

ICE CREAM Dishes & Cakes Soda Pop & Candy

Capital-Democrat

CITY, OKLAHOMA, THURSDAY, JUNE 14th, 1922.

Patton, C. C.

MISS MAXINE CUTLIP IS COMPLIMENTED

A few weeks ago, Bernard McFadden, the great authority on physical culture, who has two pages in the Movie Weekly published in New York, announced that he wanted photographs of the most beautiful professionals or amateurs interested in swimming and other athletics. The photographer then stated that the person who had the most attractive and perfect physique would have the photograph reproduced in the "Beauty Page" of Movie Weekly. Miss Maxine, the sixteen year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Guy Cutlip, of Wewoka, had some Kodaks made some time previous to bathing, costume, and though the proposition called for photos, she sent them in and thought little more about it. Of the 2600 or more sent in to McFadden, three of Miss Cutlip's in different poses appeared on the "Beauty Page" in last week's issue and only one of one other contestant. Miss Cutlip is very attractive, a splendid swimmer, enthusiastic for athletics, and a favorite wherever she is known. All the "Movie Weekly" here were sold in a few minutes after the picture was discovered and special orders are still going in.

Those from Wewoka who took part in the piano program were the Misses Jennie Bell Willmott, Maxine Cutlip, Neoma Sturgeon and Pauline Day. All of these young ladies have studied under Mrs. Lawson for several years and rank with the best musicians of the state. Miss Cutlip won first place in the piano contest last year, in the county and district literary and track meet. —Holdenville Cor. Shawnee News.

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Clipping 135
date
June, 1922.

Wewoka Miss Most Perfect Bathing Beauty

MISS MAXINE CUTLIP, 16 years old, of Wewoka, Oklahoma, is the most perfect bathing girl, according to the decision of Berfarr MacFadden, nationally known physical culture exponent. His decision was announced after he had picked photos of Miss Cutlip from 2,600 entries sent him recently in a contest conducted by him through the Movie Weekly, published in New York.

Miss Cutlip's pictures were displayed in the Movie Weekly this week. MacFadden has this to say of her:

"Miss Maxine Cutlip has a physical charm that many of her less fortunate sisters well might envy. At sixteen she has acquired a figure that a mature woman might be proud to claim. And yet, there is that charming boyishness about her which indicates firm flesh, rounded muscles and a glowing vitality. All these are developed through swimming."



Miss Maxine
Cutlip
Wewoka, Okla.



30, 1928.

Y

MISS MAXINE CUTLIP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Guy Cutlip of Wewoka, recently returned from Europe, where, with Mrs. Irvin Wilson of Wewoka, she spent several months touring the continent. Miss Cutlip is a former University of Oklahoma student. She is a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority and was one of the Sooner beauty queens in 1925.

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Campus

June Haasell asking everyone if they had seen his pin—Clifton Van Hooser wearing her coat at the dansant because it was longer than her dress—Mary Elizabeth Hill, our Student Queen, proudly wearing a recently acquired A. T. O. pin—Jane Murphy, one of the initiatory and able to be about again—Bart Chester, looking happy after returning from a week end spent in Chickasha.

The Gamma Phi Beta fringe dress at the dansant, attracting its usual attention—Bill Warren motoring in a "Papa's" Studebaker touring car—Walter Greenman having a date and attending glee club rehearsal at the same time.

Evelyn Jackson grieving for one who is now far away in Wewoka—Bus Hill and Billy Harris returning from Enid—Varsity carrier without Gordon Guthrie—Jack Copass without his pipe.

Dusty Rhoads back on the ranch—Rushes being escorted about, amused and argued with—new pledges folding sashes or pledge buttons—Chi Omegas having their usual luck with rushes—everyone breathing a sigh of relief that there was no classes or exams—that was the campus Tuesday.

"Good Morning"

TRY this one real fast and see what you get: Anna May Wong played ping-pong all night long in Hong Kong with King Kong. So long!

AND SHE SAID THAT HE SAID— Mr. and Mrs. Bill Dance are off for Europe etsoon. . . . Hugh Farr's favorite reading material is the telephone directory. . . . Ruth Barnett, who has played the piano by ear and done right well, has decided to start taking lessons. . . . As if Allen Street weren't much too good looking already, he had to go and get himself bee-yutiful coat of tan down in Florida. . . . Oh boy, is our town getting big! J. W. Garr is listed right in the telephone book, at 200 Northeast Seventy-second street . . . the kids out at O. C. U. can't be enticed into class for listening to "Boo Hoo" on the nickelodeons . . . speaking of O. C. U., it is our opinion that Hi Doty writes smooth verse, no woofin'. . . . and Dan Jarodsky sleeps with his dog. . . . Johnnie White is mad at everybody on newspapers, especially cameramen, since she got all prettied up for her picture and the photog didn't show up. . . . Look alikes: J. E. Baker, E. R. Thompson.

WE want it understood right now that this is no attempt to reflect on our legislature, but Webb



Wilder, one of its members, says that since he got his head cracked in an auto accident, he has reached new heights of legislative efficiency.

J. C. Rose has had the same fountain pen 10 years, and if his present luck holds out, he'll keep it 10 more. Discovering it missing the other morning, he went back to a downtown street where he had stopped to fix his car the night before, and there it was!

Oh, for hanging our civic heads in shame! Cans to catch drips, in our lervely new jail with the grilled windows and all!

The roof really hasn't started leaking, though. The trouble was with some water pipes, which the plumbers treated too sparingly with sealing materials and elbow grease.

AFFAIRS OF STATE—Bert Larason, representative from Fargo, can stand flat-footed and jump higher and farther than anything you ever saw. He can clear two chairs in one leap without taking a deep breath. . . .

Joe Thompson and Bower Broaddus, complete strangers at first meeting of the senate, are now justlikethat. . . .

Nat Taylor, author of that resolution about the redbud becoming the state tree, is being accused by fellow senators of sprouting his own little redbud mustache. . . .

Col. W. S. Key claims to intimate friends that IF he runs for governor next year—(he won't admit a thing)—he is going to make Josh Lee's race look like he was standing still. If Josh spoke 10 times a day, Key will speak 20; and if he back-slaps as hard as he hand-shakes, voters, beware!

* * *

There's just never a dull moment in this Oklahoma weather. There was that window display shown by a



downtown drugstore one day last week; in one side they had raincoats, on special sale, and on the other side were dust respirators—also on special sale.

Herbert M. Peck quits smoking for a month every year, just to prove he can still do it, or something. This year he chose March, and the month was almost gone before he realized he had chosen the longest month of the year.

Remember that idle wondering that we did in last week's col. about how Maxine Cutlip got her surname?

Mrs. C. Arnold writes in to say that she has known several by that name, and once ran across a historical account that said the name originated in the German Gottliche.

"I am not German enough to remember what that meant, but it was something very nice," wrote Mrs. Arnold.



SOCIETY

By JESSIE FAYE CHILDERS
Phone 842

MONDAY

Royal Neighbors meet at the Lodge Rooms in the Court Hotel. Swimming party at Lake Wewoka to honor Miss Jean Frances Reed of Oklahoma City.

TUESDAY

W. C. T. U. meets 2:30 at Christian Church. Mrs. H. H. Edwards entertains with lawn party for members. Leisure Hour club has swimming party at Lake Wewoka. of the younger set. Lion's club has regular meeting at Hotel Aldridge. Wewoka Chapter Number 246 O. E. S. regular meeting at Masonic Hall at 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY

Baptist Circles meet as follows: Number One with Mrs. Don Fraser. Number Two, Mrs. Porterfield, S. C. Number Three, Community Hall, I. O. O. F. Liberty Baptist Missionary Society at Christian Church.

THURSDAY

I. O. O. F. meets at lodge rooms in Court Hotel. Rotary Club has regular meeting at Hotel Aldridge. Civic Club entertains wives with chicken roast at Lake Wewoka.

LOCAL GIRLS TOUR THROUGH HOLY LAND

In continuing our travels abroad with Miss Maxine Cutlip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Guy Cutlip and Miss Dorothy Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Davis, we have arrived at Palestine, the following extract from a letter written by Miss Cutlip serving to give us a most graphic description of that territory. "We had been warned about Palestine being terribly dirty, they said the water was fifty cents, a bottle and not to touch any other kind, but we were pleasantly surprised. England has cleaned up everything and it is now twice as clean as Cairo, where everybody on the streets were begging. We have plenty of water and don't have to pay for it and we were all glad of that. "We went to Bethlehem and went through the streets. Bethlehem has been built where the manger was supposed to have been. Of course it didn't seem right. The place where Jesus was supposed to have been born was all fixed up with tapestries so I couldn't help but feel that I was

going through one more church. There are different parts to the church where the different sects worship, Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox and Armenians. English soldiers are stationed there to keep them from fighting each other.

"Yesterday we got up at 5 o'clock and went to Jericho. We went to the Jordan river. It looked a lot like Wewoka creek, and to the dead sea. I stuck my hand in both. The Dead sea surely had "an air" about it. On two sides were mountains, red and purple ones like near Tuscon. The other side made me think I was in the petrified forest. It was so desolate—nothing growing.

"Do you remember seeing the news reel of the monks drawing others up the cliff in baskets to the monastery? I saw the monastery yesterday. I can't imagine how they built things up there. Saw some caves on cliffs where hermits stay, and another monastery on a cliff way down in a canyon. The only way to get to it was a narrow path, and such a long distance as they had to walk! Monks are sent there as a punishment when

they have been "b'd. I know they wish they had been good when they start that walk.

"We are going back to our little yacht tonight and Damascus tomorrow. This cruise is certainly ideal. I can't imagine a nicer way to see things. We have 120 in our party and its so nice to have a crowd and know so many people when we are in these places."

"Miss Cutlip is planning an extra week of travel at the end of her tour which will include a visit to the Rhine and Amsterdam, a trip through Holland and a three days stay in London before sailing from South Hampton.

Miss Davis is planning on making the return trip on the Mauratania, the fastest boat afloat.

* * *

Mrs. Fannie Brown of Cromwell was the guest of Miss Alta Knight, Saturday.

* * *

Miss Evelyn Banta is visiting her parents in Wetumka.

* * *

Mrs. Fontella Smith of Oklahoma City is the guest of friends in Wewoka.

* * *

and Mrs. Frank Smith who have been spending their vacation in the Kiamichi mountains will return Sunday.

* * *

Mrs. Murray Lacy and daughter Maxine and sister Mrs. Viola Wages have returned from Wichita Falls, Texas.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huggins and son William of Vian are visiting Mrs. Huggin's sister, Mrs. Ralph Garnett.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jess McMullen, 608 S. Okfuskee had as their guest Friday Mr. C. A. Thompson of Oklahoma City.

* * *

Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Waldrep and family are leaving Sunday for Springfield, Tenn., where they will visit Mrs. Waldrep's father and sister. Mrs. Waldrep and children were joined in Tulsa Sunday evening by Rev. Waldrep who conducted services here Sunday morning. They will be gone two weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jess McMullen are spending the week end in Tulsa.

* * *

Mrs. D. A. Alexander and Mrs. and Mrs. A. F. Gaylor are spending a few days in Oklahoma City.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Laughlin and daughter Ellen Jane are visiting Mr. Laughlin's parents in Belle Center and Columbus Ohio.

Aldridge Hotel (Basement)

Barber Shop

Birthday Parties

Mr. Bayne had a birthday last week, but he seemed to us a little reticent about giving out his age, so we will leave that part out. A little friend of his, Miss Floy Maxine Cutlip, also had a birthday that came on the same day of Mr. Bayne's. Miss Floy has not yet arrived at that age when she will refuse to tell how old she is—she was just one year old on this day.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayne invited Miss Floy's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. Guy Cutlip, Mr. and Mrs. Joe White and Mr. Kieff, to join them in celebrating the event. All enjoyed a pleasant six o'clock dinner and a social time at the Wewo Hotel.

The Burial of Sequoyah.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As away from the palls we tarried;
But the crafters all groaned with a heart that broke.
On the day when Sequoyah was buried,
The Capital and Democrat lay on his breast,
In his great "Constitution" they wound him,
And he looked like a "sofer" taking his rest,
With the fumes of Peruna around him.
They fought long and hard to keep him alive,
And with separate state stimulants filled him,
But Tuesday's frost came on the while
And the cold wave of apathy killed high.
Few and short were the speeches we said,
Nor accepted the outcome with sorrow,
We grinned o'er the county-seat hopes that are dead,
And forgot the whole thing on the morrow.
They thought when they hatched the Sequoyah pipe dream,
And dropped up his sickly pillow,
How they'd take in the vites with the audacious scheme,
And gobble up plums rich and mellow!
Lightly we'll talk of Sequoyah now gone,
And in gentle accents upbraid him,
But little we'll fret, for he'll sleep soundly on
In the grave where the people hath laid him,
For several weeks ere the voting was done,
When the people of Sequoyah were tiring,
We could hear the Democrat's lonely gun,
That Boes Haskell was frantically
Slewing and snuffing they laid him down,
As he came from the palls weak and limber,
They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
But struck a blue streak for tall
er—Snake Editor.

The Stork

(A bet that one E. A. looked.)
Once upon a midnight fr
entertained the pleas
Vain delusion that an
could harm me no mo
While I nodded—I was
suddenly I heard a tap
As of some one gently rap
ing at my chamber door
"Tis some creditor," I m
"tapping at my chamber do
Only that, and nothing mo
I recall it clearly, very; it was
in January,
And the snowdrifts in the "arey"
reached up to the second floor.
And the loosened windows rattled
(tales of long neglect they rattled),
As the wintry, wild winds battled;
battled with an angry roar—
Could I only face the landlord with
so loud and firm a roar—
But I'd vainly tried before,
And the groaning and the creaking,
of the roof ('twas also leaking),
Filled me with a dire foreboding,
had never felt before,
So that now to still the beating of
my heart, I stood repeating,
"Tis some creditor entreating me to
give him something more;
Some poor creditor entreating, on an
account, one dollar more—
Only that, and nothing more."
Presently my nerve grew stronger;
hesitating no longer;
"Sir," I said, "I'll call and settle"—
just be patient, I implore.
This account has long been running,
but so gently you came dunning;
Dunning as you've dunned before,
forty times or, may be, more;
That I was quite sure it was you"—
here I opened the door—
Darkness there, and nothing
more!

Back to my chamber I
had the creature put
When again I heard the tapping,
something louder than before,
Then the grate began to splutter, and
with many a dirt and flutter,
In there stepped a strange in-butter,
whom I'd never seen before.
'Twas the stork, this same in-butter,
and a burden small he bore;
Burden that no garments wore!
Then this long-legged bird beggling
my sad fancy into smiling,
By the air of calm composure that he
wore,
"Though you have not been invited,
bird!" I said, "I am 'dee-lighted!'
Thoughtless stork from a benighted,
undiscriminating shore,
Tell me what your proper name is
on that careless, further shore?"
Quoth the old stork, "Theodor!"
Much I marvelled at the strenuous
(tone of this old owl so tenuous,
Tho' his answer all my fondest hopes
o'rbore:
And I could not but help feeling, that
his call was not "square-dealing";
Really, now, it seemed likestealing,
for I keep no "open door."
"Door o' hope" for this intruder, by
the name of "Theodor."
This in-buttering "Theodor,"
"Be thee name our sign of parting,
graceless bird!" I cried upstaring;
Get you back into the blizzard, and
don't come here any more!
Leave that package as a token of the
name that you have spoken;
But—let my rest no more be broken!
You are an egregious bore!
Take your hands from out my pocket!
Say, who sent you to my
door."
Quoth the oldstork, "Theodore."
But that dard-burned bird's still rest-
ing, still my flat he is infesting;
Fact is, he, I think, is nesting; nest-
o'er my chamber door.
And tho' sometimes he does leave me,
he's no fear that it will grieve me
And he comes back ever more;
Comes and leaves precious bundle,
like the he-left before:
And his name is "Theodore."

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engraving
band.
heavy

Toddy is our national drink
What is our Uncle Sam's



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Rich hand engraving.
Brocade background. Full bascinet.



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No. 0113. \$52.50
Rich hand engraving.
Full bascinet.

Apply Open Face Engraved Cases Similar to above on Special Order.

Mixed the Mottoes.

The smiling face of the Vice of General... in a life of Harper's... a wife's tears.

General... from single instan... as it is universal... been de... on to... on the rich and the... influence of... with... the evil... of war forgetting that poverty has... the foetus.

The "Searchlight" continues this... has recently been thrown... the inner working of many great... and the whole world is... One would think from some... the generalizations, that the mono... of money had also monopolised... Yet read the criminal... or look about you and you... will find that few stones will be... at the squares if only those who... without in cost them. The news... of the day will "fill of preachers... is plagiarism or adultery, of... caught in theft, of adulterations... of houses blackening the hearing... children of children killing one another... of criminals selling poisoned soda... water, of doctors vending unclean... of professors cheating... of... trade has no graft; each... hand its weight; each body its tendency... to disease.

The fact is that drawing indict... against classes is as insane and... as drawing indictments... against nations. There are burglars... who are cheats, and persons who are... there are rich women who are... of socialism, and poor women... who are so vilely extravagant as to... bankrupt, their ditch-digging keepers;... there are poets who are domestic... and plumbers who are voluptu... there are rich men who over... work, and poor men less enough to... there are millionaire's sons who... are normal and staid, and self... and men who are dissipated; there... are robust athletes whose abundance... and cigarette funds who are the lead... of progress; there are Stellas... who wear a dagger, and persons... who... with a knife or... there are policemen who... would reject a bribe, and sponsors who... are devoted to their country; there are... are the great of unimpeached reputo... and Sunday school-teachers who con... their transients.

JUNIUS.

One day the good Sir Hudebras,
(A Knight renowned for love and war,
Who since his death a princely shade is,
In the fools' capital in Hades,
Where next in rank to Don Quixote,
The Prince of fools, his brain grown doty,
He acts Premier, and holds an office,
The chiefest valued of fools' trophies.)
Got tired napping under ground,
Dug out, and thought to saunter round,
And find the news and get acquainted,
And find if folks are still demented.

By wiah, not accident or error,
A fool, he hastened to Earlboro,
Where more of work and less of vapor,
Less jackleg lawyer and less paper,
Might make a decent little village,
For shipping crops, hogs and ensilage,
Had fate determined not to spare it,
Not settled there a fellow, Barret.

And here our hero first began to
Observe what modern people can do.
And noting of the population,
One without any avocation,
Accosted him and asked his name,
His answer: "JUNIUS, known to fame
For epigram"—no sooner spoken
Than, as by some masonic token,
The good Knight recognized a brother,
And to the bar they strode together.

An hour spent the Knight in toasting—
Junius, in drinking and in boasting,
Of what he was—(we must regret it,
But have'n't I's enough to set it
In print) when Hudebras went busted,
And, knowing Junius not 'n' trusted,
Remembered he must needs at last go
To write a letter to Carasco.

He wrote, "Dear Sampson: grieved to pen it,
I must confess that I'm not in it."
I find up here a gungling fellow,
Of meagre visage, thin and snail,
Of long tailed coat and long mustaches
And sentences of I's and dashes,
Who steals a famous name and forgoes
To write, as if he too had brains.
He claims to be a learned jurist,
A politician and a purist,
A Democrat, an Independent—
With every "Pop" complaint attendant—
A journalist, a silver leader,
A free lunch dude, a rank hay seeder,
A patriot, he wants no bounty,
But as attorney for the county—
He fain would rise to office dear,
Where credit would exchange for beer.

Tell Don Quixote to be careful,
This fellow's gall is something fearful,
And when he dies I shall expect him
To claim our throne, and to detect him
Stealing the scepter, cap and bells,
Which gild the royalty of fools,
For in this world, of human races,
He reigns to day the Prince of asses."

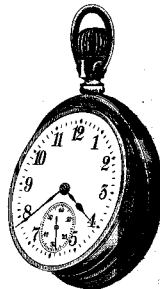
HUDEBRAS.

A young married couple who recently
went to house-keeping on Claybourn
Avenue had just enough of money to
buy the necessary furniture. They had
not sufficient cash to invest in mottoes
and pictures. The young wife is handy
with a brush, but has considerable yet to
learn in books. She made an effort to
supply the deficiency in mottoes for the
wall by working at odd times on plain
cardboard with water colors. Here are
some of the mottoes that now adorn the
Claybourn Avenue home.

"A stitch in time is the noblest work of
God."
"What is home without a fool and his
money?"
"People who live in glass houses flock
together."
"Birds of a feather gather no most."
"Honesty is the thief of time."
"He who fights and runs away gets the
worship."
"If in union there is strength then 'tis
folly to be wise."
"Procrastination is but skin deep."
"The sword ain't in it with the pen."
"How sharper than a serpent's chid it
is to have a thankless tooth."
"Early to bed and early to rise is as
but as a fire."
"He that goes a borrowing makes a
man healthy, wealthy and wise."
"Great oaks should keep near shores."
"Geometry never did run smooth."
"Use the rod and save the jam."



No. 0119. HUNTING. \$38.40
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Screw bezel, swing ring, with dust proof nut.

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 - " 0123. Open face, jointed..... 34 80
- Plain polished, full basine.

- No. 0124. Hunting.....\$41 40
 - " Jurgensen, Engine Turned.....
 - " 0125. Hunting, heavy..... 58 80
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Cases No. 0121 and No. 0122 have French antique bow like No. 0124. Case No. 0124 has regular antique bow like No. 0121.
We can supply Open Face Engraved Cases similar to above on Special Order. For a full line of Movements, see pages 77 & 83.