

The Daily Ardmoreite.

BIDNEY SUGGS, Proprietor.

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TIME TABLE.

Santa Fe.

Southbound—	
No. 5	4 a. m.
No. 17	4 p. m.
No. 19	12:35 p. m.
Northbound—	
No. 6	12:50 a. m.
No. 18	11:50 a. m.
No. 20	5:45 p. m.
Nos. 5, 6, 19 and 20 are local trains, while Nos. 17 and 18 stop at the smaller stations only on being flagged	

Frisco.

Eastbound—	
No. 42 leaves	6:05 a. m.
No. 44 leaves	2:05 p. m.
Westbound—	
No. 43 arrives	11:55 a. m.
No. 41 arrives	7:35 p. m.

Choctaw-Rock Island.

Eastbound—	
No. 84 (local) leaves	7:00 a. m.
No. 10 leaves	3:00 p. m.
Westbound—	
No. 8 arrives	5:00 p. m.
No. 82 (local) arrives	6:30 p. m.

4 O'CLOCK EDITION

Ardmore, Monday, April 17, 1905.

COMMONER NOTES

If you believe what the leading republican newspapers say, Chicago went "populist" last week.

The opposition of the Chicago daily press continues to be a sure sign that those whom they oppose will win out.

It takes something more than money to make missionary work successful, a fact that some ministers of the gospel seem to have overlooked.

President Roosevelt says he is going to lose himself in the woods. He may seize the opportunity to lose a few issues he has raised, too.

Rev. Mr. Gladden managed to start Mr. H. H. Rogers to talking and when Mr. Rogers opens his mouth he usually inserts his pedal extremity therein.

The United States senate, which insists upon being first at social functions, also persists in being last when it comes to doing something for the country.

If it were not for the Philadelphia republican machine we would insist that the Mergenthaler typecasting machine is the greatest machine ever invented.

Some of those \$160,000 men we hear about receive \$1500 for the work they do and \$98,500 for what they keep others, principally courts and legislators, from doing.

It cost Mayor Warner \$28.50 to be elected senator. When he gets down to Washington he will meet senators who spent vastly more but are not worth near so much.

The primary pledge plan of organization will assist in the work of advancing genuine democratic principles and is therefore deserving of the support of all democrats.

The attempt to fix the responsibility for great disasters seems to be about as futile as the effort to prevent great disasters by enacting laws providing for thorough inspection.

It may be that the administration desires to let tariff revision sentiment pass the 60-year age limit and then chloroform it. But the tariff revision sentiment only grows stronger with age.

If the supreme court will take the lead in dealing out justice, the people

will not worry about whether the supreme court has to tag after the diplomatic corps at state functions.

The contest in the Bennett will case has been finally settled; the decision of the supreme court being that the trust which Mr. Bennett attempted to create was ineffective so far as the \$50,000 was concerned. The matter will be referred to again when the case is finally closed up.

Carlyle, Emerson and Satan. Carlyle and Emerson once had a passage of arms on the subject of the essence of the devil. Carlyle believed in the devil. He had a robust and defiant faith in such a personage and knew that when Carlyle had a belief in anything it was so even if it wasn't so. The great American writer did not believe. They argued the thing for some time. "Well, come and see him for yourself," said Carlyle, and the poor poet, wondering whether the underworld the devil claimed up anywhere, put on his hat and went out into the London night. Carlyle took him round to various gin shops in Soho that a certain den of iniquity now low class music halls. "Do you believe in the devil now?" said Carlyle. Agassiz Emerson did not. They finished up by going to the distinguished Stargazers' society of the house of commons. It was a wild night of impromptu speeches, scenes of arms and taking of hats. Emerson had never seen anything like it and said so, and Carlyle nudged his elbow into Emerson's ribs and whispered gravely, "Do you believe in a devil now?"

Diplomatic Game Play. The Coffeyville (Kans.) Journal tells a story of the quick wit of a western gun artist: Bob Chestnut had an altercation with an Irishman in a western cattle camp many years ago. The Irishman was a bully and a bad man. While Chestnut always wore a brace of six shooters in his belt, he also carried a sudden emergency Derringer in his outside coat pocket. The Irishman had an excess of hot iron already in his hand. Bob thrust his hand in his pocket for his Derringer, but the weapon had slipped down in a hole in the lining. His hand coming in contact with his pipe, he quickly drew it out and placed it in his mouth. The Irishman drew his gun, which he had elevated when Bob thrust his hand into his pocket. Bob reached for his pocket again, presumably for his tobacco pouch, brought it into play like a dash of lightning, and they carried the Irishman away.

As to Ladies and Gentlemen. "It's a nice thing to be a lady or a gentleman," said the bookkeeper. "What's your idea of a gentleman?" inquired the stenographer. "A man that's clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can live without spending and who can win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs." "And what does it take to make a lady?" asked the stenographer. "A perfect lady is a woman who can bear a widow's weeds of scandal about her dearest enemy and then forget it," answered the bookkeeper.

"Hoh!" cried the stenographer. "That kind of a woman wouldn't be a lady; she'd be an axmum for the dumb!" New York Journal.

Plants That Mimic Stones. In South Africa a plant of the genus mesembryanthemum, growing on stony ground, so closely resembles a pebble that it has been picked up in mistake for a stone. Another species of the same plant, growing on the hills around the Karoo, produces two leaves about as large as dimes' eggs, having a surface resembling weathered stone of a brownish gray color tinged with green. These plants look like stones, but for a short time they put forth bright yellow flowers. Still another species of the same plant resembles the quartz pebbles among which it grows. Youth's Companion.

Clem Monday.

We have in Great Britain our Good Friday, but Clem Monday is peculiarly a Grecian institution. It is the day that visitors in the great Lenten fast at Athens, and the people go holiday making to eat Lenten fare on the hills around the city, while the shepherds and country people dance the ancient Greek dances in the old temples. This practice is termed "renting the nose of Lent," and obviously Clem Monday is parallel to our Shrove Tuesday and its panades.

The polite custom of raising the hat to a lady dates back to the days of chivalry, when knights never appeared in public except in armor. On entering the house of a friend, however, or a room in which there were ladies, it became the custom for a knight to remove his helmet as a sign that, being in the presence of friends, he was safe from attack.

Wifely Solicitude.

"Doctor, my husband is dreadfully troubled with sleeplessness. What is good for it?"

"You might try reading him to sleep madam."

"What would be the use of that, doctor? I try to talk him to sleep every night, and it doesn't do a bit of good!"—Cleveland Tribune.

Ducks are reported plentiful around the lakes and some good sport is being enjoyed.

GAMBLING SYSTEMS.

WHY THEY WILL NEVER BREAK THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

The Percentage Is Always Against the Player, and the Maximum Limit Nullifies the Only Sure Scheme That of Progressive Betting.

Truly "hope springs eternal in the human breast!" How many inventors have gone to Monte Carlo with infallible systems. It is impossible to say, but probably they are to be numbered by millions, and not one of them has returned the victor. It is the ambition of almost every visitor to the fascinating tables of Monte Carlo to "break the bank." Any player with an extraordinary run of good luck and the nerve to press it is liable to "break the bank," as the expression is commonly understood, but no one will ever "break the bank" at Monte Carlo in the true sense of the phrase.

At the famous painting rooms there is one game that mostly baffle all which players may choose. Each table starts play for the day with an equal or better chance, and when that sum is exhausted the bank at that particular table is broken, and may be suspended until a fresh bank of 10,000 francs is brought by the attendants—a matter of a minute or two.

But to break the bank in the true sense of the word is to exhaust the entire capital of the cashier, and that will never happen for three simple reasons.

The first is that the bank lays unfair odds to the player. This I will illustrate as simply as possible.

At roulette, the most popular form of gambling—there are thirty-seven numbers from 1 to 36 inclusive and 0, or zero. It is plain that the fair odds against a player correctly picking one of these thirty-seven numbers are 35 to 1. But the bank only lays 35 to 1.

Hence the bank has always, roughly speaking, a 3 per cent advantage over the player. To put it another way, if a player banks the same number that seven times he ought, according to the fair odds, to come out exactly square, but at Monte Carlo he cannot do so, he must lose a point.

The advantage of the bank applies to all the other chances besides the numbers on which the player may stake.

Take, for example, the so-called "even" chance of red or black. Of the thirty-seven numbers eighteen are red, eighteen black, the thirty-seventh, zero, having nothing in color.

It is obvious that if a player banks the same nineteen chances against black and zero against his best or poorest. The fair odds are nineteen to eighteen against him, but the bank only lays even money.

The advantage to the bank does not end here, for when zero turns up the bank takes all stakes except those on zero and the even money chances. The latter are just odds—"on price" is the technical term.

It is on the next turn of the wheel the player on these even chances wins his stake is released, and he may pick it up, but he will not do so.

To win he must stake again, and thus when zero turns up it is at least two to one against a player on an "even-money" chance.

The second reason why the bank never wins in the long run is the existence of the "maximum."

The maximum 10,000 francs, or \$2200 is the highest amount a player can win on any one chance. If a player with unlimited resources could go on playing "double or quits" with the casino indefinitely he would eventually break the bank in the full sense of the term. But you cannot play "double or quits" with M. Blaine for long.

Starting with the minimum stake allowed—viz., 5 francs—and doubling your stake each time, your eleventh stake, supposing you to win or lose successively, would be over \$5000 francs, and you could double no longer.

In other words, you would have come to a point at which you could not on one turn of the wheel either double your winnings or recoup all your losses.

All systems are designed to nullify the effects of zero and the maximum. If one could be certain that zero would turn up, as it ought to turn up, once in every thirty-seven turns, it could be provided against, and the casino, even with the help of the maximum, would be in a bad way.

But no such certainty is possible, and therefore every system splits on this rock. And so with the maximum.

Perhaps the most fatal system of all are those based upon the theory that if red has come up a certain number of times running black will follow. To illustrate the folly of this theory, take the following example: If you toss a penny in the air 1000 times and it comes heads 500 times it is of course only even money on its being tails the next time.

The third reason, if, indeed, another is needed, why the bank must always win is that the human and fallible player is always playing against an infallible machine.

The slightest mistake in calculation, the least inattention, and the system breaks down. And to err is human.

So Monte Carlo flourishes and always will flourish so long as the law allows it to exist.—Person's Weekly.

The Mar general passes his time boasting of his hatred of liars, thinking thereby to cover his own defects.—Zarater.

MARKET REPORTS

Ardmore, I. T., April 17.—The following quotations show the market of today:

Liverpool Futures.

Open Close

Mar April.....	4.04
Apr. May.....	4.3
May June.....	4.04
June July.....	4.06
Nov. Dec.....	4.12
Dec Jan.....	4.12

Spots and Sales.

Spots..... 418
Sales..... 7,000

New York Futures.

Open High Low Close

May.....	7.45	7.48	7.35	7.37
July.....	7.32	7.34	7.30	7.32
Oct.....	7.57	7.59	7.46	7.48

Spots and Sales.

Spots..... 785
Sales..... 1336

GRAIN.

Wheat.

May..... 115
July..... 894

Corn—

May..... 48
July..... 45

Oats—

May..... 264
July..... 281

Pork—

May..... 1270

Hogs—

Hogs opened 5 to 10 lower

4,000 hogs left over