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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

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D. M. MARRS Editor



Vinita, Okla. Tuesday, December 31.

**HAVE A PLAN.**

You wouldn't build a chicken roost, nor give the old rail fence a boost, nor make a self-revolving fan without a definite set plan. When you've a dog house to erect, you plan it like an architect; you figure where each piece must go, and work it out just so and so. It is the same upon the farm—you plan ahead, the crops to charm; or if your work is in the mart, you plan it from the very start. But in your life it is not so. There, architects and plans don't go. You work in loose, haphazard way from youth till you are old and gray; you mix the shingles and the tile, the rocks and boards you loosely pile, you wield no level, square or plumb, your building off is weak and bum. Oh life it is a sacred trust; and built it, good or bad, we must. We ought to choose a noble plan, and fashion it the best we can. And yet you'll find, along the track, full many a life is but a shack because, forsooth, no plan is there, to make it permanent and fair.

**THE TOMMORROW YEAR.**

"The less we have to do with our sins the better," said Emerson. For what we have done this closing year that we ought not to have done and for what we have left undone that we ought to have done, Lord have mercy, have mercy upon us. And then, neither with carelessness nor with envying regret, let us leave the 1912 account and turn to the things we ought to do in the tomorrow year.

Governor Wilson recalls that he was sick after smoking his first cigar. Fortunately it was not one of those given out in his behalf last November.

The suffragettes may have walked to Albany to deliver a petition, but there will perhaps be the usual difficulty in walking down town to get a yeast cake.

A St. Louis hat rack attendant has just bought a hotel out of the tips that he has collected. Perhaps by and by he will wish he was at the counter again receiving fees.

With New Year near at hand, here's a very good suggestion from Bob Burdette: "Get away from the crowd for a while and think. Stand on one side, get acquainted with yourself and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Ascertain, from original sources, if you are really the manner of man you say you are; and if you are always honest, if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business details; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are on a Sunday school picnic; if you are as good when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, are you really the sort of man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out of one of those private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, and it will do you good."

It was a grand trophy that Woodrow Wilson brought back to lay at the feet of his mother town, Staunton, Va. But perhaps while he was carting around all the laurel wreaths and shiny badges that the voters and others have bestowed on him, he did not feel nearly so biggity as some of the rest of us on returning to a boy-

hood home. There is an element of triumph in returning to the place that raised you, if your life has been even passably successful. For if you left at any period after infancy, you were always depreciated. No prophet is without honor, etc. In that feeling there is always an element of envy. Village-wise men and boyhood associates always hate to admit that anyone who has had the same advantages that they had could ever outstrip them. It's very different when you return. No matter if it is a small share of the world's crowns or plunder that you have been able to grasp, you seem a pretty big man to the stay at homes. The element of jealousy is removed, since they are able to say to themselves, that if they had had your chance, they would have done as well or better.

Even if the former country bumpkin with whom you went to school does call you "Eddie" or "Tommie," don't step too high nor snub him too sharply. The simple names of boyhood ought to have a slink like the old oaken bucket, after you have been separated by your associates by the formal handle of "Mister." There is something rather fine about sharing an honor with the influences that created you. Was it not President Garfield who on taking the inaugural oath turned to kiss his moth? Similarly it is a gracious act of the president-elect to give due honor to a civic parentage. To the boys who are going out from this town today, or who have gone out in past years, it may well be remarked, Don't forget, if you win honors or wealth in the big world outside, that a large share of the success is due to the early home whose shelter and impulse made it all possible.

**PREACHERS AND EMPTY Pews.**

Oklahoma City has many fine churches, and the churches are well attended. But in some parts of the country, empty pews confront some of the pulpits, and many of them are puzzled to know the reason. In a recent editorial, the Atlanta Constitution notes that the increasing failure of men to attend church is affected as a melancholy fact by many preachers who grope blindly for the reason.

The Constitution says that Bishop James H. McCoy, in his recent address to the North Georgia Methodist conference struck the cause at its core when, according to press dispatches, he "censured the modern tendency to deal with secular and trivial matters in the pulpit to the exclusion of the great issue of salvation." The bishop is right and if the churches wish to exercise their old-time influence in this wonderful and expanding age in which we live, they must take cognizance of his criticism.

Viewing pulpit practice here and there, one is almost tempted to say that many ministers, forgetting their divine mission, usurp the functions of "yellow journalism." We are guilty of no irreverence to true religion when we say that it is a common custom for preachers to keep out a pair of metaphorical field-glasses for the latest fad or nostrum, in politics or so-called "ethical uplift," all of which subjects fall in the secular and not the religious field. The moment a "discovery" is made, the views of the preacher on that particular topic are harangued from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday to a restless and resentful congregation. There is hardly a whisper of the creed of the meek and lowly Nazarene. But there are plenty of half-baked or pre-digested opinions on alleged "issues of the hour," with the result that men who come to church looking for spiritual bread go away with an intellectual stone.

Not one man out of one hundred attends service to be given first easy lessons as to how he should vote, or to be, in kindergarten fashion, taught his duty toward various matters of public policy. If he deserves a vote at all, he reserves that function to himself. He protests, inwardly, when opinions that may be diametrically opposed to his own are shouted at him from the pulpit. Having no recourse in rejoinder, he does the next best thing—he stays away. The specialty, the sacred mission, of the preacher is to quicken the individual conscience by the application of gospel truths and the expounding of Biblical principles. If the minister succeeds in moulding a man's conscience it is a pretty safe assumption that that particular man is going to vote right on any issue invoking his own or the community's welfare. But if time that should be devoted to instilling loyalty or righteousness is squandered with personal tirades upon extraneous political and secular subjects—the preachers have only themselves to blame for empty pews.

And this is the final test: The denominations that avoid this policy, and concern themselves with spiritual matters only, are not faced with the problem of empty pews!—Oklahoman.

**1912-1913.**

Nothing is more certain than that the future grows out of the past. It is less certain which contemporary tendencies are destined to thrive, grow strong and transmute themselves into

fact and history. That however, is no reason why we should not question the parting year about the year that has its foot upon the threshold. One thing especially marks the year 1912. Throughout the world, the new humanitarian spirit, long felt by those who watch events and currents of thought, has shown itself in action, often of the most dramatic sort.

On the other side of the world lay China, in the grip of Confucianism; inert because, as we were told, the teaching of Confucius was perfect, and consequently made thought superfluous and change a crime. Yet the seed sown by generations of alert Chinese and by thousands of devoted Europeans and Americans finally germinated. The Manchu Emperor has been deposed; a republic has been declared. Not deep as yet are the foundations of the new government in the understanding and affections of the great, stolid mass of the Chinese people; but nevertheless, the nation has taken the first great step—it has recognized the need of change.

Of what enormous strides Japan has taken on the path in which China is now setting an uncertain foot, the death of the Mikado who turned the face of his people toward modern ideals has come to remind us. And it is good to remember that what revived and reinvigorated the ancient empire is the stimulating spirit of America.

Even in autocratic Russia, the year has seen a triumph of constitutionalism, a step toward popular rule. A Duma has lived its full appointed time, a new one has been peacefully chosen. The event marks the real beginning of stable constitutional government; for, although the fourth Duma is accused of being, and may be, reactionary, yet it is a working body, an instrument sure in time to pass, as parliaments have ever done, into the hands of the people.

As despotism is disappearing from Russia, so, too, is Oriental barbarism retreating from the Balkans. The Christian peoples of the peninsula, animated, as The Companion in this very issue strikingly points out, largely by American ideals, have put an end there to Moslem rule.

And what of our own home—these United States? There is a new spirit here, intangible, elusive, but none the less perceptible by all who are intelligent and sensitive. For a generation after the Civil War the American people gave themselves to exploiting the material resources of the continent. We became money-mad, and lost for a season and in a measure that spirit of equity which alone dignifies the possession of wealth. Not until recently did we, as a people, begin to see that great wealth is often hard of heart and devoid of understanding; that men and women and even little children were being sacrificed to greed; that money was learning to talk with a voice so loud as to drown the cries of the suffering and the appeal of human rights.

But when we did begin to see, leaders arose who demanded that the admitted evils be reformed. They have been confined to no political party, they have been committed to no particular creed; but all without exception have placed their emphasis on the man rather than on the dollar. The number of these leaders has been steadily increasing until, this last year, they made themselves felt in divers ways throughout the country. Their influence has shown itself in advanced legislation by many of the states and by the national government and it has appeared in the decisions of high courts of justice. It gives the year 1912 a noble place on the calendar of human aspirations.

The future? We may be sure that the aspirations of democracy will not be stifled. The man is, indeed, greater than the dollar, and human rights greater than the rights of property; but since the one is included in the other, and property rights are no more than human rights in property, we must see to it that the old American virtues of thrift and ambition, the laudable desire to conquer, unalloyed and alone, an honorable place among our fellows shall survive and shall not go unrewarded; that democracy shall not degenerate into anarchy.

Wherever democratic ideals have gained ground, the success of the Great Republic—its common sense, its self-control, its stability—has taken hold upon the imaginations of men. We therefore owe it to a world that we have led in ideas of government to rule ourselves with firmness and common sense; but that does not mean that generous feeling must be rebuked or altruism forgotten. It is our glorious opportunity to show the world that Christ's second commandment is not dynamite but cement—Youth's Companion.

**TO PATRONS.**

All pupils that have become six years of age since school opened last September must enter school within the next two weeks or they can't enter until next September. It is hoped that all parents having children falling under the above condition will start them to school at once.

W. G. MASTERSON, Superintendent.

**BOXING CONTEST**

AT

**GRAND THEATRE**

**Thursday Night, Jan. 2nd**

**Ernie Dean vs Bart Gordon**

**15 ROUNDS 15**

**Two Good Preliminaries**

**Admission 25c & 50c. Ringside \$1.00**

**The Daily Chieftain**

Reaches all the people in Vinita, along the Rural Routes and near-by towns.

The people who spend their money in Vinita read the Daily Chieftain. It covers the advertising field like a blanket.

Advertise your business in

**The Chieftain**

State of Oklahoma, County of Craig ss. In the County Court within and for Craig County, Oklahoma. In the matter of the estate of Mary E. Witt, Deceased. William E. Witt, Administrator. Probate No. 2227.

**NOTICE OF FILING PETITION TO ASCERTAIN HEIRS.**

TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED AND CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF MARY E. WITT, DECEASED:

You and each person are hereby notified, that on the 26th day of December 1912, William E. Witt, Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Witt, deceased, filed in this Court his petition in due form, praying that the right of all persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Witt, Deceased, be ascertained and declared by this Court, for this notice.

And it be determined as to whom distribution should be made.

The following, so far as known, is a description of all the real estate of which the deceased died seized or possessed as follows, to-wit: South Room thereof, in Vinita, Craig County Oklahoma, on Wednesday the 26th day of February, A. D. 1913 at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and exhibit and prove as required by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in said estate and show cause why said decree of distribution should not be made.

Dated December 26th 1912.

JAMES F. McCULLOUGH, Clerk of the County Court.

Davenport & Rye, Attorneys.

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