There was sorrow in the home of Bruno Kronich, says a tourist in a letter from Switzerland to a Glasgow paper, when it was learned there that the three beautiful St. Bernard dogs, Dina, Medea and Solna, which had aided in many rescues, had been lost over a snowcovered precipice near Hochschneeberg. They were with the party in search of the three mountaineers who were lost a few days before. They slipped off the ice-covered Herminensteig and landed on a rock which overhung a deep chasm. From this they could not go down or up, and the helpless animals howled pitifully. The animals were given up for lost, and for that reason the rejoicing was great when at dawn the next day the dogs appeared at the Baumgartnerhaus and barked for admission. Investigation showed that the dogs had worked their way up against the almost perpendicular snow and ice wall.

"Ole Mis' Moon."

Madam Fairfax was wont to stand on the porch of her old Virginia home and rejoice on moonlight nights in the beauty. "There's my moon," she would say, as it rose from behind the eastern hills. "Look, Dahlia, see how beautiful it is," and her tiny colored maid, who was ever at hand with shawl or fan for her beloved mistress, would answer, enthusiastically, "Your moon certainly do look pow'ful handsome fo-night."

When Madam Fairfax journeyed to the city to visit her son, Dahlia, looking out of the window with wondering eyes on the first evening of her life away from home, exclaimed in a voice of mingled astonishment and relief, "Well, I declar' to goodness, if ole Mis' Moon ain't done come along to Washington wif me and ole mis'! We can't be homesick nohow, wif ole Mis' Moon shining on us."—Youth's Companion.

Shields for Modern Warriors.

Recent experiments at Sheffield, England, suggest the possibility that in this century shields may once more form an important part of the equipment of an army. Steel shields, three millimeters in thickness, and about 150 square inches in area, have been devised, which afford complete protection against bullets fired from the service rifle at a range of 400 yards. The small size of the shield, which weighs only seven pounds, requires that the soldier shall lie prone on the ground in order to be sheltered. Each shield has a loophole for the rifle, and studs at the sides, so that a series of them can be linked into a continuous screen. The idea is that by the use of such shields the necessity of digging trenches may be avoided.—Harper's Weekly.

Aid for the Explorer.

"Peary," said a geographer of Chicago "never started on one of his exploring expeditions without receiving by mail and express all sorts of packages from cranks—cowhide underwear, tea tablets, medicated boots and what-not.

"Peary once told me that George Ade, a few days before the start of his last trip, wired him to expect an important package by express.

"The package came. It was labeled:

"'To be opened at the furthest point north.'

"Peary opened it at once, however. It was a small keg inscribed:

"'Axle grease for the pole.'"

...OT PART OF THE TREATMENT.

...ful Physician's "Bluff" That Happily Convinced Patient.

"I believe," said Dr. John M. Kitchen, "I was the first physician in northern Indiana to make use of chloroform. I was a young fellow, not much past 21 years old, the ink hardly dry on my sheepskin, when a man came into my office to have an aching tooth pulled out.

"I had a small bottle of chloroform, and with the hardihood of youth I made up my mind to use it. He readily went under the influence of the new anaesthetic, I pulled manfully and the grinder came out. I waited, but the patient did not return to consciousness. I was badly frightened, and hastily seizing a bucket with about two gallons of water in it I poured it over him. Gasping, he came out from the influence of the chloroform. Then he wanted to know what I meant by giving him such a soaking.

"Mustering all my professional sang froid I calmly replied: 'That, sir, is a part of the treatment,' and he went away, greatly to my relief, entirely satisfied."—Indianapolis News.

HAS NO USE FOR BATTLESHIPS.

Scotch Minister Somewhat Over-Fervent in Devotion to Peace.

Rev. Walter Walsh of Scotland who has begun a lecturing tour for the American Peace society, is a giant in stature, reports as to his height varying. One says that on the Saxonia, on which he crossed, he was a head taller than the biggest man on board. Another statement is that he would measure up to the largest of New York's famous Broadway squad. Mr. Walsh is a Scotch minister of the independent school and was in this country in 1904, when he spoke on several occasions in the interests of international peace. His topic this time will be "International Peace and Arbitration." When a reporter, on his arrival the other day, mentioned three recent collisions and a boiler explosion in the British navy, Mr. Walsh said: "I wish they were all sunk."

The Style That Goes.

Clyde Fitch, at a dinner given by a group of illustrators in honor of "Girls," his successful new play, produced one of his famous scrapbooks.

"In this scrapbook," said Mr. Fitch, "I have gathered passages from the year's 'best sellers.' The passages will give you some idea of the style that goes."

Then he read:

"'The worthy pastor appeared at the manse door, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his loose jacket, while he turned the leaves of his prayer book thoughtfully, and wiped his glasses with distraught air.'

"'After the door was closed a stealthy foot slipped into the room, and with cautious hand extinguished the light.'

"'Fitzgibbon lingered over his final lemonade, when a gentle voice tapped him on the shoulder, and turning he beheld his old friend once again.'

"'The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, gnashing its teeth as it rolls.'"

Supposed Tomb of Eve.

A correspondent of an English journal has sent from Jeddah a picture postcard—what a blend of ancient and modern!—of Eve's tomb. He points out that if the sarcophagus is anything like in proportion to the mother of mankind, she must have been about 300 cubits in height, and the tallest of modern women are mere pygmies to her. He relates that there is a singular absence of trees in the district, but that the wily Arab is not insensible of the marketable value of souvenirs of this interesting spot, since on being asked concerning fig trees, he offered to procure a leaf of one for the modest sum of $25. And they say the modern woman is extravagant in dress!

Mourning Canes.

"When I was in Rome recently," says a New Yorker, "I saw an accessory of dress that I never saw anywhere else. It was a walking stick, an ebony stick, simply and beautifully fashioned and with a plain gun metal band near the handle.

"It was intended to go with mourning wear. There was a dull finish to the ebony that made the stick a fitting accompaniment to other trappings of woe, but the cane itself could have been carried without any suggestion of being in mourning.

"In fact, I never have seen anybody carry his mourning to the extent of a cane, and I imagine that most men would not care for it for that purpose."

When You Feel "Blue."

Determine not to be "blue" and make it a rule to go to see a friend and to cheer him up every day. Incidentally you will cheer yourself up