

*The case is not valid for prosecution before the Dept. then to appeal to Court of Claims under the General Claims provision act of 1924 -*

## Effect of Love on Folk

SO you'll never be witty nor really awfully clever nor supremely successful if you let yourself fall in love? Really in love. Deeply in love, seriously in love—so the clever philosophers of today are beginning to say.

Rubbish—

Tut.

Fudge.

Stuff and nonsense.

The only really clever people on earth are the people who fall in love so blindly that they don't know what they are doing or where they are going or what their names ought to be.

There is nothing sane and sensible and reasonable about love—not a thing.

Love is folly. Love is joy. Love is a light heart and a heavy heart. Love is disappointing and disillusionment, glorious expectancy and splendid fruition, all in one.

Love is youth and love is hope and love is generosity.

Love is the wind that blows when it blows and stops blowing when it stops blowing and asks nobody's permission and seeks no one's advice.

Love is the sun that makes the darkest days turn suddenly to golden glory.

Love is the moonlight, that illumines the commonest object and makes of it a silvery mystery of delight.

Love is starlight and love is sunrise and sunset.

Love is the rushing of the river and the laughing of the lake upon the shore and the beat of the surf upon the beach.

Love is the sound of rushing wings in the air. Love is a song in the heart.

Love is the simplest thing in the world and the greatest mystery in life. There is no sense in it and there ought not to be any sense in it.

What makes brilliant, light-hearted, clever Mary fall in love with stupid, slow-witted, heavy-hearted John?

Tell me if you can!

What makes the man of affairs serious, successful, dignified, throw his life and everything in it at the feet of a giggling school girl who will never understand one thing that he says in real earnest and never know what it is all about, anyhow?

Or the brilliant, clever artist fall desperately in love with the little model who hasn't an ounce of brains in her lovely head?

And how about the society girl who elopes with the good looking chauffeur?

Answer me that and I'll teach you what love is.

Until then, let's take as a necessary evil; as a supreme good; as the best thing in the world and the worst thing on earth—and let it go at that.

What do you say?

History, by J. L. Springston  
3-18-1925

William Woodall  
O L W W -

We-le Quah-quah--

William Tucker  
O L W T -

Willier Tucker, Weya We-le Ah-doun-de--

Tucker Killed Woodall.  
Conciscity to hang  
Committed suicide  
in jail night before  
he was to be executed -

In Tahlequah Dist.  
Cherokee Nation -

I saw both parties the day Tucker killed Woodall, in town in Tahlequah, both were drinking then--  
Was in Tuckers cell in jail the day before he committed suicide--

March 25<sup>th</sup> - Ollie Tucker of here who - who now in Ollie Shadr's name and authorized me to investigate the case of her father's and Tucker's - of \$1.50 and placed in my hands to me to liquidate incidental expenses in her case - she is one of two children living of J. Spr of ... No 128.