

I am very glad you envited me up here to-night, even if I dont ever get envited back again. I was going down in the south end of the county a while back to make a speech and met an old country friend and ask him to go along to speaking but he said he was very sorry, his wife was sick, and he couldnt get away, said he was awful sorry, and seemed to be? A day or two later I met him again and he again said he was very sorry he couldnt be over and hear me speak, so thinking to help him out I said "Well, you didnt miss much, after all." And I was startled breathless when he replied: " So I heard some of the Fellers say." I am sure you can make a good report of my effort here to-night.

Mr. Riddle admonished me that I was not to attempt to talk sensibly on any serious subject that this was a matter of entertainment. Well after twenty five years of married life I have come to believe that the best way to entertain the ladies is to start a fight. But I'll forego that pleasure for the time being and try and get along the best I can. Of course I understand, as do most married men, that all you ladies believe that every married man got a better wife than he deserved, whatever the man may think about the matter. And then we men have our own ideas about the matter, too. For instance I heard a negro asking a preacher the other day why the bride always wore white at a wedding and the minister very promptly replied that white is the symbol of joy. The darky replied " I guess that is why the groom always wears black. But I'll have to admit that the ladies have some trials of their own, think of being married to a man who talks in his sleep and mumbles all the time instead of talking out plain like. Things are changing these days and we just got to take things as they are. You know the little verse use to run that Mary Had a Little lamb that followered here about, but if the lamb kept up with the modern women it would have to walk in its sleep.

Its getting almost dangerous to marry a woman that loves one these days as I saw in the paper the other day where a woman shot her husband, and then told the jury that it was because she loved him so much. Then every body knows that man can run faster than the women, but what puzzles me is why more of them do not take advantage of their natural gift. The women understand their faults on the matter better than the men do, at that. A short time back a kind old lady was being conducted through a zoo, and the keeper came up to the kangaroo and said "Here, madam, is a native of Australia." My, Gracious, said the good lady, and my sister writes she married one of them things, and it is a Rotarian, too."

What we really need in this day and time is to make it harder to get married and easier to get a divorce. You know down in Texas, they say: "Remember the Alamo." But up here in Oklahoma it is getting to be more common to "Remember the alimony." You know I think the people are taking their cults and hobbies too seriously, for instance I noticed the other day where a vegetarian married a grass widow. That is carrying the thing too far. But alimony or no alimony the men cannot get along without the women; they fight them and fight for them, work them and work for them, and take up their battles under the most trying circumstances. Like Pat and Mike: they were fighting a terrible battle and a stranger ran up and asked an Irishman standing near: "What are they fighting about." and the Irishman said: "Pat said Mike's wife was cockeyed." "But, I though Mike was a bachellor?" "Sure, and he is, said the Irishman, but it is the principle of the thing that made Mike wild."

It never does for a man to remain a bachellor too long, anyway. A drummer, an old time travelling man, got married late in life and went away on a short wedding trip. A friend found out where he was and wired him. The telegram got in late at night and the hotel

clerk sent the wire up by a bellboy. It being late the boy rapped very loudly on the bridal chamber to wake up the travelling man. It did, and he jumped out a second story window before he realized what he was doing. Undoubtedly the man thought he was about to be hijacked. Now days the fellow wouldnt have had money to take the trip nor the friend to send the message. This glorious republican administration is fast converting us into a people of rare thrift. The papers announce that "Mr. Andrew Mellon is verry optimistic as to the future". It is certainly courageous of the old man to deliberately face the future with a \$100.000.000.00 cash in the bank. He is truly an optimist, side from him the very best one I know of is the fellow who refers to "my car" with just one payment made on it. It use to be that we said that "Money Talked" but during this day and time we feel the darn stuff is deaf, dumb and blind. If it really diestalk, we hope it soon gets hold of a very loud speaker so we can hear it. Our republican brethern ask us to be open minded on this subject, that it is world wide affair. I have noticedthat the open minds, are generally open at both ends The only guy that I know these days that has any liquid assets is that fellow Al Capone, all the others are mid winter stuff, frozen as it were. Well at any rate the deaf and dumb people are not talking much about their troubles.

Getting pretty warm, about this time of year our idea of a real good time is to lay in a hammock in a cool and shady place and watch a couple of snails put on a foot race. The only thing that can stir a man up will be the busy little bee and he must be located in the proper spot. He is the only buzzer that can wake us up.

This is fishing weather. A long time ago we had a really interesting character in Wewoka, Judge Bradley, the father of our postmaster He was very deaf, one day he had his pole over his shoulder going toward the creek and he met Alex Sadler, another deaf person and

Sadler said: "Going Fishing, Judge? No, said Judge, I am going fishing. Oh! said Sadler, I thought maybe you were going fishing." In those days over at Wewoka the streets were unpaved and often muddy and when not muddy they were dusty, and cows were in the streets and every other conceivable thing. A couple of my friends whose wives were out of time had dinner together, and the one who came over to the friends house brought his lantern along to light himself home. They had their dinner and few drinks and a good time generally and the friend went his way homeward. The next morning the host sent a note to the friend by his boy saying: Here is your lantern and kindly send my wife's parrot and cage home by the boy. It may have been but I dont think so, the same fellow who came in one night all teaed up and in trying to get to his bed room door knocked over the bowl of gold fish. His wife coming running to the door and said: "William, what in the world do you mean?" "I'll teach them dam gold fish how to snap at me," said William."

But after all, even in the face of prohibition and a thousand other silly pieces of legislation the world is progressing, and the inventive mind is providing us with conveniences never dreamed of in history. There are a few things that I just want to tell you about at this time that are out of the common. Of course you all know about the adding machine which now days adds, divides and subtracts, and at the same time writes down the date of the month and everything. The typewriter is no slouch along the same line, but did you know that there is a machine in one of the great eastern universities which does the highest and most difficult kind of problems in calculus. A problem that would take the ordinary skilled mathematician over two years to solve is finished, completed and made perfect by this machine within the short space of two weeks

Then there is a door in one of the buildings in New York city without locks or keys that understands the English language and will only open when spoken to. It is a solid mass of masonry and steel and yet if one will step in front of it, and in the language of the master of the forty thieves simply say "Open Seseme" the massive structure will slowly open to the spoken word. And then there is prepared and stationed at one of the causeways near Boston a piece of machinery which counts the automobiles passing that particular point. All the wagons horses or individuals in the world could pass that way and it would notice you, but just let a little Ford try to get past without being counted. It just cannot be done. But perhaps the greatest piece of machinery in the entire world is located in the great Patent building in Washington, D.C. Upon its word the property and the lives of countless hundreds of thousand of people in this world depend. The high and mighty in mind money and property consult it upon their welfare in different parts of the earth. It is called the "Great Brass Brain". It shows unerringly the time and the height of the tides in every sea port in the world a day before the tide comes up. And on this information the shipping interests of the world depends.

But I just wonder if progress, so named, of certain kinds is in fact progress, if it brings to a multitude of people unemployment hunger and distress? Is that thing progress that brings distress and misery? I doubt it very much. The world is becoming saturated with machinery to-day. You take the oil industry of which we are most conversant. It is the victim of an over machined condition. It is this that calls for proration and the small price of oil. Had it not been for the extensive drilling with rotary tools there could not have been the over production and distress in the industry that you find to-day. It would have taken twenty five years to drill up your

Seminole pools with standard equipment, and during all that time the industry would have been flourishing, the prices high, the state and county receiving vast sums for the schools and other governmental projects and the people with businesses that are more or less permanent, at least, with a trade that a merchant could depend upon from day to day. But now with the great rotary drilling outfits, the pool is dissipated in a short time and the hordes move on to other ~~fields~~ fields. But the industry is sick now, sick near unto death. But there will be something come along and bring it back to life. It cannot last always. Maybe a little mistake now and then would even help like the good lady whose husband very often had a bad case of indigestion and the only thing that would help it was a mustard plaster on his back. They were travelling on a pullman one night when the husband suddenly took a bad case of indigestion and his wife rushed out to the dressing room to prepared the mustard plaster and on returning became confused in the births and slapped the plaster on the wrong man, seeing her mistake she pushed back to her husband and about that time the plaster began to take effect and the stranger yelled out: "Who in hell put that porcupine in bed with me?" The man lughed himself out of that attack. Maybe we can do the same with the oilbusiness, at least my conscience is clear in the matter, none of the wells in which I had an interest, nor any of the companies in which I had stock, contributed in the least to the present over-production.

I am glad you invited my wife and I up to your banquet. We have enjoyed it very much, we hope we may come again some time, and hope that you all come down and visit with us. I thank you